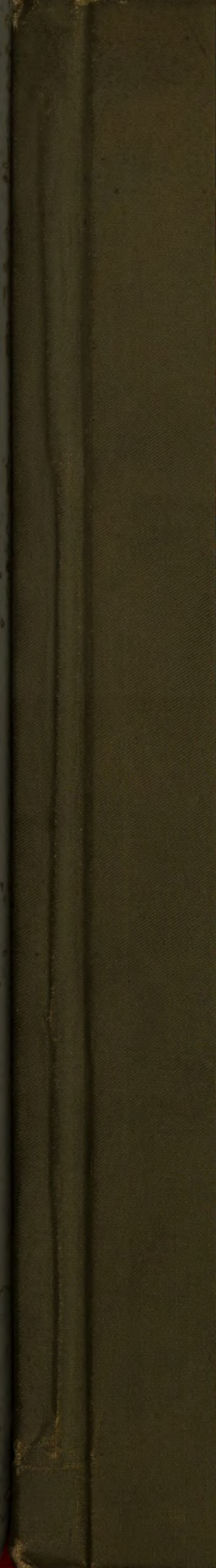
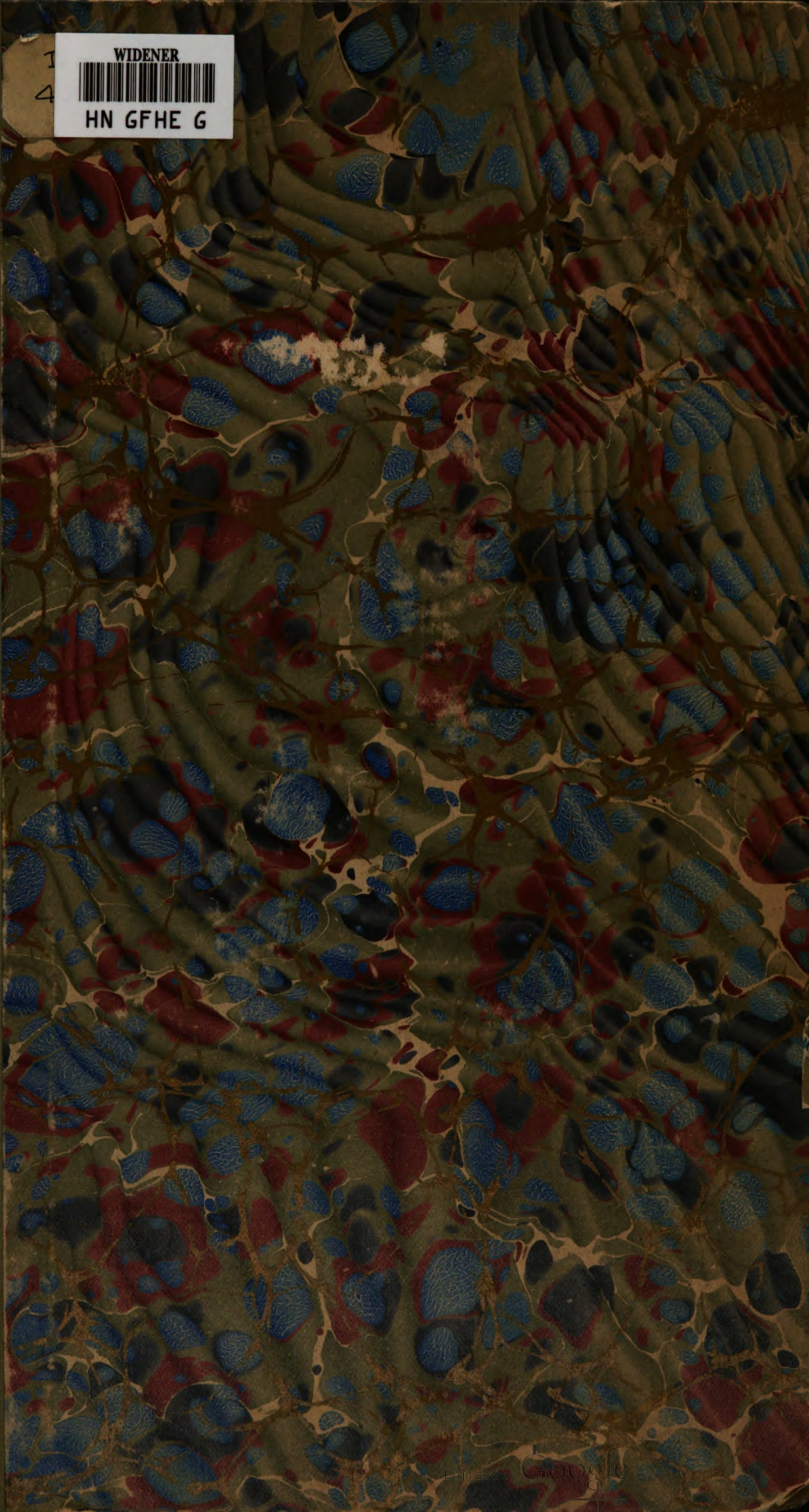


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FROM

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DANTE IN ENGLISH

A TERZA RIMA TRANSLATION AND CRITIQUE

OF TERZA RIMA TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

INFERNO OF DANTE

(CANTOS I-VII)

WITH NOTES

BY

ELEANOR PRESCOTT HAMMOND

SPECIMEN PRINT FOR THE TRANSLATOR

CHICAGO, 1919

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The Translator

June 7, 1919.

Dante, pacer of the shore
Where glutton hell disgorgeth filthiest gloom,
Unbitten by its whirring sulphur-spume,—
Or whence the grieved and obscure waters slope
Into a darkness quieted by hope ;
Plucker of amaranths grown beneath God's eye
In gracious twilights where His chosen lie,—
I would do this! If I should falter now!—

Robert Browning: *Sordello*, i

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF DANTE'S INFERNO

An asterisk denotes that the translation is of the entire *Commedia*

In terza rima:

- William Hayley, 1782. Cantos 1-3 only. Printed in the notes to his *Essay on Epic Poetry*. Canto 2 reprinted in Toynbee's *Dante in Eng. Literature* I:367.
- E. N. Shannon,—“O. Volpi.” Dublin, 1836. Cantos 1-10 only. Extract in Toynbee as cited, II:606.
- *John Dayman, Lond., 1843, revised 1865. The revision cited here.
- *C. B. Cayley, Lond., 1851-55, 4 vols.
T. Brooksbank, Cambridge, 1854.
- J. C. Peabody, Boston, 1857. Canto 1, in terza rima, is prefixed to Peabody's transl. of Cantos 1-10 in blank verse.
- *J. W. Thomas, Lond., 1859-62.
Bruce Whyte, Lond., 1859. Specimen in Toynbee II:657.
- *Mrs. C. H. Ramsay, Lond., 1862-3, 3 vols. Brief extract in Tomlinson as cited.
Sir J. F. W. Herschel. In the *Cornhill Mag.* for July, 1868. Canto 1 only.
- *J. Ford, Lond., 1870. The *Inferno* was pubd. separately, 1865.
E. R. Ellaby, Oxford, 1871. Cantos 1-10 only.
C. Tomlinson, Lond., 1877.
Warburton Pike, Lond., 1881.
J. R. Sibbald, Edinb., 1884.
- *J. I. Minchin, Lond., 1885.
- *E. H. Plumptre, Lond., 1886. Third ed., 2 vols., 1896. The third ed. is here cited.
- *F. K. H. Haselfoot, Lond., 1887, revised 1899. The earlier ed. is cited here.
E. Wilberforce, Lond., 1909. Published with other translations in 1903.
- *C. E. Wheeler, Lond., 1911, 3 vols.
Sidney Gunn, *Sewanee Review* and *Publ. Mod. Lang. Assn.*, 1912. Canto 1 only.
John Pyne, New York, 1914. Canto 1 and small portions of Cantos 3, 4, and 5 only. In disyllabic rime.

In various rimed forms:

- *Henry Boyd, Lond., 1802. In six-line stanzas. The *Inferno* had been previously pubd., Dublin, 1785. Extracts in Toynbee I:410 ff.
- R. Wharton. In his *Fables*, pubd. 1804, Canto 3 and the Ugolino episode are transl. in couplets.
- *I. C. Wright, Lond., 1833-40, fifth ed., 1872. Toynbee says, "in a sort of bastard terza rima:" see op. cit. II:568 ff. The rimes of the first few lines are: below, wood, show, drear, stood, fear, be, found, see, say, bound, astray, base, dismay, space, bright, ray, aright.
- *P. Bannerman, Edinb., 1850. In a mixture of couplets and unrimed lines, with occasional triplets.
- T. W. Parsons, Boston. *Inferno*, Cantos 1-10, 1843; Cantos 1-17, 1865; the *Inferno*, 1867. *Inferno* and parts of *Purg.* and *Parad.*, 1893 posth. In alternate rimes.
- *J. A. Wilstach, Boston, 1888. 2 vols. In irregular couplets.
- G. Musgrave, Lond., 1893; again 1896. Spenserian stanza.
- C. Potter, Lond., 1896. "Cantos from the Divina Commedia of Dante." Including Cantos 1, 4, and 5 from the *Inferno*. In quatrains of short lines. Seventeen cantos appeared in 1896, twenty-five cantos in 1897, and thirty-nine cantos of the *Commedia* in 1899.
- Alan Seeger. Included in his *Poems*, pubd. 1917, is a transl. of Canto 26 in couplets.

In blank verse:

- C. Rogers, Lond., 1782. Specimen in Toynbee I:383.
- *H. F. Cary, Lond., 1805-14 and frequently.
- N. Howard, Lond., 1807. Specimen in Toynbee II:58.
- J. Hume, Lond., 1812. Specimen in Toynbee II:80. Toynbee there terms it "probably the worst translation of any portion of Dante's works ever published."
- *F. Pollock, Lond., 1854.
- J. C. Peabody, Boston, 1857. *Inferno*, Cantos 1-10, with Canto 1 in terza rima prefixed.
- W. P. Wilkie, Edinb., 1862.
- W. M. Rossetti, Lond., 1865.
- *H. W. Longfellow, Boston, 1865-67 and frequently.

- *D. Johnston, Bath, 1867-8.
Eugene Lee-Hamilton, Lond., 1898.
- *E. C. Lowe, Lond. and Ely, 1902.
M. R. Vincent, New York, 1904.
- *Sir S. W. Griffith, Oxford, 1912. In hendecasyllabic measure.
The *Inferno* had appeared 1908.
E. J. Edwardes, Lond., 1915.
- *Henry Johnson, New Haven and Oxford, 1915.
Courtney Langdon, Cambridge, U. S. A., 1918. In progress.

In prose:

- C. Hindley, Lond., 1842. *Inferno*, Cantos 1-4:87 only; see Toynbee II:667.
- J. A. Carlyle, Lond., 1849, revised 1867. Included in the Temple Dante, with the Italian text, Dent, 1900 and frequently.
- *E. O'Donnell, Lond. and Derby, 1852.
- *C. E. Norton, Lond. and Cambridge, U. S. A., 1891-2.
- *A. J. Butler, Lond., 1891-2. The Italian text, with prose translation and commentary.
Sir E. Sullivan, Lond., 1893.
- *W. W. Vernon, Lond., 1894 ff., second ed., 1906. The Italian text, with prose translation and commentary.
- *H. F. Tozer, Oxford, 1904.

Brief Portions, of Interest:

For full list and extracts see Toynbee as cited.

- Byron, Lord, 1830. The Francesca episode from Canto 5. Reprinted by Toynbee II:38. In terza rima.
- Carlisle, the Earl of, 1772. Included in his poems is a transl. of the Ugolino episode from Canto 33. In couplets, reprinted Toynbee I:333.
- De Peyster, J. W. Transl. of the Francesca episode, New York, 1885. Blank verse.
- Gladstone, W. E. Included in the poems of Lyttelton and of Gladstone, 1861, second ed., 1863, is a terza rima transl. of the Ugolino episode, Canto 33, made in 1867. See Toynbee II:603.
- Grandgent, C. H. Included in his *Dante*, 1916 (Master Spirits of Literature Series), are many passages of the *Commedia*, in terza rima.

- Gray, Thomas. His translation of the Ugolino episode, blank verse, was pubd. 1884, though made about 1737-40. See Toynbee I:232.
- Hunt, Leigh. His *Stories from the Italian Poets*, 1846, includes a prose summary of the *Commedia*, with occasional verse renderings. His *Story of Rimini*, 1816, is an imitation of the Francesca episode; see Toynbee II:117 ff., where the prose of Canto 26 is reprinted.
- Jennings, H. C. A blank verse rendition of the Francesca episode and of the Ugolino episode was privately printed 1794, pubd. 1798. See Toynbee I:517.
- Merivale, J. H. His *Poems*, pubd. 1838, include various passages from the *Commedia* in terza rima. See Toynbee II:190 ff.
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. A portion of the Francesca episode, in terza rima, was included in Rossetti's 1881 poems.
- Warton, Joseph. For Ugolino transl. see Toynbee I:302.

Miscellaneous:

- William Huggins, died 1761, left in manuscript a complete translation of the *Commedia*, never pubd. A bit of the *Purgatorio*, in couplets, was printed in the *British Magazine*, 1760, repr. Toynbee I:308. Toynbee emphasizes that Huggins' work antedated Boyd's by forty years.
- Charles Burney made a prose transl. of the *Commedia*, after 1761, which was not preserved, says Toynbee. See Toynbee I:324 for a bit of the *Purgatorio* in couplets by Burney.
- Translations of the *Commedia* in terza rima by Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin and by Mrs. Eleanor V. Murray are as yet unpubd.

INTRODUCTION

On the Translating of Dante

IN the period from the fourteenth to the mid-nineteenth century, it was possible for an Englishman to execute an expanded and embellished paraphrase of an earlier author, even of Homer or of Dante, and receive recognition as a translator. Henry Boyd, translating the *Commedia* into six-line stanzas in 1802, was praised by the reviewers for "dilating the scanty expressions of his author into perspicuous and flowing diction," and for enlivening "the dulness of Dante with profuse ornaments of his own."

2. We endeavor after something widely different. We search every new translation of Dante for "a revelation of hitherto unrealized depths of meaning." Our ideal is the reproduction in English of the effect of his Italian, its simplicity, its strength, its alternation of recitative and song, the indistinctness of its transition lines and the luminosity of its purple passages; but our growth even in understanding of the means whereby we may reach this is slow. Very gradually, and still imperfectly, do we comprehend the necessity for strict following of the poet's steps; very slowly do we set ourselves to discover the force of Italian words to Dante's Italian mind, and to render them by their English equivalents in effect, not in etymology; very loth are we to imitate the restrained simplicity which the poet often so deliberately adopts. After one generation of translators has recognized the justice of Fiske's condemnation of "lost" as a rendering of *smarrita* in the third line of the poem, the next generation concedes that *mi ritrovai* means not "found myself" but "came to myself;" and still later do students perceive the peculiar quality of Dante's occasional dream-pictures, and the illegality of altering the effect he sought to produce. When he writes, for instance,

Noi pur giugnemmo dentro all' alte fosse, *Inf.* viii:76

we must not render the line as

Into the ditches deep now did we float.

For Dante not infrequently obtains a subtly powerful effect by suppressing a transition movement, by telling us, not that he saw Virgil coming, or that he saw a figure moving toward him, but that a figure was before his eyes, with no preliminaries. And so, as above, the

travellers *were arrived* in the deep ditches, as one arrives in a dream. In such cases it is both false and inartistic to force a movement which Dante has not suggested, which he had, indeed, avoided suggesting. And when in *Inf.* xxvii:1, he writes

Già era dritta in su la fiamma e queta,

we are not justified in adding a verb of action, in saying that the flame "drew itself up and was still." For Dante tells us only that it "was now erect;" he uses intentionally a phrase of completed, not continued, action, passing, as we do in a dream, from one state to another without observation of the shifting movement. The difference between his carefully prepared motion-pictures and the equally careful suddenness of other pictures must be observed. But a recognition of this necessity comes very slowly, especially to translators struggling with Dante's verse-form.

3. Among such students, naturally, are found far wider divergences from Dante's intention than among those translators who have used prose or blank verse. These divergences are due in part to the insurmountable difficulties of terza rima translation into English; but they are due also to the effect which the task produces upon some minds, to the belief of partnership in poetic dignity which leads an insufficiently disciplined taste into a lamentable display of its own misapprehensions. And they are also due to the indolence of some students, to their acceptance of the nearest word which may occur to them as a possible third rime when the other two of the tercet have been found. As an example of the first class of these divergences, any terza rima translation of the *Commedia*, including the present, may serve; as an example of the second, consider Ford's 1870 translation of *Inf.* iii:60:—

Che fece per viltà lo gran rifiuto as
 ———-who declin'd

Bright honour's post, and meanly sought the shade.

It is impossible here to avoid the suspicion that Ford felt himself a poet in English, even as Dante was in Italian; but his falsity to Dante's spirit, his inartistic violation of Dante's letter, have dissipated the incisive sternness of the line into a weak and swaggering wordiness. Or, for a case of the third kind of divergence, look at a passage from the terza rima translation of Haselfoot, made in 1887. In Canto iv, lines 103 ff., Dante is describing his journey after the encounter with the Four Poets. He says:—

Così n' andammo infino alla lumiera
 Parlando cose, che il tacere è bello,
 Sì com' era il parlar colà dov' era.
 Venimmo al piè d' un nobile castello,
 Sette volte cerchiato d' alte mura,
 Difeso intorno d' un bel fumicello.

105

According to Haselfoot, they pass on together, "speaking of things for reticence here fit," until they arrive at a castle "by seven-fold lofty walls encircled round, And a fair streamlet girt and guarded it." The rime-words *fit* and *it*, the former of which is the governing word in the selection of rimes, are adequate and unobtrusive; but the third line of the group, line 106 of the Italian,—

Upon a noble castle's base we lit,

introduces into the flow of ideas a jar which care and effort could have avoided. Moreover, it falsifies Dante, who says simply that "we came" to the foot of a noble castle.

4. Each student who addresses himself to the laborious delight of terza rima translation discovers the truth of Chaucer's complaint that rime in English hath such scarsitee. It may well be true, it usually is true, that of the three nouns or verbs used by Dante as a rime-group the nearest English equivalents refuse to be coerced into a rime-scheme; and if approximate synonyms are not to be found, the translator is in danger of falsifying letter, or spirit, or both. This may be made clearer by a case in point. In *Inf.* i:62-66, the Italian is:—

Dinanzi agli occhi mi si fu offerto
 Chi per lungo silenzio pareo fioco.
 Quand' io vidi costui nel gran deserto,
 "Miserere di me," gridai a lui,
 "Qual che tu sii, od ombra, od uomo certo."

65

If the last line of the extract were rendered with Dante's simplicity and Dante's phrase-lengths, it would read—

Whate'er thou be, or shade, or man indeed.—

With this as key-rime for the tercet, we might arrive at

My eyes beheld one coming at my need,
 Whose voice by long disuse had waxèd hoarse.

And when I saw him in that desert stede,—

in the first line of which Dante's dream-picture would be destroyed and the movement of Virgil falsely insisted upon, while in the last line the impression of wide wild space would not be given, and a

somewhat archaic word would be employed. Or again, if the translation finally adopted were that printed in the text,—

Before my [troubled] eyes a figure stood
Whose voice by long disuse had waxèd hoarse.
When I saw him in that wide solitude,
“Have pity, help!” I cried to him, “[alas!]”
Be thou or shade, or man of flesh and blood,—

65

and if in the last line we were to read

Be thou or man, or but similitude,

the almost monosyllabic simplicity of the original would be lost. And therefore *certo* has been rendered somewhat freely, but simply, as above. But freedom or substitution there must often be, as every translator is forced to learn.

5. These problems of freedom and of substitution do not confront the prose or the blank verse translator. And yet the workman in verse has open to him possibilities denied to them. They can be, and must be, rigidly accurate; no tyranny of rime forces them to substitution, to inversion, to the employment of makeshifts. They lose of course the firm supple clasping of verses into periods, the emphasis and sonancy of the rime. But while the blank verse translator may accept this loss because of the gain in accuracy, he must add to his accuracy Dante's simple dignity and Dante's sensitiveness to rhythm; if his version is barren in epithet, harshly inverted, lacking in distinction, he has failed just where he possesses the advantage over the workman in rime. Two of the most literally accurate of blank verse renderings, those of Longfellow and of Henry Johnson, fall short thus. That of Longfellow has for almost two generations held in popular estimation a place of honor which it does not deserve. The unnecessary violence of its syntactical inversions, the unrhythmic character of its line-flow, the pedantic use of epithets which are etymologically but not in spirit the equivalent of Dante's, the lack of distinction in what should be its nobler passages, denude and stiffen the *Commedia*. The dry monotone of its movement, or of the translation by Johnson, gives no impression of the forte and soave of Dante's epic chant. Accuracy the reader has, freedom from the substitutions and the additions to which the verse-translator is driven; but the armor of accuracy has crushed the spirit of poetry.

6. No desire to elaborate the simplicity of Dante has led, in the present translation, to amplification or substitution. On the contrary,

it is the great poet's power of developing from the simplest words an enormous amount of expression, his "almost primitive closeness to the letter," which makes him the master of those who speak; and for that simplicity and force the translator must strive. Nothing defeats the student's endeavor as does the disguising of Dante by "adornment;" and however effective such adornment may seem to the author's ear, it must go. It is a temptation, in the group of lines *Inf.* viii: 104-8,—

—————Fear not; of our onward course
None robs us, in such Might do we confide.
Await me here; thy spirit re-enforce
With hope, and thy faint heart good courage feed;
My hand from thine this Hell shall not divorce,—

to render the last line as in the italics above. But Virgil, who is here speaking to the terrified Dante, did not indulge in grandiloquence as he turned from his charge to interview the angered dwellers in Dis; he said, gently and simply, "I will not forsake thee in the low world." The remainder of the passage is fairly close to the original, and the rime-emphasis is just; but the italicized line is false both in letter and in spirit; it must go. Similar difficulties, where the translator has, it may be, yielded too far to temptation, are to be found in Cantos xvii: 83-5, xx:30, xxv:41, xxx:119.

