This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world’s books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that’s often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book’s long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ Make non-commercial use of the files We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google’s system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ Maintain attribution The Google “watermark” you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can’t offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book’s appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google’s mission is to organize the world’s information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world’s books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at [http://books.google.com/](http://books.google.com/)
THE VITA NUOVA OR NEW LIFE OF
NTE ALIGHIERI
THE VITA NUOVA
OR NEW LIFE OF
DANTE ALIGHIERI
TRANSLATED FROM
THE ITALIAN BY FRANCES DE MEÝ

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE BELL
AND SONS LONDON    MDCCCCII
I DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE BOOK
TO MY BELOVED MOTHER
TO CONSTANCE DITTRICH
THE "FIRST OF MY FRIENDS"
AND
TO MY NEPHEWS FRANCESCO AND FEDERIGO
YOUNG CITIZENS OF DANTE'S CITY

F. M. DE MEY VAN STREEFKERK
PROEM

In that part of the book of my memory, previous to which little can be read, may be found a rubric, which says:

"Here beginneth the new life, under which rubric I find words written, which it is my intention to copy into this little book; and if not all, at least their substance"
II. Nine times already, since my birth, the starry heaven of light had returned almost to the self-same point on its revolution, when first appeared to my eyes the glorious Lady of my mind, she was by many called Beatrice, not knowing wherefore she was so called. She had been so long in this life, that in her time the starry heavens had moved towards the orient one of the twelfth parts of a degree, so that almost at the beginning of her ninth year she appeared to me, and I beheld her almost at the end of my ninth year. And she appeared to me clad in a most noble colour, a subdued and pure crimson, girded and adorned in a manner befitting her extreme youth. At that moment I say truly that the spirit of life, which dwelleth in the most secret chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently, that it was painfully perceptible in the smallest pulses; and trembling it spake these words: "Behold a god stronger than I, who coming, shall rule over me." At that moment the animal spirit, that inhabits the high chamber where the sensitive spirits have their perceptions, began to marvel greatly, and speaking more especially to the spirits of the eyes, he said these words: "Your beatitude hath now been manifested to you."
At that moment the natural spirit, which dwelleth in that part where we administer our nutriment, began to weep, and weeping spake these words: "Woe is me! for often I shall be troubled from this time forth!"

Henceforward I say Love swayed my soul, which was so early espoused to him, and he assumed such complete mastery over me, through the power of the imagination, that perforce I was compelled to fulfil all his behest. He commanded me many times, that I should seek this youngest of the angels: whence I in my boyhood went many times in search of her, and I beheld in her such noble and laudable bearing that certainly of her might be spoken the words of the poet Homer, "She doth not seem to be a daughter of a mortal, but of God." And although her image, which was constantly present with me, was a transport of Love to overmaster me, yet was so noble and virtuous, that it never suffered Love to rule me beyond the counsel of reason, in those matters where such counsel was most needful to be heeded. If however I were to dwell too much on the passions and acts of youth my words might appear to be thought fabulous, I therefore with-
hold them; and passing over many things that may be implied from them, I will set down only those which are written most distinctly in my memory.

§ III. After a period of so many days, that exactly completed nine years since the above-described apparition of that most gentle one, on the last of these days it happened, that that most beauteous Lady appeared to me in a dress of the purest white, between two gentle ladies, elder than herself. And passing along a street she turned her eyes towards that part where I stood trembling; and through her ineffable courtesy, which to-day meets with its reward in the highest sphere, saluted me so virtuously, that it seemed to me I there beheld the very limits of all blessedness. The hour, when her most sweet salutation was given to me, was exactly the ninth hour of the day; and since this was the first time her words fell on my ears, so sweet was the effect on me, as one inebriated I withdrew from other folk. I took refuge in a solitary place, and in the loneliness of my room betook myself to think of this most courteous
one; and thinking of her, a soothing sleep over-
came me, in which a marvellous vision was shown
to me: I seemed to behold in my chamber a cloud
of the colour of fire, within which I discerned the
form of a man, of terrible aspect to beholders, yet
withal he seemed so full of joyousness, he was a
wonder to gaze upon. In his speech he said many
words of which I could understand but few;
among them these: "I am thy Lord." In his arms
he seemed to bear a nude figure sleeping, wrapped
lightly in a blood-red cloth; at which gazing
intently, I recognized the Lady of the salutation
who the previous day had deigned to salute me.
In one hand this same one held a thing which was
all aflame; meseemed I heard him say: "Behold
thy heart." And after he had tarried a little while,
I perceived that he wakened her that slept; and so
wrought upon her through his skill, he made her
eat of that which burned in his hand; she ate as
one afeard. In a brief space his mirth was changed
to bitter weeping; thus weeping, he gathered
the Lady in his arms, and then it seemed to me he
departed with her heavenward: at which I suffered
such great anguish my light sleep was thereby
broken, and I awaked. Immediately I began to
ponder, and I found that the hour in which this vision appeared to me, was the fourth hour of the night: wherefore it was manifest, that it had occurred in the first of the last nine hours of night.

Then dwelling on this vision, I determined to make it known to many, who were famous rhymesters at this time: and since I had discovered already myself the art of rhymed-speech, I purposed to make a sonnet, in which I salute all faithful lovers, praying them to interpret my vision, putting before them all those things I had beheld in my sleep. I then began this sonnet:
O every captive heart and gentle dame
'Neath whose sweet eyes perchance may fall my verse,
And whoso'er its meaning can rehearse,
Such I salute, in Love the master's name.
It was the time when stars are most aflame,
   The hours of night already sped one terce,
When Love all suddenly my path did cross,
The thought of him renews the burning shame.

Most mirthful seem'd his mood and in his hand
He held my heart, upon his arm I spied
My Lady folded in some robe asleep:
Wakening, he gave to her this heart, (a brand
   Of flame,) whereof she meekly ate and sigh'd;
Beholding, Love stole softly forth to weep.

This sonnet is divided into two parts. In the first part I send greeting and ask a reply. In the second, I signify to whom they should reply. The second part begins thus: "The hours of night."
To this sonnet many replied in divers manner; among those who replied was one whom I call the first of my friends, and he made a sonnet which began: "To me it seems thou hast beheld all worth." And this was truly almost the beginning of the friendship between him and me, when he knew it was I had sent these verses to him. The true signification of the dream was not then apparent to any, but now is manifest to the most simple.

§ IV. From this time forward my natural functions began to be impeded in their action, since the soul was entirely given to thinking of this most gentle one: whence I became in a short time so frail and weak that many friends were troubled at my appearance; and many filled with envy sought to know that which I strove to hide from others. Then perceiving the evil intent of their questionings, by the sanction of Love, who ruled me according to the counsels of reason, I replied to them, that it was Love who had thus governed me: I said Love, seeing I bore so many of his traces in my features, the thing could no longer be disguised. And when they pressed to know,
"Through whom hath Love thus wrought in thee,' I, smiling, gazed at them, and spake not a word.

§ V. One day it happened that this gentle one was in a place where words are spoken of the Queen of Glory; and I was in a place from whence I could behold my beatitude; and midway betwixt her and me in a direct line, sat a gentle lady of very pleasing aspect, who looked towards me many times, marvelling at my fixed gaze which appeared to have her for its goal; wherefore many perceived her thus looking. Then it occurred to my mind that on quitting that place I had heard these words spoken behind me, "See to what a plight yonder Lady hath brought him;" then naming her I understood that they spake of her who had sat midway between the most gentle Beatrice and my eyes, in which the straight line terminated. Then I comforted myself greatly, assured that my secret had not been discovered that day. Then immediately I determined to make this lady a screen for the truth: and I made so much of it in a short space that my secret was believed to have been discovered by most of my
acquaintance. By means of this lady I contrived to conceal the truth for some years; and to make others still more credulous, I made for her certain little rhymes, which it is not my intention to write here save in so far as they treat of the most gentle Beatrice, leaving out all but those in praise of her.

§ VI. I aver that at this time when this lady served as a screen for so much love on my part, I conceived the idea to record the name of this most Gentle One, accompanied with the names of many other ladies, more especially that of this same lady. To this end I took the names of sixty of the most lovely ladies of the city in which my Lady was placed by the Highest Lord; composing an epistle in the form of a sirvent, of which I do not intend to write further; indeed only make mention of it to relate a singular discovery, namely, that in no other position, but the ninth, could I place the name of my Lady among the names of the others selected.
§ VII. It so happened, that the lady through whom I had so long concealed my desire, left the afore-named city, to journey to some far-distant place: wherefore I, greatly dreading the loss of my protectress, felt thereby more grievously discomforted than I could previously have believed. And meditating that if I did not speak somewhat sorrowfully of her departure, people would more readily divine my secret, I therefore purposed to set forth some lamentations in a sonnet, which I shall write here: inasmuch as my Lady was the immediate cause of certain words, which are easily apparent to him who understands. The sonnet was as follows:
E who are wandering, mayhap, love's way,
Tarry awhile, and say
If any grief to equal mine ye see,
And patiently forbear with me, I pray,
And pond'ring duly weigh
If I to every ill give hostelry.

Love (not for my poor merit more or less
But of his own largess,)
Hath granted such sweet zest of life to me,
Oft wayfarers behind would cry: "Ah! see,
What grace doth yon one bless:
He threads his way with heart so light and free."

Alas! my courage now hath all run out,
I've lost the lofty bearing love supplies;
So poor and mean my guise
'Twill soon draw down on me suspicious doubt;
Forsooth, I must some cunning quick devise,
As one to hide his shame (lest friends should scout,)
Feigns to be gay without;
   Meanwhile the heart is stifling groans and sighs.
This sonnet has two chief parts: in the first I intend to address faithful lovers in those words of Jeremiah the prophet: "O all ye that pass by, see if any sorrow is like unto my sorrow," and to beg them to stay and hear me. In the second, I narrate where Love had placed me, with other signification than the end of the sonnet sets forth; and I declare that which I have lost. The second part begins here: "Love not for my poor merit."

§ VIII. But a little while after the departure of this gentle lady, it pleased the Lord of the Angels to call unto Glory a young and very beauteous maiden, whose presence had greatly adorned the aforesaid city; I beheld her body bereft of the soul lying surrounded by many women, who wept piteously. Then recalling to mind that I had seen her in the company of my most gentle Lady, I could not withhold my tears; thus weeping, I resolved to write some words anent her death, in guerdon of her friendship with Beatrice. In the latter part I touched on this matter, which will be clearly manifest to him who apprehendeth. I then wrote these two sonnets, the first beginning:

"Weep lovers!" the second:

"Death, villain Death,"
EEP lovers! see the Lord of Love
doth weep,
And sith the cause of his sore grief
appears,
Touch'd by compassion he was
moved to tears
By maids, whose eyes betrayed their anguish deep:
Since cruel death hath taken to his keep
A gentle dame, whose soul from earth he shears,
And robs our world of all it most reveres
In womanhood, save honour none may reap.

And mark, how Love doth show her reverence,
For I beheld him, in true shape, lament
O'er that dead form whose lineaments amaze
And oftentimes, I saw him heav'nward gaze,
To where the gentle soul doth now frequent
Of her whose beauty won such preference.

*This first sonnet hath three divisions. In the first, I solicit the Faithful in Love to weep; I tell them that their Lord weeps, and that hearing the cause of his weeping they will be better disposed to listen to me. In the second, I disclose the reason. In the third, I allude to some honour Love bestows on this Lady. The second begins here: "Touched by compassion;" the third here: "And mark."*
DEATH, villain Death, sweet Pity's dreaded foe,
Ancient mother of woe,
Most just and incontestable decree!
Since thou createst all the misery
Whence I go heavily,
In chiding thee my tongue doth weary grow.

And if thou crav'st some mercy to bestow,
Behoves that all should know
Thy crime the cause of each iniquity;
Thou canst not hide thy cursed ubiquity,
But I seek enmity
To rouse, in hearts where love was wont to glow.

Our world through thee hath lost sweet courtesy,
And virtue, that we most in women prize
When clad in youthful guise:
Quench'd is lighthearted joy and lover's glee.
I tell no more, my Lady's quality
They, who have eyes, to her alone impute:
Who earns not her salute,
Sighs hopelessly for her society.
This sonnet is divided into four parts. In the first, I address Death by certain epithets proper to her. In the second, speaking to her I state the reason why I am thus moved to condemn her. In the third, I vituperate her. In the fourth, I turn to accost an undefined person, although clearly defined in my conception. The second part begins thus; "Since thou createst"; the third here, "And if thou crav'st"; the fourth here, "Who earns not."

