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Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna, Quel Monte che divide, e quel che serra Italia, e un mare e l'altro, che la bagna. - ARIOSTO, Satire [iv.58-60]. Venice, 2 January 1818. JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ. A.M., F.R.S. ETC. MY DEAR HOBHOUSE, AFTER AN EIGHT-YEAR INTERVAL BETWEEN THE COMPOSITION OF THE FIRST AND LAST CANTOS CHILDE HAROLD, THE FINAL OF THE SONG WILL BE TO THE PUBLIC. In a breakup with an old friend like that, it's not unusual for me to have to face again one older and better who has seen the birth and death of another, and who I've done far more for the social benefits of an enlightened friendship than -though not ungrateful -- could or would be, Childe Harold - for every public favor reflected by a poem about a poet, -- one. who I have known for a long time and has followed the far, which I have found awakened by illness and kindness in my grief, happy in my prosperity and solid in my future, truly in the advice and trust of the trust in deception -- a friend who often tried and never found desire; - into me. I repeat myself from fiction to truth, and in my perfect, or at least completed country, poetic work, which is the most boring, thoughtful and comprehensive of my composition, I want to honor myself by writing about many years of intimacy with a man who learns talent, peace and honor. It is not for the mind as ours to give or receive flattery; however, the praise of sincerity was ever allowed for the heart, which has not been elsewhere or lately so accustomed to meeting goodwill that it firmly withstands the shock of trying to remember your good qualities, or rather, the advantages that I have out of their necessity. Even repeating the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most miserable day of my past existence, but which cannot poison my future while retaining the source of your friendship and your faculties, will from now on more agree with both, because it will remind us that I will thank you for the unjust memory of it. as few men have experienced, and no one could have experienced it without thinking better about their own kind and about themselves. Our wealth was that at different times we crossed countries of knighting, history and scouting -- Spain, Greece, Asia-Asia and Italy; And what athens and Constantinople were a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been lately. Even the song, or the pilgrims, or both, accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it is the pity of vanity that exhipes me to reflect with complacency the composition that connects me to the place where it was produced and the objects fain describe; No matter how unworthy it may be for those magical and memorable homes, no matter how briefly it may fall out of our distant notions and immediate impressions, but as a mark of respect for the venerable and the sense of what is glorious, it was a source of pleasure in production, and I was making fun of it with some kind of regret. Fewer pilgrims will find the last canta in relation to the behaviour of the last cant than in any of the previous ones, and that little, if any, separate from the author who speaks in his own person. The fact is that I was tired of drawing a line that everyone seemed determined not to grasp: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, who no one would believe to be Chinese, I asked in vain and imagined that I had made a difference between the author and the pilgrims; and the anxiety of keeping this difference, and the frustration of finding it inaccessible, has so far crushed my efforts in the assembly to decide to abandon it completely -- and I did. The opinions that have been or may have been formulated on this subject are now impeccable; the work depends on itself and not on the writer; and an author who has no means in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, to be derived from his literary aspirations, deserves the fate of the authors. During the next Canto, I intended either in the text or in the footnotes, to touch on the current state of Italian literature and perhaps manners. However, within the limits I have proposed, I soon found that it is almost not sufficient for a maze of external objects and, consequently, reflection; and for the whole note, except for a few shortest, I'm behind myself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text. It is also sensitive and not very grateful for the task of ing about the literature and manners of a nation that is so unsocied; and requires attention and impartiality that would lead us to distrust or at least delay judgment, and to examine our information more closely. The state of the literary party runs as high or higher as even on the issue of Romantic or Classical, as they call it, so for a foreigner to be impartially steered among them, next to the impossible. Then maybe that's enough. U minimum sniffer to quote from their breathtaking language --'Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l'antico in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima. Italy still has big names - Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonti, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti and Vacca, will provide the current generation with an honorary place in most arts, science and Belles Lettres departments; and in some of the highest - Europe -- the world -- has only one Cano. La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra -- e che gli stessi atroci delitti che you si commettono ne sono una prova. Without ate this part of his proposal a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which can be challenged for better reasons, namely that the Italians are no more ferocious than their neighbours, that man must be consciously blind or ignorantly meaningless, not struck by the exceptional ability of this people, or, if such a word is permissible, their capacity, the capacity of their acquisition, the speed of their concepts., the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty and the midst of all the weaknesses of the repetitive revolutions, the desolation of battles and the despair of ages, their still unquenched longing after immortality -- immortality of independence. And when we were alone, riding on the Walls of Rome, we heard a simple mourning of the labour choirs, 'Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima', It was difficult not to contrast here melanholijnu dirge with bakan hihukom o poems exhip jos vikanih from the people of the world, you yourself have been uneased in the work worth more given to ourselves in history. For me, Non movero mai corda Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda. What Italy has gained from the late transfer of nations has been useless for the English to inquire until it is established