7. The student finds his greatest difficulty, of course, in Dante's simplest passages. A tolerable degree of success may be attained, with fidelity, in the rendering of explanations or descriptions, such as the discussion regarding Fortune in vii:73 ff., the enumeration of the forms of Violence in xi, the simile of the green brand in xiii:40-54, the speech of Rusticucci in xvi:28 ff., the description of the augurs and sorcerers in xx:16 ff., the reply of Virgil to Malacoda in xxi:79-105, the escape of the Navarrese in xxii:118 ff., the climb of the two poets in Canto xxiv, and the narrative of Guido Minore in Canto xxvii. But passages such as Dante's first address to Virgil in the opening canto, or the story of Francesca or of Ugolino, are not to be rendered into any other language by any other pen.

8. Fidelity in translation is, of course, rather fidelity to the poet's intention in choosing words than literal conformity to their outward shells. John Fiske, in his critique of Longfellow's translation, pointed out the difference in connotation of words which are etymologically identical in the two languages, English and Italian. As he says, *dolent* may be the linguistic counterpart of the Italian *dolente*, but it has

not for the English ear any such emotional associations as *despairing*; its use compels only our intellectual assent. Therefore in rendering the first line of the inscription over Hell's gate as

Through me the way is to the city dolent,—

Longfellow has thus lowered the emotional force of the line for the English ear.

9. And yet another possibility of falsification lies in the transfer of imaginative force. Wherever an image is to be used by the translator, it is incumbent on him to reproduce the amount and kind of sense-suggestion characteristic of the original. For instance, take Canto vii, lines 69 ff. The first of these lines reads in the Italian,—

Che è, che i ben del mondo ha sì tra branche?

and is translated

What is she, of such earthly power possessed?

This version weakens and loses Dante's visual image of the clutching hands of Fortune; the line is abstract and general instead of concrete and imaginative. But in line 75,

Sì ch' ogni parte ad ogni parte splende,

the translator rendering it

So that each part to each part beams reply,

has succeeded in keeping not only the repetition of phrase, but the same kind and amount of suggested image in *beams* as is present in *splende*. Again, verse 79 of the same Canto,

Che permutasse a tempo li ben vani

has been rendered

Who should betimes remove possessions vain.

This, in its unimaginative wording, is preferable to a version which should employ a sensory or motor word, such as "shake."

10. However clearly defined the issue may seem in these cases, it is not always a simple one. For instance, line 72 of the same passage. Virgil says to Dante,—

Or vo' che tu mia sentenza ne imbocche.

Cayley retains the root-significance of *imbocche* in his "chew the verdict;" and Plumptre renders the line,—

With open mouth do thou my doctrine seek.

But the careful prose-translator Norton and the careful blank-verse translator Johnson adopt "take in" as the meaning of *imbocche*, treating the word as a partially petrified metaphor, weakened perhaps more than our phrase "drink in the words" or "devour his words," and certainly far removed from the modern "lapping up his words." The

degree of metaphoric vitality still possessed, to Dante's mind, by Dante's words, is one of the student's most difficult problems.

11. Another problem is offered by the group of cases in which Dante is apparently arbitrary in one of the rimes of a tercet. Observation of one's own methods of work, of the results presented by all terza rima translators, and of the occasional strain in Dante himself, drives to the belief that every worker in terza rima has been more or less coerced by rime. Often and often in Dante one rime of his three is less convincing than the others, is obtained by circumlocution, sometimes apparently by force. For instance, in *Inf.* xxvii:71 ff., the *colpe* of 71 and the *volpe* of 75 are natural, but line 73,—“Mentre ch' io forma fui d' ossa e di polpe,”—seems strained for rime's sake. And similarly in xiii:59 ff., the *che le volsi* and the *ogni uom tolsi* are of normal vocabulary and idea; but does not the line 63,—“tanto ch' io ne perdei lo sonno e i polsi,—seem forced? And are not the *maschili penne* of xx:45 dragged in to rime with *divenne* and *convenne*? What, also of the *annida* of xi:57? or, to cite other cases, *munge* in xii:135, *maturi* in xiv:48, *famiglia* in xv:22, where Dante wanted to use *maraviglia* in 24, *sollo* in xvi:28, *vacante* in xvi:99, *salse* in xviii:51, *punte* in xix:30, *ritto* in xix:52, *ronca* in xx:47, where Dante wanted the *spelunca* of 49, *anca* in xxiii:72, perhaps *collegio* in xxiii:91, *zavorra* in xxv:142, *impedito* in xxix:28, perhaps *chiostra* in xxix:40, *rimbalzo* in xxix:99.

12. In such cases the conscientious translator is in doubt whether to reproduce the jar which the original gives him or to smooth it out. Strict adherence to the principles already enunciated might mean the attempt to imitate in English the strained impression of the Italian. No one today wishes to be classed with Bruce Whyte, who set forth in the preface to his 1859 version of the *Commedia* that it is “the pleasure and duty of a translator to rectify any mistakes and to explain palpable ellipses, to neglect or curtail passages of mere verbiage, and to omit altogether descriptions or allusions of an obscure or revolting character.”

13. The doubt which exists in the present translator's mind, however, is if these apparently far-fetched epithets or locutions in the Italian are in reality such; if a minute study of the verse and prose of Dante's forerunners, of those uplands of scholastic philosophy and valleys of Provençal lyric, would not disclose a hundred inconspicuous streamlets which contributed verbally at least to the dolce stil nuovo, and became an accepted part of it. No one familiar with the past

censure of Chaucer's so-called errors and the present-day recognition of most of them as due to peculiarities in his sources, can feel confident of his own impressions on such points as those just mentioned in Dante's text. For instance, in Canto i, line 30, the reader might be tempted to consider

Sì che il piè fermo sempre era il più basso

as a bit of circumlocutory detail used largely for the sake of rime with *passo* and *lasso*. But the early commentators, men of Dante's theological habit of mind and steeped in medieval symbolism, are of a different opinion. According to them, the upper foot signifies man's affection for things higher, the lower for things earthly. And Dante himself uses the feet to denote the affections, in *Purg.* xviii:43-45, *Parad.* iii:27, v:6. He is thus telling us here that, although he began to climb toward the spiritual, his desire was not purified. A translation which ignored or blurred the metaphor would therefore destroy Dante's intention.

14. It is nevertheless true, as Charles Eliot Norton has said, that even Dante must have felt the limitations of rime; and though a well-know passage of the *Ottimo Comento* cites Dante as declaring "that never a rime had led him to say other than he would, but that many a time and oft he had made words say for him what they were not wont to express for other poets,"—we must feel, with Norton, that "his triple rime often compelled him to exact from words such service as they did not naturally render."

15. Our difficulties in this respect are far greater than his; the rime is the English translator's more than insurmountable obstacle. It is of no service to a Dante-student that he commands rime with the brilliant prodigality of Swinburne or the despotic cleverness of Browning or the adroit smartness of Hood or Gilbert or Lowell. His language does not possess the sort of word-groups which Dante could use. There may be an excellent natural equivalent for two of the rime-words of a tercet, and no possible third; in which case the only methods of treatment are substitution in all three lines, or insertion of a rime-word in one. Thus, in Canto xxxiii:143-7, the rime-words *ditch* and *pitch* are Dante's own; but to complete the group the adjective *rich*, not in the original, has been added to his mention of Branca d' Oriá's garments. And see Canto v:47-49-51, etc. Such additions are regularly indicated in this volume by square brackets, and the translator has endeavored to make no more than one such insertion in a tercet, though not invariably successful. Also, much effort has been

expended to keep two at least of the rime-elements of each English tercet close to that portion of Dante's line which they represent; but despite such effort, it has occasionally seemed necessary to use two, and even three rime-elements which diverge from the words of the original. See for instance Canto i:107, where a reference to other cases will be found. The bracketing of inserted words in the text, and the comment on divergences made in the foot-notes may annoy the general reader; but for the student they serve the purpose of this translation,—the better understanding of Dante.

16. With the same purpose, extracts from earlier translations have been cited at the foot of some of these pages. The passages selected for such parallelism are those presenting the greatest difficulty, either because of their unadorned beauty or because of the extreme compactness of the poet's utterance. The possibility of comparing the various attempts at rendering Dante in such passages is surely a help to realization of his quality.

17. In these citations, still more in the translations as wholes, there is to be found not only inadequacy, but much arbitrariness for the sake of rime. Inadequacy there must always be, but as for rime, the arbitrariness can be avoided if the English workman will accept the limitations of his medium, will consent to use imperfect rime and to ring the changes on relatively few rime-sounds. A translator who dares as does Dayman in Canto vii: lines 59-61-63, and renders Dante's lines ending *zuffa: buffa: rabbuffa*

————doomed to yonder scuffle,

Whose quality I waste not words to brave.

Now mayest thou, son, behold how brief the shuffle

Of goods by shifting Fortune held in store,

For which the human kind so fiercely ruffle,—

is more nearly successful than he has a right to be. Generally speaking, the subduance of the rime to an uniformity of reduced emphasis is the safer method for the translator; but his effort to avoid distortion or verbal extravagance will result in dilution; the English text will ripple where the Italian surges. Nevertheless, though the wave-profile is reduced in scale, it may possess an element of truth not seen in the irregular violence of the translation which aims at detached effect instead of at ensemble.

18. The imperfect rime and the recurrence of the same rime-sound will be noticed in the briefest reading of these pages. It sometimes happens that a sound used in one tercet reappears twenty or

even ten lines further along; and there are cantos in which the same rime-element is used three or four times. This has been tolerated, however reluctantly, for the sake of fidelity to the text. It is surely better to translate *fulfilled: instilled: willed* in Canto ii:134-6-8, even though *tearfilled: willed: killed* occur in lines 116-18-20; for the text is thereby faithfully rendered.

19. As for the question of imperfect rime in English, there is a large body of opinion in its favor, to which the practice of Tennyson has lent support. The great changes from age to age in the pronunciation of English vowels,—greater than in any other language—and the recognition accorded by the English-speaking to the principle of variety, in verse or in rhythm, have contributed to the acceptance of freedoms in rime. The purist may censure Tennyson, but the musical ear continues to find pleasure in *ever: river* and to permit *love: move* and *love: wove, cause: was* and *was: has* on the same page. In this translation much latitude has been taken with the words *was* and *were*, partly for the reason that the digraph æ, short or long, which they contained in Old English, has been so variously modified in different periods and dialects of English. Such a licence as this, or as the rime of nasals, and such a crutch as the use of the auxiliary *do: did* for the sake of rhythm, are the kind of liberties and weaknesses which this translator has been willing to accept, while refusing to use padding phrases and words like *amain, in sooth, aye, I ween*, and the barbarous *I wis*, of which earlier workmen have availed themselves. Inadequacies, we realize, there must be; but “is there of viage non eleccioun” among inadequacies?

20. It is a relatively simple matter to discourse of the translator’s duty, and something very different to fulfil that duty. With more than one student of Dante it has proved true that the reader who has followed with cordial approval the sane and cautious paragraphs of the introduction drops the ensuing translation in pained bewilderment. Perhaps years of further effort might save this attempt from a similar fate; but, as Dr. Johnson said in the Preface to his Dictionary, “to pursue perfection is, like the first inhabitants of Arcadia, to chase the sun, which, when they had reached the hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same distance from them.”

E. P. H.

Chicago, January, 1919.

INFERNO OF DANTE
(CANTOS I-VII)

INFERNO: I

Upon the journey of our life midway
 I roused and found me in a gloomy wood,
 Where all bewildered was the forthright way.
 Ah, what a task it were to tell how rude
 And harsh that savage, shaggy wilderness, 5
 By thought whereof my terror is renewed!
 Death hath but little more of bitterness.
 But, of the good there found to make display,
 What I saw there beside I will express.
 How 'twas I entered I cannot rightly say, 10
 So heavy were my senses then with sleep
 When from the path of truth I went astray.

-
- 1-3. **midway, way.** Such rime is not uncommon in the *Inferno*: cp. **ribelli, belli**, iii:38-40; **parte, diparte**, iv:71-75; **tuttavia, via**, iv:65-7; **pulcro, appulcro**, vii:58-60; **buffa, rabbuffa**, vii:61-63; **giunte, disgiunte**, xiii:139-141. Cp. **sdegnata, indegnata**, iii:50-54. The present translation opens, therefore, with a "cheap" rime, has another such in 5-7, and employs the rime-sound of 1-3 again in 8-10-12, 17-19-21, 35-37-39. The rime-inadequacies are thus obvious at the outset.
2. **mi ritrovai.** Most of the earlier translators rendered this "found myself," so also Longfellow and Norton. But Vernon cites Giuliani's comment on the word (1861) that **ritrovarsi** means "to recover one's senses, come to one's self;"—far more than **mi trovai**, "found myself." Johnson renders "roused to find myself within a forest in darkness," thus lengthening Dante's phrase over into line 3.
3. **smarrita.** Ford, Haselfoot, Longfellow, Norton, Johnson, render this as "lost." The epithet was discussed by John Fiske in his review of Longfellow's *Dante*; Fiske there says that "about the word **smarrita** there is thrown a wide penumbra of meaning which does not belong to the word **lost**. By its diffuse connotation the word **smarrita** calls up in our minds an adequate picture of the bewilderment and perplexity of one who is lost in a trackless forest." Cp. Milton, "the perplex'd paths of this drear wood," *Comus* 37. Observe the use of active instead of passive verb-forms by the majority of translators here cited.
4. Cp. "**Ahi quanto è dura cosa al cor dolente**,"—line 43 of Guido delle Colonne's canzone beginning "Amor che lungamente"—etc. Vernon cites Biagoli as noting the gradation of epithets here:—**selvaggia** "uncultivated," **aspra** "rough," **forte** "tangled like a jungle." See Plumptre's translation for a gradation of epithets in English. Instead of attempting such a crescendo, I have tried to retain with the total meaning some of the vowel and consonant-sounds of the Italian. Cp. Milton's "shagg'd with horrid shades," *Comus* 429.
5. First translated, "The memory whereof doth halt my blood."
- 8, 9. Dante's meaning here is that in order to give his readers of the **ben** which he derived from his experiences, he must relate also the other things he saw, those which shake his heart as he recalls them. It does not seem probable that by **ben** he meant the glories of the **Paradiso** as reached through the **Inferno**.

INFERNO: I

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
 Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
 Chè la diritta via era smarrita.
 Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura
 Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte, 6
 Che nel pensier rinnova la paura!
 Tanto è amara, che poco è più morte;
 Ma per trattar del ben ch' i' vi trovai,
 Dirò dell' altre cose ch' io v' ho scorte.
 Io non so ben ridir com' io v' entrai; 10
 Tant' era pien di sonno in su quel punto
 Che la verace via abbandonai.

HAYLEY, 1782

In the mid season of this mortal strife,
 I found myself within a gloomy grove,
 Far wandering from the ways of perfect life:
 The place I know not, where I chanc'd to rove;
 It was a wood so wild, it wounds me sore
 But to remember with what ills I strove:
 Such still my dread, that death is little more:
 But I will tell the good which there I found:
 High things 'twas there my fortune to explore:
 Yet how I enter'd on that secret ground
 I know not to explain, so much in sleep
 My mortal senses at that time were drowned.

CAYLEY, 1851

Upon the journey of our life midway,
 I found myself within a darksome wood,
 As from the right path I had gone astray.
 Ah, but to speak hereof is dreariness;
 This wood so wild, so stubborn, and so keen,
 That fear is by the very thought renewed;
 'Tis bitter like as hardly death had been;
 But still, to show the good, which thence I
 shared,
 I must relate what I besides have seen.
 How first I entered, ill may be declared:
 I was indeed so full of slumber then,
 When first beyond the way of truth I fared.

DAYMAN, 1865

Midway the journey of our life along
 I found me in a gloomy woodland dell,
 The right road all confounded with the wrong.
 Ay me! how hard a thing it were to tell
 How rough, and stern, and savage showed the
 wood,
 Which, yet remembered, yet is terrible!
 Scarce bitterer death's bitter. But the good
 Which I therein discovered to unfold
 Aright, will I of other things prelude
 Encountered there. Yet ill by me were told
 How first I entered there, so full of sleep
 Was I, that moment when I ceased to hold
 The way of truth. . . .

MINCHIN, 1885

Upon the journey of my life midway,
 I found myself within a darkling wood,
 Where from the straight path I had gone astray.
 Ah, to describe it is a labour rude,
 So wild the wood, and rough, and thick and
 wide,
 That at the thought the terror is renewed;
 So bitter is it, 'tis to death allied:
 But of the good to treat, which there I drew,
 The lofty things I'll tell, I there descried.
 How I had entered there I hardly knew,
 So deep was I in slumber at the part
 When I had wandered from the pathway true.

HASELFOOT, 1887

With half the pathway of our lifetime crossed
 I found myself in a dark wood astray,
 Because the right way was entirely lost.
 Ah me! how hard a thing it is to say
 How savage was that wood, and rough, and sore
 Which at the thought of it renews dismay!
 So Litter is it, death is little more:
 But, of the good I found therein to treat,
 I'll tell what other sights for me it bore.
 How I went in, skill fails me to repeat,
 So drowsy in that instant was my case
 When I abandoned the way right and meet.

PLUMPTRE, 1896

When our life's course with me had halfway
 sped,
 I found myself in gloomy forest dell,
 Where the straight path beyond all search had
 fled.
 Ah me! hard task it were in words to tell
 What was that wood, wild, drear, and tangled
 o'er,
 Which e'en in thought renews that terror fell!
 So bitter 'tis, death's self were little more;
 But that the good there found I may display,
 I'll tell what else was given me to explore.
 How I there entered, can I not well say,
 So sleep-oppress was I in that same hour
 When from the true path thus I went astray.

But when I was arrived before a steep
 Beneath which that [dark] valley was bestowed
 Which had my heart with terror struck so deep, 15
 I looked on high, and saw its shoulders [broad]
 Clothèd already with that planet's ray
 Which leads men straight upon their every road.
 Then took my heart of fear a little stay,
 Which had not ceased within its depths to surge 20
 That night, which I had spent in such dismay.
 And thus, as one who panting doth emerge
 From out the sea, and having gained the shore,
 Turns him to look upon the perilous surge:
 So did my spirit, its flight not giving o'er, 25
 Turn itself back to gaze upon the strait
 Which none had ever left alive before.
 After brief rest had eased my wearied state,
 I moved in such wise through that desert place
 That 'twas the lower foot which bore my weight. 30
 And lo! where first began the upward pass,
 A female leopard, light and very fleet,
 And all her skin with spots [close] covered was.
 Nor from before my face would she retreat;
 But so she set her ever in my way, 35
 That back and back again I turned [my feet].
 The time was at the earliest hour of day;
 And up the heaven the Sun began to move,
 And with him, as of yore, that fair array
 Of stars ordainèd by the Heavenly Love. 40

13. Literally, "at the foot of a hill."
 17. The sun was a planet in the Ptolemaic system.
 19. The exact rendering is: "Then the fear was somewhat calmed."
 20. *lago del cor*. Dante uses this phrase also in the third ballata of his *Canzoniere*. Vernon says that the *Gran Dizionario* gives to *lago* the sense of "concevità, profondo." Dayman translates "my ponded heart's blood."
 21. Dante uses not *pietà* but the poetic *pièta*, "anguish."
 20-24. Note the like rime *surge: surge*. This is of fairly frequent occurrence in the *Inferno*, cp. *volto* i:34-36, *xiv*:127-9, *voise* ii:116-18, *xxix*:98-102, *ombra* ii:44-48, *duro* iii:8-12, *porti* iii:91-93, *volte* v:11-15, *legge* v:56-58, *xiv*:17-21, *xix*:83-85, *fummo* vii:121-3, *torre* viii:2-6, *fosse* viii:76-8, *parte* x:47-49, *regge* x:80-82, *forza* xiv:59-61, *incontra* xxii:32-34, *noi* xxiii:13-15, *porta* xxiv:37-39. A rime of two words identical in sound was permitted by early poets provided that the words were different parts of speech or of different meanings. A few such cases occur in Chaucer, see ten Brink's *Chaucers Sprache* §330; and in Gower the license is carried much further, over 50 instances appearing in the 1088 lines of the prologue to his *Confessio Amantis*. Rare in modern poets; Milton has *ruth: Ruth* in his fourth sonnet.

Ma poi ch' io fui al piè d' un colle giunto,
 Là dove terminava quella valle
 Che m' avea di paura il cor compunto, 15
 Guardai in alto, e vidi le sue spalle
 Vestite già de' raggi del pianeta
 Che mena dritto altrui per ogni calle.
 Allor fu la paura un poco queta
 Che nel lago del cor m' era durata 20
 La notte ch' i' passai con tanta pietà.
 E come quei che, con lena affannata,
 Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva,
 Si volge all' acqua perigliosa, e guata,
 Così l' animo mio, che ancor fuggiva, 25
 Si volse indietro a rimirar lo passo
 Che non lasciò giammai persona viva.
 Poi ch' ei posato un poco il corpo lasso,
 Ripresi via per la piaggia diserta,
 Sì che il piè fermo sempre era il più basso. 30
 Ed ecco, quasi al cominciar dell' erta,
 Una lonza leggiera e presta molto,
 Che di pel maculato era coperta.
 E non mi si partia dinanzi al volto;
 Anzi impediva tanto il mio cammino, 35
 Ch' io fui per ritornar più volte volto.
 Tempo era dal principio del mattino;
 E il sol montava su con quelle stelle
 Ch' eran con lui, quando l'amor divino
 Mosse da prima quelle cose belle; 40

26-28-30. Hayley renders these three lines:—"Back to contemplate that mysterious strait"—"Arising soon from this repose elate"—and "My lower foot sustaining all my weight." See *Introd.* §13 for note on 30.

