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Childe harold's pilgrimage canto 4 traduzione

Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna, Quel Monte che divide, e quel che serra Italia, e un mare e l'altro, che la bagna. -- ARIOSTO, Satira [iv.58-60]. Venice, January 2, 1818. TO JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ. A.M., F.R.S. etc. etc. my dear hobhouse, AFTER an eight-year interval between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be presented to the public. To say goodbye to such an old friend is not special that I come back to one even older and better, -to someone who has seen the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am much more indebted to the social benefits of an enlightened friendship, than -- although not ungrateful -- I can, or could be, , to Childe Harold , for every public favor reflected by the poem about the poet, -- to one, which I have long known, and far accompanied, which I have found awake about my illness and kind in my grief, happy in my prosperity and firmly in my adversity, where in counsel and trust in danger - to want a friend often tried and never found, -- for yourself. At that, I return from fiction to truth, and by dedicing you in its full, or at least closed state, a poetic work that is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I want to do honor to myself by reporting many years of intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of fortitude, and of honor. It is not up to spirits like ours to give or receive flattery; but the praise of sincerity is ever allowed to the voice of friendship, and it is not up to you, nor even for others, but to illuminate a heart that has not been so common elsewhere, or recently, to the encounter of good-will to firmly withstand the shock, that I so attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the benefits I derive from their effort. Even the repetition of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my previous existence, but which cannot poison my future while retaining the source of your friendship, and of my own abilities, will henceforth have a more pleasant memory for both, to the extent that it will remind us of my attempt to thank you for a tireless regard - as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without better thinking of his kind and of himself. It has been our good fortune to traverse together, in different periods, the countries of chivalry, history and fable - Spain, Greece, Asia Minor and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were for us a few years ago, Venice and Rome are more recent. The poem too, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from the first to the last; and maybe it's pardonable vanity that prompts me to think with complacency about a composition that connects me to a certain extent with the place where it was produced, and the objects it faintly describing; and however unworthy it can be considered of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall from our distant views and immediate impressions, but as a sign of respect for what is venerable, and of the sense of what is glorious, it is for me a source of pleasure in the production, and I share with it with some kind of regret , which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects. With regard to the behavior of the last canto, there will be less of the pilgrim than in any of the foregoing, and that little bit, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I grew tired of drawing a line that every one seemed determined not to observe: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World', which no one would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I claimed, and thought, that I had made a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the fear of maintaining this difference, and disappointment at finding it unseeded, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I am determined to leave it altogether - and have done so. The opinions that are or can be formed on this subject are now a matter of indifference; the work depends on itself, not on the writer; and the author, who has no means in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to result from its literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors. In the course of the next Canto, it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched on the current state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the boundaries I proposed, I soon found barely sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects and the resulting reflections; and for the whole of the notes, except for a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the clarification of the text. It is also a delicate, and not very rewarding task, to make the literature and manners of a nation so unequal; and requires an attention and impartiality that would prompt us, though perhaps no unwary observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people under whom we have recently been domiciled. -- to distrust, or at least delay, our judgment, and to examine our information and more narrowly. The state of the literary party runs as high or higher than even on the issue of Romantic or Classical as they call it, so that for a stranger to steer impartially between them besides is impossible. It may then be enough, at least for my purpose, to quote from their moxie taal -- 'It seems to me that in a country all poetic, which boasts the noblest language and at the same time the sweetest, all the different ways can