that England have acquired something more than a permanent army and the suspended Habeas Corpus: it is enough to see home. For what they have done abroad and especially in the South: They will really have their reward and in no very distant period. I wish you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and friendly return to this country whose true well-being can only be loved by myself, I dedicate this song to you in its finished state; And repeat once again how truly I am always your duty and kind friend, BYRON. I stood in Venice, on a bridge for breaths; The palace and the jail on each side: I saw from the wave, as its structures rise, like from the blow of a magic bar: For thousands of years, their cloudy wings spread around me, and the dying glory laughs o'er distant times, when many submisored lands looked at the winged Lion's marble heaps, where Venice sates in the country, On her hundred island! II She is seeing the sea of Cybele, fresh from the ocean, 10 Rises with its tiara proud towers At an air distance, with a magnificent movement, ruler of water and their power: And so it was; Her daughters had their dowers from the prey of nations, and the exhaust east poured all the jewels in the sparkling showers in their arms. In purple she was robbed, and her feast monarchs partook, and the sheep that their dignity had increased. III In Venice Tasso echoes no longer, And silent kind without gondolier songs; 20 Her palaces are crushed to the shore, and music does not always meet her ear; Those days are gone, but Beauty is still here. The states fall, the art fades -- but nature doesn't die, nor forget how Venice was once a darling, a pleasant place of all fest and noplace, the navdah of the earth, the mask of Italy! IV A has a spell beyond the name of hers in the story and its long field of mighty shadows, whose darkened shapes got rid of 30 Above the cardigan city has swung; Ours is a trophy that will not fail with rialto; Shylock and Maur and Pierre can't be multiplied or given up-- Key stones of the arc! Even though they were all o'er, for us, there was a repeat of the soliy. In the Creatures of the Mind are not clay; Basically the immortals create and multiply within us a brighter ray and a more beloved existence: what Destiny 40 forbids a dull life, in this our state of mortal slavery, with these ghosts delivered, first exorcists, then replaces what we hate; Watering the heart, whose early flowers died, and with fresh growth, that added a void. VI Such is the refuge of our youth and age, the First from Hope, the last from the Vacancy; And it warns the people of many sides, and, perhaps, the one that grows under my eye: But there are things whose powerful reality 50 dries up our fairyland; in the form and footprints prettier than our fantastical sky, and the strange constellations that the muse O'er deftly stretches: VII I have seen or dreamed of this, -- but let them go, -- they are now, but so: I could replace them if I did; still leaping my mind with many forms that seem like I was looking for, and in moments found; 60 Let these go too -- to awaken reason, the mind thinks that such superead fantasies are already unusual, and other languages and in strange eyes did not make me a stranger; which in itself, no change brings surprise; It is also not hard to do, nor difficult to find a land with -- aj, or without humanity; Did I be born where people are proud to be, not for no reason; And let me leave behind 70, a moist island, and free, and find a home by the distant sea, IX Maybe I loved him well; and let me put my sail in the ground, which is not mine, my spirit will If we can choose a safe haven. I hope to be remembered in my line, with the language of my country, if it is too sympathetic and far away, these tendencies in their scope extend, -- Bath would my glory be how my happiness, 80 hasty rastoka i blighta, i tup Oblivion bar X My name from the temple u whose dead of honors nations -- leave -- I illuminate the laurels on the head! And be the Spartan epitaph on me- Sparta has a much more worthy son than he is. In the meantime, I'm not looking for sympathy, and I don't need it; The thorns I've been torn apart, and I'm bleeding: I should know what kind of fruit will come from such a seed. 90 XI The unasueed Adriatic mourns the master; And, the annual wedding is now no longer renewed, Bucentaur lies roasing the unreal, neglected garment of his power, above the proud city where the Emperor sued and the monarchs stared and envied in an hour when Venice was queen with an unequal dower. XII. Suabijec sued, and now the rule of Austria -- 100 Emperor thing, where the emperor knelt; The kingdoms are squeezed into landscapes and chains of klank over the grafted cities, nations melting from the high top strong when they feel the sun for a while and go down like lauwine lauwine loosen'd from the mountain belt; Oh, for an hour of blind old Dandola! Octogenarian chief, byzantine enemy. XIII Before Saint Mark, his brass are still lit, their gilded collars glittering in the sun; 110 But didn't Dori's threat come through? Aren't they cramped? Venice, lost and won, its 1,300 years of freedom, sinks like the sea, in when it rose! It would be better to be under the waves, and avoid, even in the depth of destruction, its foreign enemies, from the one that has given, to the inaudible repaid. XIV In her youth, all glory was, -- the new Tire, -- Her very wedding word was nikla from victory, Planter of the Lion, which passed through the fire of 120 And carried blood with earth and sea; Although she made many slaves, she was still free and the European wall gained Ottomite; Witness troy's rival, Candia! The immortal waves that you saw the Battle of Lepant! Because you are names, not time, nor tyranny can soften. XV Glass statues -- all shirking -- a long record of her dead Doges is rejected to dust; Where you live, there are large and exounding piles of Bespeaks, which is in them wonderful trust; 130 They smashed their scepter and foreign aspects, as it is too important to remind too much of who and what it is, they are driven by a dismeasable cloud of Venice's lovely walls. XVI When athens fell to Syracuse and thousands of people rose to the yoke of war, salvation rose into sub-misunderstanding, and its voice was their only ransom. afar: See! As he chants the tragic anthem, the car of 140 O'ermaster'd Victor stops, the reins fall out of his hands -- his faceless simitar Begins from the waistband -- rending the chains of his prisoner, and thanking the Bardo for his freedom and his seams. XVII So, Venice, if yours were not stronger, all your proud historical works have forgotten, your tyrants; And your pile is a disgrace to the people, especially 150 Albion! to you: the ocean gueen should not leave the oceans of children; In the fall of Venice, they think of yours, despite