

Florence exult! for thou so mightily  
Hast thriven, that o'er land and sea thy wings  
Thou beatest, and thy name spreads over hell!  
Among the plund'ers such the three I found  
Thy citizens, whence shame to me thy son,  
And no proud honour to thyself redounds.

But if our minds, when dreaming near the dawn,  
Are of the truth presageful, thou ere long  
Shalt feel what Prato, (not to say the rest)  
Would fain might come upon thee; and that chance  
Were in good time, if it befell thee now.  
Would so it were, since it must needs befall!  
For as time wears me, I shall grieve the more.

We from the depth departed; and my guide  
Remounting scal'd the flinty steps, which late  
We downward trac'd, and drew me up the steep.  
Pursuing thus our solitary way  
Among the crags and splinters of the rock,  
Sped not our feet without the help of hands.

Then sorrow seiz'd me, which e'en now revives,  
As my thought turns again to what I saw,  
And, more than I am wont, I rein and curb  
The powers of nature in me, lest they run  
Where Virtue guides not; that if aught of good

My gentle star, or something better gave me,  
I envy not myself the precious boon.

As in that season, when the sun least veils  
His face that lightens all, what time the fly  
Gives way to the shrill gnat, the peasant then  
Upon some cliff reclin'd, beneath him sees  
Fire-flies innumerable spangling o'er the vale,  
Vineyard or tilth, where his day-labour lies:  
With flames so numberless throughout its space  
Shone the eighth chasm, apparent, when the depth  
Was to my view expos'd. As he, whose wrongs  
The bears aveng'd, at its departure saw  
Elijah's chariot, when the steeds erect  
Rais'd their steep flight for heav'n; his eyes meanwhile,  
Straining pursu'd them, till the flame alone  
Upsoaring like a misty speck he kenn'd;  
E'en thus along the gulf moves every flame,  
A sinner so enfolded close in each,  
That none exhibits token of the theft.

Upon the bridge I forward bent to look,  
And grasp'd a flinty mass, or else had fall'n,  
Though push'd not from the height. The guide, who mark'd  
How I did gaze attentive, thus began:

"Within these ardours are the spirits, each

Swath'd in confining fire."—"Master, thy word,"  
I answer'd, "hath assur'd me; yet I deem'd  
Already of the truth, already wish'd  
To ask thee, who is in yon fire, that comes  
So parted at the summit, as it seem'd  
Ascending from that funeral pile, where lay  
The Theban brothers?" He replied: "Within  
Ulysses there and Diomedes endure  
Their penal tortures, thus to vengeance now  
Together hasting, as erewhile to wrath.  
These in the flame with ceaseless groans deplore  
The ambush of the horse, that open'd wide  
A portal for that goodly seed to pass,  
Which sow'd imperial Rome; nor less the guile  
Lament they, whence of her Achilles 'reft  
Deidamia yet in death complains.  
And there is rued the stratagem, that Troy  
Of her Palladium spoil'd."—"If they have power  
Of utterance from within these sparks," said I,  
"O master! think my prayer a thousand fold  
In repetition urg'd, that thou vouchsafe  
To pause, till here the horned flame arrive.  
See, how toward it with desire I bend."

He thus: "Thy prayer is worthy of much praise,  
And I accept it therefore: but do thou  
Thy tongue refrain: to question them be mine,

For I divine thy wish: and they perchance,  
For they were Greeks, might shun discourse with thee.”

When there the flame had come, where time and place  
Seem’d fitting to my guide, he thus began:  
“O ye, who dwell two spirits in one fire!  
If living I of you did merit aught,  
Whate’er the measure were of that desert,  
When in the world my lofty strain I pour’d,  
Move ye not on, till one of you unfold  
In what clime death o’ertook him self-destroy’d.”

Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn  
Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire  
That labours with the wind, then to and fro  
Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,  
Threw out its voice, and spake: “When I escap’d  
From Circe, who beyond a circling year  
Had held me near Caieta, by her charms,  
Ere thus Aeneas yet had nam’d the shore,  
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence  
Of my old father, nor return of love,  
That should have crown’d Penelope with joy,  
Could overcome in me the zeal I had  
T’ explore the world, and search the ways of life,  
Man’s evil and his virtue. Forth I sail’d  
Into the deep illimitable main,

With but one bark, and the small faithful band  
That yet cleav'd to me. As Iberia far,  
Far as Morocco either shore I saw,  
And the Sardinian and each isle beside  
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age  
Were I and my companions, when we came  
To the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd  
The bound'ries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.  
The walls of Seville to my right I left,  
On the other hand already Ceuta past.  
"O brothers!" I began, "who to the west  
Through perils without number now have reach'd,  
To this the short remaining watch, that yet  
Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof  
Of the unpeopled world, following the track  
Of Phoebus. Call to mind from whence we sprang:  
Ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes  
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high."  
With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage  
The mind of my associates, that I then  
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn  
Our poop we turn'd, and for the witless flight  
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.  
Each star of the other pole night now beheld,  
And ours so low, that from the ocean-floor  
It rose not. Five times re-illum'd, as oft  
Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon

Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far  
Appear'd a mountain dim, loftiest methought  
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seiz'd us straight,  
But soon to mourning changed. From the new land  
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side  
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her round  
With all the waves, the fourth time lifted up  
The poop, and sank the prow: so fate decreed:  
And over us the booming billow clos'd."