30. *sempre* is omitted in translation.

29-31-33. Here appears one of the sets of approximate rimes, including *was*, to which this translation has been obliged to resort. See the *Introduction* §19. Cp. 65-67-69, and better sound-agreement in 47-49-51.

32. This cannot be rendered "A leopard bounded;" it is one of Dante's suddenly complete pictures.

39-40. What Dante says is "When Divine Love first moved those fair things." In the Middle Ages the world was believed to have been created with the heavenly bodies in their vernal positions.

Therefore the season sweet, the morning new,
 Gave me good hope that favoring might prove
 The creature with the skin of motley hue.
 Yet not so, but that on me fell the dread
 Of a [fierce] lion, which appeared to view. 45
 He seemed as coming with uplifted head
 Toward me, and with wide-open ravening jaws,
 So that it seemed the air before him fled.
 A she-wolf also, gaunt and drawn, there was;
 The skeleton she seemed of all desire, 50
 And many suffer woe, and she the cause.
 There came upon me from her aspect dire
 Such weight of fear, with which I was so fraught,
 That lost was all my hope of mounting higher.
 As he who eagerly for gain hath sought, 55
 When comes the time that loss he cannot shun,
 Bewails himself and weeps at every thought,
 So had that restless beast me all undone,
 Which, stealing on me step by step, did force
 Me backward, down where silent is the sun. 60
 While I was stumbling in my downward course,
 Before my [troubled] eyes a figure stood
 Whose voice by long disuse had waxèd hoarse.
 When I saw him in that wide solitude,
 "Have pity, help," I cried to him, "[alas!]
 Be thou or shade, or man of flesh and blood!" 65
 "Man I am not," he answered, "man I was,
 And both my parents were of Lombard birth,
 Mantuans both alike by land and race.
 In Julius' age, though late, I trod the earth, 70
 And lived in Rome in good Augustus' reign,
 Under those gods of lies and little worth.

-
41. Dante says "The hour of time," not "the morning new." 41-3 are rearranged in translation.
 45. Again something is beheld as present, not seen approaching.
 47. Dante says "and with ravenous hunger."
 48. What Dante says is: "the air seemed to fear him." Tozer cites Tennyson's *Godiva*:—"The deep air listen'd round her as she rode And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear."
 51. *già* is omitted.
 58. Dante says "so that restless beast made me."
 60. *tace*. Cp. *Inf.* v:28, "loco d'ogni luce muto."
 61. *rovinava*. Cayley, Dayman, was ruining; Cary fell, Plumptre fell back, Norton was falling back, Johnson was falling, Haselfoot was stumbling; Carlyle, Longfellow, was rushing. Taken with the *poco* of 59, a word implying slower motion than rushing or ruining seems fit. Cp. Tennyson's *Lucretius*, "Ruining along the illimitable inane." See Dante's use of *ruinare*, *Inf.* xx:35 and elsewhere.
 62-66. These lines are discussed in the Introduction, §4.

Sì che a bene sperar m' eran cagione
 Di quella fera alla gaietta pelle
 L' ora del tempo e la dolce stagione:
 Ma non sì, che paura non mi desse
 La vista, che mi apparve, d' un leone. 45
 Questi pareo che contra me venesse
 Con la testa alta, e con rabbiosa fame,
 Sì che pareo che l' aer ne temesse.
 Ed una lupa, che di tutte brame
 Sembiava carca nella sua magrezza, 50
 E molte genti fe' già viver grame.
 Questa mi porse tanto di gravezza
 Con la paura che uscia di sua vista,
 Ch' io perdei la speranza dell' altezza.
 E quale è quei, che volontieri acquista, 55
 E giugne il tempo che perder lo face,
 Che in tutti suoi pensier piange e s' attrista:
 Tal mi fece la bestia senza pace,
 Che, venendomi incontro, a poco a poco
 Mi ripingeva là dove il sol tace. 60
 Mentre ch' io rovinava in basso loco,
 Dinanzi agli occhi mi si fu offerto
 Chi per lungo silenzio pareo fioco.
 Quand' io vidi costui nel gran deserto,
 "Miserere di me," gridai a lui, 65
 "Qual che tu sii, od ombra, od uomo certo."
 Risposemi: "Non uomo, uomo già fui,
 E li parenti miei furon Lombardi,
 Mantovani per patria ambedui.
 Nacqui sub Julio, ancorchè fosse tardi, 70
 E vissi a Roma sotto il buono Augusto,
 Al tempo degli dei falsi e bugiardi.

62. Cayley renders this line, "I found emerging on my view a wight."

63. Hayley translated:—"Whose voice was like the whisper of a lute." The *fioco* of this line has occasioned much comment. Moore, Vernon, consider that it means *weak, faint*; cp. *Inf. iii:75, fioco lume*. See *Inf. xiv:3, xxxi:13, Parad. xi:133*.

67, fui. Cp. the Mid. Eng. romance *Ywain and Gawain*, line 2109,—"What artow that murnes her?"—"A man," he sayd, "sum tyme i was." Dante discriminates between *sono* and *fui*; he uses the present tense for permanent conditions, for a man's name and personality; the perfect tense for title and dwelling place, conditions which have passed away. Cp. in especial *Purgat. v:88*, "Io fui di Montefeltro, io son Buonconte." See *Parad. vi:10*, and Tozer's note on *Inf. xxxiii:13*.

70. Dante says simply "I was born," not "I trod the earth."

72. With Virgil's contempt of the religion under which he lived, imposed on him by the medieval Christian Dante, cp. Gower's priest of Venus in the *Confessio Amantis*, and his righteous Christian scorn of heathen deities. Dante may have felt that death had revealed the truth to Virgil.

Poet was I, and glorified the name
 Of [old] Anchises' son, who came from Troy
 After that Ilion's might had passed in flame. 75
 But thou, why dost return to such annoy?
 Why dost thou not ascend this mountain now,
 Which is the cause and source of every joy?"—
 "Art thou then Virgil, and that fount art thou
 Whence flows of speech so generous a tide?" 80
 I answered him with reverential brow:—
 "O thou to other poets glory and guide,
 May the great love, the long devotion
 I spent upon thy page, be justified.
 My Master and my Author thou alone; 85
 Thou only he, from whom the noble style
 I took, that honors me [where I am known].

81. *vergognosa*. Benvenuto da Imola, whose commentary on the *Commedia* was completed about 1380, says that Dante was ashamed because convicted of error by his superior. The notion of "shame" is kept by several of the translators here cited; Cary, Carlyle, Norton, Longfellow, Johnson, use the word "bashful."

82. *lume*. In *Purgat.* xxii:64-68 Statius says to Virgil:
 Tu prima m'inviasi
 Verso Parnaso a ber nelle sue grotte
 E poi, appresso Dio, m'alluminasti.
 Facesti come quei che va di notte,
 Che porta il lume retro
 That is, he (Virgil) did as one who walks in darkness holding a light for others to follow. A sonnet by Polo da Reggio, ca. 1230, cited by Vernon, has the same idea:

. quel che porta la lumiera
 La notte quando passa per la via,
 Alluma assai più gente

Chaucer, in his *Legend of Good Women* (Dido) begins:
 Glory and honour, Virgil Mantuan,
 Be to thy name! and I shall, as I can,
 Follow thy lantern, as thou gost biforn.

The metaphor was popular with Chaucer's successor Lydgate. In his *Fall of Princes*, translated from Laurent de Premierfait's rendering of Boccaccio's *De Casibus*, he writes:—"of Grece the lanterne and the light," repeating the phrase many times in other connections; and he says of Cicero.—"Wher is Tullius cheef lanterne of thy toun?" However, for the first of these, the parallel phrase in Laurent is "seule et singulière lumière de Grèce;" and in Boccaccio "alter Graecie oculus." The phrase of Shakespeare, *Second Henry VI*, ii:3-25,—

and God shall be my hope,
 My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet,
 is obviously Biblical:—
 Quia tu lucerna mea Domine, et tu Domine illuminabis tenebras meas.
 —or: Lucerna pedibus meis verbum tuum: et lumen semitis meis. (2d Kings 22:29 and Ps. 118:105.

87. Dante was already well-known for his lyrical poetry, his *Vita Nuova* and *Canzoniere*.

- Poeta fui, e cantai di quel giusto
 Figliuol' d' Anchise, che venne da Troia,
 Poichè il superbo Ilion fu combusto. 75
 Ma tu, perchè ritorni a tanta noia?
 Perchè non sali il diletto monte,
 Ch' è principio e cagion di tutta gioia?"—
 "Or se' tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte
 Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume?" 80
 Rispos' io lui con vergognosa fronte.
 "O degli altri poeti onore e lumè,
 Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore,
 Che m' ha fatto cercar lo tuo volume.
 Tu se' lo mio maestro e il mio autore; 85
 Tu se' solo colui, da cui io tolsi
 Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore.

HAYLEY, 1782

"Art thou then Virgil? thou! that copious
 fount
 Of richest eloquence, so clear, so bright?"
 I answered, blushing at his kind account:
 "O thou! of Poets the pure guide and light!
 Now let me profit by that fond esteem
 Which kept thy song forever in my sight!
 Thou art my Master! thou my Bard supreme,
 From whom alone my fond ambition drew
 That purer style which I my glory deem!"

CAYLEY, 1851

"Now art thou Virgil? art thou that well-head,
 That spreadeth out in speech so broad a river?"
 These words with shamefaced reverence I said.
 "O light and glory of all bards forever,
 As I have sought thy book, so save me now
 For my great love and for my long endeavor;
 Thou art my master and my author thou,
 And thou alone art he, from whom I took
 The noble style, which doth exalt my brow."

DAYMAN, 1865

"And art thou Virgil's self, the living well
 Whence flowed of eloquence so copious tide?"
 I answered, while my shame-struck visage fell:
 "O thou, of bards the lustre and the pride,
 Now speed me long devotion, loving heart,
 Which to the volume of thy book applied
 Me duteous. Thou my chief, my master, art,
 Thou the sole archetype from whence I learned
 Whate'er my charms of style that fame impart."

MINCHIN, 1885

"Art thou indeed that Virgil, and that fount
 From which sprang forth of song so large a
 stream?"
 Answered I to him with a shame-struck front:
 "O, of all other poets, pride and beam,
 Avail me the great love, and study long,
 Which made me ever ponder o'er thy theme.
 Thou art my Master, I to thee belong:
 Thou only art the one from whom I've ta'en
 The polished style, that brought me fame in
 song."

HASELFOOT, 1887

"() art thou then that Virgil and that fount
 Which sheds abroad so large a stream of lore?"
 With bashful front I answered his account:
 "O light and honour of all poets more,
 Let keen love and long study serve me now,
 Since they have made me search thy volume
 o'er.
 Thou art my Master and my Author thou,
 Thou art alone the one from whom I take
 The graceful style to which men honour vow."

PLUMPTRE, 1896

"What! art thou Virgil, thou that springing
 well
 Which pours of clear full eloquence the tide?"
 I answered him with looks that reverence tell.
 "O, of all other bards the light and pride,
 Let the long study and the love avail
 Which I to that thy volume have applied.
 Thou art my Master, Guide that dost not fail,
 And thou alone art he from whom I drew
 The goodly style whence comes of praise full
 tale."

See then yon beast, for fear of which erewhile
 I turned; because of her my pulses quake:
 Save me, O famous wise one, from her [guile]. 90
 "Thee it behooves another pathway take,"
 He answered, when he saw me yield to tears,—
 "If thou from this wild wood escape wouldst make.
 This creature, who doth pierce thy soul with fears,
 Permits no man to pass along her path, 95
 But him to death with opposition wears.
 And she is born so full of lustful wrath,
 That never sated is her greedy will,
 And after feasting yet more greed she hath.
 Of many matings doth she take her fill, 100
 And more will take, until the noble Hound
 Shall come, who shall that beast with fury kill.
 He shall not feed on either pelf or ground,
 But love, and wisdom, and high unselfish deed:
 'Twixt Feltro and Feltro, there shall he be found. 105
 To poor Italia he shall be good speed,
 For whose sake Nisus and Camilla fair,
 Euryalus, and Turnus, all did bleed;
 That creature down to her infernal lair
 Through all the cities he again shall chase, 110
 Whence envy first her loosed [to upper air].
 Wherefore I think it wisest for thy case
 That thou shalt follow, and thy guide I be,
 And lead thee hence to an eternal place,
 Where thou shalt hear the cries of misery, 115
 And see those ancient spirits in their pain,
 Where for the second death each makes his plea.
 Then shalt thou see those who do not complain,
 Content in fire, because they thence shall wend,
 When time shall serve, and join the blessed train. 120

94. This is inexact. Dante says, "for the creature because of which thou wepest." 94-96 is an eye-rime.

97. Literally, "has a nature so perverse and vicious."

102. Literally, "will make her die with pain."

104. *virtute* is here translated "high unselfish deed."

105. Dante says: "His nation shall lie between Feltro and Feltro." Grandgent remarks that *nazion* is intentionally ambiguous.

| | |
|--|--|
| Vedi la bestia, per cui io mi volsi: Aiutami da lei, famoso saggio, Ch' ella mi fa tremar le vene e i polsi.— | 90 |
| “A te convien tenere altro viaggio,” Rispose, poichè lagrimar mi vide, “Se vuoi campar d' esto loco selvaggio: Chè questa bestia, per la qual tu gride, Non lascia altrui passar per la sua via, Ma tanto lo impedisce, che l' uccide; Ed ha natura sì malvagia e ria Che mai non empie la bramosa voglia, E dopo il pasto ha più fame che pria. Molti son gli animali a cui s' ammoglia, E più saranno ancora, infin che il Veltro Verrà, che la farà morir con doglia. Questi non ciberà terra nè peltro, Ma sapienza e amore e virtute, E sua nazione sarà tra Feltro e Feltro. Di quell' umile Italia fia salute, Per cui morì la vergine Cammilla, Eurialo, e Turno, e Niso di ferute. Questi la caccerà per ogni villa, Fin che l' avrà rimessa nell' inferno, Là onde invidia prima dipartilla. Ond' io per lo tuo me' penso e discerno Che tu mi segui, ed io sarò tua guida, E trarrotti di qui per loco eterno, Ove udirai leperate strida, Vedrai gli antichi spiriti dolenti, Che la seconda morte ciascun grida; E poi vedrai color che son contenti Nel fuoco, perchè speran di venire, Quando che sia, alle beate genti: | 100 95 100 105 110 115 120 |

106. **umile Italia** is here translated “poor Italia.” Dante was using the phrase of Virgil, *Aen.* iii:522, which there means “low-lying”: but he gave the word the signification of “abased, degraded.” See *Purg.* vii:76 ff.
107. **vergine** is here rendered fair. The group of rime-words 107-9-11 departs more from Dante's text than do other groups in this translation. But see *Canto* iii:26-28-30 and vi:71-3-5.
110. **Inferno.** There are various cases in the *Inferno* of Virgil's use of this word. See iii:41, viii:75, xii:35, xxviii:50, xxix:96. I insert it vi:87, viii:108, ix:27.
- 109-11. The arrangement of lines in the translation separates **whence** from its antecedent.
118. Padded for rime's sake by **do not complain.**
119. Literally, “because they hope to come to the blessed ones.”

To whom if thou desirest to ascend,
 More worthy guide shall thee behoove than I;
 With her I leave thee at our journey's end.
 For He, the Emperor Who reigns on high,
 Since I was to his law inimical, 125
 Entrance to one I lead doth [e'er] deny.
 There is He king, Whose empire spreads o'er all;
 There is His city and His lofty seat;
 O happy they whom He doth thither call!"
 And I to Him:—"O Poet, I entreat 130
 Thee by that [mighty] God thou dost not know,
 That, lest this ill or even worse I meet,
 Thou lead me even as thy words do show,
 Where Peter and his portal we may find,
 And those of whom thou makest tale of woe." 135
 Then set he forth; and I was [close] behind.

-
122. Beatrice is meant. •
 123. Inexact. Dante says, "at my departure."
 125. "inimical" is used for rime, instead of the accurate "rebellious." See *Purg.* vii:25-27.
 127. Dante here makes a distinction between *impera* and *regge*, between the supreme but delegated authority of the Emperor and the immediate government of the King in person. Translators have generally differentiated the verbs, as *rules: reigns, governs: reigns*, but have not made Dante's distinction clear.
 129. The plural *they* is used instead of *he*.
 125-132. In this group of lines Dante has brought together words of similar sound in rime,—a procedure unusual with him.
 132. "In order that I may escape this ill and worse."
 134. *Saint* is omitted.
 135. Inexact. Dante says, "And those whom thou makest so sad."

Alle qua' poi se tu vorrai salire,
Anima fia a ciò di me più degna,
Con lei ti lascerò nel mio partire:
Chè quello Imperador che lassù regna,
Perch' io fui ribellante alla sua legge, 125
Non vuol che in sua città per me si vegna.
In tutte parti impera, e quivi regge,
Quivi è la sua città e l' alto seggio:
O felice colui, cui ivi elegge!"
Ed io a lui: "Poeta, io ti richieggio 130
Per quello Dio che tu non conoscesti,
Acciocch' io fugga questo male e peggio,
Che tu mi meni là dov' or dicesti,
Sì ch' io vegga la porta di san Pietro,
E color cui tu fai cotanto mesti." 135
Allor si mosse; ed io li tenni retro.

In the translation of this canto the line-enjambement of the Italian has been broken between 38 and 39, 49 and 50, 118 and 119. Enjambement has been introduced between lines 88 and 89.

INFERNO: II

Day was departing, and the dark'ning sky
 Was setting free the living things that were
 On earth from toil; and there was none but I
 Preparing me the struggle to incur
 Both with the way and with my sympathy,
 Which Memory shall relate, that does not err.
 O Muse, O Spirit high, now succor me!
 Memory, recorder of what I descried,
 Here shalt thou show forth thy supremacy.

5

- 1, 2. Cp. Chaucer, *Parl. of Foules* 85-86, "The day gan failen, and the derke nyght That reveth bestes from her besynesse."
 2. Dante's *bruno* is rendered as *brown*, *imbrowned*, by Cary, *Bannerman* (*deep brown*), Cayley, Thomas, *Plumptre* (*dusk brown*), *Haselfoot*, and *Longfellow*; as *darkling*, *darkening*, by *Minchin*, *Lowe*, *Johnson*; as *dusky* by *Hayley*, *Ford*, *Wright*, *Dayman*, *Norton*, *Langdon*; as *grey brown* by *Tomlinson*, *grey* by *Musgrave*. The treatment of twilight-color by some English poets familiar with Italian skies may be of interest here.

Milton sees the evening as grey.

the grey-hooded even Comus 188.
 Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
 Had in her sober livery all things clad. *Par. Lost* iv:598.
 Shelley terms the evening "leaden-colored" (*Alastor*), "dun" (*Revolt of Islam*), "golden" (*Witch of Atlas*), "pallid" (*Summer Eve*, etc.), "pale purple" (*Skylark*),—and speaks of "the crimson pall of eve" in *The Cloud*.

Browning, in his first poem *Pauline*, calls the evening "faint-colored;" in *Love Among the Ruins* the end of evening is "quiet-colored—and slopes and rills in undistinguished grey Melt away." Evening is also grey in *Andrea del Sarto*, in *By the Fireside*, and in *Fifine at the Fair*; in *Gold Hair* it is "delicate." Browning's sky colors have the same range as Shelley's; but a reading of the opening lines of *Pippa Passes* will show that for him, as for Shelley, the morning is grey before the approach of the sun, flushed to rose as the sun nears, and golden when it dominates the east. The fading of brilliant sunset-color as night draws on makes a similar gradation of color-words for evening possible.

Meredith has: "Night puts away Her darker veil for grey."

Hymn to Color
 and speaks of "brown evetide" in *Phoebus with Admetus*.

- 2, 4, 6. First translation of the rime-phrases:—earthly spot, struggle hot, erreth not. Later:—life terrestrial, what struggle may befall, shall recall. A translator must recognize the rime-emphasis on *terra*, *guerra*, *non erra*, and the use of the imperfect in the three verbs. Version 1 inserted *hot*, version 2 may befall, version 3, as in text, changes *are* to *were* in line 2 and weakens the sound-content of the line.
 6, 8. Cp. Chaucer, *Hous of Fame*, ii:18: "O thought, that wrot al that I mette, And in the tresorie it sette Of my braine, now shal men see If any vertu in thee be." We may here translate ". . . what virtue is in thee."
 8. *vidi*. Here the translator has a frequent difficulty. When "descried" is used to translate Dante's simple *vidi*, we accentuate the meaning to the force of "made out with difficulty," a rendering permissible for *discerno*, in *Inf.* iii:75, but over-emphatic here. Cp. xviii:130, xxix:96.

INFERNO: II

Lo giorno se n' andava, e l' aer bruno
 Toglieva gli animai, che sono in terra,
 Dalle fatiche loro; ed io sol uno
 M' apparecchiava a sostener la guerra
 Sì del cammino e sì della pietàte,
 Che ritrarrà la mente, che non erra.
 O Muse, o alto ingegno, or m' aiutate!
 O mente, che scrivesti ciò ch' io vidi,
 Qui si parrà la tua nobilitate.