your water wall. XVIII, I loved her from childhood, she was to me as an elves city of hearts, rising like water columns from the nightmare, the joys and the riches of the martyr; And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art, she burned her image in me, and even though I found it that way, we didn't divorce, 160 Perchance even more precious in her rides than when she was, a miracle and a show. XIX I can repeat myself with the past, and the present is still for the eye and thoughts, and meditation, enough; And what's more, it's possible as I've hoped or been looking; And the happiest moments that were purchased online of my existence, some from you, beautiful Venice! have your colors to catch: There are some feelings time can not benumb, 170 Crazy Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and stupid. XX But from their nature, the taranto will grow the easiest on the most powerful and least sheltered rocks, rooted in a jalo, where nothing below the ground supports them to gain the alpine shocks of a dying storm; and rises the trunk and sings, howijozmu, to the height and frame, worthy of a mountain from which the blocks of its imprinted, gray granite comes into life, and a huge tree grows; - the mind can grow the same, 180 XXI Existence can be born and the deep root of life and suffering makes its solid existence in bare and desolated breasts; the nemes Part of the camel with the heaviest burden. And the wolf dies in silence, -- not darivanie'd Zaman should be such an example; If there are, things of ugly or savage mood, stamina and contraction do not, we have noble clay that you can bear, - it's only for one day. XXII All suffering destroys, or destroys, or destroys and in any case ends: -- Some with hope replenish and recap, return to where they came from -- with their own insouation, and re-knit their webs; some, bows and guesses, waxish and terrible, excipu me in time of their own and die with a stick on which they rest; Some seek devotion, toil, good or mayhem, as their souls were designed to dive or climb. XXIII But always and anon of sadness succumb comes a token, as the scorpion is lysoted, 200 Little seen, but with fresh bitterness permeated; And slightly dragged away may be things that bring back to the weight that would repel it forever: it could be the sound -- tone music -- summer evening -- flower -- the wind -- the ocean -- that will be damaged, hitting the electrical chain with which we are darkly bound; XXIV And how and why we do not know, Not even the possible limbs u home to the cloud, this munja mind, or not the power to recoup the shock, nor the outpouring of 210 Blight and blackening which leaves it behind, Which out of things familiar, undesign'd, When least we deim of such, calls up to view The spectress who no exorcism can vend, The cold -- thechanged -- perchance the dead -- anew Žalos, beloved, lost... Too! - A little bit! XXV But my soul wanders; I demand that I meditate during the collapse and stand in ruins. There to follow fall'n countries and buried greats, o'er a land 220, which was most powerful in its old command, And is the most beautiful, and must ever be the master-kauld nature of heavenly hands, Where they were thrown hero and free. beautiful, brave - masters of the earth and must, XXVI Commonwealth kings, the people of Rome! And even since then, and now, a just Italy! You are the garden of the world, home to all art, and nature can dissea something; Even in the desert, how's it going? 230 Yours are beautiful, your waste richer than the fertility of other climates; Your ruin is glory, and your ruin was glorious with a godless charm that could not be extracted. XXVII The moon is up, and yet it's not night -- the sea streams of glory along the alpine heights of the Blue Friuli mountains; Heaven is free of clouds, but of all colors it seems that it has melted on one great Iris of the West, 240 Where the day joins the past ernthness; While on the other hand, Dian's meek coat of arms hovers through the air avron - the island of blest! XXVIII One star is by her side, and reigns with her half-beautiful heaven; but still Yon the sunny sea jumps brightly, and remains the Roll'd'er the tip of a distant retiian hill, How it was the day I was, she knows the return of her rudzenosti: -- gently run Deep-dyed Brenta, where their ode to the utisna 250 smucana mistress novorodene rose, hundred runs to her stream, i stakla would shine myself, XXIX Fill'd sa cheek of the sky which, from afar, comes to the water; All her footprints, from the rich sunset to the rising star, their magical variety spills: And now they change; the shadow of the palermo expires its hesitation in the mountains; Day separates dies like a dolphin, which every pang booses with a new color as he sets, 260 The last one still cute, until -- 'tis is gone -- and everything is gray. XXX In Argua is a tomb; A pillar in the sarcophagus, the bones of Laura's lover. Here repair many familiar with his well-singed jah, Pilgrims of his genius. He caught fire to raise his tongue, and his Return from the dull yoke of his has given glory. 270 XXXI Kept his powder in Argua, where he died; The mountainvillage, where his days were hinged after a wave of years; and it is their pride, proud, and let their praise be given to a passing stranger's view of His and his image; As plain as venerably simple, it's like raising a feeling more consistent with your strain than if the pyramid shape is its monumental fane. XXXII And the sleek silent run where 280 was staying is one of this complexion that seems made for those who have felt their mortality, and sought refuge from their hopes of collapsing'd In the deep reflection of the green hill is a shadow that shows a distant perspective far from the occupied cities, now in vain prikaz'd Because they can no longer be rehearsed; And the ray of bright sun can do enough leave, XXXIII Develops mountains, foliage and flowers, and glows in a battering stream where-by, 290 Clear as its flow, glide given hours With a quiet languor that, although it seems to be meatless, has its morality. If we learn to live from society, solio must teach us how to die; There are no flattering, vanity can't give any hollow help: himself -- man with his God must strive: XXXIV Ali, It is, with demons that amelize the jačinu more thought, i naive to their prey U melancholy nedrama, eg 300 neraskidane texture from the most beautiful day, i willoly su obiti u tami i zudnjenju, judged to be pre-delayed for the right, but this is not from the pangova who die; That the sun as blood, the earth tomb, the tomb of hell, and hell in itself would be darker. XXXV Ferrara! In your wide and grassy streets, whose symmetry was not for solitude, it seems that there was a curse on the saddle, the former sovereign, and the antique publishing house 310 Este, which many of them had done