§ IX. Some days after the death of this lady, it became needful for me to quit the city spoken of, to journey towards the place where that lady, who had been my defence, had gone; the end of my journey not being altogether so far. Although I was visibly in the company of many, the journey was most irksome, as I could not through sighs dispel the anguish I suffered, seeing each step severed me further from my beatitude. Hereupon that most sweet Lord who swayed my heart by virtue of my most gentle lady, appeared to my imagination in form of a pilgrim lightly clad in wretched raiment. He seemed afeard, gazing on the ground, save when he turned his eyes at times towards a clear and swift river, running beside
the road on which I journeyed. Then Love seemed to call me, saying these words: "I come from that lady who so long hath served thee as a screen; and I wis she may not return. Wherefore that heart which I bade thee give her I have ta'en, and do bear it to another damsel, who in like manner will serve thee," (and naming her I knew her well). "Should'st thou perchance repeat the words I have spoken unto thee, do so in suchwise that none may thereby discern thy love for her was simulated, and that now thou must transfer the same to another." Having spoken thus, he vanished instantly from my mind, and, through the large portion he had given me of himself, my whole aspect changed, and I rode on in deep thought, heaving many sighs. Not many days after I began this sonnet:
RODE along the highway yestere’en
In gloomy mood, for irksome was the day.
Midway, I chanced on Love, in scant array
And clad in raiment of a pilgrim lean,
An air of poverty in all his mien,
As one doth look hath lost his lordly sway;
For sighing heavily, he went his way
With downbent head, afearing to be seen.
Espying me, he called on me by name,
Saying, “Afar, I come, from where thy heart
Was tarrying awhile to do my hest,
And now recall to send on other quest;”
Whereon I took of him so large a part,
He vanished, unperceived, e’en as he came.

This sonnet hath three parts. In the first part I say how I met Love, and how he seemed to me in appearance. In the second, I tell what he said to me, albeit not fully, through the fear I had of disclosing my secret. In the third, I say how he disappeared. The second begins here, “Espying me.” The third here, “Whereon I took.”
§ X. Now shortly after my return, I set out to seek the lady, whom my Lord had named to me on the pathway of sighs. And with intent to be more brief, I relate how in short space I made such a screen of her, many folk spake of it in a fashion exceeding the limits of courtesy; whereby many times I suffered grievously. And by reason of their rancorous tongues which sought to defame me spitefully, this most gentle Lady, who was the destroyer of all vice and queen of every virtue, passing by denied me her salutation, on which hung all my blessedness. And here I depart a little from the present matter, to set forth the marvellous virtue her salutation wrought in me.

§ XI. I say that when she was seen by me at any place, in the sweet expectancy of her salutation, it seemed to me I had no longer an enemy, and the flame of charity burned so within me I had willingly pardoned whosoever had sinned against me; and whosoever had asked any boon of me, to him I had surely responded simply "Love," with a countenance full of humility. And when she was on the verge of saluting me, a Spirit of Love, destroying all the sensitive spirits,
pushed forth the weaker spirits of the eyes, saying to them, "Go, do homage to your Lady," and he alone remained in their stead. And he that would behold Love, might have recognized him in the trembling of mine eyes. And when this most gentle Lady gave me her salutation, it was not Love, that veiled from me the insupportable beatitude, but his overpowering sweetness so overwhelming me, that my body, which was entirely at his command, frequently became as it were inanimate. Wherefore it is manifest that in her salutation dwelt all my blessedness, which many times exceeded and surpassed my ability to support it.

§ XII. Now coming back to the former question, I will narrate how after my beatitude was denied me, such grief fell upon me, that I withdrew to a solitary spot where I bathed the ground with my tears: when this weeping had a little abated, I betook me to my chamber, where I could lament unheard. And having pleaded with the Lady of all Campassion, and saying, "Oh Love, aid thy faithful one," I fell asleep like to an infant worn-out with its sobbing. In my sleep, I seemed to
behind a youth seated near me clothed in the whitest vestments. Musing deeply on his aspect, I saw he gazed at me as I lay; and after gazing some time, he seemed to call me sighing, and saying these words, "My son, it is time we leave off our dissimulation." Then I knew his voice, he speaking as he had oftentimes done before with sighs. Looking at him I beheld that he wept bitterly, and appeared to wait for me to speak. Whereupon taking courage, I began thus: "Lord of high nobility, wherefore weepest thou?" He replied: "I am the circle's centre, from which all parts of the circumference are equidistant; 'tis not so with thyself." Pondering over them, his words seemed to me most obscure. Then I forced myself to speak, saying, "What meanest thou, my Lord, that thou speakest thus mystically?" He answered me in the vulgar tongue: "Ask no more than is needful to thee." Hereupon I began to question him in respect of the salutation, now denied me, craving to know the reason thereof; then he made response in this wise: "Our Beatrice hath heard from certain persons, that the lady I named to thee on the pathway of sighs, hath been sorely distraught through thee. And
since this most gentle one is the enemy of all unrest, she hath refused to salute thee, dreading to suffer annoy through thee. In truth thy secret is known to her in part, by observing frequently thy strange demeanour. Now I desire thee to write certain things in rhyme, in which thou wilt describe the power I exercise over thee through her; and how thou wast hers from thy boyhood. And in proof thereof call as witness him who can testify the same; him thou wilt pray to convince her; and I, who am that one, will gladly tell her. In this wise she will learn thy desire; hearing which, she will understand the words of the deceived ones. These words will furnish thee with a theme, for 'twere unmeet to address her directly. In no case send them without me, where perchance they might reach her ear; but see thou clothest them in sweetest melody, where-in I will play my part.” Having spoken thus, he vanished, and my sleep was broken.

Then considering the matter, I perceived this vision had occurred at the ninth hour of the day; then I resolved, before quitting my chamber, to compose a Song, even as my Master had imposed on me. I then wrote this ballad:

24
My Song, I bid thee go in quest of Love,
With him seek out my Lady I implore;
And my excuse in softest tones out-pour,
Then deftly will my Lord thy reasons prove.

Thou wilt travel, my Song, in courteous guise,
And all companionless;
Thy task behoves thee alway to be bold,
Wherefore with Love thy greater safety lies.
Him to thy service press.
Perchance it were unwise to loose his hold,
Since words, I fear, will in thine ear be told,
Methinks will little to my vantage be;
For fail'st thou to secure Love's Company,
Not readily couldst thou my faults disprove.

With sweetest sounds thy will to her declare:
Then begin this measure,
But not till thou hast first her pity sought:
"My Lady, he whose messages I bear
Wills, if 'tis thy pleasure,
Thou wouldst to his defence unbend thy thought,"
Love through thy beauty hath him so distraught,
His face imbuing with such aspect strange;
Albeit his visage suffers so great change,
He'd have thee know his heart did nowaymove!"

Then tell her, "My Lady, his heart hath aye
Been fixed in constant faith,
His ev'ry thought swift to thy service flew;
In youth was thine, and ne'er hath gone astray."
If yet she wavereth,
Then bid her question Love, he knows 'tis true:
Thy humble prayer with fervency renew,
Her pardon crave, where he in aught offend.
If 'tis her will his life untimely end
Obedience manifests her servant's love.

Then seek out him who keeps soft pity's key,
Ere I unloose thy chain,
Bid Love convince her of my meaning fair:
And may the charm of my sweet melody
Thee at her side detain.
Still gently urge thy servant's weal with her;
And if she yield him pardon, through thy prayer,
Let her sweet eyes announce the blessed peace.
My gracious Song, before thy mission cease,
    Wake such emotion, as shall bring forth love.

This ballad is divided into three parts: in the first, I tell
her where she is to go, assuring her she will go in safety;
then I say in whose company she must place herself, if she
would go securely, and without mischance. In the second, I
say what it is her office to make clear. In the third, I give
her leave to wander at her pleasure, commending herself to the
arms of fortune. The second begins here, "With sweetest
sounds"; the third here, "My gracious Song." It
may happen that some will fail to know whom I address in
the second person, seeing the Ballad is none other than mine
own words spoken. And since I intend to solve and clear up
this doubt in a still more dubious part of this book, then he who
most doubts will understand, also he who contradicts in like
manner.

§ XIII. Now after the aforesaid vision, having
fulfilled the charge Love had imposed on me,
many and divers thoughts began to torment and
tempt me, each one indefensible; among these,
four chiefly marred the peace of my life. The first
was this: "The lordship of Love is good; seeing
it draws the heart of the lover from all evil thoughts." Another was this: "Indeed the lordship of Love is hurtful, since the more faith the lover placeth in it the more thorny his way becometh." Another this: "The name of Love is so sweet to the ear, it seemeth impossible his action should be other than sweet, for names denote the things named, as it is written 'Names are the consequents of things.'" The fourth was this: "The lady, through whom Love thus proveth thee, is not like to other women whose hearts are lightly moved."

Each thought assailed me so fiercely I became as one who knoweth not which way to take, willing to go but knowing not whither. Then striving to find some path on which all might journey, I chose one most irksome to me; namely, to commend myself to the arms of Pity. Demurring a little, the wish came over me to put my thoughts into verse. Then I wrote this sonnet:
Y thoughts all prate unceasingly of love,
So infinite is their variety:
One boldly urges his supremacy;
Another, foolish one, would faith disprove;
With sweet seduction one lifts hope above;
Anon, a fourth makes me weep frequently.
In craving pity only they agree,
And all alike, the heart to trembling move.

So great the choice, I waver to select,
Fain would I speak, yet powerless to discourse
Amid such amorous distractions lost;
And, seeking to make terms with all the host,
Must even to a foeman have recourse,
And summon Lady Pity to protect.

This sonnet hath four divisions. In the first, I propound that all my thoughts are on Love. In the second, I say they are diverse and show their diversity. In the third, I state in what point they all agree. In the fourth, I say that, wishing to speak of Love, I know not from which source to draw; and if I would please all, I must have recourse to mine enemy, the Lady Pity. I call her Pity almost in disdainful tones. The
second part begins here: “So infinite is”; the third here, “In craving pity”; the fourth, “So great the choice.”

§ XIV. After this battle with the divers thoughts, it chanced that my most gentle one came to a place, where many gracious ladies were gathered; to this assembly I was taken by one of my friends, thinking to do me pleasure, by bringing me into the presence of so many beautiful women: wherefore I scarcely knowing to whom I was being led, and trusting myself to him (who had truly brought his friend to the verge of death), I inquired of him: “Wherefore are we come to these ladies?” to which he made answer: “In order that they be worthily attended.” Now the reason of this assemblage was to do honour to a lady espoused the same day; for in accordance with the usage of the aforesaid city, it was customary that ladies should keep her company at the first repast in her husband’s house. I, in the hope of pleasing my friend, placed myself at the service of this fair company.

Hardly had I done so, when I became conscious of a strange trembling in my left side, which
quickly spread to the other parts of my body. Secretly leaning myself against a painting which went round the room; and fearing lest others should perceive my tremor, I lifted my eyes and gazed at the ladies, and beheld Beatrice in their midst. Love finding himself thus so close to the beloved one, overmastered all my perceptions save the spirits of the eyes, and they too were thrust from their functions, Love seizing their noble vantage-ground the better to gaze on her beauty. Albeit so changed from what I was, I grieved much for the exiled spirits that so sorely lamented, saying: "If we had not been cast out, we also had beheld the charms of this Lady." I now aver that many of these ladies, discerning my strange transfiguration, were greatly astonished, and began to mock and discuss me with Beatrice. Whereupon my friend, sorely perplexed, took me by the hands, and led me from their presence, questioning me what ailed me. When somewhat recovered and my senses restored, I replied to my friend: "I have reached that point in life beyond which if passed there is no possibility of return."

Then I departed, betaking me to the chamber of tears, where weeping and ashamed I said, "Certes,
if this Lady truly knew my condition she would not mock me, but would surely pity me.” Then amid my tears, I resolved to indite words addressed to her signifying the cause of the strange transfiguration; telling her I knew well she could not know, otherwise certainly she would have shown pity: and in the hope they might perchance come to her ear, I made this sonnet:
HEN other dames with thee my looks deride;
Unwitting Lady, little couldst thou deem
Such novel aspect (as in me must seem)
Thy presence wrought, when I thy beauty spied,
For hadst thou wist thou hadst not long denied
Thy customary token of esteem.
Thy beauty pushèd Love to such extreme,
That puffèd up with hardihood and pride
Against the timid spirits he rebelled,
Waged warfare, slew some, others casting out,
Till I alone to gaze on thee remained,
And hence to semblance of another chained;
Albeit nowise unmindful of the rout
Of suff'ring spirits ruthlessly expelled.