5

HAYLEY, 1782

The day was sinking, and the dusky air
 On all the animals of earth bestow'd
 Rest from their labours. I alone prepare
 To meet new toil, both from my dreary road,
 And pious wish to paint in worthy phrase
 The Unerring Mind, and his divine aide.
 O Sacred Muses! now my genius raise!
 O Memory, who writest what I saw,
 From hence shall spring thy ever-during praise!

CAYLEY, 1851

Day was departing, and the air browned
 Had summoned all that live on earth, away
 From toil and pain; I, only I, was bound
 At once the double warfare to assay,
 By travel and by ruth upon me laid,
 Which Memory, that errs not, shall portray.
 O Muses, O high Genius, now give aid!
 O Muse, that wrotest down what I descried,
 Herein thy nobleness shall be displayed.

DAYMAN, 1865

The day went down, and all that earth inherit
 And breathe the breath of life, the dusky air
 Delivered from their toils. I gird my spirit,
 In wakeful loneliness, the strife to bear,
 Which part my wanderings, part my pity,
 wrought.
 The which unerring memory shall declare.
 Now help me, Muses! help, energetic thought!
 Now Memory, scribe of all that met mine eyes,
 Here let thy nobleness to light be brought.

FORD, 1870

The day was parting: now the dusk of eve
 Released all creatures from their toil and care
 On earth: and I, alone, with no reprieve,
 Was arming me the double fight to bear
 The way so perilous, the scenes so sad,
 Which Memory, unerring, shall declare.
 O Muses! O high genius! lend your aid!
 O Mind, the sure recorder of mine eyes,
 Here shall thy nobleness be clear display'd.

MINCHIN, 1885

The day wore on, and past, the darkling air
 Released the animals upon the earth
 From their fatigues, while I alone prepare
 Still the long warfare to sustain with worth,
 Both of the weary road and pity's dread,
 Which now my mind will trace, that never
 err'th.
 O Muse, O lofty genius, grant your aid.
 O mind that writest what I then descried,
 Here thy nobility should be displayed.

HASELFOOT, 1887

The day was going, and the browning air
 Released the animals earth's bounds contain
 From their fatigues; and I had to prepare,
 Alone of all, the warfare to sustain
 As of the path, so of the sorrowing drear,
 Which my unerring mind shall trace again.
 Aid, Muses! aid me, lofty genius, here!
 O mind that wrotest that which I descried,
 In this shall thy nobility appear.

PLUMPTRE, 1896

The day was closing, and the dusk brown air
 Set free from toil all forms of life that dwell
 On earth, and all alone did I prepare
 To bear the brunt of all the conflict fell,
 As of the way, so also of the woe,
 Which now my mind, that errs not, will retell.
 Ye Muses, help! Thought soaring from below,
 And Memory, writing all mine eyes did see,
 So shall thy greatness yet more nobly show.

WILBERFORCE, 1909

Day was departing, and the darkened air
 Released the creatures, earth's inhabitants,
 From all their toils; whilst I had to prepare
 Alone the warfare to sustain, which stirs
 Alike the journey, as the sore distress,
 My memory shall record, which never errs.
 Ye Muses, lofty genius, I address.

Then said I: "Poet, thou who art my Guide, 10
 Look to my powers, see if I be fit,
 Ere to this arduous task thou me confide.
 In [great] Aeneas' story hast thou writ
 That, although subject to corruption still,
 He went in body to the Infinite. 15
 But if the Adversary of all ill
 Favored him thus, mindful of great effect,
 And who from him should come, and what fulfil,
 That seemeth just to men of intellect.
 For in high Heaven as sire of noble Rome 20
 And her imperial power, was he elect.
 And both of those—if that the truth be known—
 Were fixed and stablished for the Holy See
 Where the great Peter's follower hath his throne.
 And on that journey, so extolled by thee, 25
 Such knowledge did he gain, as later won
 The Papal Mantle, and his victory.
 The Chosen Vessel, too, hath thither gone,
 The confirmation of that faith to bring,
 Which is the entrance to salvation. 30
 But I, why go I? who gives me warranting?
 Aeneas am I not, I am not Paul:
 I, no one, deems me worthy of this thing.
 If then unto this task myself I call,
 My going may as folly be construed:— 35
 Howe'er I speak, thy wisdom knoweth all."—

-
13. Dante says not "Aeneas," but "the father of Silvius." Perhaps for rime?
 The epithet "great" is inserted for rhythm.
 20-22-24. Rime of nasals.
 24, "hath his throne." Dante says "sits." He also says "the greatest Peter."
 25. This is the rime-sound of 5-7-9, also of 74-76-78, of 92-94-96, and of
 110-112-114,—more repetition of rime-sound in the same canto than is
 usual in this translation.
 33. Dante says: "Wherefore, if I resign myself to go."
 34. Dante says: "I fear my going may prove foolish."
 35. Dante says: "Thou art wise, and understandest better than I speak."

| | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| Io cominciai: "Poeta, che mi guidi, Guarda la mia virtù, s' ella è possente, Prima che all' alto passo tu mi fidi. Tu dici, che di Silvio lo parente, Corruttibile ancora, ad immortale Secolo andò, e fu sensibilmente. | 10 15 |
| Però se l'Avversario d' ogni male Cortese i fu, pensando l' alto effetto Che uscir dovea di lui, ed il chi, ed il quale, Non pare indegno ad uomo d' intelletto: Ch' ei fu dell' alma Roma e di suo impero Nell' empireo ciel per padre eletto; . La quale e il quale, a voler dir lo vero, Fur stabiliti per lo loco santo U' siede il successor del maggior Piero. Per questa andata, onde gli dai tu vanto, | 20 25 |
| Intese cose che furon cagione Di sua vittoria e del papale ammanto. Andovvi poi lo Vas d'elezione, Per recarne conforto a quella fede Ch' è principio alla via di salvazione. Ma io, perchè venirvi? o chi 'l concede? Io non Enea, io non Paolo sono: Me degno a ciò nè io nè altri 'l crede. Perchè se del venire io m' abbandono, Temo che la venuta non sia folle; | 30 35 |
| Se' savio, intendi me' ch' io non ragiono." | |

32-34-36. This rime-group is opened by an exceedingly simple line, which admits of but three possibilities in rime-choice, Paul, not, and I. It was first translated for this version as: "I am not Paul, Aeneas am I not:—Wherefore, if I resign me to this lot:—What I would say thou knowest, well I wot." Cayley reads:

"For no Aeneas nor no Paul am I,—If then upon this enterprise I fly." Ford has: "I no Aeneas, much less Paul am I,—If going then I cast the venturous die." Minchin reads: "Neither Aeneas nor St. Paul am I,—Therefore, to such a venture should I hie." Dayman and Plumtre take Paul as the first rime-word of the group, Dayman reading in line 34 "If then I came abandoned to thy call," and Plumtre ". . . Wherefore to this call," etc. The text of Plumtre is very close to Dante's words; the length of his phrases is quite other than Dante's. Haselfoot and Wheeler resort again to the rime on I.

And even as he who leaveth what he would,
 And unwill's what he willed for newer plan,
 Forsaking wholly his first certitude,
 So on that darkling slope my musings ran, 40
 Making with much demur my courage faint,
 Which eagerly at first the task began.
 "If I have understood aright thy plaint,"
 Answered me then that noble-hearted Shade,
 "Thy soul is smitten with that coward taint 45
 Which oftentimes an obstacle hath made,
 Turning men back from honorable emprise,
 As thing seen false renders a beast afraid.
 To set thee free from what so terrifies,
 I shall thee tell why [to thine aid] I came, 50
 And what I heard that made my pity rise.
 A Lady fair and lovely called my name
 Where I was in suspense, that folk among;
 So blest she seemed, I did her service claim.
 Brighter her eyes than stars [in heaven hung]; 55
 And soft and sweet to me she thus began
 With voice angelic, in her native tongue:—
 "O spirit courteous, spirit Mantuan,
 Whose fame throughout the world hath still no end,
 Nor shall have during Time's [appointed] span, 60
 One friend to me, but not to Fortune friend,
 Is so beset upon a desert shore
 That terror hath him driven to descend.
 Fear have I lest he be bewildered more
 Ere help can reach him, lest I come too late: 65
 From the aspect the tale in Heaven wore.
 Go therefore thou, and with thy speech ornate,
 And with what shall deliver him [from woe]
 Aid him, that I be not disconsolate.
 'Tis Beatrice who [thus] doth bid thee go, 70
 Thence come I, where I long to be again:
 Love makes me speak, and love hath moved me so.
 When I shall be before my Sovereign,
 Oft will I speak to Him in praise of thee."
 She ceased with that, and I took up the strain: 75

43, "plaint." Dante has *parola*.

51. *nel primo punto* is included in the verb *rise*.

52-53 are transposed in translation. 52. *che son sospesi*,—"who are in suspense,"
 i. e., are in Limbo, neither in bliss nor in torment. See Canto iv:45.

E quale è quei che disvuol ciò che volle,
 E per nuovi pensier cangia proposta,
 Sì che dal cominciar tutto si tolle,
 Tal mi fec' io in quella oscura costa: 40
 Perchè pensando consumai la impresa
 Che fu nel cominciar cotanto tosta.
 "Se io ho ben la tua parola intesa,"
 Rispose del magnanimo quell' ombra,
 "L' anima tua è da viltade offesa, 45
 La quale molte fiata l' uomo ingombra,
 Sì che d' onrata impresa lo rivolve,
 Come falso veder bestia, quand' ombra.
 Da questa tema acciocchè tu ti solve,
 Dirotti perch' io venni, e quel che intesi 50
 Nel primo punto che di te mi dolve.
 Io era tra color che son sospesi,
 E donna mi chiamò beata e bella,
 Tal che di comandare io la richiesi.
 Lucevan gli occhi suoi più che la stella; 55
 E cominciommi a dir soave e piana
 Con angelica voce, in sua favella:
 "O anima cortese Mantovana,
 Di cui la fama ancor nel mondo dura,
 E durerà quanto il moto lontana! 60
 L' amico mio, e non della ventura,
 Nella diserta piaggia è impedito
 Sì nel cammin che volto è per paura;
 E temo che non sia già sì smarrito
 Ch' io mi sia tardi al soccorso levata, 65
 Per quel ch' io ho di lui nel cielo udito.
 Or muovi, e con la tua parola ornata,
 E con cio ch' è mestieri al suo campare,
 L' aiuta sì, ch' io ne sia consolata.
 Io son Beatrice, che ti faccio andare; 70
 Vegno di loco, ove tornar disio;
 Amor mi mosse, che mi fa parlare.
 Quando sarò dinanzi al Signor mio,
 Di te mi loderò sovente a Lui."
 Tacette allora, e poi comincia' io: 75

54. Dante says: "so fair and blessed that I begged her to command me."

63. Literally, "has turned back for terror."

64-66. Dante says: "And I fear that he may be already so bewildered, that I have risen too late for his relief, from what I heard of him in Heaven."

75. "took up the strain" is used for rime's sake. Dante says "I began."

“Lady of virtue, through whom humanity
 Doth in thyself alone all things exceed
 That in the smallest heaven containèd be,
 Thy bidding is to me such welcome meed
 Had I obeyed already, I were late; 80
 More of thy wish to tell there is no need.
 But how is it thou dost not hesitate
 To leave that spacious realm, and come down here
 From that place so beloved, to our strait?”
 “Since thou so much desirest to make clear 85
 Thy mind, I tell thee briefly,” so she said,
 “How I come to these precincts without fear.
 Only such things a man should rightly dread
 Which have the power to work him evil case;
 Naught else as fearful should be considerèd. 90
 In such wise am I fashioned by God’s grace
 That naught I feel of this your misery,
 Nor of the flames that burn within this place.
 A heavenly Lady doth with such pity see
 Him sore beset, to whom thee now I send, 95
 That she doth break that lofty stern decree.
 Lucia she called [from those who her attend],
 And said to her, “Now hath thy servant need
 Of thee, and to thy care I him commend.”
 Lucia, the foe to every cruel deed, 100
 Departed thence, and to that quarter came,
 Where I with Rachel sat, and thus did plead:
 “O Beatrice, true praise of God’[s great name],
 Why succorest not him who loved thee so
 That for thy sake he left the vulgar train? 105
 Hearest thou not his bitter cry of woe?
 Seest thou not how death doth make defeat
 Of him upon that more than ocean-flow?”—
 No creature in this world was e’er so fleet
 To win him good, or hurtful thing to flee, 110
 As I to hasten from my blissful seat
 After such words were spoken unto me.
 Upon thy noble speech my hope I rest,
 Which honors all who hear, and honors thee.”

78. The sphere of the moon, i.e. the earth, is meant.

85. Inexact. Dante says: “Since thou desirest to know so deeply.”

"O donna di virtù, sola per cui
 L' umana spezie eccede ogni contento
 Da quel ciel, che ha minor li cerchi sui!
 Tanto m'aggrada il tuo comandamento
 Che l' ubbidir, se già fosse, m' è tardi; 80
 Più non t' è uopo aprirmi il tuo talento.
 Ma dimmi la cagion, che non ti guardi
 Dello scender quaggiuso in questo centro
 Dall' ampio loco, ove tornar tu ardi."
 "Da che tu vuoi saper cotanto addentro, 85
 Dirotti brevemente," mi rispose,
 "Perch' io non temo di venir qua entro.
 Temer si dee di sole quelle cose
 Ch' hanno potenza di fare altrui male:
 Dell' altre no, che non son paurose. 90
 Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,
 Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,
 Nè fiamma d'esto incendio non m' assale.
 Donna è gentil nel ciel, che si compiangi
 Di questo impedimento ov' io ti mando, 95
 Sì che duro giudizio lassù frange.
 Questa chiese Lucia in suo dimando,
 E disse: 'Or ha bisogno il tuo fidele
 Di te, ed io a te lo raccomando.'
 Lucia, nimica di ciascun crudele, 100
 Si mosse e venne al loco dov' io era,
 Che mi sedea con l' antica Rachele.
 Disse:— 'Beatrice, loda di Dio vera,
 Chè non soccorri quei che t' amò tanto
 Che uscìo per te della volgare schiera? 105
 Non odi tu la pieta del suo pianto,
 Non vedi tu la morte che il combatte
 Su la fiumana, ove il mar non ha vanto?'
 Al mondo non fur mai persone ratte
 A far lor pro, nè a fuggir lor danno, 110
 Com' io, dopo cotai parole fatte,
 Venni quaggiù dal mio beato scanno,
 Fidandomi del tuo parlare onesto,
 Che onora te, e quei che udito l' hanno."

97. *in suo dimando* means, not the phrase bracketed in the translation, but "in her request."

102. *antica* is omitted. *Disse* is rendered "did plead." 105. Nasal rime.

109-10. Clash of sounds in the rime-words *fleet* and *flee*.

When she had answered thus [to my request], 115
 She turned from me her starry eyes, tear-filled,
 Which sped me forth more swiftly on my quest.
 And so to thee I came, as she had willed,
 And led thee from the beast that blocked thy way,
 Which hope of that fair mount in thee had killed. 120
 And now, what more? Why, why dost thou delay?
 Why lurks such coward fear within thy breast?
 Why dost not eager courage now display,
 When up in Heaven three such Ladies blest
 Thee in their thoughts [continually] hold, 125
 And such good promise I have made manifest?"—
 As when the flow'rets in nocturnal cold
 Shrink and decline, but with returning day
 Rise upright, and their petals wide unfold,
 So 'twas with me, [at first] in chill dismay, 130
 And then my heart so warmed with cheering light
 That, much emboldened, I began to say:—
 "O tender heart of her who helped my plight,
 And gracious [spirit] thou, who hast fulfilled
 With such swift steps her bidding [fair and] right! 135
 Such eagerness to go thou hast instilled
 Into my heart, thy words so have me bent,
 That, as at first, now steadfast am I willed.
 On then, and of us twain be one intent!
 Master and Leader thou, and I obey!"— 140
 So said I; and then, as he forward went,
 I entered on the steep and wooded way.

116-118-120. Same rime as in 134-6-8.

120. Dante says: "which bereft thee of the short way to the beautiful mountain."

125. Literally, "in the court of Heaven."

130-132. What Dante says is:

"Thus did I with my fainting courage;
 And so much good daring flowed into my heart,
 That I began, as one set free."

135. Literally, "the true words that she gave thee."

- Poscia che m' ebbe ragionato questo, 115
 Gli occhi lucenti lagrimando volse:
 Per che mi fece del venir più presto.
 E venni a te così, com' ella volse;
 Dinanzi a quella fiera ti levai,
 Che del bel monte il corto andar ti tolse. 120
 Dunque che è? perchè, perchè ristai?
 Perchè tanta viltà nel cuor allette?
 Perchè ardire e franchezza non hai?
 Poscia che tai tre donne benedette
 Curan di te nella corte del cielo, 125
 E il mio parlar tanto ben t' impromette?"—
 Quali i fioretti dal notturno gelo
 Chinati e chiusi, poichè il sol gl' imbianca,
 Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo,
 Tal mi fec' io di mia virtute stanca; 130
 E tanto buono ardire al cuor mi corse
 Ch' io cominciai come persona franca:
 "O pietosa colei che mi soccorse,
 E tu cortese, che ubbidisti tosto
 Alle vere parole che ti porse! 135
 Tu m' hai con desiderio il cuor disposto
 Sì al venir, con le parole tue,
 Ch' io son tornato nel primo proposto.
 Or va, che un sol volere è d' ambedue:
 Tu duca, tu signore, e tu maestro." 140
 Così gli dissi; e poichè mosso fue,
 Entraì per lo cammino alto e silvestro.

137-138. Dante says: "With such desire to go hast thou disposed my heart by thy words, that I have returned to my first purpose."

140. "Thou Guide, thou Lord, thou Master."

141. Literally, "after he moved."

Dante's enjambement is destroyed between lines 14 and 15; enjambement is introduced between 128 and 129.

INFERNO: III

"Through me thou comest to the land of woe;
 Through me to endless sorrow is the gate;
 Through me among the lost the way doth go.
 Justice did my first Maker actuate;
 I am the handiwork of Power Divine,
 Of Supreme Wisdom, and Love the uncreate.
 Naught hath beginning elder than was mine,
 Unless eternal; eternal I abide;
 Ye who make entrance here, all hope resign."

HAYLEY, 1782

Thro' me you pass to Mourning's dark domain;
 Thro' me, to scenes where Grief must ever pine;
 Thro' me, to Misery's devoted train.
 Justice and power in my Great Founder join,
 And love and wisdom all his fabrics rear;
 Wisdom above controul, and love divine!
 Before me, Nature saw no works appear,
 Save works eternal: such was I ordain'd.
 Quit every hope, all ye who enter here!

THOMAS, 1859

Through me men reach the city of deploring,
 Through me the path to endless woe they prove,
 Through me they join the lost beyond restoring.
 Justice did my Supreme Creator move.
 I am the work of Power Divine, design'd
 By Sovereign Wisdom and Primeval Love.
 Before me nothing save immortal mind
 Was made, and I eternally endure.
 O ye who enter, leave all hope behind.

FORD, 1870

By me is reach'd the city doomed to grieve;
 By me the grief that must eternal prove;
 By me the people lost beyond reprieve.
 Justice my mighty Maker first did move;
 Th' Omnipotence Divine my structure rear,
 The Supreme Wisdom, and the primal Love.
 Prior to me created only were
 Eternal things; eternal I remain:
 Despair forever, ye who enter here.

CAYLEY, 1851

Through me you pass into the city of woe;
 Through me you pass eternal woe to prove;
 Through me among the blasted race you go.
 'Twas justice did my most high Author move,
 And I have been the work of power divine,
 Of supreme wisdom and of primal love.
 No creature has an elder date than mine,
 Unless eternal, and I have no end.
 O ye that enter me, all hope resign.

DAYMAN, 1865

Through me the path to city named of Wail;
 Through me the path to woe without remove;
 Through me the path to damn'd souls in bale!
 Justice inclined my Maker from above;
 I am by virtue of the Might Divine,
 The Supreme Wisdom, and the Primal Love.
 Created lirth none antedates to mine,
 Save endless things, and endless I endure.
 Ye that are entering, all hope resign.

SIBBALD, 1884

Through me to the city dolorous lies the way;
 Who pass through me shall pains eternal prove;
 Through me are reached the people lost for aye.
 'Twas Justice did my Glorious Maker move;
 I was created by the Power Divine,
 The Highest Wisdom, and the Primal Love.
 No thing's creation earlier was than mine,
 If not eternal; I for aye endure.
 Ye who make entrance, every hope resign!

INFERNO: III

"Per me si va nella città dolente;
 Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
 Giustizia mosse il mio alto Fattore;
 Fecemi la Divina Potestate,
 La somma Sapienza e il primo Amore.
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
 Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro:
 Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate!"

5

TOMLINSON, 1877

Through me the way is to the City of Woe;
 Through me the way where pains eternal prove;
 Through me the way 'mongst the lost folk doth
 go.

Justice my great Creator first did move; *
 Divine Omnipotence created me,
 The highest Wisdom, and the primal Love.
 Before me no created things could be
 If not eterne, and I eterne endure:
 Who enter, every hope abandon ye.

HASSELFOOT, 1887

Through me is reached the dolorous abode;
 Through me is reached eternity of woe;
 Through me to reach the lost folk lies the road.
 Justice inclined my lofty Maker so;
 From Power Divine, from highest Wisdom's
 spring,
 And from Love's first source did my fabric
 grow.

Before me there was no created thing
 Save those eternal, and eterne last I:
 Away all hope, O ye who enter, fling.