well. XXXVI and Tasso is their glory and their shame. Hark to your strain and then search his cell! And look how he earned Torquat's fame, and where alfonso bade his poet: The hapless despot couldn't doom the 320 offended mind that he wanted to soothe, and blend in with the surrounding maniacs, in hell, where he was sucked. Glory without end Scatters the clouds and in this name attends XXXVII Tears and Praise of All Time; while your rotten in forgetting yours, in a trough of worthless dust that is scattered from your poor malice, which she called you by preving on - 330 Alfonso! How do your ducal picks shrink from this! if he is born at another station, appropriate to be a slave to him you nor'st grieving: XXXVIII Thou! Shape to eat and be overworked, and die like beasts that die, save you from having a more wonderful trough and wider sty: He! with glory around the scars, that is the rash of the rash that is outcast then, and glitters now, in front of all enemies, the crucified guire, and Boileau, whose rash of envy can allow 340 No seve that has shamed his country's screaming lyric, this a sign where the wrong target would poison the arrows with poison, but to miss. Victor's in a modern song. It brings in millions every year; But how long will the tide of generations, and not the whole united and countless thrones, add up a mind like you, but parallel to those of your countrymen, before you born to shine, Bardi of hell and voh: first, the comedy of tuscan father's divine rose; Then there is no uneasy with the Führer, South Scott, who calls a new creation with his magic line, and as Ariosto of the North, sang ladye-love in war, romance and knightly value. 360 XLI Emits lightning from Ariost's Aretaria Iron Crown laurel's mimic'd gone; And even the sinister element was not unjust: For a true laurel-wreath by leaping glory, it is not from the tree no bolt of thunder, and a false flare, but a disgraceful forehead of his; Still, if superstition mourns, know that lightning shines under Whate'er; - Now the head is a sub-world. XLII Italia! Italia! You, who have 370 Fatal Gift of Beauty, who has become the mortuous dower of present and past, on your sweet edi deal is a sad father with shame, and drink the tears of lame. Oh, God! that you cry in nudity your less cuddly or powerful, and you could demand justice for yours and be brought back by the robbers who press to shed your blood and drink the tears of vours; XLIII Then you may be more innoual; or, less desirable, be at home and be calm, incontroverti way 380 For your destructive charms; Then, still relentless, you wouldn't see an armed torrent that poured out across the deep Alps; nor would a hostile horde of multi-state pampers from Po quaff blood and water; Do not sword alien Be a sad weapon to defend, and so, Victor or slay, you are a slave friend or enemy. XLIV Wandering in youth, I followed the path of him, a Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind, Friend Tully: as my bark did skim 390 Bright blue waters with a softening of the wind, Came Megara before me, and for Aegino lay, Piraeus on the right, and Corinth on the left; And I lay by the dust and saw all those who unified in the rubble, as his eyes were exalysing; XLV For time is not But the barbaric dwellings in their distant light, 400 and the crushed relics their disappearances could. The Roman has seen these tombs in his years, These tombs of cities that excite the sad wonder, and his still surviving page the moral lesson bear, draws from such a pilgrimage. XLVI This site is now before me, and I in despair: all that was then destruction was; And now, alam! 410 Rome - Rome imperial, bows it to the storm, In the same dust and blackness, and we pass the skeleton of its titanic shape, the Wreckage of another world, whose dust is still warm. XLVII Se, Italy! every other country, the injustices of yours and from side to side should ring; Mother of art! as a single weapon; they were our guardian at the time, and she is still our guide: The parent of our faith! to whom all nations kneel for the keys to heaven! 420 Europe, it's cracking its parciid, it buys you back, and, all the way back, and, all the way back, turn the barbaric tide and sue to forgive you. XLVIII But Arno wins us to the fair white walls, where Etrurian Athens claims and retains a soft sense of its fairy halls. And at its hilly theaters, she eats corn and wine and oil and many leaps into a laughing life with her excess horn. Along the bank, where the smiling Arno was thrashing 430, a modern luxury shop was born and buried a rose, and he made amends in the new morning. XLIX Also there, the goddess loves in stone, and fills the air around with beauty; we inhale an ambrose aspect that, if we remember it, enters part of its immortality; The heavenly sheep hesi hein is semi-une we stand in the pale, and in this form and face, see what the mind can do when Nature itself fails; And to the loving idols of 440, he envies a hearty flash that such a soul could stun: L Let's watch and turn away, and we don't know where, blinded and drunk with beauty, until the heart turns with its fulness; There -- forever there -- the chain on the wagon of Triumph Art, we stand like captives and we wouldn't leave. Page! - no words, nor expressions of precise, lightweight jargon marble marble, Where Pedantry seagulls Folly -- we have eyes: Blood, beat, and breasts confirm the dardan shepherd award. 450 LI You didn't show up in Paris in this preliski? Or for a deeper glare of Anchises? Or, in all your perfect goddesses, when you lie before your warlord? And you get your face like a star, you lay on your lap, your eyes to the thrill, you feed on your sweet face! While your lips are yours with a lava kiss that melts while they burn, it showers on his eyelids, eyebrows and mouth, like from urn! LII Glowing and surrounded in uncabulous love, 460 Their full divinity is inadequate to feel that or improve, the gods become mortals and the fate of man has moments like their brightest; but the weight of the Earth expires; - Let it go! We remember such greetings and create, from what was or could have been, things that grow into the Artist and his monkey, to teach and tell 470 How well his connoisseur understands the merciful detour and the swell: Let them describe the unmarkable: Should their evil breath squeeze the creek in which this image will reside forever; An unrequited mirror of the most beautiful dream that has ever left the sky on a deep soul to ignore. LIV in Santa Croce Holy Stations lies the Ashes, making it brighter, Dust, in itself, immortality, 480. This is where Machiavelli's land returned to where it rose from. LV These are four hmi that, like the elements, could be created: - Italy! The time that has wronged you with tens of thousands of rents of imperial clothing of yours, deny, 490 And he has denied every