This sonnet I will not divide into parts, since divisions are useless except where they make clear the thing divided: hence for the aforesaid reason, it is sufficiently plain it hath no need of divisions. It is true that, among the words that set forth the meaning of this sonnet, are found doubtful words; for instance, when I say Love slew all my senses, and the visual
ones alone remained alive, but deprived of their functions. This doubt it is impossible for any to solve who is not in like manner the servitor of Love; by those who are, it will be readily understood. Therefore it were not well for me to solve such doubts, inasmuch as my speech would be in vain or indeed superfluous.

§ XV. After this last transfiguration, a vivid impression took hold on my mind, and rarely forsok me; continually returning to reason with me thus: "Since thou bringest on thyself such derision in her company, to what purpose seekest thou then to see her? Certes, if thou wert questioned by her, how couldst thou give answer? Ay, supposing thou hadst all thy wits at thy command, how shouldst thou answer her?" To this a lowly thought replied: "Yea, if I had all my wits at my command, I would tell her, so soon as I do but picture her beauty to my mind, immediately I am overcome by the desire to behold her, and so irresistibly all thoughts that would oppose it are destroyed, and driven from my memory; even the remembrance of past suffering cannot restrain me from going forth again in search of her." These
thoughts so preyed on me, I determined to put them into words, in which excusing myself from blame, I also described to her the effect her presence wrought in me; and composed this sonnet:
MISGIVING thoughts all quickly fade and die,
When to thy presence sweet, my Joy, I stray;
And when near thee, I hear Love whisp’ring say:
"If peril thou wouldst shun, then turn and fly."
My cheeks the colour of my heart imply,
Which fainting, seeketh on each hand a stay;
Inebriated through its own dismay,
The very stones appear to clamour, "Die!"

He sins, who seeing grief, no grief betrays,
And comfort to my stricken soul denies,
(Sole proof that through my pain he suffereth.)
That pity, which erewhile your mocking slays,
Awakes afresh, beholding sightless eyes,
Eyes which have now no other hope than death.

This sonnet is divided in two parts. In the first, I name the reason, why I do not abstain from seeking the presence of this lady. In the second, I relate what befalls me when I approach her; and this part begins here: "And when near thee." This second part is divided further into five
different narrations. In the first, I say what Love, counselled by Reason, tells me when I am near her. In the second, I manifest the state of my heart by the aspect of my face. In the third, I say how all confidence fails me. In the fourth, I say he sins who refuses me compassion, seeing that would at least give comfort. In the last, I say why others should be pitiful: that is, for the piteous expression that comes into mine eyes; which expression is destroyed, and not apparent to others, through the mocking of that Lady, leading others to all in like manner, who might otherwise have shown pity. The second part begins here, “My cheeks”; the third, “Inebriated through”; the fourth, “He sins”; the fifth, “That pity.”

XVI. After finishing this sonnet, a desire was stirred in me to say certain words, in which I might discuss four other points touching my condition, which it did not seem to me I had clearly set forth. The first is, that oftentimes I suffer when my fancy broods over the strange transfiguration wrought in me by Love; the second is, that many times Love assailed me so violently that no life remained in me save a thought speaking to me of this lady; the third is, that when this
battle of Love thus waged war in me, I arose all
colourless to seek her presence, trusting that be-
holding her the strife would cease, oblivious of
the effect the sight of her produced in me; the
fourth is, that far from protecting me, the vision
of her only served to drive out the little life that
remained. I then wrote this sonnet:
OW oftentimes this thought my mind
assails,
What meaneth this strange aspect I
derive
From Love? "Ah me!" I cry as
courage fails,
"Doth like despair in other breasts arrive?"
So sudden his attacks, my spirit quails;
His rapid onslaughts leave me scarce alive;
One spirit battling, o'er the rest prevails,
Through speech of thee alone doth he survive.

In search of aid, I force myself to rise,
Thus lifeless and devoid of every sense
Again I seek thee, trusting to find peace,
But when to gaze on thee, I lift mine eyes,
Afresh the tremblings of my heart commence,
My soul retreats, and all my pulses cease.

This sonnet divides into four parts, there being four things
therein narrated; and since they have been dealt with above,
I will not do more than distinguish their beginnings. Where-
fore I say the second part begins here, "What meaneth"; the third here, "In search of aid"; the fourth, "And when to gaze."
§ XVII. Having dictated these three sonnets to my Lady, and, through their medium, acquainted her with my condition, I resolved to keep silence, as it seemed to me, I had said as much as was becoming. Seeing that henceforth I would not speak further with her, it was needful to furnish new and more excellent matter than before. And in order that the new matter be more acceptable to the hearing, I will render it as briefly as I am able.

§ XVIII. My secret was now known to many through my strange aspect, and especially to certain ladies, who delighted to meet and make merry together: these had oftentimes witnessed my discomfiture and knew my trouble. Passing near them, (perchance by the will of fortune,) I heard one of them call to me, and she who called was very gentle in voice. But coming nearer, I perceived my most sweet Lady was not among them, whereby reassured I saluted them, asking their pleasure. They were several; some laughed with one another, others gazed waiting for me to speak. A few whispered together and one of these, turning her eyes towards me and addressing me by name, accosted me thus: “To what end lovest thou
then this lady, seeing thou art unable to support her presence? Tell us, for certainly the end of such love must be worth hearing.” And having spoken, not only she, but all the rest fixed their glances on my face, looking there for my reply. Then I said: “Ladies, the end of my Love was ever the salutation of that lady, of whom it seems ye speak; therein lay my beatitude, which is the goal of all my desire.

“Now seeing it pleaseth her to deny it me, my Master, Love, has of his goodness, put all my beatitude in that which faileth not.” Then they again fell awhispering; and as I have seen rain falling mingled with pure snow, so it seemed to me their speech was mingled with sighs. Having talked a little while together, that lady who had first addressed me, said: “We beseech thee to tell us in what thy beatitude consisteth.” Then I answered her: “In those words which set forth the praise of my Lady.” Then she replied: “If thou sayest truly, those words in which thou didst signify thy condition thou hadst written with other intent.” Whereupon I, covered with shame, and brooding on these words, withdrew from them; and began saying to myself: “Since
so great beatitude lies in the words that set forth her praise, why then have I spoken otherwise?" Henceforward, I determined to choose only such matter as would extol her praise; steeped in thought, it seemed to me I had chosen matter too hard for me, and the courage to begin failed me: thus I demurred some days, desiring to speak but fearing to begin.

§ XIX. After this, wandering along a path, by the side of which ran a most pellucid stream, the mood seized me to say something in rhyme, and I paused to bethink me in what manner it were most seemly to speak. I perceived it was unbecoming to address her, save together with other ladies in the second person; also it were well not to speak with all women, but only with such of their kind as are gentle. Then my tongue moved as if self-inspired, saying, "Ladies who have intelligence of Love." These words I stored in my memory with great gladness, intending to take them for my beginning: then I turned back to the city before-named, and pondering over them some days, I began a Song with these words as commencement, after the manner described in the divisions below:
ADIES who have intelligence of love,
Of my dear Lady, I would speak
with you;
Not with intent to end her praises
due,
But thro' discoursing, mine own mind to ease.
When meditating how her worth to prove,
Love doth my soul with such delights imbue,
If cowardice should not my strength undo
I would so speak that love all hearts might
seize.
And yet not in such highly sounding keys
As may hereafter make me servile seem.
Her noble qualities shall be my theme,
And gently of her virtues, an it please,
With you enamoured maids and dames, I’d treat,
With others to discourse were all unmeet.

An angel, gazing on the Intellect
Divine, exclaimed: “On Earth is one whose
deeds
Are very miracles, each act proceeds
From a soul that up hither e’en doth shine:
And this our Heaven, which hath no defect
Save wanting her, with Our Lord intercedes,
And ev'ry saint too for her presence pleads.
In my behoof doth Pity sole incline.
Then God speaks, hearing of this Lady mine:
"Belovèd, suffer there your hope to rest
In peace, so long as it shall please me best,
Below dwells one who would her loss repine;
Who in the underworld must tell the curst,
" 'I have beheld the hope of all the blest.'"

My Lady is desired in heav'n above;
Behoves that I should all her virtue show.
To each maid would seem noble, I say, "Go
Consort with her:" for when she passeth by,
She casteth from the heart all sinful love,
Each villain thought she freezes, and lays low;
And those Love suffers in her presence, lo!
They are ennobled, or thereof must die:
And when he finds one worthy to draw nigh,
Such one full quickly doth her virtue prove,
Her greeting can his sinfulness remove,
So humble he becomes all vices fly,
And God hath lent her grace, e'en greater still
Who hath had speech with her can ne'er end ill.
Love saith of her: "Can any mortal thing
Of clay be thus adorned, and wholly pure?"
Then looks on her, and straightway doth adjure,
"Some new creation to attempt God strove."
'Tis like unto a pearl her colouring
Which in too great excess can none endure;
Hers all the graces nature can procure.
Her beauty doth the test of beauty prove,
From out hersweeteyeswheresoe'ertheymove
She shooteth forth swift love-inspiring flames
Right thro' the eyes of him whose look she claims,
(And passes on) till each an heart hath trove,
Her wondrous smile such depth of love portrays,
There liveth none hath power to fix his gaze.

My Song, thou wilt with many dames have speech
When I have sent thee forth upon the wing:
Now I admonish thee, (whose nurturing
Hath been in young Love's modest soft em-
brace,)
And whomsoe'er thou meet'st, do thou beseech;
Instruct me how I may my message bring
Most meetly unto her whose praise I sing,
If 'tis against thy will, in any case
Beware thou linger not amid the base,
Strive if thou canst that thou mayst ever be
With gentle dames and men of courtesy,
These will in safety speed thee to the place,
Where, finding Love in her sweet company,
Commend me unto him right worthily.

In order that this Song may be better understood, I divide
it more minutely than those preceding; to this end I divide it
in three parts. The first is a proem to the words which follow.
The second is the theme treated. The third fills the office of
servant to the foregoing words. The second begins here, “An
angel”; the third here, “My Song.” The first part divides
in four. In the first, I say with whom I desire to discourse
concerning My Lady, and wherefore I desire to speak. In the
second, I tell how she appears to me when I meditate on her
excellence, and how I should wish to speak did courage not
forsake me. In the third, I state what I intend to say of her
so that I may not be deterred through cowardice. In the
fourth, repeating to whom I intend to speak, I disclose the
reason wherefore it is to them. The second begins here,
“When meditating”; the third here, “And yet not
in”; the fourth here, “With you enamoured maids.”
Then, when I say, “An angel,” I begin to treat of My
Lady: and this part I divide into two. In the first part, I
set forth how she is esteemed in heaven. In the second, how
she is esteemed on earth: thus, "My Lady is desired." This second part divides in two; in the first, I make manifest the nobility of her soul; in the second, I show the nobleness of her body, disclosing some of its perfections: as follows, "Love saith of her." This second part divides in two, for, in the first, I touch on some beauties which apply to the entire person; in the second, I discourse on some beauties which are distinct parts of the person: as here, "From out her sweet eyes." This second part divides in two; since, in one, I speak of the eyes as the beginning of love; in the second, I name the mouth as the end of love. And in order to dissipate all vicious thought he who reads will recall, that above I have described the salutation of this lady, which was an act of her mouth, and was the end of my desire, so long as it was vouchsafed me. Further, when I say, "My Song thou wilt," I append a stanza almost as a handmaid to the others, in which I indite what obligations I laid on my Song. Seeing this last part is easy to be understood, I do not trouble to make further divisions. Though I say, truly, to open wider the meaning of this Song, it would be needful to employ more minute divisions; but should any lack the wit and fail to understand what I have written it would not be displeasing to me if he left it alone; for certes, I fear to have already communicated too much of my meaning, even in what I have set down, should it come to pass that many should hear it.
§ XX. Some little while after this Canzone had gone forth, one of my friends, whose ear it had reached, was moved with the desire to inquire of me the true meaning of Love; doubtless from what he had already heard accrediting me with more merit than I deserved. Pondering the matter awhile, I perceived to discourse on Love were indeed a most worthy theme, wherefore I resolved to write a poem treating on the nature of Love. I then made this sonnet:
The gentle heart and Love are one I ween,
So quoth the Sage as in his lore we trace:
And one without the other ne’er hath been
As reasoning soul must reason e’er embrace.
’Tis Nature amorous steps on the scene,
Makes Love the lord; the heart his dwelling place;
Where slumbering he resteth all unseen
Sometimes a brief, sometimes a longer space.

