THE SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI

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The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti by Michelangelo Buonarroti

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MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

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THE SONNETS

OF

MICHAEL ANGELO



THOU 'RT dead of dying, and art made divine;

Nor need'st thou fear to change or life or will;

Wherefore my soul well-nigh doth ency thine.

Fortune and time across thy threshold still

Shall dare not pass, the which mid us below

Bring doubtful joyance blent with certain ill.

Clouds are there none to dim for thee heaven's glow;

The measured hours compel not thee at all;

Chance or necessity thou canst not know.

Thy splendour wanes not when our night doth fall,

Nor waxes with day's light however clear,

Nor when our suns the season's warmth recall.

MICHAEL ANGELO: On His Father's Death.

THE SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTI

TRANSLATED BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS



Portland, Maine THOMAS TO MOSHER Mdcccciij 851.3 B941 Es

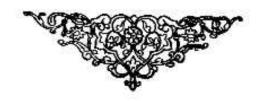
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PROEM

THE PHILOSOPHIC FLIGHT

Poi che spiegate

Now that these wings to speed my wish ascend,
The more I feel vast air beneath my feet,
The more toward boundless air on pinions fleet,
Spurning the earth, soaring to beaven, I tend:
Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful end
Of Dadal's son; but upward still they heat:
What life the while with my life can compete,
Though dead to earth at last I shall descend?
My own heart's voice in the void air I hear:
Where will thou hear me, O rash man? Recall
Thy daring will! This holdness waits on fear!
Dread not, I answer, that tremendous fall:
Strike through the clouds, and smile when death is
near,
If death so glorious he our doom at all!

GIORDANO BRUNO (?)
(J. A. Symonds.)