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Ex Libris  
**Paget Toynbee,**

**M.A., D.Litt.,**

Coll. Ball. Oxon.



**Franciscus Petrarcha**

in libros suos.

Illustres nec difficiles, quibus angulus  
unus

Hedibus in modicis satis est, qui nulla  
recusant

Imperia, assidueque adsunt et taedia  
nunquam

Ulla ferunt, abeunt iussi, redeuntque  
vocati.

Epist. i. 7.

Toynbee 295





SONNETS  
AND  
ODES,  
TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF  
PETRARCH;  
WITH  
THE ORIGINAL TEXT,  
AND  
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.  
A NEW EDITION.

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*O dolcezze amarissime d' Amore!*  
GUARINI.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR J. MILLER, CHANCERY LANE,  
AND VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE,  
POULTRY.

1808.



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*W. Pople, Printer,  
22, Old Broad Street, Strand.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT

### TO THE FIRST EDITION.

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*NO poet has been more frequently mentioned, and none perhaps less known than Petrarch : of those who read Italian, many I am certain have not studied his poetry ; deterred by the obscurities which perpetually occur, but which are generally blended with the most striking beauties ; deterred too by the tedious number of his Sonnets almost all upon the same subjects, Love and Laura ; there are not fewer than 317 ; his Odes are 29, without including his Triumphs. The English reader cannot have any idea of Petrarch, no material portion of his poetry having yet been attempted in English verse ;*



*indeed we may now and then find a single piece or so in different collections ; the prettiest I have seen is the Ode translated by Jones\*, among his poems from the Asiatic, which is delicately turned.*

*Few persons, I believe, would attempt to translate all the Sonnets of Petrarch, as Sonnets ; by reason of the great difficulty of the verse, the perplexities of the author, and the quibbles with which he abounds that cannot be translated ; besides, were all these Sonnets translated, fewer perhaps would read more of them than I have comprised in this little collection ; for sweet as they are, their number must cloy, being but the same thoughts on the same subject : I have therefore selected such as I judged the most beautiful, and translated them as poetically as I could, confining myself to the Sonnet metre. I have likewise given translations of three of his Odes ; and have prefixed a short*

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\* The late Sir William Jones. E.

*sketch of Petrarch's life, to satisfy the curiosity of the cursory reader, who may not chuse to toil through that more laborious but excellent work of Mrs. Dobson's\*.*

*Some may object to my insertion of the Italian as useless, or meant only to swell the volume: to such I answer, that the Italian reader must wish to compare the translation with the original; indeed he ought so to do, otherwise some of the English Sonnets may appear ridiculous, particularly those abounding with conceits; which, when confronted with the Italian, will appear to owe their singularities, and perhaps too frequent want of poetic harmony, to an endeavour of strictly copying Petrarch's singular style, where he often sacrifices harmony to quaint conceit. To spare then my reader the trouble of continually turning to his Petrarch, I have subjoined the Italian.*

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\* Her life of Petrarch, in two vols 8vo.

*If my attempt to instill into the English lover of poetry a genuine relish for Petrarch, by these few specimens, should prove successful, my poetic ambition is satisfied : if I have failed in it, I could sincerely wish that some more able pen might make the world amends for the insufficiency of my endeavours.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*THE following elegant little Work was originally published in 1777, since which period it has become extremely scarce. The present Editor has therefore been induced to offer a new edition to the Public, in which the Italian text has been very carefully revised, and many errors which had escaped the notice of the Translator corrected.*

Lincoln's Inn,  
January 1, 1808.



SOME  
ACCOUNT  
OF  
PETRARCH'S LIFE.

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THIS celebrated poet, Francis Petrarch, was born July 20, Anno 1304, at Arezzo, a little town in Tuscany, whither his father Petracco, or Petraccolo, a gentleman of reputable birth, fled with his family; being banished Florence, during the tumults which arose in Italy, when it was divided by those two factions, the Guelphes and the Gibelins; the first contented for empire, the latter for liberty.

Clement V. during these dissensions, had transferred the Holy See from Rome to Avignon, where numbers of Italians settled in consequence; among these was Petracco, who

fixed his abode at Carpentras, a small village near Avignon; from hence he sent his son Petrarch to Montpellier to study law, and afterwards removed him to a more noted school at Bologna; here Petrarch had two excellent masters, Cino de Pistoie, and Cecco d' Ascoli; the latter of whom was burnt alive by the Inquisition, as a heretic and a sorcerer: both these lawyers were likewise excellent poets, which gave Petrarch a higher gust for his favorite talent, and perhaps a disinclination for the more insipid study of law.

The death of Petrarch's father and mother soon interrupted the course of his education, and obliged him to return to Avignon, to settle his family concerns, which were in the utmost disorder; this done, he quitted the profession of law, and became an ecclesiastic; he now applied assiduously to the studies of philosophy and divinity, and about this time formed an intimacy with James Colonna, who was after-

wards bishop of Lombes, and proved the great friend and patron of Petrarch. The house of Colonna was one of the most distinguished in Italy.

In the midst of these serious pursuits, Petrarch's natural gaiety caused him to imbibe some of the licentious manners of Avignon : naturally fond of women, he used every art to please them ; he idolized them in his verses, and was studious of his dress even to folly ; various were the objects of his short-lived passions, but none could fix his heart : at length Love, determined to revenge the wrongs of his many neglected mistresses, in one day enslaved his affections for ever ; this was on a Monday, April 6, 1327 (the day our Saviour was crucified, according to the Jewish calculation\*) ; when happening to be at the church of St. Claire in Avignon, at early mornings, he saw, for the first time, his

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\* *Vide* Sonnet II.



Laura ; whose charms instantly stamp a passion in his breast, that death only was able to erase : according to Petrarch, she was all that fancy could paint in beauty ; her eyes were dark, her hair auburn, her complexion an assemblage of all the loveliest tints of nature, her person majestic, her countenance sweet yet commanding, and her robe was green wreathed about with violets. Who Laura was, has been a matter of controversy ; some have even doubted her existence, and supposed that Laura was only a fictitious name chosen by Petrarch for all his love-verses, as very well adapted to form those quibbles and *concetti* upon, so frequent in Petrarch's verse, and so peculiar to all Italian poetry ; but we learn from pretty good authority, that she was the daughter of Audibert de Noves, a gentleman of Avignon, where she was born Anno 1307 ; she was married at the age of eighteen to Hugues de Sade of the same town, whose family was illustrious ; and she died April 6, 1348, when Petrarch was at Par-

ma, probably cut off by the plague, which then raged at Avignon ; as she was buried, it is said, the same day she died, in the church of the Cordeliers : the spot where her remains are deposited is to this day shewn ; it was accidentally discovered, Anno 1553, by a little leaden box found in a grave among some bones ; which box enclosed a sonnet\*, mentioning Laura's being there buried, wrote on parchment by some unknown author, folded up, and sealed with green wax ; with it was also found a medal, representing a female bust, supposed to be hers. Petrarch's passion for his mistress must have been truly Platonic ; her being married, together with her exemplary chastity, forbids us to suppose any secret connection between them ; yet as Laura so entirely possessed Petrarch's heart, his merit must at least have procured him her esteem : often did Petrarch urge his love in the warmest manner,

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\* See the end of this work.

which she as coldly rejected ; for she was married when he first saw her. The particulars of Laura's death, Petrarch wrote down in a little manuscript Virgil he was fond of, which book is still preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan,

Such was the fame of Laura, that the French monarch Francis I. visiting her tomb as he passed through Avignon, ordered a mausoleum to be there erected in honour of this illustrious lady ; and gave for that purpose 3000 livres ; (however, the mausoleum was not erected :) and as a further proof of his respect for her memory, he wrote himself the following epitaph, intended to have been placed over her tomb :

*En petit lieu compris vous pouvez voir,  
Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommee.  
Plume, labeur, la langue, et le devoir  
Furent vaincuz par l'aymant de l'aymée.*

*O Gentill' ame ! estant tant estimée,  
Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant ?  
Car la parole est toujours reprimée,  
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.*

This narrow spot of earth contains  
What fame accounts a treasure vast;  
Attentions fond, and fondest strains  
The lover's fonder love surpast.

Sweet Spirit ! once so much carest,  
Silence alone can speak thy praise ;  
For oh ! the muse's tongue's repress,  
When themes so high demand her lays.

To return to our poet's history. The year after he had conceived this violent passion, he left Avignon ; perhaps to divert his attention from some perplexities which he met with, and which increased the native melancholy of his disposition ; perhaps to attempt the cure of his heart : however, he travelled over all France ; and at Paris was offered the poetic crown by the uni-

versity of that place, which he refused; he then passed into Flanders, Brabant, and Germany; and afterwards returned to Avignon, where he spent two years, during which time some writers affirm, that he married, and had one only boy, who died at the age of twenty-four; others, that he was engaged with a mistress less inexorable than Laura. Petrarch had long sighed after his native country, which he wished once more to visit; accordingly we find he set out for Italy, Anno 1337; and it was upon his return from thence, that he fixt his habitation in the famed romantic valley of Vacluse\*; here he had began an epic poem, whose subject was the second Punic war; he entitled it *Africa*, from its hero Scipio Africanus: as he was about this work, Anno 1340, he received a strong invitation from the Roman senate, to come over to Rome to accept the

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\* Vacluse is a corruption of *Val-Chiusa*, Inclosed Valley; so called from being surrounded by mountains.



poetic crown; and also a second invitation from the university of Paris, to come over there for the same purpose; but Petrarch, as was natural, preferred the invitation to Italy, his native country, whither he went in April, 1341, and was crowned in the Capitol with the greatest pomp; having undergone a previous examination by Robert king of Naples, whom Petrarch himself fixt upon for his examiner, as a prince of sound erudition.

Petrarch returned to Avignon in 1342, and about this time Clement IV. succeeded to the Pontifical chair; he was distinguished by a luxury of character, and an extreme fondness of women; he had likewise great natural parts, improved by learning; and it is said he was particularly attached to the Princess of Turenne of the house of Commenges. The Romans were desirous that Clement should remove once more the Holy See to Rome from Avignon; and Petrarch, now become a

Roman citizen, was appointed ambassador among some others who joined him at Avignon, to solicit the Pope on that head ; but ineffectually. It was at this period that Petrarch formed his intimacy with Sennucio Delbene, a Florentine noble, a man of letters, and of the world, with whom he more confidentially conversed than with any other person concerning Laura ; and Petrarch at this period too had a daughter, named Frances, whom he married to a Milanese Gentleman.

Robert king of Naples being dead, Petrarch was sent into Italy, Anno 1343, by the Pope, to claim for him the regency of Naples, during the minority of Robert's successor ; and particularly to demand the release of some prisoners, among whom were several of the Colonna family, that had long been confined at Naples : Petrarch's efforts to obtain the regency for his master proved abortive, though he procured the release of the prisoners.