sky, ghosts that degrade from ruin; - The demise of yours is still withed down by the divinity that enlivens it with a resuscitated grill; Like the great of you, Canova is on the day. LVI But where repose all etruscan three -- Dante, and Petrarch, and, less than they, Bard prose, creative spirit! Of the hundreds of stories of love - where have they put their bones apart- from our ordinary clay 500 in death to life? Are they saved by dust and don't want to say the marbles of their country? Can't her kerolomi bring one file? Didn't they tell her about her dirty land? LVII Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps far away, just like Scipio, buried in the perimeter, the Factions, in their worst of the Civil War, handed over to the Bard, whose name for ever their children would forever adore with remorse for old age; And the crown 510, worn by Petrarch's laureate patch, has grown on distant and alien soil, his life, fame, grave, though broken -- not his own. LVIII Boccaccio turns dust to his parent, and it's not her great honey, and with many sweet and sacred props, he inhaled O'er, which formed the Tuscan siren tongue? This music in itself, what sounds are a song, poetry of speech? No, no - even his tomb Uptorn, must wear hiaena bigot is wrong, 520 No more in the midst of the more severe dead find a place, nor demand a passing breath, because he told for whom! Lix and Santa Croce want their mighty dust; But for this it is more noteless than caesar's choice, Brut's horn bista, Ali, but from the best of Rome the Son reminded her more: Ravenna! on your hoary coast, the fortress of a failed empire! The honor would sleep with immortal exile; Argua, even her shop of proper relics proudly claims and feeds, 530 While Florence asks in vain to be banished and wee. LX What is her pyramid of precious stones? Porphyria, jasper, agate and all the footprints of jewels and marble to surround the bones in the green terrain that wraps the dead, whose names are mauzole muza, are gently intercepted with a much more reverential run than ever before, which went after that plate that clings to the princely shrine, where the sculpture with your rainbow sister vies; There's still more of a miracle -- but not for mine; Because I am attracted to my thoughts with nature I sing in the fields, From art u galleries: although the work divinely appeals to the shreminine my spirit, or gives Manju care is being hesiling, because this weapon with LXII is from another tension, a yes tumaram 550 Thrasimene's lake, u defiles Fatal to dropoutness, more at home; That's where the Cartagen wars return. How his vieština swings, the hostess of the honey mountains and the coast, the city's falling courage in his snooty files, I torrente, the ljuljaju on the rivers of his mountains, Tresu takes the sultnoj plain, with legions of razed d'erom, LXIIII Like to a forest fell'd'd by mountain winds; And such a storm in battle on this day, 560 And such a frenzy, whose convulsion dazzles to save the poles, that the fractured seismic complexion is un smooth away! No one felt the stern of Nature, which was rocking at the feet of his, and a tingly grave for those who lay on them with staples behind a coiled plate; That's the absorbing of hate when advanced nations meet! LXIV Earth was like rolling barks that bored them into Ernernity; They saw the ocean round, but they did not have time to mark 570 Movements of their vessel; The law of nature suspended in them has not been from the unhealing, which reigns when the mountains tremble, and the birds resort into the clouds and retreat from their nests, which are being torn down; and soften herds stumble across planes, and human horror has no words. LXV Far Second scene is Thrasimene now; Its old trees rise thick as once killed 580 Lies where their roots are; but the stream has ta'en -- a little smaa day scanty of the stream and beds -- the name of the blood from the day sanguine rain; And Sanguinetto tells you where the dead wet the earth and reddened the inaudible waters. LXVI But you, Clitumnus! In your sweetest wave of the most vivid crystal, which was the persecution of a river nip to see and sip its limbs, where nothing hid them, you ran the grassy banks of yours, where on Rudder 590 Pasha; The purest god of gentle waters! And the most smissive aspect, and the grassy banks of yours, where on Rudder 590 Pasha; The purest god of gentle waters! And the most smissive aspect, and the grassy banks of yours, where on Rudder 590 Pasha; The purest god of gentle waters! And the most smissive aspect, and the grassy banks of yours, where on Rudder 590 Pasha; The purest god of gentle waters! And the most smissive aspect, and the grassy banks of yours, where on Rudder 590 Pasha; The purest god of gentle waters! And the most smissive aspect, and the grassy banks of yours, where on Rudder 590 Pasha; The purest god of gentle waters! And the most smissive aspect, and the grassy banks of yours, where on Rudder 590 Pasha; The purest god of gentle waters! still a small and sensitive proportion, keeps, on a mild declining hill, its memory of you; beneath it clears the calmness of your flow; from the outside, a tiny arrow with glittering scales jumps, 600 which dinges and hinges in the glass depths of yours; While some scattered water lily sails down, where a shallow wave still recounts its bubbles. LXVIII Pass doesn't neoil the genius of the place! If through the air zephyr more smiren Win the forehead, it is his; And if you track down its edge a more poured green, if at heart the freshness of the scene sprays its cooling, and from the dry powder of a tired life moment gray cleanses 610 With the baptism of Nature, - it's for him you have to pay orisons for this suspension of disgust, LXIX Water Roar! -- oocide from head to height of Velino wave abyss; Drop the water! where they howd and hiss, and boil in endless torture; while sweating their great agony, Exounded from him Their Flegeton. squishing on the rocks of jet 620 Taj bay armor unaokolo, u relentless horror set, LXX I mounts in the spray of the sky, i odatle returns again in an unaccompanied shower, but it's rounded, With its unleasled cloud of mild sneeling, it's april on earth, i'm so on. - What a deep bay! and how the giant element from rock to rock jumps with a delirate-bound, crushing cliff, which, with sharper steps, is worn and hired with its sharpening steps, exhales in the abyss of the cowardly blast 630 LXXI On a wide column that is rolling, and shows more like a fountain of an infant sea Torn from the womb of a mountain by the throat of the New World as if it were such a parent's saying Running shoved, with many windings, through the wave: -- Look back! Lo! Where it comes as an an endeap, as if to clean up all things in your path, enchanting the eye with fear, - mindless cataract, LXXII Terrible nice! but on the edge, 640 From side to side, under a glittering morning, Iris sits, u paklenom swoo off, Kao Hope on death bed, i, baseless His stable fight, but naokolo is torn from the torn waters, wears smion his brilliant ode to his gredama nesjahnuto: Makeup, 'in the middle of the torture scene, Love watching Madness with unnalterable mien. LXXIII Once again on the wooded Apentine, The Babies of the Alps, which -- if not in front of 650 gazed at his