be tried, and that until the homeland of Alfieri and Monti hadu perto the ancient the ancient in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la fine.' Italy still has big names - Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonti, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti and Vacca, will occupy an honorable place for the current generation in most departments of Art, Science and Belles Lettres; and in some, the highest -- Europe -- the world -- has only one Canova. It is said somewhere by Alfieri, that 'La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra - e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova.' Without subscribing to the last part of his proposal, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which can be challenged on better grounds, namely that the Italians are in no way more ferocious than their neighbours, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorant careless, who is not affected by the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word is admissible , their abilities, the facility of their acquisitions, the speed of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and amid all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the abandonment of battles and the despair of the ages, their still unquenched 'desire for immortality', -- the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in driving around the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the workers' choir, 'Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima', it was hard not to compare this melancholic dirge to the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still shouted from the London taverns, about the massacre of Mont St Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose behavior you have exposed yourself in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me, Non movero mai corda Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda. What Italy has gained through the late transfer of nations, it

Oh, holiest nurse! Not a drop of that clear current will miss your father's heart, replenish his source with life, as our liberated souls rejoin themselves in the universe. CLII turn to the Mole who'd leave Hadrian on high, 1360 Imperial mimicking ancient Egyptian poles, Colossal copyist of deformity, Whose journey'd fantasy of the distant Nile Enormous model, doom'd the artist to build toils for giants, and for his vain earth, His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: How smiles the eye of the gazer with philosophical glee, To view the enormous design that emerged from such a birth! CLIII But lo! the dome -- the vast and wondrous dome, on which Diana's miracle was a cell -- the mighty shrine of Christ from 1370 above the tomb of his martyr! I have witnessed the miracle of the Ephesus -- His columns scatter out of the wilderness, and the hyaena and the jackal live in their shadow; I have seen the bright roofs of Sophia their shimmering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd His shrine while the usurping Muslim prays; CLIV But ye, of temples old, or altars new, Standest alone - with nothing if you - Worth of God, the saint and the true, 1380 Since Zion's desolence, when he forsook his former city, what could be, Of earthly structures, piled in his honor, of a sublime aspect? Majesty, Power, Glory, Power and Beauty, all are unsest in this eternal ark of worship unsest. CLV Enter; its grandeur does not overwhelm you; And why? it'd not diminish but your mind, extended by the genius of the place, has grown colossal, and can only find 1390 A fit abode in which appear anchored Thy hope of immortality; and you shall one day, if deemed worthy, be so defined, see your God face to face, as you are now doing his Holy of Saints, nor are hewn through his forehead. CLVI Thou moves - but rise with progress, as climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise, Deceived by its gigantic elegance; Vastness that grows -- but grows to harmonize -- All musical in its immensities; 1400 Rich marbles - richer painting - shrines where flame The lamps of gold - and haughty dome that are dirty in the air with the main structures of the earth, although their frame sits on the solid ground - and this the clouds must claim. CLVII Thou does not see all; but patchy thou must break, to contemplation the big picture; And if the ocean will make many bays, which ask the eye - so here condense your soul to more direct objects, and control your thoughts until your mind has gotten through the heart 1410 His eloquent proportions, and unroll in mighty graduations, part by part, The glory that once upon you does not dart, CLVIII Not by its fault - but thine : Our outward sense is is of gradual grip -- and as it is that what we have of feeling most intense Outstrips our weak expression; even so this Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice Fools our fond gaze, and the greatest of the great Defying initially our nature smallness, 1420 Till, grow with its growth, we thus widen our minds to the size of that they consider. CLIX Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more in such a survey than the sating look of wonder satisfied, or awe that would worship the worship of the place, or the mere praise of art and its great masters, which could increase what earlier time, neither skill nor thought could plan; The fountain of sublimity shows His depth, and hence the view of man 1430 can draw its golden sand, and learn what great conceptions can. CLX Or, turn to the Vatican, go see Laocoon's