# THE FIRST CANTICLE, INFERNO OF THE DIVINE COMEDY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

#### ISBN 9780649252268

The first canticle, Inferno of the Divine comedy by Dante Alighieri

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## DANTE ALIGHIERI

## THE FIRST CANTICLE, INFERNO OF THE DIVINE COMEDY



## FIRST CANTICLE

Inferno

OF THE

## DIVINE COMEDY

OF:

### DANTE ALIGHIERI

CONTRACTOR BRANCH

TRANSLATED BY

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

BOSTON

DE VRIES, THARRA AND COMPANY

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### ANNA PARSONS

AND

## AUGUSTA BARNARD

& Brbicate this EElork.

T. W. PARSONS.



## INFERNO.

#### CANTO THE FIRST.

HALFWAY on our life's journey, in a wood, From the right path I found myself astray. Ah! to describe how dark it was, - how rude That savage forest! chills me to this day: Its bitter thought is almost death to me; Yet, having found some good there, I will tell Of other things which there I chanced to see: But, how I came therein, I know not well: For sleep had mastered me when first I went From the true way, abandoned to my woe; Till having reached the foot of an ascent Where this vale ended that appalled me so, Looking on high, its shoulders I beheld Robed in the Planet's rays who guides men right Through every pass: then part the fear was quelled That froze my heart's lake all that piteous night.

16

Like one cast breathless, gasping from the spray,
Who eyes the watery peril from the shore,
My mind, still flying, turned me to survey
The track no living man e'er passed before.
Then, after easing my worn limbs with rest,
On through that wilderness I wandered, still
Keeping my lower foot most firmly prest;
When, lo! beginning now to climb the hill,
A leopard, glistening in a dappled bide,
That would not fly, though light and full of speed,
Hindering my way, before me I descried,
And often turned, as doubtful to proceed.

24

22

40

The time was morning: and the sun above

The world was riding with his kindred stars,
His old companions from the day when Love
Divine first moved those beautiful bright cars:
Hope cheered my heart to mark the dawning bright,
The season sweet, the creature's lively dress;
But soon a lion met my startled sight,
Whose fearful shape renewed my late distress.
With towering head he stalked and ravenous mien,
Striding towards me, and seemed to shake the air:
Next, came a she-wolf, — one that long hath been
The curse of millions dwelling in despair.

Meagre, but looking crammed with every lust,
She caused such horror though my soul to creep,
That I began to falter, and mistrust
My power to win the summit of the steep.
I felt like one who, gladly gathering gain,
Until some luckless time that brings him loss,
Then, all disheartened, sorely doth complain—
To see that restless beast my pathway cross.
With every stride she drove me slowly back
Down where no Sun the stillness did illume;
But while I thus was folling from my treels.

Down where no Sun the stillness did illume;
But while I thus was falling from my track,
A form before me glimmered through the gloom,
Whom faintly marking, as obscure he seemed

In the long silence of that desert glade,
"Whate'er thou art, oh pity me!" I screamed—
"Whether a living man, or but a shade."

"No man," he answered — "once I was a man; Mantua my Lombard parents called their home; In Julius' reign (though late) my life began, And, under good Augustus, passed at Rome.

In those false days, by lying gods o'errun, A Poet I, and sang of him who came From blazing Troy, Anchises' righteous son, When all proud Ilion melted in one flame.