THE FIRST TEN CANTOS OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649402960

The First Ten Cantos of the Inferno of Dante Alighieri by T. W. Parsons & Dante Alighieri

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

www.triestepublishing.com

T. W. PARSONS & DANTE ALIGHIERI

THE FIRST TEN CANTOS OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI

Trieste

THE FIRST TEN CANTOS

OF THE

INFERNO

OF

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

NEWLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.
M DCCC XLIII.

WM. WHITE AND H. P. LEWIS, PRINTERS,
MINOT'S BUILDING, SPRING LANE.

... "maggior di lui qui non fu mai"

Michel-Angelo Buonarroti

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heav'nly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips, as Cumae's cavern close,
The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.*

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now:
Before his name the nations bow:
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

* It is told of Dante that when he was roaming over Italy, he came to a certain monastery, where he was met by one of the friars, who blessed him, and asked what was his desire—to which the weary stranger simply answered "*Pace.*"