mighty parents, where the pine sits on more jumping peaks, and where the roar of the Thunder lauwine could be more worship; But I've seen jungfrau crash. snow, and see the vulture glaciers from bleak Mont Blanc so far a Parnassus, the eagles flew like ghosts of the city, like 'twere for glory, 660 For still being swung' unacceptably high: I looked at Ido with a Trojan eye; Athos, Olympus, Aetna, Atlas, they made these hills more dignified. Svi, sad	
i odavd straight Heaven when daleks shock wave before breaking, A on the koverti hang swings: no zalud On when, his secache grabs 670 I quote u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic straight has been been breaking, A on the koverti hang swings: no zalud On when, his secache grabs 670 I quote u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic straight has been been breaking, A on the koverti hang swings: no zalud On when, his secache grabs 670 I quote u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 670 I extract u classic swing: not vain He when, his secache grabs 6	swing and wake up the hills with Latii echoes; I'm too sick to eat a boring lesson for god's sake, to compel a word
what I could seek if I freely chose, now I cannot restore the health of my own; But what was then detected is still faking it. LXXVII Then goodbye, Horace; Which I hated, not because of your mistakes, but because of mine; It's knows our little life, neither the Bard prescribes his art, 690 Nor a livelier satirist piercing conscience, awakening without a wound to touch'd heart, Yet fare this good - on the Soracte ridge we are part of. LXXVIII Oh Rome! My	a curse to understand, not to feel your lyric flow. Understand, but never love its verse, Although no deeper moralist
enclosed chest their fine misery. What are our stops and suffering? Come and see Čempres, listen to the owl, and follow the path of your O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye! 700 Whose agony are the evils of the data	ay the world at our feet is as fragile as our clay. LXXIX Niobe Nations! there stands, without children and without
a crown, in no voice, empty hour in her hands, whose holy dust was long scattered; Scipios's grave now contains no one. Only the occupiers lie without hire from their heroes, you run, Old Tiber! through the marble wilderness with the pride of the city of seven hills; She saw her star-stuned star, and drove after a steep barbarian monarch, where a car was climbing down the Capitol; The temple and tower went down, nor left the city: - Chaos of ruins!	which will trace the emptiness, o'er dim fragments throw the moon light, and Is it, where's all the night? 720 LXXXI
Double night in old age and from her, The Night Daughter, Ignorance, has wrapped and swerved all around us; We feel the way to the wrong path: The ocean has its own cardboard, stars, a map, and Knowledge extends then we're crying Eureka! It's clear, but when there's some false illusion of decay. LXXXII Alas! A city in town! and alas! 730 Trebly 100 triumphs! And the day Brutus made the edge of the dagger, he overtook The Conqueror's swo	
resurrection; Everything besides decay. Oh, for Earth, because we will never see that brightness in her eyes, which bored her when Rome was free! You, whose carriage was on Fortune Bike, triumphant Sylla! You, who kille eagles flew to Asia You, who destroyed the Senate with your dead, Roman, even with all your vices, because you're laid out with a stunning smile more than the crown of the Earth, LXXXIV The dictator's wreath, can you be	ed 740 enemies of your country, you stabbed to feel the anger of your wrongs, or swallowed vengeance until your
captured as Romans of Rome should be in addition? She, who was called perage, and had her warriors, but for conquest she, who wrapped the Earth with her shadow, and showing until the window collapses, her rushing warriors.	vings Oh! She who was almighty to the minute! LXXXV Sylla was first among the winners; But our worst of the
lures, Cromwell; He, too, took the Senate, while he overstepped the throne to the bloc, an immortal rebel! See 760 How many crimes it costs to be a moment free and famous through all ages! but beneath his destiny, moral properties that the throne of the same moon, whose former course was anything but a crown, on the very day he was wesued gently from the throne of the force, and put it with the earth's previous clay. And do not show happiness, how fame	
her eyes less happy than the tomb? Were they so much of a man, how different his retirements were? LXXXVII And you, the horrible statue! But there is a blooded Caesar lie on your bathing base, in the safest form of naked robe in dying dignity, sacrifice the altar of yours from the Queen of 780 Gods and men, the Great Nemesis! Did he die, and you died too, Pompey? Were you the winners of countless kings or dolls of the scene? LXXXVIII And	
dome. You stand at the monument of antiquity: The mother of the mighty heart, who is the great founder of sisao from your wild suza, Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart, 790 And the uds black with lighting dot the	ou yet Guard your immortal fry, nor your beloved charge of oblivion? LXXXIX Thou dost; But all your foster parents
are dead, men of iron. And the world had cities from their districts: people bled to mimic the things they feared and fought and killed, and the same direction was directed: but no one could, and could not, the same dominance false reign - and a kind of Bar of Caesara by the old steps unequal; The Roman's mind was a model in a less earthly moud, With the passion of the šsci, and with the cold prosuce, and the mystique instincts, but it's the fragility	y of the heart so mekanog, a nesvakidašnjeg, Alcidesa with pristine, but he looks ahead of Cleopatra's feet, i'm
alone, 810 XCI I dosa I see i'm a bewide! But the man who would tame his eagles to escape was like a falcon train, in a Gaelic van that, in a pomation, long led him to victory, with a deaf heart that never seemed to listen t aiming for what? Can he defend or respond to what he has claimed? XCII And it would be all or nothing nor could he wait 820 For a sure grave to straighten it; For a few years, in the fate of his caesar, he corrected him to what he has claimed? XCII And it would be all or nothing nor could he wait 820 For a sure grave to straighten it; For a few years, in the fate of his caesar, he corrected him to what he has claimed?	