Anno 1347, Petrarch went into Italy, to settle the education of his son; and the year following broke out that horrid plague, fatal to a great part of France and Italy, and fatal in all probability to Laura: soon after this he returned to Vaucluse, where he staid till the year 1353; when, disgusted with Avignon, he set out again for Italy, and visited Milan; here he became the reigning counsellor and favorite of John Visconti, archbishop, and lord of that town: this prince possessed all the social virtues in private life, but at the same time his ambition was unbounded in his public character; all Italy feared him, and the sovereign Pontiff more than once trembled in the Papal chair.

John Visconti being cut off by the plague, his three sons succeeded equally to his estates: soon after Charles IV. then Emperor, passing through Italy, was magnificently entertained by the three brothers at Milan; but he found its gates shut against him on his return,



the Viscontis growing jealous of Charles's power and influence: this step caused them to dread his vengeance; and, in order to avert it, they sent Petrarch upon a conciliatory embassy to the Imperial court at Prague; where he was received with peculiar friendship by the Emperor, and had great honours conferred upon him, being created Count Palatine, Anno 1357.

Petrarch was sent to Paris in 1360, to congratulate the French monarch, John I. on his safe return to his kingdom from England; and on the marriage of his daughter Isabella, but twelve years old, to the youngest son of Galeas Visconti, but eleven years of age: this match was highly ennobling to the Visconti family, to whom the French monarch could not refuse his daughter, on account of the support given him by the state of Milan against the English, who then ravaged France, and took its king prisoner, for whom a ransom was afterwards accepted.

Petrarch, in the year 1368, negotiated also a peace between the Pope and Galeas Visconti; in short, honours attended the remainder of his life, though it furnished nothing very well worthy of mention; it was spent in a perpetual change of place, driven about either by the plague, by business, or by the natural restlessness of his disposition. His house at Vacluse he never again visited.

It appears, from a letter Petrarch wrote to his friend Boccace, that he dreaded entering into his sixty-third year: he quotes some authors, who affirm every seventh and ninth year of a man's life to be dangerous, but the sixty-third particularly so, that number being the product of seven and nine multiplied; and it was generally attended either with misfortune, sickness, or death.

Petrarch had long lingered under a slow wasting fever, which preyed upon his spirits; at

last he died of an apoplexy, Anno 1374, aged 70, at a house he built in Argua, a large village four leagues from Padua; his servants found him in his library, sitting with one arm resting on a book motionless; they did not at first suspect he was dead, as he was used to sit in that posture whole days: he was interred in the parish-church of Argua, in a chapel of the Virgin, which Petrarch had himself built there, Francis de Brossano erected a marble tomb on four columns over him; and, in 1667, Paul Val de Zucchi, possessor of Petrarch's wealth at Argua, placed his bust in bronze over this mausoleum.

Petrarch had a good person, of which he was not a little vain when young; his judgment was sound; his parts strong; his too great sensibility rendered his friendships unhappy to him; his taste for letters was great, as we may prove from the encouragement we learn that he gave to copying the ancient authors before printing

was found out, as well as from his own writings, which are very numerous, though they cannot all be collected: his fondness of pleasures in youth; the unfortunate passion of his middle age; and the reflections arising in his latter days from his former dissipations, for which he strove to atone by various austerities, rendered his whole life one continued scene of inquietude: his connections and employs in courts made his circumstances in general easy; and his patrimony in Italy, which was confiscated during his early life, was in his old age restored to him. Petrarch is a name that will be ever dear to the poet and the lover; the one will envy his fame, the other must pity his misfortunes.



**SONNETS**  
**OF**  
**PETRARCH.**

## SONETTO I.

*Voi ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono  
 Di quei sospiri, ond' io nudriva il core  
 In sul mio primo giovenile errore,  
 Quand' era in parte altr' uom da qual ch' i' sono;  
 Del vario stile in ch' io piango, e ragiono  
 Fra le vane speranze, e 'l van dolore;  
 Ove sia chi per prova intenda Amore,  
 Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono.  
 Ma ben veggì or, si come al popol tutto  
 Favola fui gran tempo: onde sovente  
 Di me medesmo meco mi vergogno:  
 E del mio vaneggiar vergogna è 'l frutto,  
 E 'l pentirsi, e 'l conoscer chiaramente,  
 Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno.*

## SONNET I.

All ye who list, in wildly-warbled strain,  
 Those sighs with which my youthful heart was fed ;  
 Ere while fond passion's maze I wont to tread,  
 Ere while I liv'd estrang'd to manlier pain ;  
 For all those vain desires, and griefs as vain,  
 Those tears, those complaints by am'rous fancy bred ;  
 If ye by Love's strong power have e'er been led ;  
 Pity, nay haply pardon I may gain.  
 Oft on my cheek the conscious crimson glows,  
 And sad reflection tells—ungrateful thought !—  
 How jeering crowds have mock'd my love-lorn woes :  
 But folly's fruits are penitence, and shame ;  
 With this just maxim, I've too dearly bought,  
 That man's applause is but a transient dream.

---

This Sonnet, which is the first in Petrarch, serves as a preface to all the rest ; he reflects on the foolish passion of his youth, which inspired so many love-verses.



## SONETTO II.

*Era 'l giorno ch' al sol si scoloraro,  
 Per la pietà del suo Fattore, i rai :  
 Quand' i' fui preso, e non mene guardai,  
 Che i be' vostr' occhi, Donna, mi legaro.*  
*Tempo non mi pareva da far riparo  
 Contra colpi d' Amor : però n'andai  
 Secur, senza sospetto : ondo i miei guai  
 Nel commune dolor s' incominciaro.*  
*Trovommi Amor del tutto disarmato,  
 Ed aperta la via per gli occhi al core,  
 Che di lagrime son fatti uscio, e varco.*  
*Però al mio parer, non li fu onore  
 Ferir me di saetta in quello stato,  
 Ed a voi armata non mostrar pur l'arco.*

---

It would appear from this Sonnet, that Petrarch saw Laura for the first time on a Good-Friday; whereas astronomical calculations prove, that the 6th of April, 1327, the day he did first see her, was on a Monday; Easter Sunday falling that year on the 12th of April: here then a seeming contradiction arises, which is thus cleared up; our Poet did not mean to specify the day in which the holy church celebrates the Passion, but the day in which our Saviour was really crucified; now

## SONNET II.

When with faint radiance shone the pitying sun,  
 Its Maker's cruel sufferings to survey ;  
 Then, then you stole my heedless heart away !  
 Then by those eyes, bright Maid, was I undone !  
 Love's brisk assault I little car'd to shun,  
 And unsuspecting trod life's guileful way :  
 But ah ! that day, that sorrow-burthen'd day !  
 The first of nature's grief, my woe begun.  
 Me unprepar'd Love conquer'd by surprise,  
 Found to my soul an entrance through my eyes,  
 These tearful eyes, the founts of ceaseless woe !  
 Unarm'd to wound me was inglorious, sure ;  
 While from your sight, in beauty all secure,  
 The coward Cupid had concealed his bow.

---

reckoning as the Jews do, by the moon, we find that the 15th of the moon of March, the very day in which he was crucified, corresponds with the Holy Monday of the moon of March. The real day of the crucifixion readily struck Petrarch ; there being in his time a synagogue at Avignon, where Easter was celebrated every 14th of the moon of March.—Some have wrongfully supposed, that an eclipse happened the day that Petrarch first saw Laura.

## SONETTO III.

*La gola, e 'l sonno, e l'oziose piume*  
*Hanno del mondo ogni virtù sbandita,*  
*On d'è dal corso suo quasi smarrita*  
*Nostra natura vinta dal costume:*  
*Ed e sì spento ogni benigno lume*  
*Del ciel, per cui s'informa umana vita;*  
*Che per cosa mirabile s'addita*  
*Chi vuol far d'Elicona nascer fiume.*  
*Qual vaghezza di lauro, qual di mirto?*  
*Povera, e nuda vai, Filosofia,*  
*Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.*  
*Pochi compagni avrai per l'altra via;*  
*Tanto ti prego più, gentile Spirto,*  
*Non lassar la magnanima tua impresa.*

---

An illustrious lady, whose passion for poetry drew upon her the rail-  
 lery of her friends, sent to consult Petrarch, by a sonnet, whether she

## SONNET III.

Torn is each virtue from its earthly throne  
 By sloth, intemperance, and voluptuous ease ;  
 E'en nature deviates from her wonted ways,  
 Too much the slave of vicious custom grown.  
 Far hence is every light celestial gone,  
 That guides mankind thro' life's perplexing maze ;  
 And those, whom Helicon's sweet waters please,  
 From mocking crowds receive contempt alone.  
 Who now would laurel, myrtle-wreaths obtain ?  
 Let want, let shame, Philosophy attend !  
 Cries the base world, intent on sordid gain.  
 What tho' thy favorite path be trod by few ;  
 Let it but urge thee more, dear gentle Friend !  
 Thy great design of glory to pursue.

---

ought to follow her bent for verse ; the above sonnet, made in the Italian, of the same rhymes with the lady's, is Petrarch's answer.

## SONETTO IV.

*Se la mia vita dall' aspro tormento  
 Si può tanto schermire, e dagli affanni,  
 Ch' i' veggia per virtù degli ultim' anni,  
 Donna, de' be' vostr' occhi il lume spento :  
 E i cape' d' oro fin farsi d' argento,  
 E lassar le ghirlande, e i verdi panni,  
 E 'l viso scolorir, che ne' mie danni  
 A lamentar mi fa pauroso, e lento :  
 Pur mi darà tanta baldanza Amore,  
 Ch' i' vi scoprirò, de' mie' martiri  
 Qua' sono stati gli anni, e i giorni, e l' ore.  
 E se 'l tempo è contrario a i be' desiri ;  
 Non fia ch' almen non giunga al mio dolore  
 Alcun soccorso di tardi sospiri.*

## SONNET IV.

Could I but chase awhile this am'rous woe,  
 These hostile griefs, which youthful life invade;  
 That I some future year might view, dear Maid!  
 Your sunny eyes with fainter radiance glow;  
 Might view your golden locks all silv'ry grow;  
 No flow'ry wreaths, no broider'd robes display'd;  
 And ev'ry soul-commanding beauty fade,  
 Which now forbids my timid plaints to flow:  
 Then Love shall give me boldness to declare  
 What years, what days, what hours I've patient born  
 These piercing pangs; dear pangs! which still I bear:  
 But, if my earlier age the wish denies;  
 Let it refuse not to this heart forlorn  
 Some small, small comfort by relenting sighs!