torturous dignified pain -- The love of a father and the agony of a mortal with the patience of an immortal who mings: -- Vain the struggle; vain, against the rolling trunk and grab, and deepening the grip of the dragon, The Old Man's clamp: the long evenom'd chain Rivets the living links, - the huge asp Forces pang on pang, and stifles sob on sobs. 1440 CLXI Or view the Lord of the Inexorable Arch, The God of Life, and Poesy, and Light - The Sun in Human Limbs Array'd, and Eyebrow All Radiant of His Triumph in Battle; The shaft has just been shot -- the arrow bright with the revenge of an immortal; in his eye and nostril beautiful contempt, and would and majesty, flash their complete lightning through, Developing in that one look the Deity. CLXII But in its delicate form -- a dream of Love, Shaped by a solitary nymph, whose chest long'd for a deadless lover from above, and mad in that vision -- his express All that ideal beauty once blessed The spirit in its most unearthly mood, When every conception was a heavenly guest -- A ray of immortality -- and stood, Starlike, around, until they gathered with a god! CLXIII And as the Prometheus stole from heaven The fire we endured, it was repaid 1460 By him to whom the energy was given That poetic marble hath array'd With eternal glory - which, if made by human hands, is not of human thought; And Time itself has had it, nor put a ringlet in the dust -- nor has it caught a tingle of years, but breathes the flame with which it was. CLXIV But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song, the creature that has loosened it by the past? Methinks he comes late and tarries long. He's not -- these breaths are his last; His wanderings are done, his visions ebbing quickly, and he himself as nothing; -- if he was just a fantasy, and could be class with shapes life and suffering -- let that pass -- His shadow disappears into Destruction's mass, CLXV that collects shadow, substance, life and everything we inherit in his mortal shroud, and spreads the dim and universal pall through which things grow phantoms; and the cloud 1480 Between us sinks and all who once glow'd, Till's glory itself is dusk, and shows A melancholic halo scarcely allowing it to float on the edge of darkness; radiate sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze, CLXVI And send us curiously into the abyss, to collect what we will be when the framework will be dissolved to something less than this His wretched essence; and to dream of fame, and wipe the dust of the useless name 1490 we will never hear again, -- but never again, Oh, happier thought! We can be made the same: It's enough in the sooth that as soon as we wore these fardels of the heart -- the heart whose sweat was gore. CLXVII Rake! from the abyss proceeds a voice, a long layer of murmuring of fear, as occurs when a nation bleeds with a deep and immeasurable wound; Through storm and darkness yawns the relief ground, The wave is thick with phantoms, but the chief 1500 still seems royal, but with her head discrown'd, And pale, but beautiful, with maternal sorrow She clutches a babe, to whom her chest delivers no relief. CLXVIII Scion of chiefs and princes, where art thou? Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead? Couldn't the grave forget you, and lay low some less majestic, less beloved head? In the sad midnight, while your heart was still bleeding, The mother of a moment, o'er your boy, Dead silent that pang forever: with you fled 1510 The present happiness and promised joy That'd fill the imperial islands so full it would be cloy. CLXIX Farmers produce safety. - Could it be, Oh ye that wert so happy, so adored! Those who do not cry for kings will cry for you, and the heart of Freedom, become heavy, stop hoarding her many sorrows for ONE; for she had poured her orisons for you, and o'er your head held her Iris. -- you will also be lonely lord, and desolate consort -- in vain wert you! 1520 The husband of a year! The father of the dead! CLXX From sackcloth was your wedding garment made; Thy bridal fruit is ash: in the dust The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Islands is laid, The love of millions! How we entrusted Futurity to her! and, though it must darken above our bones, but lovingly deem our children should obey her child, and blessed Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seems to want stars to shepherd's eyes: -- it was but a meteor ray'd. 1530 CLXXI Woe to us, not her; for she sleeps well: The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue of hollow board, the false oracle, who from the birth of the monarchy hath sports his clock in princely ears, to the o'erstrung Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate that tumbles most powerful monarchs, and hath tossed against their blindspot a weight Within the opposite scale, which crushes fast or late , -- CLXXII This could have been her fate; but no, 1540 Our hearts deny it: and so young, so honest, Good without effort, great without without enemy; But now a bride and mother - and now there! How many tires did that severe moment tear! From your Sire's to the chest of his humblest subject is link'd the electric chain of that despair, whose shock was like an earthquake, and opprest The land that loved you so that no one could love the best. CLXXIII Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the wooded hills So far, that uprooting wind that rips 1550 The oak of its foundation, and which spill The ocean o'er its border, and carries His foam against the sky, reluctantly spares The oval mirror