WILBERFORCE, 1909

Through me the way to the sad city's woes;
 Through me the way eternal woe to prove;
 Through me the way 'mongst the lost people
 goes.

Justice my great Artificer to move,
 Served Power Divine my fashioning to share
 With Highest Wisdom and with primal Love.
 No things create, save those eternal, were
 Before me, and eternal I endure:
 All ye who enter, of all hope despair.

MINCHIN, 1885

Through me ye pass into the city of woe;
 Through me into eternal pain ye rove;
 Through me amidst the people lost ye go.
 My high Creator justice first did move;
 Me Power Divine created, and designed,
 The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.
 Previous to me was no created kind
 Save the Eternal: I eternal last.
 Ye who here enter, leave all hope behind.

PLUMPTRE, 1896

Through me men pass to city of great woe;
 Through me men pass to endless misery;
 Through me men pass where all the lost ones
 go.

Justice it was that moved my Maker high,
 The Power of God it was that fashioned me,
 Wisdom supreme, and primal Charity.
 Before me nothing was of things that be,
 Save the eterne, and I eterne endure:
 Ye that pass in, all hope abandon ye.

WHEELER, 1911

I am the gateway into sorrow's land;
 I am the gateway to unending pain;
 I am the gateway to the nations banned.
 Of Justice was my mighty Maker fain;
 In me doth power omnipotent appear,
 And primal love and wisdom without stain.
 Before me nought but things eternal were,
 And I endure to all eternity.
 Leave hope behind, O! ye who enter here.

1. Dante's città is rendered "land."
4. Dante says alto, not "first."
6. Dante's primo is rendered "uncreate."
7. According to the Schoolmen, the Angels and the Heavens emanated directly from God, and were in existence before Hell.
9. Cp. "Pandite atque aperite prope januam hanc Orci obsecro
 Nam equidem haud aliter esse duco, quippe quo nemo advenit,
 Nisi quam spes reliquere omnes . . ."—Plautus, *Bacchides*, iii:1.

These sentences, in color darkly dyed, 10
 Above a gate I saw, that written were:
 And I: "O Master, hard things do they betide."
 Then answered me my wise Interpreter:
 "Thou must renounce here all suspicious dread;
 Perish the coward fears [that would deter]! 15
 We are arrived where, as I have thee said,
 The miserable folk thou shalt descry
 From whom the good of intellect hath fled."
 Then with kind look he touched my hand, and I
 Thereby was comforted, and in such wise 20
 He led me in that land of mystery.
 Here sighs, complaints, and loud bewailing cries
 Were sounding through the starless atmosphere
 So that at first the tears came to my eyes.
 Languages strange, words horrible and drear, 25
 Outcries of fury, lamentations loud,
 Hoarse voices, sound of hands therewith [to hear],
 Unceasing in that timeless murky shroud
 In such tumultuous eddyings prevailed
 As when a whirlwind lashes sand in cloud. 30
 And I, who had my head with horror veiled,
 Cried, "Master, what hear I? what may this be?
 What folk is this, by anguish so assailed?"
 And he to me: "This lot of misery
 Sustain the wretched spirits who passed through 35
 Their lives with neither praise nor infamy.
 With them are mingled of that miscreant crew
 Of angels who did not [in Heaven] rebel,
 But to themselves, not unto God, were true.
 To keep its glory, Heaven did that tribe expel: 40
 And, lest their plight should give the damned relief,
 They are refused by the deeps of Hell."

12. *il senso lor m' è duro*, "their meaning is to me hard." Carlyle, Johnson, render *duro* as "hard;" Norton has "dire," Vernon "fearful." Plumptre, Minchin, translate *senso duro* as "cruel drift," "cruel scope." But Dayman renders lines 12, 14, as "These words upon a door's entablature . . ." "Master, their meaning is to me obscure."
14. Cp. Virgil, *Aen.* vi:26, "Nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo." *sospetto*, says Vernon, means "fear, cause of fear." Cp. *Inf.* ix:51 and xxiii:54.
17. "descry." See note on ii:8.
18. Blanc, in his *Vocab. dantesco*, points out that it is not the intellect which is lost by these unfortunate, but the possessions of the intellect, the knowledge of God.
21. *alle segrete cose* is translated "in that land of mystery."

| | |
|--|----|
| Queste parole di colore oscuro | 10 |
| Vid' io scritte al sommo d' una porta ; Per ch' io : "Maestro, il senso lor m' è duro." | |
| Ed egli a me, come persona accorta : | |
| "Qui si convien lasciare ogni sospetto ; Ogni viltà convien che qui sia morta. | 15 |
| Noi siam venuti al loco ov' io t' ho detto Che tu vedrai le genti dolorose, Ch' hanno perduto il ben dell' intelletto." | |
| E poichè la sua mano alla mia pose, Con lieto volto, ond' io mi confortai, Mi mise dentro alle segrete cose. | 20 |
| Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai Risonavan per l' aer senza stelle, Per ch' io al cominciar ne lagrimai. | |
| Diverse lingue, orribili favelle, Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira, Voci alti e fioche, e suon di mán con elle, | 25 |
| Facevano un tumulto, il qual s' aggira Sempre in quell' aria senza tempo tinta, Come la rena quando a turbo spira. | 30 |
| Ed io, ch' avea d' orror la testa cinta, Dissi : "Maestro, che è quel ch' i' odo ? E che gente è, che par nel duol sì vinta ?" | |
| Ed egli a me : "Questo misero modo Tengon l' anime triste di coloro Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo. | 35 |
| Mischiate sono a quel cattivo coro Degli angeli che non furon ribelli, Nè fur fedeli a Dio, ma per sè foro. | |
| Cacciarli i ciel per non esser men belli ; Nè lo profondo inferno gli riceve, Chè alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d' elli." | 40 |

21. **voce alte e fioche.** Vernon treats the two adjectives here as contrasted, "loud and faint." Commentators differ as to the meaning of *fiocho* in Dante, whether "hoarse" or "faint." See note on *Inf.* i:63.
28. **aria** is rendered "shroud." The rime-words of 26, 28, 30 are all obtained by free translation. See note on *Inf.* i:107-9-11.
31. **orror.** Many texts read **error**, and, as Vernon points out, both readings may be Dante's. That here adopted seems the more likely to be the poet's final choice because of the line of Virgil, *Aen.* ii:559:—
At me tum primum saevus circumstetit horror.
33. **Dante says:** "Master, what is that which I hear?"
- 41, 42, are transposed in translation. In 42 Dante says "For the wicked would have some glory over them." In the same line he makes Virgil use the word "inferno," as also in i:110; see note there.

Then said I: "Master, what may be the grief
 Which drives these souls to cries so passionate?"
 And he: "I make thee answer very brief. 45
 No hope of death have these [unfortunate],
 And their blind life so low is [and outcast]
 That they are envious of all other fate.
 The world permits not that their name shall last;
 Mercy and Justice have them unworthy deemed. 50
 Speak not of them, but look, and get thee past."
 And I, who gazed, saw where a standard [streamed],
 And whirling on so hurryingly ran,
 That of all pause contemptuous it seemed.
 And after it so long a caravan 55
 There went, that scarce could I myself persuade
 Death had undone so great a part of man.
 Then here and there I recognized a shade,
 And saw and knew among the others, his
 Who coward-like the great refusal made. 60
 Then was I certain of the truth of this,
 That here I looked upon the caitiff crew
 Hateful to God and to His enemies.
 Those hapless wretches, that life never knew,
 Were naked, and most sorely tortured 65
 By wasps and hornets, which about them flew.
 Because of these, their faces streaming bled,
 And blood all mixed with tears [fell to] their feet,
 And there by loathsome worms was harvested.

45. A transition line.

50. Dante says "disdain them."

52. *riguardai*, "gazed." This word, as Vernon points out, means much more than *guardai*; it means "guardare di nuovo e attentamente e con diligenza." Cp. note on *mi ritrovai*, *Inf.* i:2.

53. In this line attempt is made to imitate the pauseless speed of Dante's line, with its swift smooth interlocking of syllables and its r-coloring. He obtains the effect of rapidity by using two verbs and an adverb with the idea of speed, and by employing sounds easily enunciated. We may compare Chaucer's "Or breke it at a renning with his heed," *Prol. Cant. Tales* 551, where an underweighted line, following on two heavy emphatic lines, produces an effect of quick movement; or Sophocles' *φυγάδα πρόδρομον δέντερω*, *Antigone* 107, where the idea of rapidity is supported by diminution in quantitative value.

Ed io: "Maestro, che è tanto greve
 A lor, che lamentar gli fa sì forte?"
 Rispose: "Dicerolti molto breve. 45
 Questi non hanno speranza di morte,
 E la lor cieca vita è tanto bassa
 Che invidiosi son d'ogni altra sorte.
 Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa,
 Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna. 50
 Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."
 Ed io, che riguardai, vidi una insegna,
 Che girando correva tanto ratta,
 Che d' ogni posa mi pareva indegna;
 E dietro le venia sì lunga tratta 55
 Di gente, ch' i' non avrei mai creduto
 Che morte tanta n' avesse disfatta.
 Poscia ch' io v' ebbi alcun riconosciuto,
 Vidi e conobbi l' ombra di colui
 Che fece per viltà lo gran rifiuto. 60
 Incontanente intese, e certo fui,
 Che quest' era la setta dei cattivi
 A Dio spiacenti ed ai nemici sui.
 Questi sciaurati, che mai non fur vivi,
 Erano ignudi e stimolati molto
 Da mosconi e da vespe ch' eran ivi. 65
 Elle rigavan lor di sangue il volto,
 Che, mischiato di lagrime, ai lor piedi
 Da fastidiosi vermi era ricolto.

53. The translators have been generally oblivious of the quick motion of Dante's line here, and have frequently clogged it with consonants. Cp.—
 That circling with a rapidity moved along That all repose appeareth to misprise.—Cayley.
 . . . so rapidly did run It seem'd to scorn all pause . . . —Thomas.
 In reckless whirl careering; seemed, it found No spot so vile, whereon it might sojourn. —Dayman.
 Which whirled with such rapidity amain It seemed all rest indignantly to spurn.—Ford.
 A whirling motion; it so swiftly sped, It seemed unworthy any pause to gain.—Tomlinson.
 Which always whirling round, advanced in haste As if despising steadfast to remain.—Sibald.
 That with such swiftness whirling, rushed amain, That every thought of respite it denies. —Minchin.
 Which whirled on in such rapid course displayed That it seemed prone never to rest again. —Haselfoot.
 Which whirling moved with such a rapid flight It seemed to me all thought of rest to spurn. —Plumptre.
 That whirling coursed so rapidly along Meseemed no moment of repose 'twould deign. —Wilberforce.
 A whirling banner pass at such a speed, It seemed no thought of rest could e'er restrain. —Wheeler.
 Turn And dart, and run so swiftly to and fro That rest and respite it appeared to spurn. —Grandgent.

61. A transition line.

65. Dante says "stung."

66. Dante says, not that the wasps "flew," but that they "were there."

69. ricolto. Fraticelli says that this word means "sucked up."

Another sight my onward look did greet, 70
 Of people on the shore of a great stream;
 Wherefore I said: "Now, Master, I entreat
 To know who these are, and know why they seem
 So ready to pass over [and be gone],
 As I discern across this dull harsh gleam." 75
 And he to me: "Thou shalt have word hereon
 When the time comes that we our footfalls stay
 Upon the gloomy strand of Acheron."
 Then with my eyes downcast, and in dismay
 Lest for my questioning I were to blame, 80
 Silently to the bank I held my way.
 And lo! against us in a boat there came
 A shaggy ancient, white and very old,
 Shouting, "Woe to you, lost beyond reclaim!
 Hope not at all the Heaven to behold! 85
 I come to lead you to the other shore,
 To gloom eternal, eternal fire and cold.
 And thou, who art with those who live no more,
 Thou living soul, their precincts now forsake!"
 But when he saw I stood even as before, 90
 He said: "Thy crossing elsewhere thou must make:
 Here is no ferry by which thou canst go;
 A lighter boat it is which shall thee take."
 Then said my Guide: "Charon, dispute not so:
 Thus is it willed there where it is the same 95
 To will and do; and more seek not to know."
 Then quieted the shaggy cheeks became
 Of that [hoar] pilot of the livid flood,
 Who round about his eyes had wheels of flame.
 But all that naked and dejected brood 100
 Changed color, and their teeth gnashed [miserably],
 When his harsh summons they had understood.

72. Cp. Virgil, *Aen.* vi:318-9:

*Dic, ait, o virgo, quid vult concursus ad amnem?
 Quidve petunt animae?*

73-4. Dante says: "what law makes them so ready to pass over."

75. *foco lume* is here rendered "dull harsh gleam." See note on *Inf.* i:63.

76. Literally, "these things shall be known to thee."

84. *anime prave*, "depraved spirits."

88-90. "'And thou who art there, living spirit, depart from those who are dead!'—But when he saw that I departed not."

| | |
|---|--------------------------|
| E poichè a riguardare oltre mi diedi, Vidi gente alla riva d' un gran fiume; Per ch' io dissi: "Maestro, or mi concedi Ch' io sappia quali sono, e qual costume Le fa parer di trapassar sì pronte, Com' io discerno per lo fioco lume." | 70 75 |
| Ed egli a me: "Le cose ti fien conte Quando noi fermerem li nostri passi Sulla trista riviera d' Acheronte." | |
| Allor con gli occhi vergognosi e bassi, Temendo no 'l mio dir gli fusse grave, Infino al fiume di parlar mi trassi. | 80 |
| Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave Un vecchio bianco per antico pelo, Gridando: "Guai a voi, anime prave! Non isperate mai veder lo cielo! I' vegno per menarvi all' altra riva, Nelle tenebre eterne, in caldo e in gelo. | 85 |
| E tu che se' costì, anima viva, Partiti da cotesti che son morti!" Ma poich' ei vide ch' io non mi partiva, | 90 |
| Disse: "Per altra via, per altri porti Verrai a piaggia, non qui, per passare; Più lieve legno convien che ti porti." | |
| E il Duca a lui: "Caron, non ti crucciare: Vuolsi così colà, dove si puote Ciò che si vuole; e più non dimandare." | 95 |
| Quinci fur quete le lanose gote Al nocchier della livida palude, Che intorno agli occhi avea di fiamme rote. | |
| Ma quell' anime, ch' eran lasse e nude, Cangiar colore e dibattero i denti, Ratto che inteser le parole crude. | 100 |

95-96. This formula is used again *Inf.* v:23-4.

95-7-9. This is the translation of Wilberforce. The rime-sound is repeated from 80-2-4 above.

97. Cp. *Virgil, Aen.* vi:102,—*Ut primum cessit furor, et rabida ora quierunt.*

98. Cp. *Virgil's vada livida, Aen.* vi:320.

99. Cp. *Virgil's stant lumina flamma, Aen.* vi:300.

They blasphemed God, and cursed their ancestry,
 The human race, the place and time and seed
 Of their begetting and their delivery. 105
 Then all of them together drew [with speed]
 To that accursèd shore, with bitter dole,
 Which awaits each who giveth God no heed.
 The demon Charon, with eyes of glowing coal,
 Beckons and drives them, and them all doth seize, 110
 Striking the laggard with his ferry pole.
 Even as in days of autumn [from the trees]
 One after other the leaves downward fall,
 Until the bough its vesture scattered sees;
 So did that wicked seed of Adam all 115
 Cast themselves down in turn from off that shore,
 At summons, as doth bird unto its call.
 Thus they passed over the dark water-floor,
 And ere they landed on the other side,
 On this side there were thronged as many more. 120
 "My son,"—thus said to me my courteous Guide,—
 "Those who die in the wrath of God estranged
 All gather here, from every country [wide]:
 And eager for the crossing are they ranged,
 Because Heaven's justice spurs them onward so 125
 That to desire [all] their fear is changed.
 By this way never doth good spirit go;
 And thus, if Charon doth of thee complain,
 The meaning of his words thou well mayst know."
 When he had ended, all the gloomy plain 130
 Shook with such force, that in remembering it
 The sweat of terror bathes me once again.
 The land of tears did then a gust emit,
 Streaked with a lightning-glare of crimson deep,
 Which smote my senses from me every whit; 135
 So that I fell, as one o'erwhelmed by sleep.

108. Literally, "who fears not God."

114. *alla terra* is replaced by "scattered."

117. *augel* is perhaps to be rendered "falcon" to keep the metaphor from fowling alive in the modern text; but Lubin, says Vernon, thinks that this passage refers to the October snaring of birds, when a caged decoy is hidden in the foliage to lure other birds into captivity.

Bestemmiavano Iddio e lor parenti,
 L' umana specie, il luogo, il tempo, e il seme
 Di lor semenza e di lor nascimenti. 105

Poi si ritrasser tutte quante insieme,
 Forte piangendo, alla riva malvagia
 Che attende ciascun uom, che Dio non teme.

Caron dimonio, con occhi di bragia,
 Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie; 110
 Batte col remo qualunque s' adagia.

Come d' autunno si levan le foglie
 L' una appresso dell' altra, infin che il ramo
 Vede alla terra tutte le sue spoglie,
 Similmente il mal seme d' Adamo 115
 Gittansi di quel lito ad una ad una
 Per cenni, come augel per suo richiamo.

Così sen vanno su per l' onda bruna,
 Ed avanti che sian di là discese,
 Anche di qua nuova schiera s' aduna. 120

“Figliuol' mio,” disse il Maestro cortese,
 “Quelli che muoion nell' ira di Dio
 Tutti convegnon qui d' ogni paese;
 E pronti sono a trapassar lo rio,
 Chè la divina giustizia gli sprona 125
 Sì che la tema si volge in disio.

Quinci non passa mai anima buona;
 E però, se Caron di te si lagna,
 Ben puoi saper omai che il suo dir suona.”

Finito questo, la buia campagna 130
 Tremò sì forte, che dello spavento
 La mente di sudore ancor mi bagna.

La terra lagrimosa diede vento,
 Che balenò una luce vermiglia,
 La qual mi vinse ciascun sentimento; 135
 E caddi, come l' uom cui sonno piglia.

113-4. . . . till the spray Views on the ground her weeds divested all.—Cayley.
 . . . few, then fewer. Cling to their branch, whose plunder strews the fields.—Dayman.
 Till the reft branch to earth restores its all.—Ford.
 Till the bough To earth yields all its garment, as a pall.—Minchin.
 Till the bough Yields to the earth what spoils soe'er it won.—Haselfoot.
 Till the branch, left bare Yields to the earth its spoil funereal.—Plumptre.
 Till the spray Sees that earth's bosom all its spoils upheaves.—Wilberforce.
 Until the naked bough Sees all his pretty garments on the ground.—Grandgent.
 Cp. Virgil, *Aen.* vi:309-10:—*Quam multa in silvis auctumni frigore primo Lapsa cadunt folia.*

Enjambement is introduced in the translation of this Canto, between lines 19, 20 and 35, 36.

INFERNO: IV

Over my head a crash of thunder broke
 That startled me out of that sleep profound,
 So that like one aroused by force I woke.
 And, risen erect, I threw my gaze around,
 Refreshed [by rest], and looking steadfastly 5
 To scan the place wherein I [now] was [found].
 Beside the abyss of utter misery
 I was indeed, upon the very verge,
 Which thunders with unending agony.
 Dark, deep it was, and full of cloudy surge; 10
 So that howe'er I strove its depth to know,
 Nothing [defined] would to my sight emerge.
 "Now we descend to this blind world below,"
 Began my Poet with an aspect pale:—
 "Follow thou me, and I the first will go." 15
 And I, for I had marked his color [fail],
 Cried, "How shall I come, if thou art in fear,
 Who wast my strength, did any doubt assail?"
 And he to me: "The anguish of these here
 Below submerged, with pity paints my face 20
 So that to thee it doth as dread appear.
 On, now, for long the path we have to trace."
 Then we passed in, he moving on before,
 To the first circle girding that deep place.
 And here the listening ear heard none deplore; 25
 There was no weeping, only sighs on sighs,
 With which the air was quivering evermore.
 And these [sad breathings continually] rise
 From multitudes in sorrow, not in pain:
 Women, and men, and children [there] likewise. 30

1. Ford, Longfellow, begin the line with the emphatic word **Broke**, as does Dante.
4. Cp. Milton,—“round he throws his baleful eyes.” *Par. Lost* i:56.
22. Literally, “for the long way urges us.” The use of the verb **trace** is a medievalism, frequent in French and in Chaucer’s followers.
23. Inexact; “thus he entered, and made me enter.”

INFERNO: IV

| | |
|---|----|
| Ruppemi l' alto sonno nella testa Un greve tuono, sì ch' io mi riscossi, Come persona che per forza è desta ; E l'occhio riposato intorno mossi, Dritto levato, e fiso riguardai Per conoscer lo loco dov' io fossi. | 5 |
| Vero è, che in su la proda mi trovai Della valle d' abisso dolorosa, Che tuono accoglie d' infiniti guai. | |
| Oscura, profonda era, e nebulosa, Tanto che, per ficcar lo viso al fondo, Io non vi discerneva alcuna cosa. | 10 |
| “Or discendiam quaggiù nel cieco mondo,” Cominciò il poeta tutto smorto : “Io sarò primo, e tu sarai secondo.” | 15 |
| Ed io, che del color mi fui accorto, Dissi: “Come verrò, se tu paventi, Che suoli al mio dubbiare esser conforto?” | |
| Ed egli a me: “L' angoscia delle genti, Che son quaggiu, nel viso mi dipinge Quella pietà, che tu per tema senti. | 20 |
| Andiam, chè la via lunga ne sospinge.” Così si mise, e così me fe' entrare Nel primo cerchio che l' abisso cinge. | |
| Quivi, secondo che per ascoltare, Non avea pianto, ma' che di sospiri, Che l' aura eterna facevan tremare : | 25 |
| E ciò avvenia di duol senza martiri, Ch' avean le turbe, ch' eran molte e grandi, D'infanti e di femmine e di viri. | 30 |

9. This line of Dante's is as notable for vowel-beauty as is *Inf. v:136* for consonantal effect. The longdrawn echoing melancholy of *infiniti guai* cannot be reproduced in translation. Of the attempts at it, that of Cayley apparently used the -nd-sound to support the effect of *tuono*, "thunder." The version above loses the force of *accoglie*. Compare:—
That blends a thunder from unbounded woes.—Cayley.
Where meets the roar Concentrated of sorrows without bound.—Ford.
Which vents the din Of countless shrieks in one wild thunder-sweep.—Dayman.
Where thunder gathers from the infinite wail.—Minchin.
Which gathers tone of wailings infinite.—Haselfoot.
Where thunders roar, of groans that know no bound.—Plumptre.