flows on, as they run, the universal dive that appears without a suitcase for the biading man's stay and ebbs, but to refotop! - Restore your rainbow, God! XCIII What of this inseparable creature we tinge? Our senses narrow, a false scales; Opinion is ingly smoling, whose suitcase swings the earth with darkness until it's right And there are accidents wrong, and people grow pale, that their judgments should not become too bright, and their free thou	
the age to old age, Proud of its wandering nature, and so die, 840 Abandon their hereditary rage Of a new race of born slaves who fight war for their chains, and not be free, bloody gladiator-like, and still integrate inside the sa	ame arena, where they see their boys fall in front of the like leaves of the same tree. XCV I'm not talking about male
credibility they're resting The man and his Maker Averr'd, i known, i daily, on time seen Jarm, on us is a squid, 850 I intent on tyranny avow'd, Edikt of the Earth reigns, when he is gaed by the apesi of the pride of the seeded by tyrants, and Freedom can't find a champion and no child like Colombia when it's outstretched pallas, arm'd and undefiled? Must such hinged was stopped in the wild, 860 Deep in a pristine forest, in the midst of a r	oar of the maraca, where breastfeeding nature smiled at baby Washington? Is the Earth no longer such a semo at
its chest, or is Europe not such a coastline? But France was drunk with blood to throw up crime, and its Saturnalia was mortal for freedom, in all years and climate; Because the deadly days we have seen and the demining an scene, have grown the pretext of perennagating the life tree and draining the man's worst - his second fall. XCVIII Still, Freedom! another banner of yours, torn but flying, streams like a storm against the wind; The voice of you	· ·
flowers of its own, and the insed, Chopp'd at the axe, looks rough and a little worthwhile, but the breath lasts, and still the seed is found 880 Sessions deep, even in the north; This will make a better spring less bitter fruit. XCIX power of delay, stands by half its struggle alone, and with two thousand years of ivy grows, a suitcase of perteribility where the Wave Green leaves across all time o'erthrown; - What was this tower of power? - In cave 890. Bu	
or more, the Roman bed? What race did she wear? What kind of daughter of her good-looking, sheir? How did she live how loved how did she die? Wasn't she so honorable and conspicuous where the more serious relics those who love the masters of others? They were like this even in ancient times, say Roman Annali. Was it the mother of cornelia miena or the light air of egypt's grace gueen, the profuse of joy or has she won war, inveterity	should not dare to rot to make the memory more than mortal? 900 CI Was like the one who loves his masters, or
that kind of affection. CII Perchance died at a young age: perhaps it is, lok'd 910 Z much heavier than the grave, which weighed on its gentle dust, the cloud could gather the beauty of its and the dark eye of its own, the prophe	et dish that he gives heaven to his favorites - early death; and she enchanted the sunset around her and shone
with severe light, Hesperus dead, from her footwear cheeks of autumnal leafy red. Cill Perchance died in old age surviving everything, Charms, neighborhood, children with silver gray 920 On her long tremors, which could enviable, brash, and the eyes of Rome - but would you guess the tramp? We know so much ourselves - Metella has died, the richest Romanov's wife: See his love or pride! I don't know why but I'm standing next to you like I	
bright, like the cloudy moaning of dying thunder in the distant wind; Could you sit me by this twisted stone until I disinfected the incinerated mind, shaped from the floating wreck left behind by a wreck; CV And from the plank, floud breakers, and the unwavering roar of 940 Who rushes to the seedly coast Where all the lies are the founders who have always been loved: Can I gather from the wave-worn store Enough for my rude ship Where am I support the control of the seedly coast Where all the lies are the founders who have always been loved: Can I gather from the wave-worn store Enough for my rude ship Where am I support the control of the seedly coast Where all the lies are the founders who have always been loved: Can I gather from the wave-worn store Enough for my rude ship Where am I support the control of the seedly coast Where all the lies are the founders who have always been loved: Can I gather from the wave-worn store Enough for my rude ship Where am I support the control of the seedly coast Where all the lies are the founders who have always been loved: Can I gather from the wave-worn store Enough for my rude ship Where am I support the control of the seedly coast Where all the lies are the founders who have always been loved: Can I gather from the wave-worn store Enough for my rude ship was always been loved.	
on, my music and night sound will shut up with the owl weeping as I hear them, in the glittering light dim o'er bird of the dark native, 950 They answer to each other at Palatina, with big eyes, all shiny greys and shimmering, an korica i masonry flower su grew Matirano i mass, hillocks heap'd Na were su were odaje, lucne shreds, column steep u fragments, murals stared u underground dam, where owl peep'd, Ocenjujuci that night: Temples, kade,	nd sail the spikes After a shrine like this, what are our tiny sorrows? - Don't count mine. CVII Cypress and ivy,
See the imperial mountain! That's why the mighty fall. CVIII There are morals of all human stories; But the same exercise of the past, first freedom, and then glory when it collapses, wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism final	ly. And history, with all its spacious, Hath, but one page, 'is better written here, Where wonderful tyranny is so
amass'd 970 All treasures, all pleasure, this eye or ear, heart, soul can seek, language asks Page with words! draw close, CIX admire, exult despise Laugh, cry, because there's such a thing for all the feelings: Man! The plan pyramid of empires is pinned, Glory gewgaws glowing in the van Until the sun's rays with added flame were filled! 980 Where are his golden roofs! Where are the ones who dare to build? CX Tully wasn't as bad as you, you	ou nameless column with a buried base! What are the laurels of Caesar's helmets? Get me with the ivy from his
apartment. Whose bow or column meets me in the face, Tito or Trajan? No, this is the time: triumph, bow, pillar, everything that works to be dissuaded, harms; And the apostolic statues are climbing, to crush the imperial clock smelly spirit, a hundred would be a ovation home, the last of them, when it reigned the whole earth, the Roman Globe, for the postps of none of the denials, Or it gives its fury. He was more than just Alexander, and without how	