## SONETTO V.

*Aventuroso più d' altro terreno,  
 Ov' Amor vidi già fermar le piante,  
 Ver me volgendo quelle luci sante,  
 Che fanno intorno a se l' aere sereno :  
 Prima poria per tempo venir meno  
 Un' immagine salda di diamante,  
 Che l' atto dolce non mi stia davante,  
 Del qual ho la memoria, e 'l cor sì pieno :  
 Nè tante volte ti vedrò giammai,  
 Ch' i' non m' inchini a ricercar dell' orme  
 Che 'l bel piè fece in quel cortese giro.  
 Ma se 'n cor valoroso Amor non dorme ;  
 Prega, Sennuccio mio, quando 'l vedrai,  
 Di qualche lagrimetta, ò d' un sospiro.*

---

This Sonnet, which Petrarch addresses to his friend Sennuccio, of whom I have made mention in the account of Petrarch's life, must have

## SONNET V.

Ah, happiest spot of earth ! in this sweet place  
 Love first beheld my condescending Fair  
 Retard her steps, to smile with courteous grace  
 On me, and smiling glad the ambient air.  
 The deep-cut image, wrought with skilful care,  
 Time shall from hardest adamant efface ;  
 Ere from my mind that smile it shall erase,  
 Dear to my soul ! which memory planted there.  
 Oft as I view thee, heart-enchancing soil !  
 With am'rous awe I'll seek—delightful toil !  
 Where yet some traces of her footsteps lie.  
 And if fond Love still warms her generous breast,  
 Whene'er you see her, gentle Friend ! request  
 The tender tribute of a tear, a sigh !

---

been wrote on some favorable smile, that Laura somewhere bestowed  
 upon her Poet.



## SONETTO VI.

*Sennuccio, i' vo' che sappi, in qual maniera  
 Trattato sono, e qual vita è la mia.  
 Ardomi, e struggo ancor, com' io solia :  
 Laura mi volse, e son pur quel ch' i' m' era.  
 Quì tutta umile, e quì la vidi altera :  
 Or aspra, or piana, or dispietatà, or pia ;  
 Or vestirsi onestade, or leggiadria ;  
 Or mansueta, or disdegnosa, e fera.  
 Quì cantò dolcemente, e quì s' assise :  
 Quì si rivolse, e quì rattenne il passo :  
 Quì co' begli occhi mi trafisse il core :  
 Quì disse una parola, e quì sorrise :  
 Quì cangiò 'l viso. In questi pensier, lasso !  
 Notte, e dì tiemmi il signor nostro Amore.*

## SONNET VI.

To thee, Sennucio, fain would I declare,  
To sadden life what wrongs, what woes I find :  
Still glow my wonted flames ; and, though resign'd  
To Laura's fickle will, no change I bear.  
All humble now, then haughty is my Fair ;  
Now meek, then proud ; now pitying, then unkind :  
Softness, and tenderness now deck her mind ;  
But soon her looks disdain, and anger wear.  
Here would she sweetly sing, there sit awhile,  
Here bend her step, and there her step retard ;  
Here her bright eyes my easy heart ensnar'd ;  
There would she speak fond words, here lovely smile,  
There frown contempt—such wayward cares I prove  
By night, by day ; so wills our tyrant Love !

## SONETTO VII.

*S' Amor non è; che dunque è quel ch' i' sento?*  
*Ma s' egli è Amor; per Dio che cosa, e quale!*  
*Se buona; ond' è l' effetto aspro e mortale?*  
*Se ria; ond' è sì dolce ogni tormento?*  
*S' a mia voglia ardo; ond' è 'l pianto, e 'l lamento?*  
*S' a mal mio grado; il lamentar che vale?*  
*O viva morte, o diletto male,*  
*Come puoi tanto in me, s' io nol consento?*  
*E s' io 'l consento, a gran torto mi doglio:*  
*Fra sì contrari venti in frale barca*  
*Mi trovo in alto mar senza governo,*  
*Sì lieve di saver, d' error sì carica*  
*Ch' i' medesmo non sò quel ch' io mi voglio;*  
*E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno.*

## SONNET VII.

If 'tis not Love, what is it feel I then?  
 If 'tis, how strange a thing, sweet Powers above!  
 If love be kind, why does it fatal prove?  
 If cruel, why so pleasing is the pain?  
 If 'tis my will to love, why weep, why plain?  
 If not my will, tears cannot Love remove.  
 Oh living death! oh rapturous pang!—why, Love!  
 If I consent not, canst thou o'er me reign?  
 If I consent, 'tis wrongfully I mourn:  
 Thus on a stormy sea my bark is born  
 By adverse winds, and with rough tempests tost;  
 Thus unenlighten'd, lost in error's maze,  
 My blind opinion ever dubious strays;  
 I'm froze by summer, scorch'd by winter's frost.

---

I have given this and the following Sonnet, as specimens of those  
*concetti*, which the Italians are so fond of in their poetry.

## SONETTO VIII.

*Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra ;  
 E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son' un ghiaccio ;  
 E volo sopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra ;  
 E nulla stringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.*  
*Tal m' ha in prigion, che non m' apre, nè serra ;  
 Nè per suo mi riten, nè scioglie il laccio ;  
 E non m' ancide Amor, e non mi sferra ;  
 Nè mi vuol vivo, nè mi trae d' impaccio.*  
*Veggio senz' occhi, e non ho lingua, e grido ;  
 E bramo di perir, e chieggo aita ;  
 Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui :*  
*Pascomi di dolor, piangendo rido :*  
*Eguualmente mi spiace morte, e vita :*  
*In questo stato son, Donna, per vui.*

## SONNET VIII.

Conflicts I dread, tho' quite estrang'd to peace ;  
 I hope, I fear, I freeze, and yet I burn ;  
 I soar yon sky, then low to earth return ;  
 Tho' nought I grasp, I seem the world t' embrace.  
 Me Love nor will retain, nor yet release :  
 Tho' not enslav'd, my liberty I mourn ;  
 Tho' not Love's captive, yet Love's chains I spurn ;  
 I die not, still my death-like woes ne'er cease.  
 These eyes, these lips, no more can speak my cares ;  
 I would not live, yet living aid implore ;  
 Myself I hate, another I adore.  
 Nurtur'd by grief, alternate smiles and tears  
 I prove, alternate life and death desire ;  
 To torture thus, proud Maid ! thy charms conspire.



## SONETTO IX.

*Ne così bello il sol giammai levarsi,  
 Quando 'l ciel fosse più di nebbia scarco;  
 Nè dopo pioggia vidi 'l celeste arco  
 Per l'aere in color tanti variarsi;  
 In quanti fiammeggiando trasformarsi  
 Nel dì ch' io presi l' amoroso incarco,  
 Quel viso, al qual (e son nel mio dir parco)  
 Nulla cosa mortal pote agguagliarsi.  
 I' vidi Amor, che begli occhi volgea  
 Soave sì, ch' ogni altra vista oscura  
 Da indi in quà m' incominciò à parere.  
 Sennuccio, i'l vidi, e l'arco che tendea,  
 Tal, che mia vita poi non fù sicura,  
 Ed è sì vaga ancor del rivedere.*

## SONNET IX.

Ne'er can the sun such radiance soft display,  
 Piercing some cloud that wou'd its light impair;  
 Ne'er ting'd some show'ry arch the humid air,  
 With variegated lustre, half so gay,  
 As when, sweet-smiling my fond heart away,  
 All-beauteous shone my captivating Fair;  
 For charms what mortal can with her compare!  
 But truth, impartial truth! much more might say.  
 I saw young Cupid, saw his laughing eyes  
 With such bewitching, am'rous sweetness roll;  
 That ev'ry human glance I since despise.  
 Believe, dear Friend! I saw the wanton boy;  
 Bent was his bow to wound my tender soul;  
 Yet, ah! once more I'd view the dang'rous joy.

---

This Sonnet is addressed to Sennucio.



## SONETTO X.

*Pommi ove 'l Sol occide i fiori, e l' erba,*  
*O dove vince lui 'l ghiaccio, e la neve :*  
*Pommi ov' è 'l carro suo temprato, e leve;*  
*Ed ov' è chi cel rende, o chi cel serba :*  
*Pomm' in umil fortuna, od in superba ;*  
*Al dolce aere sereno, al fosco e greve :*  
*Pommi alla notte; al dì lungo, ed al breve ;*  
*Alla matura etate, od all' acerba :*  
*Pomm' in cielo, od in terra, od in abisso :*  
*In alto poggio, in valle ima e palustre ;*  
*Libero spirto, od a suoi membri affisso.*  
*Pommi con fama oscura, o con illustre :*  
*Sarò qual fui, vivrò com' io son visso,*  
*Continuando il mio sospir trillustre.*

---

The classical reader will easily discover Horace in these Lines; *vide*  
 HOR. Ode xxii. Lib. 1.—Petrarch we may conclude, from the last verse,

## SONNET X.

Place me where Phœbus burns each herb, each flow'r;  
 Or where cold snows, and frost o'ercome his rays :  
 Place me where rolls his car with temp'rate blaze ;  
 In climes that feel not, or that feel his pow'r :  
 Place me where fortune may look bright, or lour ;  
 Mid murky airs, or where soft zephyr plays :  
 Place me in night, in long or short-liv'd days,  
 Where age makes sad, or youth gilds ev'ry hour :  
 Place me on mountains high, in vallies drear,  
 In heav'n, on earth, in depths unknown to day ;  
 Whether life fosters still, or flies this clay :  
 Place me where fame is distant, where she's near :  
 Still will I love ; nor shall those sighs yet cease,  
 Which thrice five years have robb'd this breast of peace.

---

wrote this Sonnet, anno 1342; perhaps on his return to Avignon from his coronation in Italy. A change of country, without a change of passion, might suggest to him the above thoughts.

## SONETTO XI.

*Ite, caldi sospiri, al freddo core:*

*Rompete il ghiaccio, che pietà contende;*

*E, se prego mortale al ciel s' intende,*

*Morte, ò mercè sia fine al mio dolore.*

*Ite, dolci pensier, parlando fore*

*Di quello ove 'l bel guardo non s' estende:*

*Se pur sua asprezza, ò mia stella n' offende;*

*Sarem fuor di speranza, e fuor d' errore.*

*Dir si può ben per voi, non forse a pieno,*

*Che 'l nostro stato è inquieto, e fosco;*

*Siccome 'l suo pacifico, e sereno.*

*Gite securi omai, ch' Amor ven vosco:*

*E ria fortuna può ben venir meno,*

*S' a i segni del mio sol l' aere conosco.*

## SONNET XI.

Go, burning sighs, to that cold bosom go !  
With genial warmth th' unfriendly ice remove ;  
And sure, if mortals prayers are heard above,  
Pity, or death shall terminate my woe.  
Go, tender thoughts ! go make the Fair-one know  
All her sweet eyes could ne'er discern of love ;  
Should not her scorn, and fortune disapprove ;  
Then doubt must end, tho' hope shall cease to glow.  
With gentle caution to the nymph declare,  
How anxious tremblings throb within my breast !  
How hers is froze, estrang'd to am'rous care.  
Go then secure, since Love conducts you there !  
And sure, if truth is in her looks confest,  
She'll kindly ease those rending pangs I bear.