Then [said] my Master, "Why dost thou refrain
 To ask what spirits here thou lookest on?
 Ere thou go by, I would to thee explain
 That these sinned not; but it sufficeth none
 To have such merit; for they went not in by 35
 The gate baptismal wherethrough thy faith is won.
 And since they lived ere Christianity,
 They paid not unto God due reverence;
 And of such spirits one myself am I.
 For such shortcoming, not for sin's offence, 40
 Lost are we, yet we suffer but so far
 That hopeless we live ever in suspense."
 Grief pierced my heart when I became aware
 Of this, for souls of great nobility
 I knew, who in that Limbo hanging are. 45
 And I began, "Master, pray answer me,"—
 Desiring to have [greater] certitude
 Of that belief which treads down falsity—
 "Did any ever reach beatitude
 By his or others' merit, from this bound?" 50
 He, who my covert meaning understood,
 Replied: "I was new [come] into this ground,
 When a Puissant One His entrance made,
 With the insignia of triumph crowned.
 Out from among us our first parent's shade, 55
 And Noah's, and Abel's [also], did he bring:
 And Moses, who the Law framed and obeyed;
 Abraham the patriarch, David the king,
 Israel with his father and family
 And Rachel, for whom long his laboring, 60

31. *buon* is omitted.

35-6. Literally, "for they had not baptism, which is the portal of the faith thou believest." The phrase *che tu credi* is here represented by "thy."

42. "in suspense" is substituted for *in disio*, "in longing." The term *sospesi* is used by Dante in line 45.

Lo buon Maestro a me: "Tu non dimandi
 Che spiriti son questi, che tu vedi?
 Or vo' che sappi, innanzi che più andi,
 Ch' ei non peccaro; e s' egli hanno mercedi,
 Non basta, perchè non ebber battesimo, 35
 Ch' è porte della fede che tu credi;
 E se furon dinanzi al Cristianesimo,
 Non adorar debitamente Dio;
 E di questi cotai son io medesimo.
 Per tai difetti, non per altro rio, 40
 Semo perduti, e sol di tanto offesi,
 Che senza speme vivemo in disio."
 Gran duol mi prese al cor, quando lo intesi,
 Perocchè gente di molto valore
 Conobbi, che in quel limbo eran sospesi. 45
 "Dimmi, Maestro mio, dimmi, Signore,"—
 Cominciài io, per voler esser certo
 Di quella fede che vince'ogni errore,—
 "Uscicci mai alcuno, o per suo merto,
 O per altrui, che poi fosse beato?" 50
 E quei, che intese il mio parlar coverto,
 Rispose: "Io era nuovo in questo stato,
 Quando ci vidi venire un possente
 Con segno di vittoria coronato.
 Trasseci l' ombra del primo parente, 55
 D' Abel suo figlio, e quella di Noè,
 Di Moisè legista e ubbidiente;
 Abraam patriarca, e David re,
 Israel con lo padre, e co' suoi nati,
 E con Rachele, per cui tanto fe', 60

43. Imperfect rime.

46. A transition line.

48. Literally, "conquers error."

56. figlio is omitted.

These and more yet He led to bliss [on high].
 And before them, as I would have thee know,
 Salvation was not for humanity."
 Though he was speaking, we ceased not to go,
 But all the while were passing through the wood,— 65
 That host of crowded spirits term I so.—
 Not far as yet had we our way pursued
 From where I slumbered, when I saw a flame
 That of the darkness half a sphere subdued.
 A little yet removed, as on we came, 70
 We were from it, but I could see in part
 That they who dwelt there were of honored name.
 "Thou who dost honor every science and art,
 Who may these be, who have such honoring
 As from all other lot sets them apart?" 75
 And he to me: "The honor echoing
 Up in thy life, of their distinction,
 For them from Heaven such reward doth bring."
 Meantime a voice unto my ear had come:—
 "Honor unto the Poet loftiest! 80
 Returnèd is the Shade who went anon."
 After the voice had paused and was at rest,
 I saw four mighty Shadows coming toward,
 Their aspect neither joyous nor distressed.
 "Mark him who beareth in his hand a sword,"— 85
 Began my kindly Master to explain,—
 "Who leads those other three as he were lord.
 Homer it is, the poet sovereign;
 Horace the satirist is second there,
 Ovid is next, and Lucan next again. 90

65-7-9. These are Wilberforce's rimes. Line 69 originally read: "That triumphed over half a globe of night,"—but the rime-scheme did not work out.

72. Note the repetition of *onore* and its derivatives in lines 72-100.

71-75. For the rime here see note on *Inf. i:1*. Dante's rime-words are kept.

79-82. Dante uses similar rime-sounds in close proximity. Nasal rime 79-81 in the translation.

80. Dante uses but three words in this line.

86. A transition line.

Ed altri molti; e fecegli beati:
 E vo' che sappi che, dinanzi ad essi,
 Spiriti umani non eran salvati."
 Non lasciavam l' andar, perch' ei dicessi,
 Ma passavam la selva tuttavia, 65
 La selva, dico, di spiriti spessi.
 Non era lunga ancor la nostra via
 Di qua del sonno, quand' io vidi un foco
 Ch' emisperio di tenebre vincia.
 Di lungo v' eravamo ancora un poco, 70
 Ma non si' ch' io non discernessi in parte
 Che onrevol gente possedea quel loco.
 "O tu che onori ogni scienza ed arte,
 Questi chi son, ch' hanno cotanta onranza
 Che dal modo degli altri li diparte?" 75
 E quegli a me: "L' onrata nominanza,
 Che di lor suona su nella tua vita,
 Grazia acquista nel ciel' che sì gli avanza."
 Intanto voce fu per me udita:
 "Onorate l' altissimo poeta! 80
 L'ombra sua torna, ch' era dipartita."
 Poichè la voce fu restata e queta,
 Vidi quattro grand' ombre a noi venire;
 Sembianza avevan nè trista nè lieta.
 Lo buon Maestro cominciò a dire: 85
 "Mira colui con quella spada in mano,
 Che vien dinanzi a' tre sì come sire.
 Quegli è Omero poeta sovrano,
 L'altro è Orazio satiro, che viene,
 Ovidio è il terzo, e l' ultimo Lucano. 90

66. dico. Dante interprets his own metaphor. Cp. his method in line 140 here, as in *Inf.* xiv:8, *Purgat.* x:76. The same attempt at clearness may be seen in Chaucer, *Troilus*, ii:904-5—
 The dayes honour and the hevenes ye,
 The nightes fo (al this clepe I the sonne)"—
 and in his *Frankl. Tale* 289-90,—
 "For th' orisonte hath reft the sonne his light,—
 This is as much to seye as it was night."—
 with which latter compare Fulgentius, *Mitologiarum* bk. i, line 17, where after somewhat turgid description follows:—"ut, in verba paucissima conferam, nox erat."

And for that each of them with me doth share
 The name which their one voice made manifest,
 They do me honor, wherein well-judged they are.”
 Thus saw I grouped that school, the goodliest,
 Round the great Master of all those who sing, 95
 Who, like an eagle, soars above the rest.
 After a moment spent in parleying,
 They turned to me,—then smiled my Master [kind],—
 And made unto me sign of welcoming. 100
 And yet more honor with them did I find,
 For they received me as companion,
 And I was sixth amid such might of mind.
 Then to the light ahead we journeyed on,
 Speaking of things which silence now doth suit,
 Even as then 'twas right to speak thereon. 105
 At length we reached a noble castle's foot,
 By lofty walls encircled seven times round,
 And guarded by a streamlet unpollute.
 This we passed over as 'twere solid ground;
 Through seven gateways in we all did go, 110
 And there within a fresh green plain we found.
 The dwellers were of serious eyes and slow,
 With air of who command, not who obey;
 Seldom they spoke, and then with voices low.
 We turned aside a little from the way 115
 Into a place of light high and serene,
 So that I could observe the whole array.
 And there in front, upon the enamelled green,
 Was marshalled for me all that host of pride,
 Which yet I glory that these eyes have seen. 120

92. *sonò* is rendered “made manifest.” In 92-4-6 appears again the rime-sound of 80-82-84.

95. Dante says “of the loftiest song.” For the English here, see the phrase applied to Aristotle in line 131. Vernon, Longfellow, Norton, treat *signor* as singular, referring to Homer; Johnson treats it as plural.

Perocchè ciascun meco si conviene
 Nel nome che sonò la voce sola,
 Fannomi onore, e di ciò fanno bene.”
 Così vidi adunar la bella scuola
 Di quei signor dell' altissimo canto, 95
 Che sopra gli altri com' aquila vola.
 Da ch' ebber ragionato insieme alquanto,
 Volsersi a me con salutevol cenno;
 E 'l mio Maestro sorrise di tanto.
 E più d' onore ancora assai mi fenno: 100
 Ch' esser mi fecer della loro schiera,
 Sì ch' io fui sesto tra cotanto senno.
 Così n' andammo infino alla lumiera,
 Parlando cose, che il tacere è bello,
 Sì com' era il parlar colà dov' era. 105
 Venimmo al piè d' un nobile castello,
 Sette volte cerchiato d' alte mura,
 Difeso intorno d' un bel fumicello.
 Questo passammo come terra dura;
 Per sette porte intrai con questi savi: 110
 Giugnemmo in prato di fresca verdura.
 Genti v' eran con occhi tardi e gravi,
 Di grande autorità ne' lor sembianti;
 Parlavan rado, con voci soavi.
 Traemmoci così dall' un de' canti 115
 In loco aperto, luminoso ed alto,
 Sì che veder si potean tutti quanti.
 Colà dritto, sopra il verde smalto,
 Mi fur mostrati gli spiriti magni,
 Che del vederli in me stesso n' esalto. 120

102. *tra cotanto senno.* Translated "in this deep-witted company" by Cayley. Cary, "amid so learn'd a band." Dayman, Plumptre, "amid that might of mind." Ford, "in Wisdom's glorious line." Minchin, "amidst such noble kind." Haselfoot, "of that gifted line." Long; fellow, Johnson, "mid so much wit." Vernon, "amid such genius."

108. *bel* is rendered "unpollute."

110. "in we all did go" renders *intra* con questi savi.

114. *soavi*, "mild," is translated "low."

116. Dante says "into a place open, luminous, and high."

Electra and her following her beside
 I saw, and Hector and Aeneas knew;
 Caesar [was there], full-armed and falcon-eyed,
 Camilla, and Penthesilea too.
 Latinus, first in Latium's monarchy, 125
 With his Lavinia, sat there in my view.
 I saw that Brutus who made Tarquin flee,
 Cornelia, Marcia, Julia and Lucrece,
 And Saladin apart from company.
 Then, as I gave my look a wider lease, 130
 I saw the Master of all those who know
 Sit with his school in meditative peace.
 All looked to him, all did him honor show;
 There saw I Plato, [there was] Socrates,
 Who of all other nearest to him go. 135
 Thales, Anaxagoras, Diogenes,
 Democritus, who grants the world no law,
 Zeno, Heraclitus, and Empedocles;
 The lister of the qualities I saw,
 I mean Dioscorides; Orpheus did I see, 140
 Tullius, Linus, and moral Seneca,
 The geometric Euclid, Ptolemy,
 Hippocrates, Avicenna, Galien,
 Averroes—great commentator he.
 To record all avails me not the pen; 145
 For the long theme so close doth me pursue,
 That the word fails the truth, and fails again.
 The group of six is lessened now to two;
 By other pathway my Leader hath me brought,
 Out of the calm, to wind that restless blew, 150
 And thither come I, where there shineth nought.

124. dall' altra parte is omitted. Dante has it in line 126.

125-6 are somewhat freely translated.

130. Dante says: "When I raised my eyelids a little more."

132. Freely translated.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Io vidi Elettra con molti compagni, Tra' quai conobbi Ettore ed Enea, Cesare armato con gli occhi grifagni. | |
| Vidi Cammilla e la Pentesilea; Dall' altra parte vidi il re Latino, Che con Lavinia sua figlia sedea. | 125 |
| Vidi quel Bruto che cacciò Tarquino, Lucrezia, Julia, Marzia e Corniglia; E solo in parte vidi il Saladino. | |
| Poi che innalzai un poco più le ciglia, Vidi il maestro di color che sanno, Seder tra filosofica famiglia. | 130 |
| Tutti lo miran, tutti onor gli fanno; Quivi vid' io Socrate e Platone, Che innanzi agli altri più presso gli stanno. | 135 |
| Democrito, che il mondo a caso pone, Diogenes, Anassagora e Tale, Empedocles, Eraclito e Zenone, | |
| E vidi il buono accoglitor del quale, Dioscoride dico; e vidi Orfeo, Tullio e Lino e Seneca morale; | 140 |
| Euclide geometra, e Tolommeo, Ippocrate, Avicenna e Galieno, Averrois, che il gran comento feo. | |
| Io non posso ritrar di tutti appieno; Perocchè sì mi caccia il lungo tema, Che molte volte al fatto il dir vien meno. | 145 |
| La sesta compagnia in due si scema; Per altra via mi mena il savio duca, Fuor della queta, nell' aura che trema; | 150 |
| E vengo in parte, ove non è che luca. | |

136. Literally, "who sets the world on chance."

137. Clumsy line.

144. Literally, "who made the great commentary."

149. **Savio** is omitted.

150. Over-emphatic. Dante says, "into the air that trembled."

In this canto, enjambement is introduced between lines 28 and 29, 34 and 35, 35 and 36, 43 and 44.

INFERNO: V

Thus from the first of all the rings I went
 Down to the second, which has less of space,
 And more of anguish, that compels lament.
 There Minos sits, with hideous grinning face;
 The entering guilty are in his control. 5
 He dooms and sends them, as he him doth enlace.
 I mean, that when each misbegotten soul
 Before him comes, its guilt it must admit;
 And he, who of sin understands the whole,
 Sees for each one what place in hell is fit; 10
 As many times his tail is round him lashed,
 As downward the degrees he sendeth it.
 Always before him stands a troop [abashed];
 Each in his turn to judgment do they come;
 They speak, and listen, and are downward dashed. 15
 "O thou who comest to the abode of gloom,"—
 When Minos saw me, thus to me he cried,
 Pausing a moment in his work of doom,—
 "Heed thy incoming, in whom thou dost confide;
 Let not the gateway's breadth deceive thee so." 20
 "Thou, too, protesting?" answered him my Guide:
 "Hinder thou not whom Fate hath bidden go;
 Thus is it willed there where it can be wrought
 Even as 'tis willed; and more seek not to know."
 Now is it that the sounds with anguish fraught 25
 Begin to reach me; for I am now come
 There where loud crying to my ear is brought.
 I came into a place of all light dumb,
 But roaring, as in tempest roar the waves
 When warring winds strive each to overcome. 30

7. dico. See note on Inf. iv:66.

8. Literally, "it confesses all."

9. qual conoscitor . . . , etc. Cayley renders "he who knowingly can faults compare;" Dayman, "Justiciar named of all offence;" Ford, "sin-inquisitor sublime;" Minchin, "learned connoisseur in crimes;" Plumptre, "grand inquisitor of sin;" Norton, "discerner of sins;" Longfellow, "discriminator of transgressions;" Johnson, "discriminator of its sins." See Vernon's note.

14. Imperfect rime with 16, 18.

16. doloroso ospizio is rendered "abode of gloom."

18. cotanto uffizio is rendered "work of doom."

INFERNO: V

Così discesi del cerchio primaio
 Giù nel secondo, che men loco cinghia,
 E tanto più dolor, che pugne a guaio.
 Stavvi Minos orribilmente, e ringhia;
 Esamina le colpe nell' entrata, 5
 Giudica e manda secondo che avvinghia.
 Dico, che quando l' anima mal nata
 Li vien dinanzi, tutta si confessa;
 E quel conoscitor delle peccata
 Vede qual loco d' inferno è da essa; 10
 Cignesi colla coda tante volte,
 Quantunque gradi vuol che giù sia messa.
 Sempre dinanzi a lui ne stanno molte:
 Vanno a vicenda ciascuna al giudizio;
 Dicono e odono, e poi son giù volte. 15
 "O tu, che vieni al doloroso ospizio,"
 Disse Minos a me, quando mi vide,
 Lasciando l' atto di cotanto uffizio,
 "Guarda com' entri, e di cui tu ti fide;
 Non t' inganni l' ampiezza dell' entrare." 20
 E il duca mio a lui: "Perchè pur gride?
 Non impedir lo suo fatal andare:
 Vuolsi così colà, dove si puote
 Ciò che si vuole, e più non dimandare." 25
 Ora incomincian le dolenti note
 A farmisi sentire; or son venuto
 Là dove molto pianto mi percote.
 Io venni in loco d' ogni luce muto,
 Che mugghia, come fa mar per tempesta,
 Se da contrari venti è combattuto. 30

23. The same formula appears in *Inf.* iii:95-6. Other terza rima translators have kept the identical wording.

26-30. See note on *Inf.* i:1-3. The "come" of 26 is here rimed exactly with the other members of its rime-group, while in 14 it does not fully harmonize with the rimes of 16, 18.

29-30. Grandgent translates:—

It bellows like the sea tempestuous,
 When blown by blasts, which there to battle come.
 The storm of Hell, ever continuous,
 Swift sweeps the spirits on its hurricane;
 Whirling and clashing, it torments them thus.

The gale infernal, which unending raves,
 Carries the spirits in its furious flight,
 Whirling and smiting its unhappy slaves.
 When at the plunge arrives each wretched spright,
 Then rise the shrieks, the moans, and the lament; 35
 Blaspheming, there they curse the Eternal Might.
 I learned that such [appointed] punishment
 Befalls those who the carnal sinners were,
 Who reason made to lust subservient.
 And as the starlings' wings them onward bear, 40
 In winter weather, in wide troop [wandering],
 So ride the wicked spirits on that air;
 Hither and thither, now up, now down, they swing.
 No hope of rest them ever comfort may,
 Nor even of their anguish's lessening. 45
 And as the cranes fly, chorusing their lay,
 Drawing in air long wake [as of a ship],
 So saw I coming, wailing on their way,
 Those shades borne onward in the tempest's grip.
 Wherefore I said: "Master, who may these be 50
 Whom the black [furious] air so sore doth whip?"
 "The first of them of whom thou askest me
 To know the name"—thus, answering, he said,—
 "O'er many languages held empery;
 By carnal luxury was she so led, 55
 That lustfulness as lawful she decreed,
 To free her from the blame she merited.
 She is Semiramis, of whom we read
 That she succeeded Ninus, and was his wife.
 The Soldan rules the land she once did lead. 60

33. Dante says, "it torments them." The phrase "its unhappy slaves," is a free treatment of the idea.
34. *ruina*. This word and the verbs *ruinare* and *rovinare* are used by Dante in *Inf.* i:61, xii:4, xx:35, xxiii:137, xxiv:24. The substantive appears to mean a great slope of loose rocks, such as would be caused by a landslip; and the *rovinava* of i:61 means hasty retirement down a slope. Here the word rather signifies an abrupt precipice, over which the condemned are hurled down to their appointed places in Hell. Consequently translated "plunge" in this passage. In xii: 4 Grandgent translates it "dump." Wilberforce renders it by "fatal steep."

- La bufera infernal, che mai non resta,
 Mena gli spirti con la sua rapina;
 Voltando e percotendo li molesta.
 Quando giungon davanti alla ruina,
 Quivi le strida, il compianto e il lamento; 35
 Bestemmian quivi la virtù divina.
- Intesi che a così fatto tormento
 Enno dannati i peccator carnali,
 Che la ragion sommettono al talento.
 E come gli stornei ne portan l' ali. 40
 Nel freddo tempo, a schiera larga e piena:
 Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali;
 Di qua, di là, di giù, di su gli mena.
 Nulla speranza gli conforta mai,
 Non che di posa, ma di minor pena. 45
 E come i gru van cantando lor lai,
 Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga;
 Così vid' io venir, traendo guai,
 Ombre portate dalla detta briga.
 Per ch' io dissi: "Maestro, chi son quelle 50
 Genti, che l' aura nera sì gastiga?"
 "La prima di color, di cui novelle
 Tu vuoi saper," mi disse quelli allotta,
 "Fu imperatrice di molte favelle.
- A vizio di lussuria fu sì rotta, 55
 Che libito fe' licito in sua legge,
 Per torre il biasmo in che era condotta.
 Ell' è Semiramis, di cui si legge
 Che succedette a Nino, e fu sua sposa;
 Tenne la terra che il Soldan corregge. 60

38. "were" is an imperfect rime.

39. Inversion; also 44.

41-45. Or may be translated:—

In winter weather, in troop dense and far-flung,
 So ride the wicked spirits on that air;
 Hither and thither, down, upward, are they swung.
 No hope of rest them ever comfort may,
 Nor that by lesser pain they should be wrung.