the Triumpha Rock, the high city of 1000 where Rome embraced its heroes? Where's the steep Tarpeian? The goal of the issue was to be the main goal of the treacherous race, when the treacherous leap cured all ambitions. - a forum where immortal accents glow, and still the shingles of air still breathe burning with Cicero! CXIII Field of Freedom, Faintness, Fame and Blood: Here they exhaled the proud passions of the people, 1010 From the fi	Are there predators here? Yes, i'm not going to And in the bottom field, a thousand years of muted factions sleep -
Freedom's face was risked, anarchy had taken on its attributes; Until every unasasy soldier who killed the shaky Senate Germans, or raised the venal voice of the base prostitutes. CXIV Then we turn to her last tribune name,	From her tens of thousands of tyrants turn to you, the Redeeper of the Dark Centuries of Shame 1020 Petrarch's
friend the hope of Italy Rienzi! The last of the Romans! While the tree of freedom is over, which has put out a leaf, even for your tomb, the wreath should be champion of the forum, and the chief of the people her newly place as honest as your ideal breast; What are you or are you, you are, - young Aurora from the air, 1030 nymphlepsy of some beautiful despair; Or the beauty of the earth, which there found more than ordinary prey too much	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
sprinkled with your Elysian the face of spring, protected by your cave, over the years uneasy, reflects the indifferent genius of a place whose green, wild edge is now no longer wiped out 1040 Works of Art; not even sensitive verunning o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creepy, CXVII Fantastically complicated; green hills are dressed with early flowers, on grass fast-eyed lizards rust, and accounts of summer birds sing welcome when you go; Flowers, and ivy, creepy, CXVII Fantastically complicated; green hills are dressed with early flowers, on grass fast-eyed lizards rust, and accounts of summer birds sing welcome when you go; Flowers, and ivy, creepy, CXVII Fantastically complicated; green hills are dressed with early flowers, on grass fast-eyed lizards rust, and accounts of summer birds sing welcome when you go; Flowers, and ivy, creepy, CXVII Fantastically complicated; green hills are dressed with early flowers, on grass fast-eyed lizards rust, and accounts of summer birds sing welcome when you go; Flowers, and ivy, creepy, CXVII Fantastically complicated; green hills are dressed with early flowers, on grass fast-eyed lizards rust, and accounts of summer birds sing welcome when you go; Flowers, and ivy, creepy, CXVII Fantastically complicated; green hills are dressed with early flowers, and ivy, creepy, CXVII Fantastically complicated; green hills are dressed with early flowers, and ivy, creepy, CXVII Fantastically complicated; green hills are dressed with early flowers.	
breeze in the elves mass; The cuteness of the mistress's deep blue eyes, Kiss'd for the breath of heaven, seems the color of his heaven. CXVIII Here you were in this enchanted lid, Egeria! All heavenly paws are fighting for the down with its fans, what's the twist? This cave was certainly designed to salute the 1060 carved goddess and the cell haunted by the world's love the most beautiful oracle! CXIX And you did not, chest your own to answer his	ne distant steps of your mortal lover; Purple Midnight sewed up this mystical meeting with its most stairwell, and sat
with immortal carriages? Could the art of yours make them truly immortal, and force the purity of the sky into earthly joy, expel poison rather than warm poison the dull satito that destroys it all 1070 And eradicate from the	soul the deadly poison that is being treated? CXX Alas! our young affections flow into waste, or water other than
desert; when it comes, but when it escapes, a bundle of dark luxury, haste, rank in the core, albeit tempting in front of the eyes, flowers whose wild smells breathe, a agony, and trees whose gums are poison; such plants origin forbidden to our requirements. 1080 CXXI Oh Love! No inhabited man of the earth is you - invisible serah, we believe in you, a faith whose martyrs are heartbroken but has never seen, and will not see the naked eye, your sha	ape as it should be; The mind made you, as the people of heaven did, even with its desired fantasy, and to the
thought of such form and image, put on, as haunting the ungade soul - parch'd - passed out - shrouded and lavish. CXXII From its own beauty is the mind of the sick, 1090 And the heat in the false creation: where, Where are that we dare to conceive in childhood and pursue as men, the relentless paradise of our despair, which o'er-informs the pencil and pencil, and the ampliff site where it will flourish again? CXXIII Who loves raves it's a youthful that we dare to conceive in childhood and pursue as men, the relentless paradise of our despair, which o'er-informs the pencil and pencil, and the ampliff site where it will flourish again?	
see too sure Neither worthy nor beauty communion from the mind Ideal form of it; but it still binds a fateful spell, and still drags us on, reaping the storm from the dissuading wind; Stubborn heart, his alchemy began, it seems have sick sick; There was an unsoping tinge, but until the last, in the brink of our demise, 1110 Some phantom lures, as we initially sought But all too late, we too are jealously curvy. Love, fame, ambition, avarice the	ne was ever close to the prize the richest when it was most undone. CXXIV We give up our youth, we wander
different name, and Death is cable smoke where the flame goes. CXXV Little none finds what they loved or could love, even though accident, blind contacts and a strong urge of love removed antipathy but to reconnect,	, ere long, 1120 Envenom'd with irrevocably misplaced; And circumstance, this strange god and the perpetuating,
makes and helps together with our upcoming misoons, whose touch turns hope into dust- the dust we've all crossed. CXXVI Our life is a false nature This Human Decreation, This Intable Grim Sin, This beskonacna upas, the	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
death, bondage we're notdas We're not happy We can't see the world a hundred shakes over the mush with heartache that's always new. CXXVII, however, let us think boldly that is, the Base of the Abandonment of	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
death, bondage we're not das We're not happy We can't see the world a hundred shakes over the mush with heartache that's always new. CXXVII, however, let us think boldly that is, the Base of the Abandonment of Although since our birth the divine faculty is chain and tormented - the cabin, cribb'd, limited, 1140 And reared in the dark so as not to the truth shine brightly on the unprepared mind, the beam is poured in, for time and skill with triumphs in one dome, its Colosseum stands; The moon's rays shine like their natural torches; for the divine, there should be light that is shed here to illuminate this long-explored but still exhausted mine of 1150 Lurks; and the	Il couch the blind. CXXVIII Bows on bows! As it was for Rome, collecting the main trophies of its line, to build all its
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