## SONETTO XII.

*In qual parte del ciel, in quale idea*  
*Era l' esempio onde Natura tolse*  
*Quel bel viso leggiadro, in ch' ella volse*  
*Mostrar quaggiù, quanto lassù potea?*  
*Qual Ninfa in fonti, in selve mai qual Dea*  
*Chiome d' oro sì fino all' aura sciolse?*  
*Quand' un cor tante in se virtù accolse?*  
*Benchè la somma è di mia morte rea.*  
*Per divina bellezza indarno mira;*  
*Chi gli occhi di costei giammai non vide,*  
*Come soavemente ella gli gira.*  
*Non sa com' Amor sana, e come ancide;*  
*Chi non sa come dolce ella sospira,*  
*E come dolce parla, e dolce ride,*

---

Sweetness of voice and of countenance delighted Horace in his  
 Lalage. vide HOR. Ode 22. Lib. 1.—Sappho, before Horace, marked

## SONNET XII.

Is there, of heav'nly or of earthly mould,  
 A Nymph so matchless, of such beauty found;  
 A Nymph! whom Nature with perfection crown'd;  
 That wond'ring mortals might her pow'r behold?  
 View ev'ry Naiad, ev'ry Dryad round,  
 Have they such burnish'd locks of waving gold?  
 Save hers, what heart such virtues can unfold?  
 Yet these, all these, alas! conspire to wound.  
 Faint is th' idea we conceive of charms,  
 Unless are seen my Fair-one's radiant eyes;  
 Eyes, whose bright glance our kindling passion warms!  
 Unknown is Love, its pangs, its sweets, its wiles;  
 Unless are known my Fair-one's tender sighs,  
 Her tender speech, and still more tender smiles!

---

these charms in her female friend with jealous admiration. *vide* her  
 Ode in Longinus.

## SONETTO XIII.

*Lieti fiori e felici, e ben nate erbe,  
 Che Madonna pensando premer sole;  
 Piaggia, ch' ascolti sue dolci parole,  
 E del bel piede alcun vestigio serbe;  
 Schietti arboscelli, e verdi frondi acerbe;  
 Amorosette, e pallide viole;  
 Ombrose selve, ove percote il sole,  
 Che vi fa co' suoi raggi alte, e superbe;  
 O soave contrada, o puro fiume,  
 Che bagni 'l suo bel viso, e gli occhi chiari,  
 E prendi qualità dal vivo lume;  
 Quanto v' invidia gli atti onesti, e cari!  
 Non fia in voi scoglio omai; che per costume  
 D' arder con la mia fiamma non impari.*

## SONNET XIII.

Ah! tender flow'rets, happiest that e'er grew!  
 Ah! verdure blest, which much my pensive Maid  
 Has trod—sweet plains! where oft she singing stray'd;  
 Plains! where imprinted still her steps I view.  
 Ye love-sick violets of pallid hue;  
 Ye spiring shrubs! you thick embow'ring shade!  
 Dense woods! how proud, how blissful were ye made,  
 By that dear sun I love, which shone on you.  
 Ah! rural, pleasing haunts! you limpid stream!  
 Which oft her eyes, her face was wont to lave;  
 Bright eyes! from whence you stole your lucent gleam.  
 Yes, envious I behold your favours dear!  
 Henceforth, no rock beneath your azure wave  
 Shall lurk, but what must all my passion share.

---

The neighbourhood of Avignon, and the Sorga, are the country and stream alluded to here.



## SONETTO XIV.

*Or, che 'l ciel, e la terra, e 'l vento tace,  
 E le fere, e gli augelli il sonno affrena,  
 Notte 'l carro stellato in giro mena,  
 E nel suo letto il mar senz' onda giace;  
 Veggio, penso, ardo, piango; e chi mi sface,  
 Sempre m' è innanzi per mia dolce pena:  
 Guerra è 'l mio stato d' ira, e di duol piena;  
 E sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.*

*Così sol d' una chiara fonte viva  
 Move 'l dolce, e l' amaro ond' io mi pasco;  
 Una man sola mi risana, e punge:  
 E perchè 'l mio martir non giunga a riva,  
 Mille volte il dì moro, e mille nasco;  
 Tanto dalla salute mia son lunge.*

## SONNET XIV.

Calm is the heav'n, the earth, and calm the wind ;  
The birds, the beasts in Sleep's soft fetters lie ;  
Night guides her spangled car along the sky ;  
And Ocean on his green bed lies reclin'd :  
While wakeful, pensive, burning, weeping, I  
Preserve my Nymph's dear image in my mind ;  
What strifes I feel, 'twixt grief and bliss combin'd !  
To her idea still for peace I fly.  
Thus from the same delicious fountain flow  
Th' embitter'd sweets, the pleasing cares I prove ;  
Thus from one hand are scatter'd joy, and woe.  
But ne'er, alas ! shall cease my am'rous pains ;  
Oft I expire, as oft revive thro' love,  
Fierce love ! whose poison rankles in my veins.

## SONETTO XV.

*Piu volte già dal bel semblante umano  
 Ho preso ardir con le mie fide scorte,  
 D' assalir con parole oneste accorte  
 La mia nemica in atto umile, e piano:  
 Fanno poi gli occhi suoi mio pensier vano;  
 Perch' ogni emia fortuna, ogni mia sorte,  
 Mio ben, mio male, e mia vita, e mia morte  
 Quei, che solo il può far, l' ha posto in mano.  
 Ond' io non pote' mai formar parola,  
 Ch' altro che da me stesso fosse intesa;  
 Così m' ha fa'to Amor tremante, e fuoco.  
 E veggì' or ben, che caritate accesa  
 Lega la lingua altrui, gli spirti involca.  
 Chi può dir com' egli arde, è 'n picciol foco.*

## SONNET XV.

Oft have I meant my passion to declare,  
When fancy read compliance in her eyes;  
And oft with courteous speech, with love-lorn sighs,  
Have wish'd to soften my obdurate Fair:  
But let that face one look of anger wear,  
Th' intention fades; for all that fate supplies,  
Or good, or ill, all all that I can prize,  
My life, my death, Love trusts to her dear care.  
E'en I can scarcely hear my am'rous moan,  
So much my voice by passion is confin'd;  
So faint, so timid are my accents grown!  
Ah! now the force of Love I plainly see;  
What can the tongue, or what th' impassion'd mind?  
He that could speak his Love, ne'er lov'd like me!

SONETTO XVI.

*Per mezz' i boschi inospiti, e selvaggi,  
 Onde vanno a gran rischio uomini ed arme,  
 Vo sicur' io : che non può spaventarme  
 Altri che 'l sol c' ha d' Amor vivo i raggi.  
 E vo cantando (o pensier miei non saggi!)  
 Lei che 'l ciel non poria lontana farme;  
 Ch' i' l' ho negli occhi, e veder seco parme  
 Donne, e donzelle, e sono abeti, e faggi.  
 Parmi d'udir la, udendo i rami, e l'ore,  
 E le frondi, e gli augei lagnarsi, e l' acque  
 Mormorando fuggir per l' erba verde.  
 Raro un silenzio, un solitario orrore  
 D' ombrosa selva mai tanto mi piacque;  
 Se non che del mio Sol troppo si perde.*

## SONNET XVI.

Thro' woods inhospitable, wild, I rove ;  
 Where armed travellers bend their fearful way :  
 Nor danger dread, save from that sun of love ;  
 Bright sun ! which darts a soul-enflaming ray.  
 Of her I sing, all-thoughtless as I stray,  
 Whose sweet idea strong as heav'n's shall prove :  
 And oft methinks these pines, these beeches move  
 Like nymphs ; 'mid which fond fancy sees her play.  
 I seem to hear her, when the whisp'ring gale  
 Steals thro' some thick-wove branch, when sings a bird,  
 When purls the stream along yon verdant vale.  
 How grateful might this darksome wood appear,  
 Where horror reigns, where scarce a sound is heard ;  
 But, ah ! 'tis far from all my heart holds dear.

---

Petrarch composed this Sonnet in his way from Germany to Avignon, as he past through the forest of Ardennes, between Luxemburgh and Liege.

## SONETTO XVII.

*Po, ben puo' tu portartene la scorza  
 Di me con tue possenti, e rapid' onde:  
 Ma lo spirito, ch' iv' entro si nasconde,  
 Non cura nè di tua, nè d' altrui forza.*  
*Lo qual, senz' alternar poggia con orza,  
 Dritto per l' aure, al suo desir seconde,  
 Battendo l' ali verso l' aurea fronde,  
 L' acqua, e 'l vento, e la vela, e i remi sforza.*  
*Re degli altri, superbo, altero fiume,  
 Che 'ncontri 'l sol, quando e' ne mena il giorno,  
 E 'n ponente abbandoni un più bel lume ;*  
*Tu te ne vai col mio mortal sul torno :*  
*L' altro, coverto d' amoroze piume,  
 Torna volando al suo dolce soggiorno.*

---

This Sonnet was written as Petrarch was going towards Lombardy, on the river Po, leaving Avignon, where Laura was. Avignon lies

## SONNET XVII.

Yes Po ; thy pow'rful, thy impetuous waves  
 My mortal body may far hence convey ;  
 But the fond spirit, nurt'ring this poor clay,  
 Braves all thy force, nay ev'ry force it braves !  
 Its gladsome pinion strait you æther cleaves,  
 Regardless how this bark directs its way ;  
 Nor waves, nor winds, nor sails, nor oars can stay  
 That rapid flight, with which thy flood it leaves.  
 Proud stream ! the regent call'd of ev'ry stream,  
 You eastward meet the glorious orb of light,  
 But westward quit one glory far more bright.  
 'Tis true, thy torrent bears away this frame ;  
 But my rapt soul, that Love's kind wings sustain,  
 Returning seeks its dear abode again.

---

westward of Lombardy, Lombardy consequently eastward of Avignon ;  
 which explains the 10th and 11th lines.



## SONETTO XVIII.

*Stiamo, Amor, a veder la gloria nostra*  
*Cose sopra natura altere, e nove;*  
*Vedi ben, quanta in lei dolcezza piove:*  
*Vedi lume, che 'l cielo in terra mostra:*  
*Vedi, quant' arte dora, e 'mperla, e' nostra*  
*L' abito eletto, e mai non visto altrove;*  
*Che dolcemente i piedi, e gli occhi move*  
*Per questa di bei colli ombrosa chiostra!*  
*L' erbetta verde, e i fior di color mille*  
*Sparsi sotto quell' elce antiqua, e negra,*  
*Pregan pur, che 'l bel piè li prema, o tocchi;*  
*E 'l ciel di vaghe, e lucide faville*  
*S' accende intorno; e 'n vista si rallegra*  
*D' esser fatto seren da sì begli occhi.*



## SONNET XVIII.

To view our darling maid, stay gentle Love,  
 To view that wonder fair of heav'nly race !  
 What nectar'd sweetness decorates her face !  
 Sure 'tis some star, dropt newly from above !  
 Gold, gems, and purple in her vest we trace.  
 With which fond art would fain her charms improve :  
 Each look is rapture, and each step is grace,  
 Majestic as she treads this shadowy grove.  
 The verdant turf; the brilliant flow'r's that grow  
 Beneath yon oak's thick-spreading, ancient shade ;  
 Court her lov'd feet to press their wishful breast.  
 The lambent fires, that o'er heav'n's concave glow,  
 Serener beam, ambitious to be made  
 By her dear, radiant eyes serenely blest !

---

Petrarch made this Sonnet, on accidentally seeing Laura walking in some rural place near Avignon.