The next is one who, loving, took her life,
 And broke her faith to [dead] Sichaeus' urn;
 Next, Cleopatra, in whom lust ran rife.
 See Helen, for whose sake so long did turn
 The wheel of war; the great Achilles see, 65
 Who at the last love's warfare had to learn.
 See Paris, Tristan;"—a thousand more did he
 Point out to me, and named me with a word
 Those whom love had from this our life made flee. 70
 After I had my Teacher's discourse heard
 Of noble dames and cavaliers [of might],
 As if bewildered was I, pity-stirred.
 And I began: "Poet, if that I might,
 I fain would speak with that companion-pair 75
 Who seem to float upon the wind so light."
 And he to me: "See when they nearer are,
 And then entreat them by that sovereign love
 Which guides them; and they will to thee repair."
 Soon as the wind toward us their forms did move,
 I raised my voice: "O spirits, ye way-worn, 80
 Come speak with us, if none shall disapprove."
 [Then] even as doves, whom longing biddeth turn,
 On their broad steady pinions cleave the sky
 To the dear nest, by their desire borne,
 So from the group where Dido was they hie, 85
 Coming to us athwart the air malign,
 Such was the power of my compelling cry.
 "O living creature, gracious and benign,
 Who comest through the black air visiting
 Us who did erst the world incarnadine,— 90
 If we were friended with the Heavenly King,
 Him would we make petition for thy peace,
 Because thou pitiest our torturing.

63. *lussuriosa* is freely translated.

64. Literally, "for whom so long a time of ill revolved."

66. Literally, "who fought at last with love."

67. *più di mille*. This is Dante's formula for a large uncounted number. See, in the *Inf.*, viii:82, ix:79, x:118.

68. a *dito* is omitted.

- L' altra è colei, che s' ancise amorosa,
 E ruppe fede al cener di Sicheo;
 Poi è Cleopatra lussuriosa.
- Elena vedi, per cui tanto reo
 Tempo si volsi: e vedi il grande Achille, 65
 Che con amore al fine combatteo.
- Vedi Paris, Tristano;”—e più di mille
 Ombre mostrommi, e nominolle a dito,
 Ch' amor di nostra vita dipartille.
- Poscia ch' io ebbi il mio Dottore udito 70
 Nomar le donne antiche e i cavalieri,
 Pietà mi giunse, e fui quasi smarrito.
- Io cominciai: “Poeta, volentieri
 Parlerei a que' duo, che insieme vanno,
 E paion sì al vento esser leggieri.” 75
- Ed egli a me: “Vedrai, quando saranno
 Più presso a noi; e tu allor li prega
 Per quell' amor che i mena; e quei verranno.”
- Si tosto come il vento a noi li piega,
 Mossi la voce: “O anime affannate, 80
 Venite a noi parlar, s' altri nol niega.”
- Quali colombe, dal disio chiamate,
 Con l' ali alzate e ferme, al dolce nido
 Vengon per l' aer dal voler portate,
- Cotali uscir della schiera ov' è Dido, 85
 A noi venendo per l' aer maligno,
 Sì forte fu l' affettuoso grido.
- “O animal grazioso e benigno,
 Che visitando vai per l' aer perso
 Noi che tignemmo il mondo di sanguigno 90
- Se fosse amico il re dell' universo,
 Noi pregheremmo lui per la tua pace,
 Poichè hai pietà del nostro mal perverso.

71-73. Like rime. See note on Inf. i:20.

74-78. This is hardly more a case of “cheap” rime than is Dante's dito udito in lines 68-70, or his lume volume in Inf. i:82-84.

76. Inexact rime, as are 77, 82.

79. “their forms” is substituted for “them.”

90. Wilberforce's rime-word.

93. “torturing” renders mal perverso.

Of that which thee to hear and speak shall please,
 We will both hear and speak with thee again, 95
 The while the wind, as now, for us shall cease.
 The town where I was born sits on the plain,
 There where unto the sea the [River] Po
 Descends to rest with his attendant train.
 Love, which in noble heart doth swiftly grow, 100
 Seized him with snare of the great loveliness
 Now reft me; and how reft, is still my woe.
 Love, which on each beloved lays duress,
 Seized me with such delight in him again
 That, as thou seest, it doth me still possess. 105
 Love to one death together led us twain;
 Caïna waiteth for our slayer [now]."
 These were the words that from them to us came.
 When I had heard these wounded souls, my brow
 I bent, and down so long I held my face, 110
 My Poet said at length: "What thinkest thou?"
 And as I answered, I began, "Alas!
 How many tender thoughts, how great desire
 Hath brought these souls unto this woful pass!"
 Then once again I turned me [to inquire], 115
 And said: "Francesca, tears fall from my eyes
 Of pitying grief for thy affliction dire.
 But tell me: in the time of your sweet sighs,
 By what and how did Love instruct you so
 That your vague longings you should recognize?" 120
 And she to me: "There is no greater woe
 Than to remember days of happiness
 In misery; this doth thy Teacher know.
 But since so eagerly thou dost address
 Thyself to learn our passion's earliest prime, 125
 As one who weeping speaks, I will confess.

98-100-102 have the rime sound of 119-21-23 and of 131-3-5.

100. This line should be compared with Guido Guinicelli's

"Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore"

which Dante cites in *Volg. Eloq.* ii: cap. 5. Chaucer uses it in the form

"For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte"

and employs it five times, *Kn. Tale* 903, *Merch. Tale* 742, *Mof Law Tale* 562, *Sq. Tale* 471, *Legend Women* 503. Longfellow calls attention to the way in which the word *Amor* opens three successive *terzine* here, and refers to the use of *onore* in *Inf.* iv:72-80.

105. Literally, "even now it leaves me not."

108. Nasal rime. 110. Imperfect rime. Enjambement is introduced between lines 109 and 110.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Di quel che udire e che parlar ti piace Noi udiremo e parleremo a vui, Mentrechè il vento, come fa, ci tace. | 95 |
| Siede la terra dove nata fui Su la marina dove il Po discende Per aver pace co' seguaci sui. | |
| Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende, Prese costui della bella persona Che mi fu tolta, e il modo ancor m' offende. | 100 |
| Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona, Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte, Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona. | 105 |
| Amor condusse noi ad una morte; Caïna attende chi vita ci spense." Queste parole da lor ci fur porte. Da che io intesi quelle anime offense, Chinai il viso, e tanto il tenni basso | 110 |
| Finchè il Poeta mi disse: "Che pense?" Quando risposi, cominciai: "O lasso, Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio Menò costoro al doloroso passo!" | |
| Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parlai io, E cominciai: "Francesca, i tuoi martiri A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio. | 115 |
| Ma dimmi: al tempo de' dolci sospiri, A che e come concedette amore Che conoscesti i dubbiosi desiri?" | 120 |
| Ed ella a me: "Nessun maggior dolore Che ricordarsi del tempo felice Nella miseria; e ciò sa il tuo Dottore. | |
| Ma se a conoscer la prima radice Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto, Farò come colui che piange e dice. | 125 |

120. *dubbiosi desiri*. Translators have generally rendered these words "dubious desires" or "doubtful longings," though Ford has "mutual longings," and Cary "your yet uncertain wishes." If Dante's question to Francesca means—"At what moment and how did Love draw the veil from your unconfessed and unformulated wishes,"—then "dubious desires" is a clumsy literal echo instead of a translation.

121-3. This famous passage is by Dante closely reproduced from Boethius, "In omni adversitate fortunae, infelicissimum est genus infortunii fuisse felicem." It has been imitated by many poets, see Chaucer's *Troilus* iii:1624 ff. and Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*
—this is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

125. *prima radice* is rendered "earliest prime."

126. Literally, "I will do as one who weeps and speaks."

One day we read, to pass away the time,
Of Lancelot, how love did him constrain;
We were alone, and were without design.

✓ The reading brought our eyes oft and again 130
Together, made our faces pale and glow;
But 'twas one thing alone that us o'ercame.

When we read how the smile he longed for so
Was kissed by him, that lover [glorious],
Then he who from my side shall never go 135
Kissed me upon the lips all tremulous.

Galeotto book and writer both, [thereby];
That day no more its page was read by us."

While the one shadow thus did make reply,
The other wept so, that my spirit bled 140
For pity, that it seemed as I should die;
And down I fell, as falls a body dead.

ROSSETTI, 1881

One day we read, for pastime and sweet cheer,
Of Lancelot, how he found Love tyrannous:
We were alone and without any fear.
Our eyes were drawn together reading thus,
Full oft, and still our cheeks would pale and
glow;

But one sole point it was that conquered us.
For when we read of that great lover, how
He kissed the smile which he had longed to
win,—

Then he whom naught can sever from me now
For ever, kissed my mouth all quivering.
A Galeot was the book, its writer too!
Upon that day we read no more therein."
At the tale told, while one soul uttered it,
The other wept; a pang so pitiable
That I was seized, like death, in swooning-fit,
And even as a dead body falls, I fell.

TOMLINSON, 1877

Full many a time that reading did impel
Our eyes to meet, and paled each face the
while.

What conquered us, one point alone can tell.
When we were reading of the longed-for smile
Which such a noble lover kissed of yore,
This one, who ne'er from me is separable,
Kissed me upon the mouth, trembling all o'er.

LONGFELLOW, 1867

When as we read of the much longed-for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating.

HASELFOOT, 1887

We for delight were reading on a day
Of Lancelot, how Love of him made prize.
Alone we were, suspicion far away.
For many times that reading tranced our
eyes

And made the color from our faces flee;
But one sole instant took us by surprise.
When we read how the smile he yearned to
see

Was by the kiss of such a lover sought,
This one, who never shall be torn from me,
His own kiss to my lips all-trembling brought.
A Galahalt was the book, and he that writ:
That day we read not further in it aught.
While the one spirit with these words went
through,

The other wept so, that at pity's call
I swooned away as though my death were
due;

And I fell, as with a dead body's fall.

SIBBALD, 1884

Moved by the tale our eyes we often cast
On one another, and our color fled;
But one word was it, vanquished us at last.
When how the smile long wearied-for, we
read

Was kissed by him who loved like none
before,

This one, who henceforth never leaves me,
laid

A kiss on my mouth, trembling the while
all o'er.

Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
 Di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse;
 Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.
 Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse 130
 Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso;
 Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.
 Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
 Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
 Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso, 135
 La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
 Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse!
 Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."
 Mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse,
 L' altro piangeva sì, che di pietade 140
 Io venni men così com' io morisse;
 E caddi, come corpo morto cade.

PLUMPTRE, 1896

It chanced one day we read for our delight
 How love held fast the soul of Lancelot;
 Alone were we, nor deemed but all was right;
 Full many a time our eyes their glances shot,
 As we read on; our cheeks now paled, now
 blushed,
 But one short moment doomed us to our lot.
 When as we read how smile long sought-for
 flushed
 Fair face at kiss of lover so renowned,
 He kissed me on my lips, as impulse rushed,
 All trembling; now with me for aye is bound.
 Writer and book were Gallehaut to our will;
 No time for reading more that day we found.

WILBERFORCE, 1909

Alone were we, from all suspicion freed.
 Full many a time that reading made us cast
 Shy moving glances, tinged our cheeks the
 while;
 But one sole passage conquered us at last.
 When reading of the longing rapturous smile
 By such a lover to be kissed, the lore;
 This one, from me whom nothing shall be-
 guile,
 Kissed me upon the lips, trembling all o'er.
 A pandar was the book, its writer too;
 That day we never read one sentence more.

132. Nasal rime. 131-3-5, rime of 104 ff.

136. Dante's line is delicately alliterative with b and t; this effect cannot be reproduced in English, although an l-coloring has been attempted to keep something of the consonantal emphasis of the Italian. In Rossetti's translation this line closes with the -ng-sound, which rimes with the n-sound. Similar license has been used by Shelley, "ruin, pursuing," in *Hymn to Intellect*. Beauty and in *Prom. Unbound*; also by Keats, "sobbing, robins," in the *Flower and Leaf sonnet*; and by Tennyson, "treading, wed in," *Lord of Burleigh*. This license was attacked by C. F. Johnson, *Nation* 66:129, see *ibid.* 147, 184, 244. See, on rime-freedoms in English verse, A. G. Newcomer, *ibid.* 68: 63, 83.

This line is translated by Cayley, "kissed me all quivering my mouth upon;" by Dayman, "kissed me with lip to lip trembling all o'er;" Minchin, with much the same rendering for this line, translates 134 "kissed by such lover on her lips' red core."

Of Longfellow's rendition of this passage, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford said, *Bookman*, Nov. 1915,—"Who that remembers the four lines that stand among the greatest tragic poetry of the world, can read Longfellow's version of them without a shudder?"

140. "bled." Literally "I fainted."

INFERNO: VI

My sense returning, which had forsaken me
 As over those two kinsfolk I made rue,
 Dazed with compassion for their misery,
 New torments, and tormented spirits new
 I see around, whichever way I train 5
 My steps, or, turning, whichever way I view.
 In the third circle am I now, ðf ra'n
 Endless, accurst, cold, ponderous, [and slow];
 Its law and kind forever one remain.
 Great hailstones, water thick with filth, and snow 10
 Falling upon the ground of putrid smell,
 Through the thick darkness downward hurtling go.
 Cerberus, monster uncouth and [most] fell,
 With his three throats barks doglike [from his lair]
 Over those sunken in that [gruesome well]. 15
 His eyes are red, black is his greasy hair,
 His belly huge, his paws of hookèd form;
 He doth the spirits clutch, and flay, and tear.
 Like dogs they howl beneath the [pelting] storm;
 Each side in turn to other serves as screen; 20
 And often turning rolls the wretched swarm.
 When the great vermin Cerberus had us seen,
 He spread his jaws and [all] his tusks displayed;
 No limb of him but shook [with furious spleen].
 Then of his palms my Guide a shovel made, 25
 And scooped up earth, and, with his fists well filled,
 He flung it in those throats that raging [bayed].
 And as a dog that is appeased and stilled
 After [fierce] barking, when at his food he tears,—
 For only to devour it is he willed,— 30

- 1, 2. Literally, "closed itself before the misery of the two kinsfolk."
 2. **duo cognati**. Cayley, "cousins two;" Dayman, Johnson, "kindred pair;" Ford, "cognate two;" Minchin, Plumtre, "pair (two) so near allied;" Bannerman, "consanguineous pair;" Haselfoot, "the kinsfolk twain;" Norton, "two kinsfolk;" Longfellow, "two relations."
 9. Did Dante insert this line for rime's sake? The translators have: Cayley, "never changes quality nor strain;" Dayman, "kind and measure are unchanged remain;" Minchin, "in force and volume one unvarying strain;" Plumtre, "law and state unchanged from first to last;" Haselfoot, "mode and quality ne'er varying prove."

INFERNO: VI

| | |
|--|----|
| Al tornar della mente, che si chiuse Dinanzi alla pietà de' duo cognati, Che di tristizia tutto mi confuse, Nuovi tormenti e nuovi tormentati | |
| Mi veggio intorno, come ch' io mi muova, E ch' io mi volga, e come ch' io mi guati. | 5 |
| Io sono al terzo cerchio, della piovra Eterna, maledetta, fredda e greve; Regola e qualità mai non l' è nuova. | |
| Grandine grossa, e acqua tinta, e neve Per l' aer tenebroso si riversa; Pute la terra che questo riceve. | 10 |
| Cerbero, fiera crudele e diversa, Con tre gole caninamente latra Sovra la gente che quivi è sommersa. | 15 |
| Gli occhi ha vermigli, e la barba unta ed atra, E il ventre largo, e unghiate le mani; Graffia gli spirti, gli scuovia, ed isquatra. | |
| Urlar gli fa la pioggia come cani; Dell' un de' lati fanno all' altro schermo; Volgonsi spesso i miseri profani. | 20 |
| Quando ci scorse Cerbero, il gran vermo, Le bocche aperse, e mostrocci le sanne; Non avea membro che tenesse fermo. | |
| E il Duca mio distese le sue spanne, Prese la terra, e con piene le pugna La gittò dentro alle bramose canne. | 25 |
| Qual è quel cane che abbaiano agugna, E si racqueta poichè il pasto morde, Chè solo a divorarlo intende e pugna: | 30 |

14-16. The phrase "from his lair" is inserted for the sake of a rime to "hair," which is substituted for "beard" in line 16.

21. Literally, "the impious wretches."

24. Literally, "no limb of him kept still." The translators have:—"No fibre in my body rested firm," Cayley; "Was not in me the part that failed to quake," Dayman; "He had no limb that was not working hard," Minchin; Haselfoot, "He had no member which he left unplied;" Plumptre, "And not a limb was as it erst had been."

25. The word "two" is omitted.

30. Literally, "For he strains and fights only to devour it."

So did those squalid muzzles that he wears,
 The foul fiend Cerberus, who roars amain,
 So that the spirits fain would have no ears.
 Upon the prostrate shadows, by the rain
 Down beaten, did we walk, and trod on that 35
 Which body seemed, but was of substance vain.
 All of them on the ground were lying [flat],
 Save one, who, when he saw us, raised his head
 And quickly, as we passed him, upright sat.
 "O thou who through this Hell art [onward] led, 40
 Look on me, if thou canst me recognize,
 Ere I was unmade thou wast made," he said.
 And I to him: "'Tis these thy agonies
 Perchance, which score thee from my memory,
 So that thou seemest stranger to my eyes. 45
 But say, who art thou, who in such misery
 Dost lie, and sufferest such punishment,
 That others worse, but none so loathsome be?"
 And he to me: "Thy city, where is pent
 Such mass of envy that the sack o'erflows, 50
 Was mine, when in the life serene I went.
 Ciaccio your townsmen called me; these my woes
 Come from the cursèd sin of gluttony,
 Wherefor I languish in these rains [and snows].
 Nor am I single in my agony, 55
 For all about are in the same distress
 For the same crime;" and no word more said he.
 I answered him: "Ciaccio, thy wretchedness
 Compels my tears, so doth it weigh me down;
 But tell me, if thou knowest, whither press 60
 The citizens of the divided town?
 Is any man there just? and tell me why
 Such waves of discord all the city drown?"

32. The word "amain," avoided in this translation as an expletive, is here justified.
42. *disfatto* is in *Inf.* iii:57 translated "undone," but cannot be so rendered here. See *Purg.* v:134, "Siena mi fe', disfecemi Maremma."
45. Literally, "So that it seems not that I ever saw thee."
53-55-57. Rime-sound of 44-6-8 again.
60. For this use of "press" cp. Moody,—"Where their singing spirits press,"
—*Road Hymn for the Start.*
63. Literally, "why such discord has assailed it?"

Cotai se fecer quelle facce lorde
 Dello demonio Cerbero, che introna
 L' anime sì, ch' esser vorrebber sorde.
 Noi passavam su per l'ombra che adona
 La greve pioggia, e ponevam le piante 35
 Sopra lor vanità che par persona.
 Elle giacean per terra tutte quante,
 Fuor d' una che a seder si levò, ratto
 Ch' ella ci vide passarsi davante.
 "O tu, che se' per questo inferno tratto," 40
 Mi disse, "riconoscimi, se sai;
 Tu fosti, prima ch' io disfatto, fatto."
 Ed io a lei: "L' angoscia che tu hai
 Forse ti tira fuor della mia mente,
 Sì che non par ch' io ti vedessi mai." 45
 Ma dimmi che tu se', che in sì dolente
 Loco se' messa, ed a sì fatta pena,
 Che, s' altra è maggio, nulla è sì spiacente?"
 Ed egli a' me: "La tua città, ch' è piena
 D' invidia sì, che già trabocca il sacco, 50
 Seco mi tenne in la vita serena.
 Voi, cittadini, mi chiamaste Ciacco,
 Per la dannosa colpa della gola,
 Come tu vedi, alla pioggia mi fiacco;
 Ed io anima trista non son sola, 55
 Chè tutte queste a simil pena stanno
 Per simil colpa;" e più non fe' parola.
 Io gli risposi: "Ciacco, il tuo affanno
 Mi pesa sì ch' a lagrimar m' invita;
 Ma dimmi, se tu sai, a che verranno 60
 Li cittadin della città partita?
 S' alcun v' è giusto; e dimmi la cagione
 Perchè l' ha tanta discordia assalita."

51. *la vita serena*. The spirits of Dante's Hell apply to the life on earth above the epithets *serena*, as here and in xv:49, *bella* as in xv:57, *lieta* as in xix:102. The world they have left is to them *dolce* vi:88, x:69, 82, *pulcro* vii:58; *chiaro* xxxiv:134. No such adjectives are applied to earthly existence by the dwellers in Purgatory or Paradise. Cp. the terms *cieca*, iii:47, iv:13, xxvii:25, *sconoscente* vii:53, *rea* xiii:135, of the life below.
53. The rime-sound of 44-6-8 is here repeated.

And he to me: "After long enmity
 Blood shall be shed, and they who wear the White 65
 Shall with fierce struggle force the Blacks to fly.
 The one shall fall ere three times hath the light
 Gone round the year; the other side shall rise
 When he who vacillates shall use his might.
 Haughty and long it shall affront the skies, 70
 Holding the other under heavy heel,
 Whatever be the shame, whate'er the cries.
 Two just there are, but none heeds their appeal.
 Pride, envy, avarice; these are the three
 Flames that burn every heart with furious zeal." 75
 His tale deplorable there ended he;
 And I said: "Cease not; more I fain would know;
 And yet more converse would I beg with thee.
 Jacopo Rusticucci, Mosca, Arrigo,
 Tegghiaio, Farinata, worthy two, 80
 And all the rest who strove for virtue so,
 Say, where are they? let me see those I knew;
 Fain would I learn whether they have a share
 In Heaven's sweetness or Hell's empoisoned brew."

