

Samuel Rogers, *The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers*, London: 1869.

Italy: A Poem (1830)

Ginevra

Discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day.

(p.312)

Bologna

He had just left that Place
Of old renown, once in the Adrian sea,
Ravenna! where, from Dante's sacred tomb,
Ha had so oft, as many a verse declares,
Drawn inspiration.

(p. 317)

Florence

Of that ancient seat,
The seat of stone that runs along the wall,
South of the Church, east of the belfry-tower,
(Thou canst not miss it) in tge sultry time
Would Dante sit conversing, and with those
Who little thought that in his hand he held
The balance, and assigned at his good pleasure
To each his place in the invisible world,
To some an upper region, some a lower;
Many a transgressor sent to his account,
Long ere in Florence numbered with the dead;
The body still as full of life and stir
At home, abroad; still and as oft inclined
To eat, drink, sleep; still clad as others were,
And at noon-day, where men were wont to meet,
Met as continually; when the soul went,
Relinquished to a demon, and by him
(So says the Bard, and who can read and doubt?)
Dwelt in and governed. – Sit thee down awhile;
Then, by the gates so marvellously wrought,
That they might serve to be the gates of Heaven,'
Enter the Baptistery.

(p. 320)