## SONETTO XIX.

*Dolci ire, dolci sdegni, e dolci paci,  
 Dolce mal, dolce affanno, e dolce peso,  
 Dolce parlar, e dolcemente inteso,  
 Or di dolce ora, or pien di dolci faci.*  
*Alma, non ti lagnar; ma soffri, e taci;  
 E temprà il dolce amaro, che n' ha offeso,  
 Col dolce onor, che d' amar quella hai preso,  
 A cu' io dissi: "Tu sola mi piaci."*  
*Forse ancor fu chi sospirando dica  
 Tinto di dolce invidia: Assai sostenne  
 Per bellissimo amor quest' al suo tempo:  
 Altri: o fortuna à gli occhi miei nemica!  
 Perchè non la vid' io? perchè non venne  
 Ella più tardi, over io più per tempo?*

## SONNET XIX.

Sweet anger, sweet disdain, and peace as sweet,  
 Sweet ill, sweet pain, sweet burthen that I bear,  
 Sweet speech as sweetly heard; sweet speech, my Fair!  
 That now enflames my soul, now cools its heat.  
 Patient, my soul! endure the wrongs you meet;  
 And all th' embitter'd sweets you're doom'd to share  
 Blend with that sweetest bliss, the maid to greet  
 In these soft words, "thou only art my care!"  
 Haply some youth shall sighing envious say:  
 Enough has borne the bard so fond, so true,  
 For that bright beauty, brightest of his day!  
 While others cry, sad eyes! how hard your fate,  
 Why could I ne'er this matchless beauty view?  
 Why was she born so soon, or I so late?

---

This is another specimen of Petrarch's *concetti* style.

## SONETTO XX.

*Il cantar novo, e 'l pianger degli augelli  
In sul dî fanno risentir le valli,  
E 'l mormorar de' liquidi cristalli  
Giù per lucidi freschi rivi, e snelli.  
Quella, c' ha neve il volto, oro i capelli,  
Nel cui amor non fur mai inganni, nè falli;  
Destami al suon degli amorosi bulli,  
Pettinando al suo vecchio i bianchi velli.  
Così mi sveglio a salutar l' Aurora,  
E 'l sol, ch' è seco, e più l' altro, ond' io fui  
Ne' prim' anni abbagliato, e sono ancora.  
I' gli ho veduti alcun giorno ambedui  
Levarsi insieme, e 'n un punto, e 'n un' ora;  
Quel far le stelle, e questo sparir lui.*

## SONNET XX.

Soon as gay morn ascends her purple car ;  
     The plaintive warblings of the new-wak'd grove,  
     The murm'ring streams, thro' flow'ry meads that rove,  
     Fill with sweet melody the vallies fair.  
 Aurora, fam'd for constancy in love,  
     Whose face with snow, whose locks with gold compare,  
     Smoothing her aged husband's silv'ry hair,  
     Bids me the joys of rural music prove.  
 Then waking, I salute the sun of day ;  
     But chief that beauteous sun, whose cheering ray  
     Once gilt, nay gilds e'en now, life's scene so bright.  
 Dear suns ! which oft I've seen together rise ;  
     This dims each meaner lustre of the skies,  
     And that sweet sun I love dims ev'ry light.

---

The conceit of Aurora combing her old husband Tithonus, to represent morning, is rather puerile ; but the metaphor contained in the last six lines is beautiful.

## SONETTO XXI.

*Onde tolse Amor l' oro, e di qual vena,  
 Per far due treccie bionde? e 'n quali spine  
 Colse le rose? e 'n qual piaggia le brine  
 Tenere, e fresche; e diè lor polso, e lena?  
 Onde le perle, in ch' ei frange, ed affrena  
 Dolci parole, oneste, e pellegrine?  
 Onde tante bellezze, e sì divine  
 Di quella fronte più che 'l ciel serena?  
 Da quali angeli mosse, e di qual spera  
 Quel celeste cantar, che mi disfuco  
 Sì, che m' avanza omai da disfur poco?  
 Di qual sol nacque l' alma luce altera  
 Di que' begli occhi, ond' i' ho guerra, e pace,  
 Che mi cuocono 'l cor in ghiaccio, e 'n foco?*

## SONNET XXI.

Say, where cou'd Love his golden treasure steal,  
 To form the radiant tresses of that hair?  
 The rose, which paints that lip, what thorn cou'd bear?  
 Whence its moist balm, and whence its nectar'd gale?  
 What snow cou'd yield the white those charms reveal?  
 To frame those teeth, where grew the pearls so rare?  
 Whence sprang those beauties, so divinely fair?  
 So bright, that o'er heav'n's brightness they prevail?  
 What hymning seraph, what melodious sphere\*  
 Cou'd harmonize that voice so sweet, so clear;  
 Whose magic sounds each passion can controul?  
 Where beams the sun, that such soft light supplies,  
 Such tender lustre to those lucid eyes?  
 All pow'rful eyes! that sway my vanquish'd soul.

---

\* According to the Pythagorean doctrine, the spheres moving in their different circles produced sweetest music.



## SONETTO XXII.

Quando 'l Sol bagna in mar l' aurato carro,  
 E l' aer nostro, e la mia mente imbruna;  
 Col cielo, e con le stelle, e con la luna  
 Un' angosciosa, e dura notte innarro:  
 Poi, lasso! a tal che non m' ascolta, narro  
 Tutte le mie fatiche ad una ad una,  
 E col mondo, e con mia cieca fortuna,  
 Con Amor, con Madonna, e meco garro.  
 Il sonno è 'n bando, e del riposo è nulla:  
 Ma sospiri, e lamenti infin all' alba,  
 E lagrime che l' alma agli occhi invia.  
 Vien poi l' Aurora, e l' aura fosca inalba:  
 Me nò, ma 'l sol, che 'l cor m' arde, e trastulla,  
 Quel può solo addolcir la doglia mia.

## SONNET XXII.

When Phœbus lashes to the western main  
His fiery steeds, and shades the lurid air ;  
Grief shades my soul, my night is spent in care ;  
Yon moon, yon stars, yon heav'n begin my pain.  
Wretch that I am ! full oft I urge in vain  
To heedless beings all those pangs I bear ;  
Of the false world, of an unpitying Fair,  
Of Love, and fickle fortune I complain !  
From eve's last glance, till morning's earliest ray,  
Sleep shuns my couch ; rest quits my tearful eye ;  
And my rack'd breast heaves many a plaintive sigh.  
Then bright Aurora cheers the rising day,  
But cheers not me—for to my sorrowing heart  
One sun alone can cheering light impart !

## SONETTO XXIII.

*Aurà, che quelle chiome bionde, e crespe  
 Circondi, e movi, e se' mossu da loro  
 Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,  
 E poi 'l raccogli, e 'n bei nodi 'l rincrespe ;  
 Tu stai negli occhi, ond' amorose vespe  
 Mi pungon sì, che 'n fin quà il sento, e ploro ;  
 E vacillando cerco il mio tesoro,  
 Com' animal che spesso adombri, e 'ncespe :  
 Ch' or me 'l par ritrovar, ed or m' accorgo  
 Ch' i' ne son lunge : or mi sollevo, or caggio :  
 Ch' or quel ch' i' bramo, or quel ch' è zero, scorgo.  
 Aer felice, col bel vivo raggio  
 Rimanti : e tu corrente, e chiaro gorgo ;  
 Che non poss' io caugiar teco viaggio ?*

---

The late Sir William Jones, author of the *Translations from the Asiatic Poetry*, quotes the four first lines of this Sonnet ; as an instance of the great resemblance between the poetry of the Easterns, and that of the Italians, the form of whose little amatory compositions was brought

## SONNET XXIII.

Ye laughing gales, that sporting with my fair,  
 The silky tangles of her locks unbraid ;  
 And down her breast their golden treasures spread ;  
 Then in fresh mazes weave her curling hair.  
 You kiss those bright destructive eyes, that bear  
 The flaming darts by which my heart has bled ;  
 My trembling heart ! that oft has fondly stray'd  
 To seek the nymph, whose eyes such terrors wear.  
 Methinks she's found—but oh, 'tis fancy's cheat !  
 Methinks she's seen—but oh, 'tis love's deceit !  
 Methinks she's near—but truth cries "tis not so!"  
 Go happy gale, and with my Laura dwell !  
 Go happy stream, and to my Laura tell !  
 What envied joys in thy clear crystal flow !

---

into Europe by the Arabians. There is scarce a page in the works of Hafez and Jami, he remarks, that does not express this image, of the breeze playing with the tresses of a beautiful young girl ; an image so common in Petrarch.

## SONETTO XXIV.

*Se lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde  
Mover soavemente all' aura estiva,  
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde  
S' ode d' una fiorita, e fresca riva;  
Là 'v' io seggia d' amor pensoso, e scriva;  
Lei; che 'l ciel ne mostrò, terra nasconde;  
Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo; ch' ancor viva  
Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.  
Deh perchè innanzi tempo ti consume?  
Mi dice con pietate: a che pur versi  
Degli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?  
Di me non pianger tu; che miei dì fersi,  
Morendo, eterni; e nell' eterno lumo,  
Quando mostrai di chiuder gli occhi, apersi.*

## SONNET XXIV.

Oft as I tread the flow'r-embroider'd vale ;  
 While down the rude rock the big torrent's borne,  
 While music warbles from the blossom'd thorn,  
 And o'er the green wood sports the frolic gale ;  
 All Laura's beauties on my fancy steal,  
 Prompting the muse in plaintive strain to mourn ;  
 Beauties! that, snatch'd from earth, yon skies adorn;  
 Whence Laura leans to hear my am'rous wail.  
 Soft pity beaming with celestial grace  
 On her calm look, the beauteous phantom cries ;  
 Why stream those crystal sorrows down thy face?  
 Forbear, forbear thy timeless grief! and know  
 Death call'd this soul to life, and wak'd these eyes  
 Which slept when living in that vale of woe.

---

This, and all the following Sonnets are from those of Petrarch's second book, which were wrote after Laura's death ; the Sonnets in the first book only were written during her life.

## SONETTO XXV.

*Quante fiate al mio dolce ricetto*

*Fuggendo altrui, e, s' esser può, me stesso,  
Vo con gli occhi bagnando l'erba, e 'l petto;  
Rompendo co' sospir l'aere da presso:*

*Quante fiate sol pien di sospetto*

*Per luoghi ombrosi, e foschi mi son messo  
Cercando col pensier l'alto diletto,  
Che morte ha tolto; ond' io la chiamo spesso:  
Or in forma di ninfa, o d'altra diva,  
Che del più chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,  
E pongasi a seder in sulla riva;  
Or l'ho veduta su per l'erba fresca  
Calcar i fior, com' una donna viva,  
Mostrando in vista, che di me le 'ncresca.*

## SONNET XXV.

Oft to my tranquil, sweet retreat I fly  
 From social mirth, from each intruding care;  
 And bathe the flow'rs with many a briny tear,  
 And vex the ambient air with many a sigh.  
 To haunts ne'er gladden'd by the sunny sky,  
 To verdant glooms all-pensive I repair;  
 Invoking oft my heav'n-ascended fair,  
 Who sits enthron'd in starry realms on high.  
 Now like some naiad, that delights to lave  
 In the bright azure of clear Sorga's wave,  
 On the green marge she sits with conscious grace :  
 Now mortal-like, in beauty's pride array'd,  
 Her phantom glances o'er the dewy mead;  
 Soft pity smiling in her angel face.

