

**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

**THE SONNETS OF
MICHAEL ANGELO
BUONARROTI**

Old World Series



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 envy 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 B. MOSHER
Mdcccij

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PROEM

THE PHILOSOPHIC FLIGHT

Poi che spiegato

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 heaven, I tend :
Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful end
Of Dædal's son ; but upward still they beat : —
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 wilt thou bear me, O rash man ? Recall
Thy daring will ! This boldness waits on fear !
Dread not, I answer, that tremendous fall :
Strikes through the clouds, and smile when death is
near,
If death so glorious be our doom at all !

GIORDANO BRUNO (?)

(J. A. Symonds.)