65-6. The Whites and the Blacks, the Bianchi and the Neri, are in translation substituted for "the party of the woods," etc. Dante used the alternate names for rime's sake, and the same has been done here.

67-8. Literally, "shall fall within three suns."

69. That is, Pope Boniface VIII, whose influence, when finally exerted for the Blacks, gave them the upper hand.

70. Over-emphasized. Dante says "shall hold its head high for a long time."

71. *pesi*, "burdens," is rendered "heel."

The group of rime-words 71-3-5 are all inexact or inserted. See note on *Inf. i:107*, and cp. *Inf. iii:26-28-30*.

72. Literally, "however it may weep thereat and be ashamed."

76. A transition line.

79. An over-long line.

82. Literally, "let me know them."

84. Literally, "Whether Heaven sweetens or Hell empoisons them." Tomlinson, in the introd. to his transl., censures Cary for translating this passage

"If Heaven's sweet cup or poisonous drug of Hell
 Be to their lip assign'd."

But while Cary is florid, the translator who renders the contrasted verbs *addolci* and *attosca* by "soothes" and "poisons" loses the full force of those words to Dante's mind. In the *Iliad* xxiv:527-8 there

- Ed egli a me: "Dopo lunga tenzone
 Verranno al sangue, e la parte selvaggia 65
 Caccerà l' altra con molta offensione.
 Poi appresso convien che questa caggia
 Infra tre soli, e che l' altra sormonti
 Con la forza di tal, che testè piaggia.
 Alte terrà lungo tempo le fronti, 70
 Tenendo l' altra sotto gravi pesi,
 Come che di ciò pianga, e che ne adonti.
 Giusti son duo, ma non vi sono intesi;
 Superbia, invidia, ed avarizia sono
 Le tre faville ch' hanno i cuori accesi." 75
 Qui pose fine al lacrimabil suono.
 Ed io a lui: "Ancor vo' che m' insegni,
 E che di più parlar mi facci dono.
 Farinata e il Tegghiaio, che fur sì degni,
 Jacopo Rusticucci, Arrigo e il Mosca, 80
 E gli altri, che a ben far poser gl' ingegni,
 Dimmi ove sono, e fa ch' io li conosca:
 Chè gran desio mi stringe di sapere
 Se il ciel gli addolcia o l' inferno gli attosca."

are briefly mentioned the two tuns of Jupiter, the one containing evil gifts, the other blessings; the story was repeated by Boethius, *De Consol. Phil.* bk. ii prose 2, and spread broadcast from him; see the *Roman de la Rose* 6838 ff., where Fortune acts as dispenser. Chaucer, prol. Legend GWomen 195 and Wife B prol. 170, Gower, *Conf. Amantis* vi:330 ff., where Cupid is dispenser, etc. Intertwined with this was the frequent metaphor of the sweet and the bitter, sugar and gall, triacle and poison, contrasted. This is constantly employed by Lydgate, and survives in Shakespeare's—

"Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
 But look'd not on the poison of their hearts."

—Richard III, iii, i:13.

The further back we work in medieval literature, whether in amatory verse such as Claudian's *Epithalamium* 69-70

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus,

Alter, et infusis corrumpunt mella venenis,

or in Dante as here, the closer are we to the idea of the sweet or the bitter drink as the bearer of good or of evil fortune. Such an idea resides in Dante's *addolci*, and is not fully expressed by the word "soothes."

We should also recollect that medieval sugar was a syrupy, almost liquid substance, not the white crystalline solid known to us.

And he: "They with the blackest spirits are: 85
 A different crime sinks them to the abyss;
 Thou mayst them see, if thou go down so far.
 But when thou art returned to earthly bliss,
 I pray thee, do thou men of me remind.
 No more I answer, no more I say than this." 90
 His eyes, which had been straight, he squint inclined;
 He looked an instant; then he bent his head;
 And down he fell, with [all] the other blind.
 "He wakes no more," my Leader to me said,
 "Until there sounds the angel trump [of doom], 95
 When each shall seek his melancholy bed,
 Resume his flesh, his human form resume,
 And hear what shall eternally resound
 When the Antagonist of ill shall come."
 So passed we onward through the vile compound 100
 Of shadows and of rain, with footsteps slow,
 Conversing of the life beyond all bound.
 Then said I: "Master, will these torments grow
 After the Judgment, or will they remain
 As they are now, or some abatement show?" 105
 And he to me: "Thy Science seek again,
 Which tells thee, the more perfect anything,
 Keener its sense of pleasure and of pain.
 Though nothing this accursèd race can bring
 To true perfection's encompassment, 110
 To hope of it hereafter do they cling."
 So passed we round that place of punishment,
 Speaking of more than shall be told by me;
 And came unto the point of our descent,
 Where we found Plutus, the arch-enemy. 115

88. *al dolce mondo*, "to earthly bliss." See note on line 51.

96-99 are transposed in translation.

97. "bed" is used for *tomba*.

99. Imperfect rime.

- E quegli: "Ei son tra le anime più nere ; 85
 Diversa colpa giù gli aggrava al fondo:
 Se tanto scendi, gli potrai vedere.
 Ma quando tu sarai nel dolce mondo,
 Pregoti che alla mente altrui mi rechi:
 Più non ti dico, e più non ti rispondo." 90
 Gli diritti occhi torse allora in biechi;
 Guardommi un poco; e poi chinò la testa;
 Cadde con essa a par degli altri ciechi.
 E il Duca disse a me: "Più non si desta 95
 Di qua dal suon dell' angelica tromba;
 Quando verrà la nimica podesta,
 Ciascun ritroverà la trista tomba,
 Ripiglierà sua carne e sua figura,
 Udirà quel che in eterno rimbomba."
 Si trapassammo per sozza mistura 100
 Dell' ombre e della pioggia, a passi lenti,
 Toccando un poco la vita futura.
 Per ch' io dissi: "Maestro, esti tormenti
 Cresceranno ei dopo la gran sentenza,
 O fien minori, o saran sì cocenti?" 105
 Ed egli a me: "Ritorna a tua scienza,
 Che vuol, quanto la cosa è più perfetta,
 Più senta il bene, e così la doglienza.
 Tuttochè questa gente maledetta 110
 In vera perfezion giammai non vada,
 Di là, più che di qua, essere aspetta."
 Noi aggirammo a tondo quella strada,
 Parlando più assai ch' io non ridico;
 Venimmo al punto dove si digrada;
 Quivi trovammo Pluto il gran nemico. 115

102. *la vita futura* is translated "the life beyond all bound."

110. The sense of *vada* is contained in "encompassment."

112. Literally, "along that road."

In this canto enjambement is introduced between lines 5 and 6, 52 and 53, 104 and 105. It is broken between 94 and 95.

INFERNO: VII

"Pape Satan, Pape Satan, alepp'—"
 Plutus began with clucking voice to say;
 And my kind Sage, informed at every step,
 Said, comforting, "Let not this cry dismay
 Thee aught, for howsoe'er his power he rate, 5
 He shall not hinder thy descending way."
 Then, turning to that countenance inflate,
 He said, "Peace, cursed Wolf! thou [furious],
 Consume thee inwardly with ravening hate!
 Our downward way with cause we enter thus; 10
 'Tis willed on high, therè where [Saint] Michaël
 Wrought vengeance on the pride adulterous."
 Even as sails which with the wind out swell
 Fall in a tangle when the mast doth split,
 So to the earth collapsed the monster fell. 15
 And we went down to the fourth hollow pit,
 Which more yet of that dolorous bank contains
 That shuts the evil of the world in it.
 Justice of God! the travails and the pains
 That I there saw, who in few words could force? 20
 And why is it our guilt us wastes [and drains]?
 Even as the waves above Charybdis [hoarse]
 Break against others which opposing rise,
 So dance these sinners in conflicting course.
 Here greater throng than elsewhere met my eyes, 25
 From one side and the other pushing weights
 By pressure of their chests, with loud wild cries.
 They crash together; neither hesitates,
 But instant wheels him back with counter-swing;
 And with "Why grasp?" "Why waste?" each other rates. 30

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1. This much annotated verse appears to be jargon, like the utterance of Nimrod in Canto xxxi:67; it is intended as a cry of warning by Plutus to his master Satan. As it comprises the entire line, translators have a choice only of Satan and Aleppe or Aleph as rime-words. Haselfoot, Plumptre, use "Satan: scan," Ford "Aleph: chief." Musgrave writes "Aleppe,——down this step he Cannot prevent," etc. Minchia and Dayman translate the jargon.
 3. *che tutto seppe*. Rendered "informed at every step."
 5. Literally, "whatever power he may possess."
 6. *roccia* is omitted.

INFERNO: VII

"Pape Satan, Pape Satan, aleppe,"
 Cominciò Pluto colla voce chioccia.
 E quel Savio gentil, che tutto seppe,
 Disse per confortarmi: "Non ti nocchia
 La tua paura, chè, poter ch' egli abbia, 5
 Non ti torrà lo scender questa roccia."
 Poi si rivolse a quell' enfiata labbia
 E disse: "Taci, maledetto lupo!
 Consuma dentro te con la tua rabbia!
 Non è senza cagion l' andare al cupo. 10
 Vuolsi nell' alto là dove Michele
 Fe' la vendetta del superbo strupo."
 Quali dal vento le gonfiate vele,
 Caggiono avvolte, poichè l' alber fiacca,
 Tal cadde a terra la fiera crudele. 15
 Così scendemmo nella quarta lacca,
 Pigliando più della dolente ripa
 Che il mal dell' universo tutto insacca.
 Ahi giustizia di Dio, tante chi stipa
 Nuove travaglie e pene quante io viddi? 20
 E perchè nostra colpa sì ne scipa?
 Come fa l' onda là sovra Cariddi,
 Che si frange con quella in cui s' intoppa,
 Così convien che qui la gente riddi.
 Qui vid' io gente più che altrove troppa, 25
 E d' una parte e d' altra, con grand' urli,
 Voltando pesi per forza di poppa;
 Percotevansi incontro, e poscia pur li
 Si rivolgea ciascun, voltando a retro,
 Gridando: "Perchè tieni," e "Perchè burli?" 30

12. **strupo** here means "adultery" in its theological sense of "infidelity to God." The early commentators say that Lucifer attempted to violate the uncorrupt Deity of Heaven,—hence "rape" is applicable to the crime.
19. **nuove** is omitted.
24. "sinners" renders **gente**. Cayley translates line 25, "A people more excessive than the rest."
28. The tenses of the verbs are changed for the sake of a rime with "weights." What Dante says is, "then just there."
30. Literally, "crying."

Thus they once more go round the gloomy ring,
 On either hand, to the opposing part,
 Their chant reproachful still continuing.
 And each, when he arrived, again made start
 Through his half-circle, to the other goal. 35
 And I, with sting of pity at my heart,
 Said: "Master mine, I pray tell me [the whole]
 Regarding these; were they then clerical
 Who on our left have each the tonsured poll?"
 And he to me: "Distorted so were all 40
 In the first life, from a right-seeing mind,
 Their spending had no rule methodical.
 This by their barking more clearly is defined
 When they come to the two points in the ring
 Where sin divides them of the other kind. 45
 All those were priests who have no covering
 Of hair, or they were cardinals and Popes,
 In whom the vice of greed hath fullest swing."
 Then said I: "Master, of these have I hopes
 That some one I may recognize again, 50
 Fouled with such evil [on our upper slopes]."
 But he: "The thoughts thou harborest are vain.
 The sordid life, in which their sense was shut,
 Beyond all recognition doth them stain. 55
 Forever shall they one another butt;
 And these from out their sepulchres shall rise
 With clinchèd fists, and those with hair close cut.
 Ill spending and ill keeping have the skies
 For them made dark, and brought them to this plight;
 Such is it, that no telling beautifies. 60
 Now see, my son, the vain and brief [delight]
 Of goods under Fortune's dominion,
 For which men thus with one another fight.
 For all the gold that is beneath the sun,
 Or ever was, can give no [moment's] rest 65
 Unto these weary souls, not unto one."

44. The rime-word of line 31 appears again.

53-4. Dante has here a contrast of epithets,—*scorscente*, *conoscenza*,—not preserved in this translation. He says: "the undiscerning life that made them foul, to all recognition now makes them dim."

58-59. Literally, "has deprived, them of the bright world." Dante has in 59 not "plight," but *zuffa*, "scuffle." See note in *Introd.* §17 on Dayman's translation here.

Così tornavan per lo cerchio tetro
 Da ogni mano all' opposto punto,
 Gridandosi anche loro ontoso metro;
 Poi si volgea ciascun, quando era giunto
 Per lo suo mezzo cerchio all' altra giostra. 35
 Ed io, che avea lo cor quasi compunto,
 Dissi, "Maestro mio, or mi dimostra
 Che gente è questa, e se tutti fur cherci
 Questi chercuti alla sinistra nostra."
 Ed egli a me: "Tutti quanti fur guerci 40
 Sì della mente, in la vita primaia,
 Che con misura nullo spendio ferci.
 Assai la voce lor chiaro l' abbaia,
 Quando vengono a' duo punti del cerchio
 Ove colpa contraria li dispaia. 45
 Questi fur cherci, che non han coperchio
 Piloso al capo, e Papi e Cardinali,
 In cui usa avarizia il suo soperchio."
 Ed io: "Maestro, tra questi cotali
 Dovre' io ben riconoscere alcuni 50
 Che furo immondi di cotesti mali."
 Ed egli a me: "Vano pensiero aduni.
 La sconoscente vita che i fe' sozzi
 Ad ogni conoscenza or li fa bruni.
 In eterno verranno alli duo cozzi; 55
 Questi risurgeranno del sepulcro
 Col pugno chiuso, e questi co' crin mozzi.
 Mal dare e mal tener lo mondo pulcro
 Ha tolto loro, e posti a questa zuffa.
 Qual ella sia, parole non ci appulcro. 60
 Or puoi, figliuol, veder la corta buffa
 De' ben che son commessi alla Fortuna,
 Per che l' umana gente si rabbuffa
 Chè tutto l' oro ch' è sotto la luna,
 E che già fu, di queste anime stanche 65
 Non potrebbe farne posar una."

60. Literally, "no words of mine shall grace."

61. *corta buffa* is literally "brief jest."

64. Dante says not "sun," but "moon." The annotators consider that he is following Boethius, *De Consol. Phil.* ii, metr. 2, where however the wealth of the world is compared to the sands of the sea or the stars of Heaven, with no reference to sun or moon. Probably *luna* was used here for *rime's* sake. Chaucer's—"For al the gode under the colde mone"—*Legend Gd Women* 2638, follows Dante.

"Master, now tell me more,"—was my request:—
 "This Fortune, of whom thou dost mention make,
 What is she, of such earthly power possessed?" —
 "O creatures [blind and] foolish!"—thus he spake:— 70
 "How great the ignorance in which ye lie!
 Now do thou my pronouncement of her take.
 He whose transcendent wisdom made the sky,
 And gave unto the heavens their guides [and laws],
 So that each part to each part beams reply, 75
 Equality in brightness did He cause;
 And similarly, for splendors but mundane,
 A general minister appointed was,
 Who should betimes remove possessions vain
 From race to race, from one to other seed, 80
 Beyond what human wisdom can restrain.
 Hence one race doth submit, another lead,
 Obeying her [inscrutable] command,
 Which hidden is, as snake beneath the weed.
 Your wit her ruling cannot understand; 85
 She doth provide, judge, and administer
 Her realm, as other gods hold theirs [in hand].
 There is no pausing in the change of her;
 Her speed is ordered of necessity;
 Thus often do they come who change incur. 90
 'Tis she who is so put in pillory
 Even by those whose praise should reach her ear,
 And who instead revile her wrongfully.
 But she so blessed is, she does not hear;
 With other joyous creatures first create 95
 She tastes her bliss, and turns her [whirling] sphere.
 Now pass we down to a more piteous state;
 Already sinks each star which high did ride
 When I set out, and we must not be late."

69, 75, 79. See note in *Introd.* §9.

71. Literally, "which falls upon you."

76. *Distribuendo* is here referred directly to God's action.

78. Cp. Chaucer, *Kn. Tale*, 805, "The destinee, ministre general."

82. Literally, "languishes."

"Maestro," disse lui, "or mi di' anche:
 Questa Fortuna, di che tu mi tocche,
 Che è, che i ben del mondo ha sì tra branche?"
 E quegli a me: "O creature scioche, 70
 Quanta ignoranza è quella che vi offende!
 Or vo' che tu mia sentenza ne imbotte.
 Colui, lo cui saver tutto trascende,
 Fece li cieli, e diè lor chi conduce,
 Si ch' ogni parte ad ogni parte splende, 75
 Distribuendo ugualmente la luce;
 Similmente agli splendor mondani
 Ordinò general ministra e duce,
 Che permutasse a tempo li ben vani
 Di gente in gente, e d' uno in altro sangue, 80
 Oltre la difension de' senni umani:
 Per ch' una gente impera, e l' altra langue,
 Seguendo lo giudicio di costei,
 Che è occulto, come in erba l' angue.
 Vostro saver non ho contrasto a lei: 85
 Ella provvede, giudica, e persegue
 Suo regno, come il loro gli altri Dei.
 Le sue permutazion non hanno triegue;
 Necessità la fa esser veloce;
 Sì spesso vien chi vicenda consegue. 90
 Quest' è colei, ch' è tanto posta in croce
 Pur da color, che le dovrian dar lode,
 Dandole biasmo a torto e mala voce.
 Ma ella s' è beata, e ciò non ode:
 Con l' altre prime creature lieta 95
 Volve sua spera, e beata si gode.
 Or discendiamo omai a maggior pietà;
 Già ogni stella cade, che saliva
 Quando mi mossi, e il troppo star si vieta."

90. Literally, "thus he comes oft who doth a change obtain."

92. Literally, "who ought to praise her."

94. Literally, "But she is blest, and does not hear."

98. Inaccurate. Dante says: "was rising."

99. Literally, "and to stay too long is forbidden."

We crossed the circle to the other side, 100
 Close to a fount, which boils, and rushes down
 Through riven rock, which it hath made divide.
 Deeper than perse was its dark current [brown],
 And we descend, by way untrod till then,
 With its dusk wave as our companion. 105
 The dismal streamlet widens to a fen
 At foot of those ill-omened crags and gray,
 And Styx the name it hath received [of men].
 I, who for gazing did my footsteps stay,
 Saw in that bog a muddy people [stand]; 110
 Naked, and furious of face were they,
 Smiting each other not alone with hand,
 But breast and foot; with tooth and nail they flew,
 Each tearing piecemeal others [of the band].
 And my good Master said, "My son, now view 115
 The souls of those whom rage of sense did rob;
 And also I would have thee know for true,
 Below the water there are those who sob,
 And as thine eye surveys [the muddy flume],
 Thou mayst see how they make the surface throb. 120
 Fixed in the slime they say:—"We went in gloom
 In the sweet air that rallies to the sun,
 Nursing within our hearts the sluggish fume;
 Now lie we sullen in this mire dun."—
 This chant they do but gurgle in the throat, 125
 For mud permits articulate speech to none."
 So we fetched circuit round the slimy moat;
 Between the putrid and the dry we passed,
 And with our gaze those wallowing there did note;
 Till to a tower's foot we came at last. 130

104. *diversa*, "strange," is translated "untrod till then."

105. Imperfect rime with 103. 106. Literally, "makes a marsh."

110, 114. Both rime-words added. See *Introd.* §15.

116. Literally, "whom anger overcame."

119. Literally, "as thine eye may tell thee, wherever it turns."

| | |
|--|-----|
| Noi ricidemmo il cerchio all' altra riva Sopra una fonte, che bolle, e riversa Per una fossata che da lei diriva. | 100 |
| L' acqua era buia assai vie più che persa ; E noi, in compagnia dell' onde bige, Entrammo giù per una via diversa. | 105 |
| Una palude fa, che ha nome Stige, Questo tristo ruscel, quando è disceso Al piè delle maligne piagge grige. | 110 |
| Ed io, che di mirar mi stava inteso, Vidi genti fangose in quel pantano, Ignude tutte, e con sembiante offeso. | 115 |
| Questi si percotean non pur con mano, Ma con la testa, e col petto, e co' piedi, Troncandosi coi denti a brano a brano. | 120 |
| Lo buon Maestro disse: "Figlio, or vedi L' anime di color cui vinse l' ira ; Ed anche vo' che tu per certo credi, Che sotto l' acqua ha gente che sospira, E fanno pullular quest' acqua al summo, Come l' occhio ti dice u' che s' aggira. | 125 |
| Fitti nel limo dicon: 'Tristi fummo Nell' aer dolce che dal sol s' allegra, Portando dentro accidioso fummo ; Or ci attristiam nella belletta negra.' | 130 |
| Quest' inno si gorgoglian nella strozza, Chè dir nol posson con parola integra." | 135 |
| Così girammo della lorda pozza Grand' arco, tra la ripa secca e il mezzo, Con gli occhi volti a chi del fango ingozza ; Venimmo al piè d' una torre al dassezzo. | 140 |

121-2. This line from Robert Bridges' *La Gloire de Voltaire*, in which he incidentally renders a few lines of this canto. The epithet rallies is surely the perfect word here; observe its sound-echo of Dante's *s' allegra*, and cp. Moody's use of it in *The Fire-Bringer*, Act. I, "Laughter and rallying."

124. "dun" is a weakened rendering of *neera*, for rime's sake.

126. Literally, "for they cannot speak it in perfect words."

129. Literally, "with eyes turned on those who guzzle the mire."

Enjambement is introduced between lines 106 and 107; it is destroyed between 28 and 29, 107 and 108, 127 and 128.