Anon a wise and beauteous maid appears,
So dazzling fair, his eyes forthwith conspire
The sweet emotion in his breast to move:
Sometimes it lingers on and broods for years
Ere quickening to flame the spark of love:
Man’s valour doth the like in maids inspire.

This sonnet divides into two parts. In the first, I speak of
Love as regards his power. In the second, as regards his power as it transmutes itself into all. The second begins here,
“Anon a wise.” The first divides into two. In the first,
I state in what subject this power resides. In the second,
I describe how this subject and this power spring into being together, and how one regards the other, as form doth matter. The second begins here, "'Tis Nature amorous." Then when I say, "Anon a wise," I say how this power transmutes itself into all; first, how it transmutes itself in the man, afterwards how it transmutes itself in the woman; thus, "Man's valour doth."

§ XXI. Having treated of Love in the aforesaid verses, the wish seized me to say further things in praise of my most gentle Lady, in which I should set forth in what manner Love operated through her; how not only where it lies sleeping doth she arouse it, but creates it where it had not previously existed, miraculously calling it into life. I then made this sonnet:
LOVE hath his dwelling in my Lady's eyes,
Ennobling all on whom her looks she bends;
Men turn admiring, wheresoe'er she wends
Her way; whom she salutes unconscious sighs,
Casts down his face, whence swift all colour flies:
For every fault he fain would make amends.
All angry pride away her presence sends:
Help me, fair womenkind! her worth to prize.

Such ecstasies within the heart find place,
And humbleness, whene'er to speak she deigns;
Who first beheld her evermore was blest.
But if a gentle smile her face invest
No tongue describes nor memory retains;
So marvellous such miracle of grace.

This sonnet hath three divisions. In the first, I say how this Lady transmutes this power into all by means of those most noble parts, her eyes; and, in the third, I say the same with regard to that most noble feature, her mouth. And betwixt these two is a little portion, which seeks aid, as it were, from both the foregoing and the following; and begins here,
"Help me, fair womenkind." The third begins here, "Such ecstasies." The first is divided into three; for, in the first, I say how she renders virtuous all on whom she looks; this is tantamount to saying how, through Love, she creates that which did not exist. In the second, I say how she converts Love into act, in the hearts of all those she beholds. In the third, I say how Love afterwards operates in their hearts. The second begins, "Men turn admiring;" the third, "And whom she salutes." When next I say, "Help me, fair womenkind," I make it clear to whom it is my intention to speak, calling on women to help me to do her honour. Then when I say "Such ecstasies," I repeat what I said in the first part, with respect to the two acts of her mouth, one of which is her sweet speech, the other her wondrous smile. Only, in this last I omit how this operates on the hearts of others, for the memory can retain neither it, nor its operations.

§ XXII. Not many days after (as it pleased the most glorious Lord, who Himself abjured not death), the parent of this miracle in whom may easily be recognized the most noble Beatrice, quitted this world, to partake truly of the Eternal Glory. Wherefore as such severance costeth sore
pain to those bereft who are the friends of the departed; and since no friendship is so close as that of a good father and a good daughter; and this Lady was of surpassing goodness and her father (as is affirmed by many) likewise of a high order of goodness; it is readily understood this Lady was filled with most bitter grief.

Now it was customary in the said city for women to assemble with women and men with men in the hour of sorrow, therefore many ladies her companions had gathered there where Beatrice mourned so piteously; and I, beholding some of them coming out from her presence, overheard them recounting her lamentations. Among other words I distinguished: "Indeed she weepeth so sorely, he who beholds her must die for pity." Then they passed on and I remained so overcome with sorrow, I strove with my hands to hide the tears that began to roll down my cheeks. And had I not hoped to learn more of her (for in leaving they must pass where I was), I would have hid myself when the tears assailed me. Wherefore remaining in the same place, other ladies passed me, conversing as they went, and speaking these words: "Who could ever again rejoice having heard
her sorrowful words?” Then others followed, who beholding me said: “This one weepeth even as though he had likewise beheld her.” Again another spake of me: “See yon one so changed he seems no longer the same.” From these ladies as they passed I heard things spoken of her and me, even as I have set forth.

When pondering awhile, I perceived these words furnished matter worthy of being put into rhyme. And seeing I would gladly have questioned these ladies had it not been an unseemly act, I ordered my rhymes to make it appear I had addressed them, and they had replied to me. I then wrote two sonnets; in the first, I describe the desire I felt to question them; in the second I record their answers, using the words I had overheard, that it might seem they had thus replied to me. The first began:
E who such sorrowful complexion
wear
With eyes down-bent since pain
and woe subdued,
Whence come ye hither with so
leaden hue,
Pity’s similitude in truth ye bear?
Hast thou then seen our gentle Lady there,
    Whose beauteous cheeks affection’s tears bedew?
    Tell me, ladies, my heart doth so construe,
Your acts bespeak it and your guileless air.

If ye her grief beheld I bid you tell,
Remain with me, I pray, a little spell,
    And how it fares with her do not conceal.
    Tear-stains betray the drops but newly shed,
Your haggard faces all too much reveal,
    Beholding them my faint heart shrinks with
dread.

This sonnet divides into two parts. In the first, I address and
question these ladies if they come indeed from her, telling them
I believe they do, since they return as though ennobled. In the
second, I pray them to tell me of her; and the second begins
here, “If ye her grief beheld.”
RT thou that singer who our Lady dear
Didst sing, and wouldst discourse with none save us?
In truth thou much resemblest him in voice,
Albeit thy features noway his appear.
What ill hath wrought in thee such grief severe
To render all who see thee dolorous?
Hast thou indeed beheld her weeping thus,
And hence unable to conceal thy fear?

Leave us to weep, and wend our doleful way;
He grievous sins who would our sorrow chide,
Her words, wrung forth in sobs, too well convey
The agony her visage could not hide;
Who had remained to witness, in dismay
Must in her presence swooning, there have died.

This sonnet hath four parts, answering to the four modes of speech contained in the replies of the ladies. Since they are sufficiently set forth above, I will not pause to explain their meaning separately, but will merely distinguish them. The second begins here, "What ill." The third, "Leave us to weep." The fourth, "Her words."
§ XXIII. Some few days after, a painful infirmity took possession of me, whereby I suffered extreme pain the space of nine days; this wrought such weakness in me I remained perforce as one incapable of motion. On the ninth day, when my pain had become intolerable, there came to me a thought of my most gentle Lady. Having brooded on it awhile, my thoughts recurred to the frailness of my life. Perceiving how short is its duration, I fell aweeping, bewailing inwardly my misery. Then sighing, I spake saying: "Yea, of necessity the most gentle Beatrice must one day die." Whereupon, such despair seized me, I shut mine eyes and began writhing like a frenzied person, and the imagination wandered after this fashion.

In the beginning, my fantasy led me where I appeared to see the faces of women with dishevelled hair, who said to me, "Thou too must die." Following them came other forms diverse and horrible to behold, which said: "Thou art dead." My wandering brought me to such a pass, I wist not where I was, and it seemed to me I saw women with unbound hair weeping on the way, strangely sad. Then the sun appeared to me to be darkened, and the stars became such a
colour as to make me assume they wept; and I seemed to see birds upon the wing fall dead, and there were great earthquakes. Thus in much fear and wondering greatly, I imagined a friend coming to me and saying: "Dost thou not know? Thy beauteous Lady hath left this world." Then I began to weep most piteously; not only in fancy, but bathing my cheeks with true tears. I conceived myself gazing heavenward beholding a multitude of angels returning upwards, in front of them a little cloud of extreme whiteness; and it appeared to me these angels were singing most gloriously, and the words they sang were: *Osanna in excelsis*; nought else I heard. Then my heart wherein is so great love said: "In very truth our Lady lieth dead." Hereupon I seemed to go to behold the body in which this most noble soul had dwelt. And so strong was the false fantasy, that it showed me this Lady in death; and women covering her head with a white veil; and her face wore such an air of meekness as seemed to say, "Behold, I have entered into the beginning of peace." Through seeing her, so humble I became I called on Death and said: "O most sweet Death, come to me, be not unkind, thou oughtest
to be gracious now, since thou hast been with her! Come then to me who so greatly desire thee: thou seest already I wear thy colour." And when all the sad rites paid to the dead were ended, I seemed to return to my chamber, and thence to gaze towards Heaven, and so powerful was the fancy, I began to weep, saying in my true voice: "O most glorious soul! how blest is he who beholds thee!"

Speaking these words 'twixt sobs and tears, and clamouring for Death to come to me, a youthful and gentle Lady, who was near me, thinking my cries and lamentations were caused by suffering, in much fear began to tremble and weep. Whereupon other ladies, who were in the room, were attracted by her sobs to perceive my tears and sending her away, (who was very near of kin to me,) they approached my bed to awaken me, believing that I was dreaming, and saying: "Sleep no more, and do not disquiet thyself."

And whilst they spake suddenly, the strong phantasm came to an end, just as I was about to exclaim: "O Beatrice! blessed art thou." I had already said: "O Beatrice!" when rousing myself, I opened mine eyes, and was aware of the
delusion. In uttering her name, my voice was so broken with sobs, these ladies could not distinguish it; so notwithstanding my shame, through the gentle counsel of Love, I turned myself towards them. And when they beheld me, they said: "This one hath the look of death," and urged one another: "Let us seek to bring him comfort;" and with many soothing words they enquired repeatedly the reason of my fear. Then I, being somewhat revived, and aware of the fallacious dream, answered them, "I will make known the cause of my fear." Then I related to them from the beginning, even to the end, all I had beheld, withholding only the name of my Lady. When I was healed of my malady I resolved to record what had befallen me in verse; conceiving it to be a theme worthy of love. I then wrote this Canzone:
A

DAMSEL very young and innocent,
And richly graced in human
tenderness,
Who heard me call on death to
take me hence,
Beholding sightless eyes through sorrow shent,
And hearing idle words all meaningless,
To tears was moved by fear and sore suspense.
Then other dames drew nigh, (I knew not
whence,)
Drawn thither by the maid who near me wept;
Whereon away she crept.
And these, to make me hear, came close to peep,
One said, "Thou must not sleep;"
Another cried, "What troubleth thus thy
sense?"
On hearing sounds away the phantoms swept,
And 'twixt my lips my Lady's name outleapt.

My feeble voice so full of plaint and lame,
Was chok'd in sobs through all the tears I'd
shed,
I only heard the sound my heart betrayed,
Yet all my face revealed my inward shame;
The hot glow swift from chin to temple spread.
6t
Love seeing my confusion lent his aid,
And turning me towards them, promptly bade
Them quick to my fast fleeting breath attend.
"Let us sweet comfort lend:"
In meek tones each the other they entreat;
And oftentimes repeat:
"What seest thou then makes thus thy courage fade?"
And when my sufferings at length grew less,
"Ladies," I said, "I will my dream confess.

"Considering the frailty of our life,
Perceiving that it is a thing so short,
Love piteous wept within my heart, his throne;
Wherein this thought had stirr'd up bitter strife.
And deeply sighing, I spake all distraught:
'Yea, Death will claim my Lady for his own.'
Thus pondering, my fears to frenzy grown,
I closed my eyes, on which such dire dismay
So heavily did weigh.
Afresh my mind fell to imagining,
And wildly wandering
Outside truth's ken, where reason is unknown;
Weird women-folk I saw glide on their way,
'Thou too must die,' nought else I heard them say.
"Then of strange fearsome forms I was aware,
Creations of the feeble spell-bound brain;
From whence they hail'd, in sooth, I may not know,
Pale women passed with loose dishevelled hair,
One wept, another shriek'd aloud her pain;
In anguish fire along their path they sow.
Anon I saw, little by little, lo!
Day's orb was darken'd, then a star evolv'd,
Both swift to tears dissolv'd;
The birds upon the wing to earth were hurl'd,
Dull tremblings shook the world;
A man rush'd on panting all pale with woe,
'What dost thou then? Hast thou not heard?'
he said,
'Thy Lady, who so Beauteous was, is dead.'

"I rais'd my languid eyes whilst tears dropt swift,
And e'en, as showers of manna float and fall,
Saw angels heavenward returning glide:
And mark'd a little cloud before them drift,
And heard 'Hosanna' loudly sung by all;
And you had told, had they sung aught beside.
Then Love spake, 'Longer boots it not to hide;
Come see thy Lady where she lieth dead.'
And on the phantom sped,
   And took me to behold my Lady's face,
   I lingered there a space
   Till women o'er her drew a veil, and sighed;
Such calmness in her lineaments I read,
   'Behold I am at peace:' those dumb lips said.