---

Petrarch, by his sweet retreat, means Vacluse; where runs the Sor-  
 ga, a small river in Provence, originating from the fountain of Vacluse.



## SONETTO XXVI.

*Quand' io veggio dal ciel scender l' Aurora  
 Con la fronte di rose, e co' crin d' oro ;  
 Amor m' assale : ond' io mi discoloro ;  
 E dico sospirando : Ivi è Laura ora.*  
*O felice Titon, tu sai ben l' ora  
 Da ricovrar il tuo caro tesoro ;  
 Ma io che debbo far del dolce alloro,  
 Che sel vo' riveder, conven ch' io mora?*  
*I vostri dipartir non son sì duri ;  
 Ch' almen di notte suol tornar colei,  
 Che non ha schifo le tue bianche chiome :*  
*Le mie notti fa triste, e i giorni oscuri  
 Quella, che n' ha portato i pensier miei,  
 Nè di se m' ha lasciato altro che 'l nome.*

---

Aurora obtained of the Gods immortality for her husband Tithonus, a beautiful boy ; but she forgot to ask for perpetual youth : he therefore

## SONNET XXVI.

When gay Aurora from her orient throne  
 Displays her roseate charms, her locks of gold;  
 Ah me! (I cry) yon blushing skies infold  
 The Nymph, that to her native heav'n is flown.  
 To thee, Tithonus, the fond hour is known  
 When thy bright fair thou shalt again behold:  
 While I, by fate's uncertain will controul'd,  
 To view my Laura wait for death alone.  
 Absence to thee affords no cause to mourn;  
 Since she, who much thy hoary age admires,  
 Each blissful night cheers by her wish'd return.  
 But she, who bears far hence my soul away;  
 Leaving me nought but unsubdued desires;  
 Ne'er cheers my night, nor glads my gloomy day.

---

grew so infirm; that the Gods, in pity, transformed him into a grass-hopper.

## SONETTO XXVII.

*Valle, che de' lamenti miei se' piena ;  
 Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci ;  
 Fere silvestre, vaghi augelli, e pesci,  
 Che l'una e l' altra verde riva affrena ;  
 Aria de' miei sospir calda, e serena ;  
 Dolce sentier, che s'è amaro riesci ;  
 Colle, che mi piacesti, or mi rincresci,  
 Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena ;  
 Ben riconosco in voi l' usate forme,  
 Non, lasso ! in me, che da s'è lieta vita  
 Son fatto albergo d' infinita doglia.  
 Quindi vedea 'l mio bene ; e per quest' orma  
 Torno a veder, ond' al ciel nuda è gitu  
 Lasciando in terra la sua bella spoglia.*

---

Petrarch wrote this Sonnet at Vaucluse; and from some eminence near his house we may suppose he had a fine view of Avignon, which

## SONNET XXVII.

Ye vales, made vocal by my plaintive lay !  
 Ye streams, embitter'd with the tears of love !  
 Ye tenants of the sweet, melodious grove !  
 Ye tribes, that in the grass-fring'd streamlet play !  
 Ye tepid gales, to which my sighs convey  
 A softer warmth !—Ye flow'ry plains, that move  
 Reflection sad !—Ye hills, where yet I rove !  
 Since Laura there first taught my steps to stray.  
 Ye all your native bloom and mirth retain !  
 While I, a prey to slow-consuming pain,  
 No wonted youth, no former pleasures share.  
 Oft from yon elm-clad height these eyes survey  
 The spot where, seeking the bright realms of day,  
 Laura's fair spirit left a frame so fair !

---

is the spot he alludes to in the three last lines ; for it was at Avignon that Laura died.

## SONETTO XXVIII.

*Amor, che meco al buon tempo ti stavi  
 Fra queste rive a' pensier nostri amiche;  
 E per saldar le ragion nostre antiche,  
 Meco, e col fiume ragionando andavi:  
 Fior, frondi, erbe, ombre, antri, onde, aure soavi;  
 Valli chiuse, alti colli, e piagge apriche,  
 Porto dell' amorose mie fatiche,  
 Delle fortune mie tante, e sì gravi;  
 O vaghi abitator de' verdi boschi;  
 O ninfe; e voi, che 'l fresco erboso fondo  
 Del liquido cristallo alberga e pasce:  
 I miei dì fur sì chiari, or son sì foschi;  
 Come morte, che 'l fa. Così nel mondo  
 Sua ventura ha ciascun dal dì che nasce.*

## SONNET XXVIII.

On these green banks in happier days I stray'd  
 With Love, who whisper'd many a tender tale ;  
 And the glad waters, winding thro' the dale,  
 Heard the sweet eloquence fond Love display'd.  
 You, purpled plain, cool grot, and arching glade ;  
 Ye hills, ye streams, where plays the silken gale ;  
 Ye pathless wilds, you rock-encircled vale,\*  
 Which oft have heard the tender complaints I made !  
 Ye blue-hair'd nymphs, who ceaseless revel keep,  
 In the cool bosom of the crystal deep ;  
 Ye woodland maids, who climb the mountain's brow !  
 Ye mark'd how joy once wing'd each hour so gay ;  
 Ah, mark how sad each hour now wears away !  
 So fate with human bliss blends human woe !

---

\* Vaucluse.

## SONETTO XXIX.

*Zefiro torna; e 'l bel tempo rimena,  
 E i fiori, e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia;  
 E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomena;  
 E primavera candida, e vermiglia.*  
*Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena;  
 Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia;  
 L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra è d'Amor piena;  
 Ogni animal d'amar si consiglia.*  
*Ma per me, lasso! tornano i più gravi  
 Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge  
 Quella, ch' al ciel se ne portò le chiavi:  
 E cantar angelletti, e fiorir piagge,  
 E 'n belle donne oneste atti soavi  
 Sono un deserto, e fere aspre, e selvagge.*

## SONNET XXIX.

Soft Zephyr breathes, gladd'ning the new-born year ;  
 Sweet flow'rs, and verdure, wait his gentle reign ;  
 Progne's sad voice, and Philomel's lorn strain  
 Proclaim that spring, bland purple spring ! is here.  
 Gay smile the meads, bright shine the heav'ns again,  
 Jove gazes rapt'rous on his daughter dear :  
 Air, earth, and sea, Love's genial influence share ;  
 Each tutor'd being feels its pleasing pain.  
 But I, ah wretched ! vent soul-tort'ring sighs  
 For her who wing'd her way to brighter skies,  
 Stole my fond heart, and left me here to mourn.  
 Not warbling choirs, nor flow'ry meads give ease ;  
 Fair nymphs sweet-manner'd can no longer please ;  
 To me all's savage, desert, and forlorn !

---

Petrarch wrote this Sonnet anno 1353, in his retirement at Vaucluse.  
 By Jove's daughter is meant Venus.



## SONETTO XXX.

*Quel rosignuol, che sì soave piagne  
 Forse suo' figli, o sua cara consorte,  
 Di dolcezza empie il cielo, e le campagne  
 Con tante note sì pietose, e scorte;  
 E tutta notte par che m' accompagni,  
 E mi ramente la mia dura sorte:  
 Ch' altri che me non ho die cui mi lagne;  
 Che 'n dee non credeo' io regnasse morte.  
 O che lieve è ingannar, chi s' assecura!  
 Que' duo bei lumi, assai più che 'l sol chiari,  
 Chi pensò mai veder far terra oscura?  
 Or conosco io, che mia fera ventura  
 Vuol che vivendo, e lagrimando impari  
 Come nulla quaggiù diletta, e dura.*

## SONNET XXX.

The wakeful nightingale; from off its thorn  
Wailing its lost mate, or its ravish'd young;  
Pierces the skies, the woodlands with its song,  
In trills of melody so sweet, so lorn!  
From eve's last glance, till dawns the crimson morn,  
Like me it pours soft sorrow from its tongue;  
Ah, Laura! thy dear charms, I ween'd too long,  
Because divine, were sure immortal born.  
Deluded they! who on frail fate depend;  
Thou fate didst dim those eyes so sweetly bright,  
Eyes! far more radiant than yon orb of light:  
Each ill-starr'd wretch, by thee instructed, knows  
How transient is the bliss that life bestows;  
What cares perplex it, and what griefs attend!

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**ODES**  
**or**  
**PETRARCH.**

## CANZONE I.

*In quella parte, dov' Amor mi sprona,  
 Conven, ch' io volga le dogliose rime,  
 Che son seguaci della mente afflitta,  
 Quai fien ultime, lasso! e qua' fien prime?  
 Colui, che del mio mal meco ragiona,  
 Mi lascia in dubbio; sì confuso ditta.  
 Ma pur quanto l' istoria trovo scritta  
 In mezzo 'l cor, che sì spesso rincorro,  
 Con la sua propria man de' miei martiri  
 Dirò; perchè i sospiri  
 Parlando han triegua, ed al dolor soccorro.  
 Dico, che, perch' io miri  
 Mille cose diverse attento, e fiso;  
 Sol una Donna veggio, e 'l suo bel viso.*



## ODE I.

When Love, fond Love! commands the strain,  
 The coyest muse must sure obey;  
 Love bids my wounded breast complain,  
 And whispers the melodious lay:  
 Yet when such griefs restrain the muse's wing,  
 How shall she dare to soar, or how attempt to sing?

Oh, could my heart express its woe!  
 How poor, how wretched should I seem!  
 But as the plaintive accents flow,  
 Soft comfort spreads her golden gleam;  
 And each gay scene, that nature holds to view,  
 Bids Laura's absent charms to mem'ry bloom anew.

F

*Poi che la dispietata mia ventura*  
*M' ha dilungato dal maggior mio bene,*  
*Nojosa, inesorabile, e superba ;*  
*Amor col rimembrar sol mi mantene :*  
*Onde, s' io veggio in giovenil figura*  
*Incominciarsi 'l mondo a vestir d' erba ;*  
*Parmi veder in quella etate acerba*  
*La bella giovinetta, ch' ora è donna :*  
*Poi che sormonta riscaldando il sole ;*  
*Parmi, qual esser sole*  
*Fiamma d' amor, che 'en cor alto se' indonna :*  
*Ma quando il dì si dote*  
*Di lui, che passo passo a dietro torni ;*  
*Veggio lei giunta a' suoi perfetti giorni.*

•

Tho' fate's severe decrees remove  
 Her gladsome beauties from my sight;  
 Yet, urg'd by pity, friendly Love  
 Bids fond reflection yield delight;  
 If lavish spring with flow'rets strews the mead,  
 Her lavish beauties all to fancy are display'd!