of your glassy lake; And, calm as cherished hatred, the surface carries A deeply cold settled aspect nought can shake, All coil'd in itself and around, as sleeps the snake. CLXXIV And nearby, Albano's sparse scattered waves shine out of a sister valley; -- and far the Tiber winds, and the wide ocean laves 1560 The Latin coast where jumped the Epic War, 'Arms and the Man,' whose re-ascending star Rose o'er an empire: -- but under your right Tully dropped off from Rome: -- and where yon bar From the mountains the sight intercepts The Sabine farm was tort'd, the weary bard's delight. CLXXV But I forget, -- My Pilgrim's Sanctuary is won, and he and I have to break up, -- so let it be. -- His task and mine are almost done; But let's look again at the sea; 1570 The midland ocean breaks on him and me, And from the Alban Mount we now behold Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we last through Calpe's rock unfolding Those waves, we would follow up to the dark Euxine roll'd CLXXVI On the blue Symplegades: long years - Long, but not much, since having done their work on both; some suffering and tears have almost left us where we had begun: But not in vain our mortal race has run, 1580 We have had our reward - and it is here; That we can still feel happy by the sun, and harvest the earth, sea, joy almost as dear as if there was no man to come to whom is clear. CLXXVII Oh! that The Desert was my hometown, with one honest Spirit for my minster, that I would all forget the human race, and, hating no one, love but only her! Ye Elements! -- in whose ennobling stir I feel exalted - Can you not 1590 Agree me such a creature? Am I mistaken in deeming such inhabiting many a place? But converse with them can rarely be our party. CLXXVIII There is a pleasure in the pathless forests, There is a recording on the lonely coast, There is society, where no one invades, through the deep sea, and music in his roar: I love not man the less, but nature more. Of these our interviews, in which I steal everything I can be, or have been before , 1600 To mingle with the universe, and feel what I can express ne'er, but can not all CLXXIX Roll on, ye deep and dark blue Ocean - roll! Ten thousand fleets sweep you in vain; Man marks the earth with a ruin -- his control stops with the coast; -- on the watery plain the wrecks are all deed, nor doth remain A shadow of the havoc of man, save his own, When, for a moment, like a drop of rain, He sinks into your depths with bubbling moan, 1610 Without a spray, unkneff'd, uncoff'd, and unknown. CLXXX His steps are not on your paths, -- your fields are not a treat for him, -- you dost stand up and shake him from you; the despicable force he wields for the destruction of the earth thou dost all despised, spurning him from your bosom to heaven, And send'st him, shivering in your playful spray And weeping, to his Gods, where haply lies His little hope in a nearby harbor or bay, and dashest him back to earth: -- leave him there. 1620 CLXXXI Armament thundering -- save the walls of rock-built cities, bidding nations trembling, and monarchs trembling in their capitals, The Leviathans Oaks, whose huge ribs make Their clay creator take the vain title Lord of You, and arbiter of war; These are your toys, and, like the snowy flake, they melt into your yeast of waves, which mar The Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar. CLXXXII Your shores are rich, changed to all save you - 1630 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they? Your waters washed them power while they were free, and many a tyrant since then; obey their shores The stranger, slave or savage; their decay has dried up realms into deserts: -- not so thou, Invariably save for the play of your wild waves -- Time writes no wrinkle on the azure forehead -- As the dawn of creation is beholden, thou rolls the most now. CLXXXIII Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty glasses themselves storm in; in all times, 1640 Calm or convulsions - in breeze, or storm, Icing the pole, or in the scorching climb, Dark - singling; -- boundless, endless and sublime -- The image of eternity -- the throne of the Invisible; even from outside your mucus The samples of depth are made; each zone obeys you; You go out, fear, fathomless, alone. CLXXXIV And I loved you, Ocean! and my joy of youthful sports was on your chest to be Borne, like your bubble, further: from a boy 1650 I wanton'd with your crushers - they for me were a delight; And if the scorching sea made them a horror -- it was a pleasant fear, for I was, as it were, a child of yours, and trusted to your billows far and near, and put my hand on your mane -- as I do here. CLXXXV My job is done -- my song has stopped -- my theme died in an echo; It fits The spell must break this long-lasting dream, The torch will be extinguished that hath illuminated 1660 My midnight lamp - and what is writ, is writ, - - Would it be more true! but I'm not what I've been now -- and my visions flutter less palpably for me -- and the glow that my mind lived fluttering, weak and low. CLXXXVI Farewell! a word that should be, and is -- A sound that makes us hang; -- anyway -- goodbye! Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene that is his last, as in memories dwell A thought that was once his, as on ye deining 1670 A single memory, not in vain He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop; Farewell! With him alone, the pain can rest, if there were such -- with you, the mortal of his tribe! Tribe!

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