"Thus gazing on her lineaments so meek,
   My suffering grew less and calm my mien,
   Then I exclaimed: 'O Death, I now maintain
That thou art sweet, a gracious thing to seek,
   Since thou hast with my gentle Lady been
   And metest out compassion not disdain.
   Thou seest with what intense desire I'd fain
Be thine, I simulate thy ev'ry trace:
Come this dead heart embrace.'
   Then sighing took my way with bitter moan;
   When once more left alone,
   I cried; lifting mine eyes to Heaven's plane:
   'Sweet Soul, how blest is he who sees thy face!'
   Here ye wak'd me, vouchsafing me such grace."

_This cansone hath two parts. In the first, speaking to a_ 
_person unnamed, I relate how I was awakened from a vain_ 
_phantasy by certain ladies, and how I promised to describe_ 
64
what it was. In the second, I say how I related it. The second part begins here, “Considering the frailty.” The first part divides into two. In the first, I tell what certain ladies, and one in particular said and did in my hallucination before I was restored to my true perception. In the second, I say what these ladies said to me when my mind had ceased to wander: that part I began here, “My feeble voice.” Afterward, when I say, “Considering the frailty,” I tell how I described my phantasy to them; and with respect to that I make two parts. In the first, I give the order of my wandering; in the second, name the hour at which they called me, cloaking my thanks; this part begins: “Here ye waked me.”

§ XXIV. After this vain hallucination, it fell on a day, as I sat meditating, I felt a trembling at the heart, as if I had been in the presence of my Lady. Then I say, a vision of Love was apparent to me, he seemed to come from the place where my Lady dwelt; and joyously he whispered to my heart: “See thou forgettest not to bless the day I took possession of thee; for it is meet thou shouldst do so.” And certes my heart seemed so light I hardly knew it to be in truth mine own, so changed its condition.
Shortly after these words, which my heart spake to me in Love’s accents, I beheld coming towards me a gentle lady whose beauty was famous, and who had a long time been adored by the first of my friends. This lady’s true name was Joan, but, as some affirm, by reason of her loveliness, she was called of many Primavera. Hard by I saw the most noble Beatrice. Thus following one after the other these ladies passed me, and I seemed to hear Love speaking within my heart and saying: “She who went first is called Primavera (Spring) solely because of her coming on this day. It was I prompted them to call her Primavera, which meaneth she shall be the first seen by her servitor in his vision. And if thou wilt consider a little, her true name hath even as deep a meaning, since Joan deriveth from that John who preceded the True Light, saying: ‘I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness: ‘Prepare ye the way of the Lord.’” After this he appeared to speak yet other words, in this wise: “Who would consider this matter more subtily would give Beatrice the name of Love, discerning how closely she resembleth me.”

Then having pondered over this, I determined to write it in rhyme and send it to the first of my
friends; withholding certain words it seemed to me fitter to withhold, believing him to be still enamoured of the beauty of the gentle Primavera. I then wrote this sonnet:
WITHIN my heart I felt again Love's flame,
A spirit stirr'd afresh, that long had slept;
So light of mood and mirthful forth he leapt,
I scarce might know My Lord the very same;
He cried: "Thou must do homage to my name;"
A mocking laugh 'twixt ev'ry word out-crept.
And while the tryst my merry Master kept,
I gazing tow'rds the part from which he came,
Beheld the ladies Joan and Bicè there.
As they drew nearer, I could plainly see
The one was following the other fair:
If rightly I recall to memory,
Love said: "The first one we call Primaver',
The other Love, so like she is to me."

This sonnet hath many parts: the first tells how I was again aware of the oft-felt trembling at the heart, and how even from afar Love appeared joyous to me. In the second, I tell what Love spake within me, and his appearance. The third says how, when he had been with me a little while, I beheld certain things. The second part begins here, "He cried: 'Thou must do homage;'") the third here, "And short the
tryst.” The third part divides in two. In the first, I tell what I saw. In the second, what I heard; and it begins here, “Love said.”

§ XXV. Here it might be charged to me, by a worthy disputant, that I have spoken of Love as an entity; not merely as an intellectual, but also as a corporeal substance. Which thing, in strict truth, is false; for Love is not a substance by itself, but an accident in substance. And that notwithstanding I speak of it as if it were a body, and even human, appears by the three things I affirm of it. I say, that I beheld Love coming to me from afar; and seeing to come implies movement to a place, and power of locomotion according to the philosopher is only possible to a corporeal substance, it seemeth that I treat of Love as such. Further I speak of Love as laughing and also speaking; which things are proper to man (and especially the faculty of laughter,) hence I endow Love with the faculties of man.

Wherefore for the better understanding of this matter, it is first to be observed that anciently there were no poets who wrote of Love in the
vulgar tongue, but there were certain among them who wrote poems in the Latin tongue.

Among ourselves, (and mayhap the same may be said of others,) as likewise of the Greeks, it was not writers in the vulgar speech who treated of these things, but only the men of letters. And truly since the first appearance of poems in the vulgar tongue, not many years have passed; and the writing of rhymes in the spoken language is analogous, to a certain extent, to the writing in metre of Latin verse. I say it is but a short while, for if we search carefully in the language of oco and the language of sì we will discover nothing written in this manner previous to the last hundred and fifty years.

And the reason that some of a lower order attained to fame in the beginning is, that before them none had ever written verses in the language of sì: and he who first attempted to write verses in the spoken tongue, did so in the hope to be better understood by his lady, to whom the Latin verse was difficult. This is contrary to those who rhyme on other matter than love; since from the first this mode was adopted purely for the expression of love. Wherefore seeing that greater
licence is permitted to poets than to writers of prose, and these rhymesters are none other than poets in the vulgar tongue, it is right and reasonable that greater licence be accorded to them than to other writers; therefore all similitudes and figures of speech conceded to the poets, should be equally permissible to the writers in the vulgar tongue. Inasmuch as we have seen that the poets have written of inanimate things as though they had sense and reason, and hold discourse together; and not merely things that really exist, but likewise those that have no real existence, in that they have made many things to speak that are not; and spoken often of things that are mere accidents as though they were substances and human; wherefore it must be conceded to the rhymester to do the like; not beyond the limits of reason, but in such a manner that it would be possible to give expression to it in prose.

That the great poets have thus spoken is manifest through Virgil, when he says of Juno (a goddess inimical to the Trojans,) that she spake to Aeolus god of the Winds as is written in the first book of the Aeneid: *Aeole, namque tibi,* and this god
Aeolus makes answer: *Tuus, o regina, quid optes.* Through this same poet the inanimate thing speaks to the animate, in the third book of the Aeneid, as follows: *Dardanidae duri.* So in Lucan the animate thing addresses the inanimate, as here: *Multum, Roma, tamen debes civilibus armis.* Again in Horace, man is represented speaking to his own intelligence as to another person; and Horace here makes use not merely of his own words but those of the most noble Homer, where he saith in his Poetics: *Dic mihi, Musa, virum.* In Ovid, Love is made to speak as if he were a human person, in the commencement of his book *De Remediis Amoris:* as here: *Bella mihi, video, bella parantur, ait.* The above will manifest the thing more clearly, to such as might object to what I have written in any part of my book. For fear that any base person might seek to jest at this, I affirm that neither did the poets of old speak without reason, nor is it fitting that the makers of rhymes should furnish, under any figure of speech, matter devoid of sense, since it would be shame indeed if any under the cloak of rhetoric, and questioned thereupon, should be unable to divest his words from such a cloak, and fail to make his meaning plain.
Many I say, who write after this foolish manner, are well known both to me and to the first of my friends.

§ XXVI. Now that most gentle Lady of whom I have frequently discoursed before, had attained to such high favour with many, that they flocked to see her as she passed by, which thing filled me with singular joy. And when she drew near any, so single-hearted he became, he dared not even raise his eyes, nor return her salutation. Many there are, who having themselves proved the same, will bear witness to those who refuse to believe it.

She, crowned and clothed with humility, went on her way, betraying no sign of exultation at aught she heard and saw. Many after she had passed said: "This is not a woman, but one of the beauteous angels of heaven." Others said: "This is a marvel; blessed be the Lord who worketh such miracles." I say, of a truth, she displayed such gentleness, and was so full of all that is lovely, those who beheld her were imbued with a soothing calm, past all words to describe;
nor was there anyone who looked on her, but forthwith he falls a-sighing. These, and even yet more marvellous acts, were wrought through her wondrous virtue.

Whence I, eager to continue her praises, sought to find words to express her strange and beneficent influence; that not only those who behold her, but others also might know of her, in so far as words have power to make it comprehensible. And then I made this sonnet:
O gentle, and so modest in her ways
My Lady looks, whome'er she doth salute,
His tongue to silence stricken trembles mute,
He dares not e'en his eyelids lift to gaze.
She passes on, and hearing her own praise,
Clad in humility, pursues her route;
So heavenly her mien, none would dispute,
That heav'n, on earth, a miracle displays.

More pleasing still to those who meet her eye,
Since through the eyes a sweetness she distils;
None apprehends save he alone doth prove:
Between her lips a spirit seems to move,
Which in each heart a calm, pure, love instils,
And to the soul comes softly whisp'ring: "Sigh!"

This sonnet is so easily understood, from what hath been already narrated, it needs therefore no divisions.

§ XXVII. My Lady, I say, had now won such favour among men, that not she alone received great honour and praise, but those who consorted
with her were accorded like praise and honour. Wherefore I, discerning this and wishing to manifest it to others who did not perceive it, determined to write words which should reveal this grace. I then wrote this other sonnet, explaining after what manner her virtue wrought in these ladies:
E sees perfection, who my Lady sees,
When she mid other maids her way betakes:
Anon a burst of thanks to God out-breaks
From sister-souls with whom she companies.
Her beauty virtue hath all hearts to please,
No thought of envy in their minds she wakes,
Each of her love and gentleness partakes;
E’en as herself, to clothe them, she decrees.

Beneath her glance no arrogance finds place:
Nor for herself alone her charms she keeps,
Whoe’er consorts with her like praise receives.
And from her acts delight unconscious creeps,
None conjures back the vision of her face,
But lo! his breast with love-sighs gently heaves.

This sonnet hath three parts. In the first, I narrate among what folk she appeared to the greatest perfection. In the second, I tell how gracious was her society. In the third, I dwell on those effects which, through her virtue, she produced in others. The second part begins here, “Anon a burst of thanks;” the third here, “Her beauty.”
This last part divides into three. In the first, I say how she operated on these ladies, directly, through their senses. In the second, what she wrought in them through others. In the third, I say how she operated not only on these her companions, and not necessarily through her presence, but yet more wonderfully, through the mere remembrance of her. The second begins here, "Beneath her glance;" the third here, "And from her acts."

§ XXVIII. Some days after, musing on the words I had written concerning my Lady in the two preceding sonnets; perceiving I had not spoken of the effect she produced in me at this very time, it seemed to me that I had spoken defectively. Whereupon I resolved to compose a poem to set forth how methought I was subject to her influence, and the manner in which it operated in me. Doubting my power to express it in the narrow compass of a sonnet, I then wrote a Canzone, which begins:
O long have I surrender'd to Love's dart,
Through custom yielding to his sov'reign sway,
At first with violence he had his way,
Now with urbanity he plays his part.
Yet hath he robb'd me of all valour's art,
My courage flies, my pulses ebb away,
Too frail to wear my joy with aspect gay.
Death's hue reveals the secrets of my heart.

Then Love in me such virtue rare doth plant,
He freights my very sighs with comely speech,
They hurry to beseech,
My Lady, benison anew to grant.
This happ'neth whensoe'er to me she bends,
And 'tis so sweet a thing, none comprehends.

§ XXIX. How doth the city sit solitary that was so full of people! How is she become as a widow! I was still engaged on this Canzone, (and had completed the above stanza,) when the Lord of all Justice called this most Gentle One to Glory, under the banner
of the Blessed Queen of Heaven, the Virgin Mary, whose name was ever spoken with deep reverence by the saintly Beatrice.

And though, mayhap, it were well to treat a little on her parting from us, it is not my intention to do so at this time for three reasons. The first is, it was not my purpose, as may be seen in the proem of this little book. The second is, even were it so purposed, my language is insufficient to treat thereof as it deserves. The third is, were one or the other needful, it were yet unbefitting to treat of that, which in the treating would needs make me praise myself, a thing most blameworthy in whosoever doeth it. Wherefore I leave such matter to other interpreter than myself.