When to this globe the solar beams  
 Their full meridian blaze impart;  
 It pictures Laura, that inflames  
 With passion's fires each human heart:  
 And when the sun compleats his daily race,  
 I see her riper age compleat each growing grace.



*In ramo fronde, over viole in terra  
 Mirando alla stagion che 'l freddo perde,  
 E le stelle migliori acquistan forza;  
 Negli occhi ho pur le violette, e 'l verde  
 Di ch' era, nel principio di mia guerra,  
 Amor armato sì; ch' ancor mi sforza:  
 E quella dolce leggiadretta scorza,  
 Che ricopria le pargolette membra,  
 Dov' oggi alberga l' anima gentile,  
 Ch' ogni altro piacer, vile  
 Sembiar mi fa; sì forte mi rimembra  
 Del portamento umile,  
 Ch' allor fioriva, e poi crebbe anzi agli anni;  
 Cagion sola, e riposo de' mie' affanni.*

When milder planets, warmer skies  
O'er winter's frozen reign prevail ;  
When groves are ting'd with vernal dyes ;  
And violets scent the wanton gale :  
Those flow'rs, the verdure then recall that day,  
In which my Laura stole this heedless heart away.\*

The blush of health, that crimson'd o'er  
Her youthful cheek ; her modest mien ;  
The gay-green garment that she wore,  
Have ever dear to mem'ry been :  
More dear they grow, as time the more inflames  
This tender breast, o'ercome by passion's wild extremes !

*Qualor tenerà neve per li colli*

*Dal sol percossa veggio di lontano;*

*Come 'l sol neve, mi governa Amore,*

*Pensando nel bel viso più che umano,*

*Che può da lunge gli occhi miei far molli,*

*Ma da presso gli abbuglia, e vince il core;*

*Ove fra 'l bianco, e l' aureo colore*

*Sempre si mostra quel, che mai non vide*

*Occhio mortal, ch' io credea, altro che 'l mio.*

*E del callo desio,*

*Che quando i' sospirando ella sorride,*

*M' infiamma sì, che oblio*

*Niente apprezza, ma diventa eterno;*

*Nè state il cangia, nè lo spegne il verno.*

The sun, whose cheering lustre warms  
The bosom of yon snow-clad hill,  
Seems a just emblem of the charms,  
Whose pow'r controuls my vanquish'd will ;  
When near, they gild with joy this frozen heart,  
Where ceaseless winter reigns, whene'er those charms  
depart.

Yon sun too paints the locks of gold,  
That play around her face so fair ;  
Her face which, oft as I behold,  
Prompts the soft sigh of am'rous care !  
While Laura smiles, all-conscious of that love  
Which from this faithful breast no time can e'er remove!

*Non vidi mai dopo notturna pioggia  
 Gir per l' aere sereno stelle erranti,  
 E fiammeggiar fra la rugiada, e 'l cielo;  
 Ch' i' non avessi i begli occhi davanti,  
 Ove la stanca mia vita s' appoggia,  
 Qual' io gli vidi all' ombra d' un bel velo:  
 E siccome di lor bellezze il cielo  
 Splendea quel dì, così bagnati ancora  
 Li veggio sfavillar; ond' io sempr' ardo.  
 Se 'l sol levarsi sguardo;  
 Sento il lume apparir che m' innamora:  
 Se tramontarsi al tardo;  
 Parmel veder, quando si volge altrove,  
 Lassando tenebroso onde si move,*

If to the transient storm of night  
Succeeds a star-bespangled sky ;  
And the clear rain-drops catch the light,  
Glitt'ring on all the foliage nigh :  
Methinks her eyes I view, as on that day  
When thro' the envious veil they shot their magic ray.

With brightness making heav'n more bright,  
As then they did, I see them now ;  
I see them, when the morning light  
Purples the misty mountain's brow :  
When day declines, and darkness spreads the pole ;  
Methinks 'tis Laura flies, and sadness wraps my soul.

*Se mai candide rose con vermiglie*  
*In vassel d' oro vider gli occhi miei,*  
*Allor allor da vergine man colte;*  
*Veder pensaro il viso di colei,*  
*Ch' avanza tutte l' altre meraviglie*  
*Con tre belle eccellenzie in lui raccolte;*  
*Le bionde treccie sopra 'l collo sciolte,*  
*Ov' ogni latte perderia, sua prova;*  
*E le guancie, ch' adorna un dolce foco.*  
*Ma pur che l' ora un poco*  
*Fior bianchi, e gialli per le piaggie mora;*  
*Torna alla mente il loco,*  
*E 'l primo dì ch' i vidi a Laura sparsi*  
*I capei d' oro, ond' io sì subit' arti.*

In stately jars of burnish'd gold  
 Should lilies spread their silv'ry pride,  
 With fresh-blown roses that unfold  
 Their leaves in heav'n's own crimson dyed ;  
 Then Laura's bloom I see, and sunny hair  
 Flowing adown her neck than iv'ry whiter far !

The flow'rets brush'd by zephyr's wing,  
 Waving their heads in frolic play,  
 Oft to my fond remembrance bring  
 The happy spot, the happier day ;  
 In which, disporting with the gale, I view'd  
 Those sweet unbraided locks, that all my heart subdu'd.



*Ad una ad una annoverar le stelle,  
 E 'n picciol vetro chiuder tutte l' acque  
 Forse credea ; quando in sì poca carta  
 Novo penser di ricontar mi nacque,  
 In quante parti il fior dell' altre belle  
 Stando in se stessa, ha la sua luce sparta ;  
 Acciò che mai da lei non mi diparta :  
 Nè farò io : e se pur talor fuggo ;  
 In cielo, e 'n terra m' ha racchiusi i passi :  
 Perchè agli occhi miei lassi  
 Sempre è presente ; ond' io tutto mi struggo :  
 E così meco stassi ;  
 Ch' altra non veggio mai, nè veder bramo ;  
 Nè 'l nome d' altra nè sospir miei chiamo.*

Oh! could I count those orbs that shine  
Nightly o'er yon ethereal plain,  
Or in some scanty vase confine  
Each drop that ocean's bounds contain!  
Then might I hope to fly from beauty's rays.  
Laura o'er flaming worlds can spread bright beauty's  
blaze!

Should I all heav'n, all earth explore,  
I still should lovely Laura find;  
Laura! whose beauties I adore,  
Is ever present to my mind:  
She's seen in all that strikes these partial eyes,  
And her dear name still dwells in all my tender sighs!

*Ben sai, Canzon, che quant' io parlo, è nulla  
Al celato amoroso mio pensiero,  
Che dì e notte nella mente porto;  
Solo per cui conforto  
In così lunga guerra anco non pero:  
Che ben m' avria già morto  
La lontananza del mio cor piangendo;  
Ma quinci dalla morte indugio prendo.*

But soft, my Song!—not thine the pow'r  
 To paint that never-dying flame,  
 Which gilds thro' life the gloomy hour,  
 Which nurtures this love-wasted frame :  
 For since with Laura dwells my wander'd heart,  
 Chear'd by that fost'ring flame, I brave death's ebon dart.

---

\* When Petrarch first saw Laura, she was drest in a green gown decorated with violets. *Vid.* Account of Petrarch's Life—This Ode was wrote when Laura was living, and is in the first Book of Petrarch's Poems.

## CANZONE II.

*Là ver l' aurora : che s'è dolce l' aura  
 Al tempo novo suol mover i fiori,  
 E gli augelletti incominciar lor versi;  
 S'è dolcemente i pensier dentro all' alma  
 Mover mi sento a chi gli ha tutti in forza;  
 Che ritornar conviemmi alle mie note.*

*Temprar potess' io in sì soavi note  
 I miei sospiri, ch' addolcissen Laura;  
 Facendo a lei ragion, ch' a me fa forza:  
 Ma pria fia 'l verno la stagion de' fiori;  
 Ch' Amor fiorisca in quella nobil alma,  
 Che non curò giammai rime, nè versi.*

## ODE II.

When music warbles from each thorn,  
And zephyr's dewy wings  
Sweep the young flow'rs ; what time the morn  
Her crimson radiance flings ;  
Then, as the smiling year renews,  
I feel renew'd Love's tender pain ;  
Renew'd is Laura's cold disdain ;  
And I for comfort court the weeping muse,

Oh ! could my sighs in accents flow  
So musically lorn ;  
That thou might'st catch my am'rous woe,  
And cease, proud Maid ! thy scorn :  
Yet, ere within thy icy breast  
The smallest spark of passion's found,  
Winter's cold temples shall be bound  
With all the blooms that paint spring's glowing vest.

*Quante lagrime lasso, e quanti versi*

*Ho già sparti al mio tempo! e 'n quante note*

*Ho riprovato umiliar quell' alma!*

*Ella si sta pur, com' aspr' alpe all' aura*

*Dolce; la qual ben move frondi; e fiori;*

*Ma nulla può, se 'ncontr' ha maggior forza.*

*Uomini, e dei solea vincer per forza*

*Amor; come si legge in prosa e 'n versi;*

*Ed io 'l provai in sul primo aprir de' fiori:*

*Ora nè 'l mio signor, nè le sue note,*

*Nè 'l pianger mio, nè i preghi pon far Laura*

*Trarre o di vita, o di martir quest' alma.*

The drops that bathe the grief-dew'd eye,  
 The love-impassion'd strain  
 To move thy flinty bosom try  
 Full oft;—but ah! in vain  
 Would tears, and melting song avail;  
 As vainly might the silken breeze,  
 That bends the flow'rs, that fans the trees,  
 Some rugged rock's tremendous brow assail.

Both gods and men alike are sway'd  
 By Love, as poets tell;—  
 And I, when flow'rs in ev'ry shade  
 Their bursting gems reveal,  
 First felt his all-subduing pow'r:  
 While Laura knows not yet the smart;  
 Nor heeds the tortures of my heart,  
 My pray'rs, my complaints, and sorrow's pearly show'r!



*All' ultimo bisogno, o miser' alma!*

*Accampa ogni tuo ingegno, ogni tua forza;*

*Mentre fra noi di vita alberga l' aura.*

*Nell' al mondo è, che non possano i versi;*

*E gli aspidi incantar sanno in lor note,*

*Non che 'l gielo adornar di novi fiori.*

*Ridon or per le piagge erbette, e fiori:*

*Esser non può, che quell' angelic' alma*

*Non senta 'l suon dell' amorose note.*

*Se nostra ria fortuna è di più forza;*

*Lagrimando, e cantando i nostri versi,*

*E col bue zoppo andrem cacciando l' aura.*

Thy wrongs, my soul ! with patience bear,  
 While life shall warm this clay ;  
 And soothing sounds to Laura's ear  
 My numbers shall convey :  
 Numbers with forceful magic charm  
 All nature, o'er the frost-bound earth  
 Wake summer's fragrant buds to birth,  
 And the fierce serpent of its rage disarm.

The blossom'd shrubs in smiles are drest,  
 Now laughs each purple plain ;  
 And shall the Nymph a foe profest  
 To tenderness remain !  
 But oh ! what solace shall I find,  
 If fortune dooms me yet to bear  
 The frowns of my relentless Fair,  
 Save with soft moan to vex the pitying wind ?