Whereas the number nine hath been often mentioned in the preceding words, (and not as might seem without intention,) and likewise in the matter of her death seemeth to have great significance: it is necessary to say somewhat concerning it, in order that it may agree with the argument proposed. First, I will say how it hath respect to her death, then I will assign certain reasons wherefore this number is so constantly linked with this most Gentle One.
§ XXX. I say, that according to the style in use in Italy, her most noble soul departed hence at the first hour of the ninth day of the month; and according to the style of Syria, in the ninth month of the year; since the first month there is Tisrin, which answereth to October with us. Thus after our mode of reckoning, she departed from us in that year of Our Lord, in which the perfect number nine was nine times completed within that Century, in which she was sent into our world, that is to say, she was a Christian of the thirteenth century.

The reason mayhap why this number was so constantly linked with her, may possibly be this. According to Ptolemy and likewise in accordance with Christian verity, the number of the heavens that move are nine. In the opinion of astrologers, these heavens together exercise an influence on this our earth below. This number then was specially connected with her in order that it be clearly understood, that all these heavens were operating together in perfect unison at the hour of her birth. This then is one reason; but sifting it still more subtly, according to the infallible truth, this number was her very self: that is to say, by
similitude; which I understand thus. The number three is the root of nine; seeing that merely multiplied by itself, without aid of other number, it maketh nine, whereby it is plainly manifested, that three times three are nine. Wherefore, if three of itself be the factor of nine, and the great Creator of Miracles consisteth Himself of Three Persons, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, the same being three are yet one: this Lady was accompanied by the number nine to clearly manifest, that she herself was a nine, that is, a miracle, whose root is only found in the Blessed Trinity. Some subtler mind might possibly perceive in this some yet more subtile reason; but such it seemeth to me, and pleaseth me best.

§ XXXI. When this most excellent Beatrice had quitted this earth, our city was left widowed and robbed of every dignity. Whence I, weeping, in desolation wrote to the chief among her people, relating somewhat concerning its condition, taking as a beginning those words of the prophet Jeremiah: “How doth the city sit sorrowful!” etc. And I add this, that none may marvel wherefore I

82
wrote it above, a beginning as it were to the new matter which treateth of her death. And if any should reproach me, for not writing afresh the words cited above, I excuse myself in so far, as from the beginning it was my intention only to write in the vulgar tongue; and seeing, the words cited are all in Latin, they are not included in my enterprise: and the first of my friends, to whom this is written, was likewise desirous it should be solely in the vulgar tongue.

§ XXXII. When mine eyes had wept somewhat, and were so wearied thereby, that through tears I could no longer assuage my grief, I bethought me to give utterance to my sorrow in words; and therefore proposed to write a Canzone, that in weeping I might discourse of her, for whom so great sorrow had destroyed my spirit; and I then began: "My weeping eyes."

To the end that this Canzone may seem more widowed at its ending, I will divide it before I write it; and this mode I will keep henceforward. I say that this sorry little Canzone hath three parts. The first is a Proem. In the second, I discourse
of her. In the third, I speak compassionately to the Canzone. The second begins here, "Beatrice hath gone;" the third here, "My plaintive Song." The first divides into three. In the first, I say what moves me to speak. In the second, I say to whom I wish to speak. In the third, I say of whom I wish to speak. The second begins here, "Recalling how with you." The third here: "Twixt sobs I tell." Then when I say, "Beatrice hath gone up," I speak of her; and of this I make two parts. First, I tell the reason why she was taken from us. After, I tell how one weeps at her departure; and began this part here, "Dissev'ring from." This part divides in three. In the first, I say who it is that weeps not for her. In the second, I say who it is that doth weep for her. In the third, I speak of my condition. The second begins here, "Pain to his heart;" the third: "An agony of tears." Then, when I say, "My plaintive Song," I speak to my Song, telling it what ladies to go to, and remain with.
weeping eyes, that shared my heart’s
sore grief,
Pain-stricken through their cease-
less weight of tears,
Are vanquish’d hopelessly, their
forces spent.
Now, if I would procure some respite brief
From anguish keen, and death that slowly nears,
I must my sorrow ease in speech long pent.
Recalling how with you I did consent
To talk anent my Lady, ere she died,
O Damozels, you willingly I seek,
’Twere all unmeet to speak,
Save with pure hearts where gentle thoughts abide;
’Twixt sobs I tell you she who was so meek
Hath left our earth for heaven suddenly,
In this world leaving Love, to mourn with me.

Beatrice hath gone up on high, to dwell
In that high realm where angels are at rest;
There stayeth, leaving us in loneliness.
’Twas not the season’s change of heat or hail
That robb’d us of her, like the other blest;
But only her rich robe of holiness.
And the pure whiteness of her lowliness 85
That flooded with its gleam the heav'ns of space,
   This miracle the Lord Eternal saw
   Whose sweet desire is law,
Forthwith resolving to call back such grace
   To dwell with Him; (a soul without a flaw.)
Full well He knew this world of suffering
Unworthy was to hold so pure a thing.

Dissev'ring from its lovely tenement,
   Her soul, that was all beautiful, hath passed
   More glorious to adorn some worthier place.
Who hearing of her praise no tears hath spent,
   A vile heart owneth which in stone is cast,
   Such stubborn minds no gentler thoughts embrace.
No haughty villain whatsoe'er his race,
Can conjure up her image in his brain,
   But straightway feeleth the desire to weep;
Pain to his heart will creep,
He falls a-sighing and to die is fain;
   His soul nor healing thought nor word may reap
When o'er his mind the bitter thought doth cross
Of what she was, and his stupendous loss.
The frequent sighs, my soul with torture rend,
   Since the sad mind will aye one thought repeat,
   And o'er and o'er my heart's deep void retrace:
Whilst thus intent I see in death a friend,
   Desire for it springs up so passing sweet,
   It changeth all the colour in my face;
   Its glamour holds me in such close embrace,
My spell-bound limbs of grievous pain give proof;
   Convuls'd with agony my members quake;
   So sorry plight I make,
For very shame from men I keep aloof.
   In loneliness I moan; my grief to slake
I call on Beatrice: "Art thou then dead?"
   And hearing her sweet name am comforted.

An agony of tears and sighs evince
   The anguish I endure, when left alone;
   'Twould pity wake in all who could behold
What havoc grief hath wrought within me, since
   My Lady to new life beyond hath gone;
   No language may relate or tongue unfold,
   Else gladly, Ladies dear, I you had told;
But words would fail to tell what I became,
   My wretched life, through bitter travail, grew
So vile a thing to view,
Each friend appear'd to say, "I thee disclaim,"
Discerning in my face death's vivid hue.
My Lady knoweth how my days have run,
And all my trust is in her benison.

My plaintive Song, now get thee hence in tears;
Seek out the place where dames and maids repair,
To whom thy sisters fair
Were ever wont more joyous lays to bring.
But thou a child of grief must now take wing,
In desolation, go, and rest thee there.

§ XXXIII. When I had ended this Canzone, there came to me one I held as second in the degrees of friendship, and furthermore who was of closest kin to the most glorious Beatrice. And when we had spoken awhile together, he prayed me that I would write for him verses in honour of a lady who was dead; so dissembling his words as to make it appear that he was speaking of another who had but lately died. Wherefore I, discerning that he spake in truth only of that most blessed one herself, granted him his desire.
Pondering over this, and perceiving I could hereby give scope to mine own grief; I resolved to write a sonnet in such wise, that, in giving it to my friend, it might seem to be spoken by himself. It begins thus: "Come listen, lovers," etc.

This sonnet hath two parts. In the first, I call on the faithful in love to give ear to me. In the second, I dwell on my sad condition. The second begins here, "These overburdened ones."
OME listen, lovers, to my frequent sigh,
Ye faithful souls, sweet pity bids you stay,
These overburden'd ones brook no delay;
In hind'ring them I must assur'dly die.
My disobedient eyes, alas! are dry,
   Oftimes against my will they disobey,
Through weariness of weeping day by day,
For still I crave to ease my pangs thereby.

And often ye may hear their voices call
   Upon that gentle one, our world hath left
      To fill a mansion worthier of her worth;
      Henceforth lives one sets little store on earth,
His stricken soul hath lost in truth its all.
   What 's life of her life-giving smile bereft?

§ XXXIV. Now, when I had written this sonnet, bethinking me who this one was to whom I was about to give it, under the pretence that he was the person speaking, I perceived how sorry and lacking was such service towards one so close of...
kin to my gracious Lady. Whereupon, before giving it to him, I wrote a Canzone of two stanzas: one, in very truth as it were he speaking, the other, as it were mine own self, yet, in such a sort, that none who did not look narrowly into it might perceive it was not the same person speaking. But, by any considering it closely, it might readily be discerned, seeing that one doth not call this sweet one His Lady, whilst the other doth, as is clearly shown. This Canzone and this Sonnet I gave unto my friend, stating I had written them solely for him.

This Canzone begins, "What time soe’er," and hath two parts. In the one, that is, in the first stanza, my friend, who is near of kin to her, makes lamentation. In the second, it is I who lament; that is, in the other stanza, which begins, "My very sighs." Thus in this Canzone two persons are seen to lament, the one lamenting as a brother, the other as a servitor.
What time soe'er, there comes the thought, alas!
That nevermore I may Behold the Lady death from me did rob,
Hot fears ensue, which gathering amass
My temples ache and throb.
Oft times I cry, "O soul, what boots to stay!
Too heavily thy torments on thee prey:
Already life full harsh to thee hath been;
Foreboding fears of after-life appal;
Therefore on Death I call
(For 'tis a sweet and gracious thing I ween,)
And bid it come to me with loving eyes,
So envious I feel of each who dies.

My very sighs combine for fuller scope;
Most plaintively they plead
And go soliciting for ever Death;
On him I fasten now my ev'ry hope,
Since my dear Lady hath
Been snatch'd away, through his rapacious greed,
Craving the perfectness he could not need,
Our world bereaving of her presence sweet.

92
Above, her soul such subtle grace accrues,
Through heav'n she doth suffuse
The light of Love, the angels flock to greet.
And these Intelligences high and rare
Do marvel greatly seeing one so fair.

§ XXXV. On that day which completed the year since my Lady had been amid the citizens of the eternal life, I was seated apart, and, recalling her to my remembrance, began to draw an angel upon certain tablets. Whilst thus occupied, happening to look around me, I beheld standing at my side persons to whom homage from me was due. And they were watching what I did, indeed as I afterwards heard had been there some time before I became aware of it. When I perceived them, I stood up, and greeting them, said: “Another was with me, wherefore I was steeped in thought.”

When these had left me, I betook me again to my task, drawing as before figures of angels. Thus occupied, the thought came to me, to record this anniversary in rhymes and to address them to those who had just been with me. I then
wrote the sonnet that begins, "A vision came." Since it hath two beginnings, it is needful to divide both, according to the one or the other.

I say that, according to the first, this sonnet has three parts. In the first, I say, that this Lady was already in my memory. In the second, I say, what Love therefore did with me. In the third, I tell of the effects of Love. The second begins here, "Love knew 'twas she;" the third here, "From the pent bosom." This part divides in two. In the one, I say, that all my sighs rushed forth speaking. In the other, I say, how some spake certain words diverse from the others. The second begins here, "Some few;" it is divided after the same manner as the other beginning, save that, in this first part, I say when this Lady came into my mind, and this I omit in the other.
FIRST BEGINNING.
VISION came, my mind can ne'er dismiss;
A memory of her, who for her worth
Was taken by the Highest Lord, from earth,
To dwell amid the meek where Mary is.

SECOND BEGINNING.
A vision came: upon my mind was chased
A memory of her, whom Love did dower
With tears; e'en as ye enter'd thro' his power
And stood to gaze at forms my fingers traced.
Love knew 'twas she, his soul the truth embraced,
His sad heart wak'd afresh. That very hour
He bade the sighs: "Go forth!" Forthwith they cower
And quiv'ringly obey. 'Twas Love displaced.

From the pent bosom rush'd the sighs long checked
With a loud cry: the heart could scarce restrain
The stricken eyes from dropping tears of woe.
Some few, to whom release cost greater pain,
In passing cried: "O Noble Intellect!
This day ye soar'd to heav'n a year ago."
§ XXXVI. Now, by reason of the remembrance of a time that was past, I remained for a little while sunk in deep thought, thought so distressful that my anguish was made visible through my changed aspect. In fear lest any might observe what I perceived in myself, I lifted mine eyes to see if any beheld me thus afflicted. Then I was aware that a lady, young and very beauteous, was gazing at me from a window with great compassion in her looks, insomuch that all pity seemed summed up in her visage. And seeing that the sorrowful are readily moved to tears through compassion, (pitying as it were themselves,) I felt the desire to weep, and, dreading to show my vile estate, withdrew me from the sight of this gentle one; saying to myself: "May it not be that a most noble Love abideth with this lady." Hereupon, I resolved to write a sonnet, in which I would accost her, and comprehend all that is stated in this argument. Wherefore it is manifest I need not divide it:
MINE eyes beheld how for sweet pity's sake
Thy visage fair did ever colour change,
Beholding my sad mien and gestures strange,
Which dumbly of my secret anguish spake.
Soon I perceiv'd how in thy soul did wake
The hidden pang that hath my soul deranged;
Then joy for grief I suddenly exchanged,
I dared not bring before thee, eyes that ache.

Unwilling from thy sight away I keep,
Thine eyes too readily to weeping move,
Entranc'd, I yield beneath thy gracious spell.
My chafing soul to soothe I needs must tell:
"With this most sweet one dwells that very Love
Hath hitherto made thee and me to weep."

§ XXXVII. It chanced, that henceforward where-soever this lady beheld me, her visage grew full of pity and became pale in colour, almost as if Love were with her; recalling to me oftentimes
the colouring of my most gracious Lady, which was ever of this hue. And, certes, many times being unable to weep or ease my grief, I betook me to this pitiful lady whose presence drew tears from mine eyes. And the desire seized me to speak to her in rhyme. I then wrote the sonnet which begins thus: "Love's hue;" and is clear without division, because of its former exposition:
LOVE'S hue, and pity's soft similitude,
Were ne'er so wondrously display'd
and blent
In woman's face, as sweet compassion lent
To thine, O gentle eyes! all tear-bedewed,
Whene'er my miserable plight ye viewed
And in my features read their discontent;
Through you my heart now yields, methinks,
consent
To that, forsooth, will all its strength denude.

Nor can I check the eyes that have presumed
And ever now to gaze on thee, aspire,
And plead afresh for soul-refreshing dews:
The vision sweet hath quicken'd their desire,
And burning passion all their force consumed;
To weep, when I am near thee, they refuse.

§ XXXVIII. The vision of this lady so wrought in me, that mine eyes began to be overjoyed at the sight of her; insomuch that my heart was tormented within me, and I chid myself for my baseness, frequently reviling mine eyes for their
idleness; saying to them in secret: “Did ye not but lately seek to draw tears from others by the sight of your misery? And now it seemeth ye would gladly forget it because a lady merely looketh on you; who only doth so out of compassion, beholding your grief for your own dear Lady. Accursed eyes! in so far as ye are able, that do ye; for I will oftentimes bring her to your remembrance, since ne’er, save when vanquished by death, dare ye withhold your tears from weeping for her.” And when I had thus admonished mine eyes, I was assailed by heavy sighs, and sore anguish.

To the end that this struggle within should be known not solely to the wretched one who suffered it, I determined to write a sonnet that should embrace all my horrible condition. I then wrote that sonnet which begins thus:

This sonnet hath two parts. In the first, I speak to mine eyes, according as my heart spake within me. In the second, I remove some incertitude, revealing who it is that speaks thus: this part begins here, “Thus chides.” It would bear further divisions; but these would be useless, seeing the meaning is already sufficiently manifested.
"EYES, that once in lamentation
sore
Shed bitter tears, when grief
would have its spell,
That others seeing, mov'd by
pity, fell
A-weeping at the wretched mien I wore.
Methinks ye now our grief would fain ignore,
If in like wise my heart could so rebel,
And all disturbing memories could quell,
Recalling her, whose death ye wept of yore.

My fickleness of mind doth me deject,
And fills my soul with fears that make me dread
The vision of a gentle lady's eyes.
Ne'er should ye, save when number'd with the
dead,
Our Lady dear, whom death hath ta'en, neglect."
Thus chides the sinning heart, and breaks in
sighs.

§ XXXIX. So novel was the condition wrought
in me through the sight of this lady that frequently
I dwelt on her in my mind as one too pleasing to
me. My thoughts were after this fashion: "This
lady is in truth most gentle, young, beautiful, and
wise, and it may be Love has sent her unto me to bring back peace into my life.” At times I thought even more tenderly, till my heart yielded unto its persuasion. And when I had consented thereto, the thought came again, as though prompted by reason, and I said within myself: “Alas! what thought is this that would console me in so base a manner, and hinder the entrance of all other thought?” And yet another made itself heard within me, and said: “Since thou seest to what tribulation thou art brought through Love, why seest thou not to withdraw thyself from so much bitterness? Thou knowest indeed this is an emotion which bringeth with it the desire of Love and hath its source in the sweet eyes of the lady who hath looked on thee with such pity.” After many and frequent struggles with myself, I was again moved to put my thoughts into words. And since in this battle of the mind, the victory was most often with those thoughts which ranged themselves on the side of this same lady, it appeared to me well to address my rhymes to her. I then began the sonnet: “A gentle thought,” and I say gentle, only in so far as the thought spake of one who was herself gentle, it being in all else most vile.
And in this sonnet I make myself two, in accordance with the two divisions of my thoughts. The one part I call the Heart, that is, appetite; the other, I call Soul, that is, reason; and say what one saith to the other. And that it is fitting to call the appetite Heart, and the reason Soul, is sufficiently apparent to those to whom I wish to manifest it. It is true that, in the preceding sonnet, I take the part of the heart against the eyes; which seemeth contrary to what I say here; nevertheless, I say that, there likewise by the Heart I mean appetite, seeing that my desire was greater for the remembrance of my most gentle Lady than to behold this other, albeit some appetite towards her I indeed had, but to me it appeared slight; wherefore it appears the one statement is not contrary to the other.

This sonnet hath three parts. In the first, I begin to tell this Lady how all my desires turn towards her. In the second, I say what the Soul, that is, the reason, saith to the Heart, that is, the appetite. In the third, I say how it makes answer. The second begins here, “The Soul saith;” the third here, “The Heart replies.”
GENTLE thought, that softly speaks of you,
Now frequent cometh to abide with me,
Discoursing all of Love so artlessly,
That swift the Heart doth yield consent thereto.
The Soul saith to the Heart: "Tell me then who
Is this, that seeks so oft with us to be,
And sways our intellect so subtly,
He chaseth out all other thoughts from view?"

Anon the Heart replies: "O searching Soul,
This guest is a new spirit born of love,
Who bringeth back to me most sweet relief;
Her tender eyes with soft compassion move,
Our life revives, since one doth now console
Who sorrows with us, healing grief with grief."

§ XL. Now counter to this adversary of reason, there awoke one day within me, at about the ninth hour, a most vivid phantasy, wherein I fancied I beheld the verisimilitude of that most glorious Beatrice, clad in the self-same robe of
crimson in which she first appeared to mine eyes; and in the tender age of childhood even as then. Then I fell a-thinking of her, recalling all the doings of my past life in their due order of time, and my heart repented bitterly the desire to which it had so basely yielded place for a short while, counter to the constancy of reason.

When the accursed desire was driven out, all my thoughts returned as heretofore to their most gentle Beatrice. And I say, from thenceforward, when I thought of her, shame filled my heart, as my sighs often made manifest; for many among them in coming forth gave utterance to that which the heart was ever discoursing, to wit, the name of this most gentle one, and her separation from us.

Now many a time it came to pass that among my thoughts was one so fraught with anguish, I forgot not only it, but even where I was. Through this recurrence of sighs, the tears which erewhile had somewhat abated likewise returned afresh; insomuch that mine eyes seemed to have but two desires, to foster their grief, and to weep. By continual weeping, they became encircled with a rim of purple, like to one having suffered martyr-
dom: thus were they justly guerdoned for their fickleness, and thenceforward rendered powerless to return the glance of any who should again look tenderly on them. Wherefore I (anxious to make it apparent I had put away from me all base desire and idle temptation, and that no misapprehension might remain because of the former things I had written in rhyme) resolved to express in a sonnet all the meaning of this argument. I then wrote: "Alas! by reason," and said, "Alas!" inasmuch as I was greatly ashamed that mine eyes had thus dallied.

_I do not divide this sonnet, since its meaning is sufficiently manifested._
LAS! by reason of the many sighs,
That from oppressive thoughts within are born
My eyes are dim, and of all lustre shorn;
Their glance no more to other glance replies.
Yet two desires alone they ne'er disguise,
To bring forth tears, and outwardly to mourn;
So oft they weep, Love seeking to adorn,
Encircling each, a martyr's crown supplies.

My soul doth now such heavy sighs emit,
Press'd out by anguish weighing down the heart,
Whereby o'erwhelm'd Love swoons and pants for breath;
He suffereth anew such grievous smart,
Discovering the sweet name ever writ,
And words that ceaselessly record her death.

§ XLI. Somewhat after this trouble, it chanced that many folk were journeying on their way, to see that blessed impress of His face our Lord Jesus Christ left to us, (which very face is seen perpetually by My Lady in glory). Some of these pilgrims
I beheld passing by a way that leadeth almost to the heart of that city where my most gentle Lady was born, lived, and died: and they appeared to me to be deep in thought.

Taking heed to them, I said within me: “These pilgrims have certainly come from a distant country, and cannot have heard of my Lady, or aught that concerneth her; hence their thoughts are otherwhere, perchance with friends afar, unknown alike to us.” If these were from a neighbouring country, they would surely manifest some signs of grief, in passing through the midst of a sorrowing city. Then I continued: “If I could detain them a little with speech, certainly they must weep ere they quit our city; for I would speak such words that no one hearing them could forbear from weeping.”

And when these pilgrims had passed from my sight, I purposed to set forth in a sonnet, all the thoughts within me; and to the end they might seem more piteous, I made it appear as though I had in truth spoken to them; and then wrote the sonnet which begins: “Hol pensive pilgrims.” I used pilgrims in the broad signification of the word; since pilgrim hath two meanings, the general, and
the particular. General, inasmuch as any may be called a pilgrim who quitteth his own country; in its narrower sense, it is used only of one who journeyeth to or cometh from the House of St. James. Notwithstanding, there are three distinct appellations to distinguish those who journey to do honour to the Most High God. Those who travel beyond the seas are known as Palmers, often returning thence bearing palm-branches. Pilgrims are they who go to the House of Galicia; seeing the sepulchre of St. James is further from his native land, than those of the other apostles. The third are Romers, in that their goal is Rome, whither were bound these whom I have called Pilgrims.

*This sonnet is not divided, because the meaning is sufficiently evident.*
O! pensive pilgrims, that plod on your way,
With thoughts mayhap of other scenes, and time.
Ye come, it seemeth, from a distant clime
As your untroubled mien would well convey?
Unweeping through the streets ye wend your way,
E'en to the city's heart where death-bells chime,
Like stranger-folk who nought wist of the crime
Hath left her desolate in sore dismay.

If ye will pause awhile, my voice to heed,
Then, certes, if my heart tell not amiss,
Without some tears of grief ye will not leave.
Our city hath been robb'd of Beatrice.
Impassioned praises wrung from hearts that bleed
Have power, I wis, to make e'en strangers grieve.

§ XLII. A short while after this, two gentle ladies sent to me, beseeching me to send them some of my rhymes. Whereupon I, considering their noble qualities, acceded gladly to their prayers;
and at the same time more fitly to fulfil their wishes, bethought me to write something of a novel sort. To this end I made a sonnet, wherein I acquaint them with my condition, and sent it to them, accompanied by the sonnet I had previously written, together with the one beginning, "Come, listen." The one I had newly written begins, "Up, up beyond."

This sonnet hath five parts. In the first, I tell whither my thought is going, making the place known through naming one of its effects. In the second, I tell why it is going up, and who it is that sendeth it there. In the third, I say what it saw, to wit, a lady receiving honour. I then speak of it as a "Pilgrim Soul," because it goes up spiritually, and like a pilgrim leaves his own country. In the fourth, I say how he beheld her such, that is, of such quality, that I was unable to understand her; that is to say, my thought rises into the quality of her in a degree that my intellect cannot comprehend, seeing our intellect, as regards these blessed souls, is weak as our eye is to the sun; and so says the Philosopher in the Second of his Metaphysics. In the fifth, I say that, although I cannot see yonder where my thought lifts me—that is, to her adorable nature—I at least understand this, that it is indeed a thought of my Lady, because I hear frequently her name
within it. At the end of this fifth part, I say, "O Ladies dear," that it may be seen it is to ladies I speak. The second part begins, "Endowed with;" the third, "There reaching;" the fourth, "A lady sees;" the fifth, "I know he would." It is capable of still finer division, to make its meaning plainer; but this division may serve, wherefore I will not trouble to divide it further.
P, up beyond the swiftest sphere out-soars
The sigh, that in my troubled heart had birth;
Endow'd with a new sense by Love brought forth
In founts of tears, that ever upward draws.
There reaching his desire, he stays to pause,
Sees one, the angels rev'rencing her worth,
So luminous; the pilgrim soul of earth
Through her own splendour sees her and adores.