*In rete accolgo l' aura, e 'n ghiaccio i fiori :  
 E 'n versi tento sorda, e rigid' alma ;  
 Che nè forza d' Amor prezza, nè note.*

---

Petrarch, in the beginning of this Ode, describes the season of the year, and time of the day, when he first became enamoured with Laura : it was in the spring, early in the morning at mattins ; and further on he more particularly alludes to the very month, *in sul primo aprir de' fiori* : that is, in April, when the generality of flowers are coming into blos-

In baffling nets the light-wing'd gale  
 I'd fetter as it blows,  
 The vernal rose that scents the vale  
 I'd cull on wint'ry snows;  
 Still I'd ne'er hope that mind to move  
 Which dares defy the wiles of verse, and Love.

---

som.—Tibullus mentions the effect of harmony upon the serpent, much  
 in the same manner as Petrarch,

“*Cantus et iratæ detinet anguis iter.*”

TIBUL. *Eleg. ix. Lib. 1.*

“The head-long serpent halts at magic strains.”

GRAINGER.

## CANZONE III.

*Che debb' io far? che mi consigli, Amore?  
Tempo è ben di morire;  
Ed ho tardato più ch' i' non vorrei.  
Madonna è morta, ed ha seco 'l mio core;  
E volendol seguire,  
Interromper conven quest' anni rei:  
Perchè mai veder lei  
Di quà non spero; e l'aspettar m' è noia.  
Poscia, ch'ogni mia gioia  
Per lo suo dipartire in pianto è volta;  
Ogni dolcezza di mia vita è tolta.*

## ODE III.

In gentle pity say,  
Why, Love ! should I delay  
To burst life's galling, life's oppressive chain?  
Swift to yon blissful sky  
Let my fond spirit fly ;  
And my lost heart, and my dear Laura gain !

Come, welcome death, O come !  
And seal a wretch's doom !  
No more to linger in this vale of tears ;  
Since to the realms of light  
My Laura bends her flight ;  
Joy prunes his purple wing, and disappears.

*Amor, tu 'l senti, ond' io teco mi doglio,  
 Quant' è 'l danuo aspro, e grave ;  
 E so, che del mio mal ti pesa, e dole ;  
 Anzi del nostro : perch' ad uno scoglio  
 Avem rotto la nave,  
 Ed in un punto n' è scurato il sole.  
 Qual ingegno a parole  
 Poria agguagliar il mio doglioso stato ?  
 Ah! orbo mondo ingrato,  
 Gran cagion hai di dover pianger meco ;  
 Che quel ben, ch' era in te, perdut' hai seco.*

Thou, Love ! like me hast mourn'd,  
Like me with passion burn'd,  
And all my heart-felt sorrows canst relate ;  
To beauty's tempting gale  
• We spread fair pleasure's sail,  
But hope was wreck'd by the rude storm of fate !

What sweetly-plaintive strain  
Can paint the tender pain,  
The thrilling anguish that subdues my breast :  
Weep, weep, unfeeling earth !  
For know our brightest worth  
Has left thy seat, to number with the blest.



*Caduta è la tua gloria, e tu nol vedi ;  
Nè degno eri, mentr' ella  
Visse quaggiù, d' aver sua conoscenza,  
Nè d' esser tocco da' suoi santi piedi :  
Perchè cosa sì bella  
Devea 'l ciel adornar di sua presenza.  
Ma io, lasso ! che senza  
Lei nè vita mortal, nè me stess' amo ;  
Piangendo la richiamo :  
Questo m' avanza di cotanta spene,  
E questo solo ancor quì mi mantene.*

Why, earth, art thou unmov'd,  
When she, so much belov'd !  
When Laura's self is from thy bosom torn ?  
Unworthy thou, to bear  
Charms so divinely fair !  
Charms, that yon crystal fields of bliss adorn !

Nor social mirth can please,  
Nor hope can gild my days ;  
Since of my Laura my fond soul's bereft :  
To let the stream of woe  
Adown the pale cheek flow,  
Is all a love-devoted wretch has left !

*Oimè! terra è fatto il suo bel viso,  
Che solea far del cielo,  
E del ben di lassù fede fra noi.  
L' invisibil sua forma è in paradiso  
Disciolta di quel velo,  
Che què fece ombra al fior degli anni suoi,  
Per rivestirsen poi  
Un' altra volta, e mai più non spogliarsi;  
Quand' alma, e bella farsi  
Tanto più la vedrem, quanto più vale  
Sempiterna bellezza, che mortale.*

Now vanish'd is each grace  
That, smiling on her face,  
Pictur'd all Eden to our ravish'd eyes ;  
Pictur'd those glitt'ring scenes,  
Where ceaseless rapture reigns,  
Where Laura joyous treads the starry skies !

No more her mortal veil  
Can her bright charms conceal,  
But round those charms eternal glories shine ;  
And such unfading bloom,  
As time can ne'er consume,  
Spreads richer lustre o'er her form divine.

*Più che mai bella, e più leggiadra donna  
Tornami innanzi, come  
Là, dove più gradir sua vista sente.  
Quest' è del viver mio l' una colonna ;  
L' altra è 'l suo chiaro nome,  
Che sona nel mio cor sì dolcemente.  
Ma tornandomi a mente,  
Che pur morta è la mia speranza viva  
Allor, ch' ella fioriva ;  
Sa ben Amor, qual io divento ; e spero  
Vedal colei, ch' è or sì presso al vero.*

Oft to repeat her name ;  
 And oft indulge the dream  
 When fancy paints her still more kind, more fair!  
 Life's sorrows may beguile,  
 May haply soothe awhile  
 Each agonizing throw of wild despair :

But reason's stronger pow'r  
 Will oft recall that hour,  
 Which snatch'd her hence in all the pride of youth;  
 And conscious Love then knows  
 All my heart-rending woes ;  
 Nay Laura knows them, for she dwells with truth !

H

*Donne, voi che miraste sua bellate,  
E l' angelica vita,  
Con quel celeste portamento in terra;  
Di me vi doglia, e vincavi pietate,  
Non di lei, ch' è salita  
A tanta pace, e me ha lasciato in guerra:  
Talchè, s' altri mi serra  
Lungo tempo il cammin da seguitarla;  
Quel, ch' Amor meco parla,  
Sol mi riten, ch' io non recida il nodo:  
Ma e' ragiona dentro in cotal modo.*

By friendship's sacred name !  
 Pity my hapless flame,  
 Ye chaste companions of her smiling years !  
 Who once her worth have lov'd,  
 Her virtues once approv'd,  
 And now bedew her grave with unfeign'd tears.

Should loit'ring fate delay  
 To waft my soul away,  
 Where Laura's gentle spirit dwells above ;  
 I'll seek some kinder guide,  
 And life's frail thread divide ;  
 But soft !—thus whispers the sweet voice of Love.



*“ Pon freno al gran dolor, che ti trasporta ;*

*“ Che per soverchie voglie*

*“ S’i perde ’l cielo, ove ’l tuo core aspira :*

*“ Dov’ è viva colei ch’ altrui par morta :*

*“ E di sue belle spoglie*

*“ Seco sorride, e sol di te sospira :*

*“ E sua fama, che spira*

*“ In molte parti ancor per la tua lingua,*

*“ Prega che non estingua ;*

*“ Anzi la voce al suo nome rischiari ;*

*“ Se gli occhi suoi ti fur dolci, nè cari.”*

“ Thy frantic rage restrain,  
“ Or hope not to attain  
“ That heav’n to which thy virtuous soul aspires;  
“ Where Laura smiles to see,  
“ Heaving a sigh for thee,  
“ All thy vain wand’rings, all thy wild desires :

“ And, to my heart sincere  
“ If e’er her charms were dear,  
“ With transport this her fond command obey ;  
“ That her fair spotless name,  
“ Her bright unsullied fame,  
“ May live to future ages in thy lay.”

*Fuggi 'l sereno, e 'l verde ;  
Non t' appressar ove sia riso, o canto,  
Canzon mia, nò, ma pianto :  
Non fa per te di star fra gente allegra,  
Vedova sconsolata in vesta negra.*

*Fine delle RIME di PETRARCA.*

Ah ! shun my plaintive strain  
The spring-empurpled plain,  
The breezy bow'r, where song and laughter dwell :  
Go, sing my wretched doom ;  
For mirth must ill-become  
The strain design'd a lover's woe to tell.

---

This Ode is among the Poems of Petrarch's second book, being wrote after the death of Laura.

End of the POEMS of PETRARCH.

*Questo è il SONETTO ritrovato nel Sepolcro di  
Madonna LAURA,*

*Quì riposan quei caste, e felici ossa  
Di quell' alma gentile, e solu in terra:  
Aspro, e dur sasso, hor ben teco hai sotterra,  
E 'l vero honor, la fama, e beltà scossa.  
Morte hà del verde Lauro svelta, e mossa;  
Fresca radice, e il premio di mia guerra  
Di quattro lustri e più, s' ancor non erra  
Mio pensier tristo, e 'l chiude in poca fossa,  
Felice pianta in borgo d' Avignone  
Nacque, e morì: e qui con ella giace  
La penna, e 'l stil, l' inchiostro, e la ragione.  
O! delicati membri, o! viva face,  
Ch' ancor mi cuoggi, e struggi; in ginocchione  
Ciascun preghi il Signor t' accetti in pace!*

---

The Italian reader must easily perceive this Sonnet not to be Petrarch's; poor as it is however, I have ventured to insert it, on account of its rarity; being found but in few editions of Petrarch. I shall not apologize for my translation, as it cannot disgrace the original.



IL FINE.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE SONNET FOUND IN  
LAURA'S TOMB.

Here peaceful sleeps the chaste, the happy shade  
Of that fair spirit, which adorn'd this earth :  
Pure fame, true beauty, and transcendant worth,  
Rude stone ! beneath thy rugged breast are laid.  
Death sudden snatch'd the dear, lamented maid !  
Who first to all my tender woes gave birth,  
Woes ! that estrang'd my sorrowing soul to mirth,  
While full four lustres \* time compleatly made.  
Sweet plant ! that nurs'd on Avignon's sweet soil,  
There bloom'd, there died ; when soon the weeping muse  
Threw by the lute, forsook her wonted toil.  
Bright spark of beauty, that still fires my breast !  
What pitying mortals shall a pray'r refuse !  
That heaven may number thee amid the blest.

---

\* A Lustre is the space of five years ; consequently, four lustres is twenty years ; therefore somewhat more than four Lustres, *quattro lustri e più*, corresponds with the space of time, included between the years 1327, when Petrarch first saw Laura, and 1348, when she died.

THE END.



## TABLE.



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## CHAPTER II

The first part of the chapter discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the success of any business and for the protection of the interests of the owners and investors. The text then proceeds to describe the various methods and systems used to collect, classify, and summarize financial data. It covers topics such as the use of journals, ledgers, and trial balances, as well as the importance of regular audits and reconciliations. The chapter also touches upon the role of accounting in decision-making and the overall management of the organization.