What he beheld and would to me repeat,
I fail to grasp, the suff'ring heart alone,
To whom he subtly speaks, can rightly hear.
I know he would tell of that gentle one
And Beatrice proclaim in ev'ry beat:
My soul interprets well, O Ladies dear.

§ XLIII. After writing this sonnet a wondrous vision was vouchsafed me: wherein I beheld things which decided me not to write more concerning this most blessed Lady, until such time as I am able to treat more worthily of her. And
to attain to this, I strive as far as I can; and this she knoweth well. And if it be pleasing to Him through whom all things have their life, that my life last some few years, I hope to say of her things that were never yet written of any woman. Hereafter, may it be the pleasure of Him who is the Lord of Grace, that my spirit go forth to behold the glory of its lady, even that blessed Beatrice who looketh for ever on the face of Him, qui est per omnia saecula benedictus.
NOTE
NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR

In May, some seven years ago, on my return to England after a sojourn of thirteen months in Italy, several of which were spent in Dante's city, I found myself among the pinewoods of Ashdown Forest. Reading one day, or rather trying to spell out the meaning of the "Vita Nuova," the fascination of that most passionate of mediaeval Love Poems took possession of me little by little, till I felt impelled to render my interpretation in my mother tongue.

I have no plea to urge in offering another translation, but, encouraged by friends, I have been induced to publish what was intended only for my immediate circle. If my little book find some readers to whom Dante is yet an unknown cult, I can but trust I may succeed in awakening in them something akin to the fascination these sonnets have kindled in me, and bringing them into touch with the great Master Spirit that has vivified and filtered through six centuries, and welled up with a burst of new life in the nineteenth.

The vexed question concerning the real personality of Beatrice, a controversy which has engaged the attention and aroused the animus of many Dante students, I leave to the "Captive Hearts" to determine, since only the hearts to whom "Love subtly speaks, can rightly hear."
THE NEW LIFE

THE "New Life," written in Dante's youthful years, forms the first part of his great Trilogy; the second and third parts being "The Banquet" and the "Divine Comedy."

The "New Life" seems to have been written between Dante's eighteenth and thirty-fifth years, that is, between 1283 and 1300, though much diversity of opinion exists on this point.

In its structure the "New Life" is found to be a combination of rhymes, narrations, and divisions. The rhymes were certainly written within the years before mentioned, and the narrations, with intention to further illustrate them, after the death of Beatrice in 1290, since the author states this sorrowful fact at the beginning, as the first vision and the replies of the "Faithful in Love" signify, § III.

The divisions may have been compiled when the book was already finished and perfect in its other parts; this will explain why in some equally authentic texts they are lacking, and why in others the narrations and divisions usurp in turn words and phrases, an indication that the poet put his hand to it a second time.

The matter of the book as far as § XXXIX. must have been in existence when Dante again beheld Beatrice, § XL. The great event of the Jubilee, § XLI., and the "Wondrous Vision," § XLIII., finally persuaded him to give order and
form to the prose and poetry already written, and he resolved to dedicate, at a later period, a yet more solemn monument to the memory of the glorified Beatrice.

Dante dedicated his poem to Cavalcanti, § XXXI., who, Professor Lubin justly observes, did not return from exile until the middle of the year 1300, to die in Florence of a malady contracted during his banishment. Dante held the Priorate from June 15th to August 15th, 1300. During these months he could not have found time to write his love poem. In all likelihood, the work was ended, and dedicated to his chief friend, not yet exiled, after the Vision, and before the Priorate; therefore between April and June, 1300, the return of that season with its traditional festival vividly recalling to his mind the first meeting with his Beloved Lady.

The American translator of the “New Life,” Eliot Norton, has pointed out that several love poems which seem properly to belong to this work, have been discarded by Dante, doubtless to preserve the symmetry of the whole.

The organic structure of the “New Life,” as regards the poetry, Eliot Norton assumes to be as follows:

10 Short Poems.
1 Canzone (addressed to the Donne gentili).
4 Short Poems.
1 Canzone (Donna pietosa).
4 Short Poems.
1 Canzone (addressed to the Donne gentili).
10 Short Poems.
If the Canzone (Donna pietosa) be taken as the centre, the first and third Canzones (both addressed to the Donne gentili) are equally distant from it. Four Sonnets occupy the space between the first and second Canzones, and four Sonnets again between the second and third.

The first Canzone is preceded by ten compositions, and in like manner the third is followed by ten others.

Nine of the first series are Sonnets, the last being a Ballata. Among the last is a Canzone limited to two strophes.

It seems impossible to suppose such symmetry to be the result of mere accident.

The translator is indebted to the valuable notes of Alessandro d’Ancona, whose readings she has adopted in doubtful passages.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. Proem. The title of the work and its intention</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. Relates the First Meeting with Beatrice and premonitions of love</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. The Second Meeting with Beatrice and two other ladies. The Sleep and Vision</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. Dante is counselled by Love how to reply to those who question him as to his changed appearance</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. He sees Beatrice and another lady in church, and resolves to make the latter serve as a screen</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. Dante writes a Sirvent in honour of the lady screen</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. He addresses a Sonnet to the lady screen on her departure from the city, with a secret allusion to Beatrice</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. Describes the scene in a death-chamber where lies the body of a friend of Beatrice</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. The poet, leaving Florence, is met on the way by Love, clothed as a pilgrim, who counsels him to seek another screen</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. Beatrice refuses her salutation, misjudging Dante’s attitude to the lady of the screen</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. Effect of Beatrice’s salutation on him</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. Dante in his sleep has a vision of Love,</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sect.</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>who counsels him to leave off further dissimulation, and to disclose in rhymes his secret and early love</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. Dante analyses the four conflicting suggestions of Love</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. Dante, beholding Beatrice at a wedding feast, undergoes a strange transfiguration which excites mockery</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XV. Further suggestions of Love to explain the strange transfiguration</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVI. Four fresh thoughts on Love and its effect</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVII. Dante resolves to write no more concerning himself, but to indite new matter in future</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVIII. Dante questioned by one of a group of ladies as to the nature of his love and the end thereof, determines in future to write only in praise of his Lady</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIX. Walking beside a clear stream, the words, “Donne ch’avete intelletto d’amore” occurred to his mind as a fitting beginning to his new matter</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XX. A friend, having heard his Canzone, begs him to write somewhat on the nature of Love</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXI. Having treated of love, he sets forth how Beatrice not only kindled this passion where it slept, but also where it did not exist</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXII. Dante overhears the ladies returning</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sect.</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>from the death-chamber of Folco Portinari speak of his daughter’s grief. They enquire of him why he weeps.</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIII. After an illness of nine days, Dante in a phantasy beholds the dead Beatrice; is comforted by a young kinswoman and other ladies to whom he confesses his dream.</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIV. Through the efficacy of Love, Dante beholdstwo ladies coming towards him; the first he names Primaver’, the other Love.</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXV. A metaphysical dissertation on Love and the use of the vulgar tongue by the Greeks and later by the Italian rhymesters.</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXVI. Renewal of the praise of Beatrice, especially of the effect of her salutation on all.</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXVII. The admirable effect of her virtue on other ladies.</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXVIII. Dante, perceiving he had spoken insufficiently of her power over him, resolves to write a Canzone, which is broken off abruptly.</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIX. Sets forth three reasons wherefore the poet will not treat of Beatrice’s death.</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXX. Herein is demonstrated the mystical relation between Beatrice and the number nine.</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
XXXI. The poet addresses certain chief personages, and explains his reasons for using the vulgar tongue

XXXII. To ease his grief, Dante writes a Canzone lamenting the departure of his lady

XXXIII. For his own solace, and likewise to please the brother of his departed Lady, he consents to write a sonnet

XXXIV. Perceiving he had not done adequate service to one so near of kin, he sends him a short Canzone expressing also his own grief

XXXV. On the anniversary of the death of Beatrice, he is found drawing her face from memory by certain people of importance

XXXVI. Records how a lady at a window watches him with pity

XXXVII. Admits the pleasure her sympathy gives him whenever he beholds her

XXXVIII. He reproaches himself for the fickleness of his eyes, reproving them

XXXIX. Records the battle between the Soul and the Heart on account of this new affection

XL. The Vision of Beatrice clad as she first beheld her in her youth
Sect. Page
XLI. The passage of the pilgrims through the midst of the city on their way to Rome. Description of the various orders of Pilgrims . . . . 107
XLII. Two noble ladies request him to send them some poems on Love and Grief 110
XLIII. Corresponds in brevity with the Proem and relates the final Vision of Beatrice, and Dante's decision to write no more until he could do so in a worthier manner . . . . 113
### CANZONIERE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sonnet</th>
<th>I. The First Vision of Love</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>II. Love’s Toils</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>III. Lamentation in the Death Chamber of Beatrice’s Friend</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>IV. On the same subject</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>V. Vision of Love as a Pilgrim</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ballad</td>
<td>Love’s Apology</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet</td>
<td>VI. Love’s Casuistry</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VII. Transfiguration and Derision</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VIII. Love’s Intoxication</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>IX. The Battle of the Senses</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canzone</td>
<td>I. The Praise of Beatrice</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet</td>
<td>X. The Nature of Love</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XI. The Virtue of Beatrice’s Salutation</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XII. Dante questions the Mourners</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XIII. The Mourners’ Reply</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canzone</td>
<td>II. Dante’s Dream</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet</td>
<td>XIV. Joan and Beatrice</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XV. Beatrice’s Influence on Others</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVI. Beatrice amid her Sister-Souls</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XVII. Dante pleadeth for Love’s Benison</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canzone</td>
<td>III. In Memoriam. To Beatrice in Heaven</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet</td>
<td>XVIII. The Relief of Sighs</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canzone</td>
<td>IV. The Angels’ Greeting</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sonnet</td>
<td>XIX. Vision of Beatrice a year after her Death</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XX. The Lady at the Window</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXI. Sympathy</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXII. Love’s Fickleness</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXIII. Conflict between the Soul and Heart</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXIV. Love’s Crown of Martyrdom</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXV. Invocation of the Pilgrims</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>XXVI. Beatrice in Glory</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

127
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sonnet</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A damsel very young and innocent,</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A gentle thought, that softly speaks of you,</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alas! by reason of the many sighs,</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Art thou that singer who our Lady dear</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A vision came, my mind can ne'er dismiss;</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come listen, lovers, to my frequent sigh,</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death, villain Death, sweet Pity's dreaded foe,</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He sees perfection, who my Lady sees,</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ho! pensive pilgrims, that plod on your way</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I rode along the highway yestere'en</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ladies who have intelligence of love,</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love hath his dwelling in my Lady's eyes,</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love's hue, and pity's soft similitude,</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mine eyes beheld how for sweet pity's sake</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Misgiving thoughts all quickly fade and die,</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Song, I bid thee go in quest of Love,</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My thoughts all prate unceasingly of love,</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My weeping eyes, that shared my heart's sore grief,</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now oftentimes this thought my mind assails,</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O eyes, that once in lamentation sore</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So gentle, and so modest in her ways</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
So long have I surrender'd to Love's dart, .......... 79
The gentle heart and Love are one I ween, .......... 49
To every captive heart and gentle dame .......... 9

Up, up beyond the swiftest sphere outsoars .......... 113

Weep lovers! see the Lord of Love doth weep, .......... 16
When other dames with thee my looks deride; .......... 33
What time soe'er, there comes the thought, alas! .......... 92
Within my heart I felt again Love's flame, .......... 68

Ye who are wandering, mayhap, Love's way, .......... 14
Ye who such sorrowful complexion wear .......... 55
THIS EDITION OF THE VITA NUOVA OR NEW LIFE OF DANTE ALIGHIERI, WITH DECORATED BORDERS BY CHRISTOPHER DEAN, WAS PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS AND IS PUBLISHED BY GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCCII.