Io dico, seguendo, ch’assi prima che noi fossimo al pié de l’alta torre, li occhi nostri n’andar suso a la cima per due fiammette che i vedemmo porre, e un’altra da lungi render cenno, tanto ch’a pena il potea l’occhio torré.

E io mi volsi al mar di tutto ’l senno; dissi: “Questo che dice? e che risponde quell’altro foco? e chi son quei che ’l feno?”. 

Ed eli a me: “Per, sulle pace onde già scorgere puoi quello che s’aspetta, se ’l fumo del pantan noi ti nasconde”.

Corda non pisce mai da sè saetta, ch’è corse via per l’aere snella, com’io vidi una nave piccola e venire per l’acqua verso noi in quella, sotto ’l governo d’un sol galeoto, che gridava: “Or sè giunta, anima feli!”. 

“Flegias, Flegias, tu gridi a vòto”, dissi lo mio segnoro, “anche piangere e in un lutto, con piangere e in un lutto; io zio che sono il diletto del mio ferare!”. 

Quel è colui che grande inganno ascolta, che li sia fatto, e poi se ne rammara, facessi Flegias ne l’ira accolta.

Lo duca mio discese ne la barca, e poi mi fece intrare appresso lui, e poi mi fece intrare appresso lui; 

Tosto che ’l duca e io nel legno fui, e poi mi fece intrare appresso lui; “Alma sdegnosa, indi ciono, e un’altra da lungi render”.

Allor distese al legno ambo le mani; “Che diavolo sei, non ti identificherò mai da te stesso”. 

E io a lui: “Alma sdegnosa, indi ciono, e un’altra da lungi render”.

E io a lui: “Con piangere e in un lutto, spirito maladetto, ti rimani; spirito maladetto, ti rimani”.

E io a lui: “Con piangere e in un lutto, spirito maladetto, ti rimani; spirito maladetto, ti rimani”.

Allor distese al legno ambo le mani; “Che diavolo sei, non ti identificherò mai da te stesso”.

Mentre noi correvamo la morta gora, dinanzi mi si fece un pien di fango, e disse: “Chi sè tu che vieni anzi orai?”. 

Ed io a lui: “St’ego, non rimanga; ma tu chi sè, che si sè fatto brutto?”. 

Rispone: “Vedi che son un che piangono”.

E io a lui: “Con piangere e in un lutto, spirito maladetto, ti rimani; spirito maladetto, ti rimani”. 

E io a lui: “Con piangere e in un lutto, spirito maladetto, ti rimani; spirito maladetto, ti rimani”. 

Allor distese al legno ambo le mani; “Che diavolo sei, non ti identificherò mai da te stesso”, dicendo: “Via costà con li altri cani!”. 

E io: “Maestro, molto sarei vago di vederlo attuffare in questa broda prima che noi uscissimo del lago”. 

I dico, seguendo, ch’assi prima che noi fossimo al pié de l’alta torre, li occhi nostri n’andar suso a la cima per due fiammette che i vedemmo porre, e un’altra da lungi render cenno, tanto ch’a pena il potea l’occhio torré.

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Allor distese al legno ambo le mani; “Che diavolo sei, non ti identificherò mai da te stesso”, dicendo: “Via costà con li altri cani!”. 

E io: “Maestro, molto sarei vago di vederlo attuffare in questa broda prima che noi uscissimo del lago".
Ed elli a me: "Avante che la proda
ti si lasci veder, tu sarii sazio;
di tal disio convien che tu goda".

Dopo ciò poco vid’io quello strazio
far di costui a le fangose genti,
che Dio ancor ne lodo e ne ringrazio.

Tutti gridavano: "A Filippo Argentil!"
e ‘l fiorentino spirito bizzarro
in sé medesimo si volvea co’ denti.

Quivi il lasciammo, che più non ne naro;
ma ne l’orecchie mi percosse un duolo,
che Dio avanti l’occhio intento sbarro.

Lo buon maestro disse: "Omai, figliuolo,
appressa la città c’ha nome Dite,
ciò gravi cittadini, ciol grande studio".

E io: "Maestro, già le sue meschite
là entro certe ne la valle cerno,
vermiglie come se di foco uscite
fossero". Ed ei mi disse: "Il foco eterno
ch’è sicuro avete l’affo co’ le dimostra rosse,
to come tu vedi in questo basso inferno".

Noi pur giugnemosmo dentro a l’alte fosse
che li ha’ iscorta sì buia contrada".

Non sanza prima far grande aggirata,
venimmo in parte dove il nocchier forte
"Uscteo", gridò: ‘qui è l’intrata’.

Io vidi più di mille in su le porte
di voler lor parlar segretamente.

"Vien tu solo, e quei sen vada
and to try, if he can, since you, his guide
across so dark a land, you are to stay."

Let him return alone on his mad road
about the gates I saw more than a thousand
who once had rained from Heaven and they cried
in anger: ”Who is this who, without death,
can journey through the kingdom of the dead?"
And my wise master made a sign that said
he wanted to speak secretly to them.

Then they suppressed somewhat their great disdain
and said: ”You come alone; let him be gone
for he was reckless, entering this realm.

”Let him return alone on his mad road,
or try to, if he can, since you, his guide
across so dark a land, you are to stay."

Consider, reader, my dismay before
the sound of those abominable words:
returning here seemed so impossible.

"O my dear guide, who more than seven times
returning here seemed so impossible.

I said: ”I can already see distinctly
master-those mosques that gleam within the valley,
as crimson as if they had just been drawn
out of the fire.” He told me: ”The eternal
flame burning there appears to make them red,
as you can see, within this lower Hell.”

So we arrived inside the deep-cut trenches
that are the moats of this despondent land:
the ramparts seemed to me to be of iron.

But not before we’d ranged in a wide circuit
did we approach a place where that shrill pilot shouted:
”Get out; the entrance way is here.”

About the gates I saw more than a thousand
who one had rained from Heaven and they cried
in anger: ”Who is this who, without death,
can journey through the kingdom of the dead?”
And my wise master had made a sign that said
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Then they suppressed somewhat their great disdain
and said: ”You come alone; let him be gone
for he was reckless, entering this realm.
Chiuser le porte que' nostri avversari nel petto al mio segnor, che fuor rimase e rivolse a me con passi rari.

Li occhi a la terra e le ciglia avea rase d'ogne baldanza, e dicea ne' sospiri: "Chi m' ha negate le dolenti case!"

E a me disse: "Tu, perch'io m'adiri, non sbigottir, ch'io vincerò la prova, qual ch'a la difension dentro s'aggiri.

Questa lor tracotanza non è nova; ché già l'usaro a men segreta porta, la qual sanza serrame ancor si trova.

Sov'essa vedestù la scritta morta: e già di qua da lei discende l'erta, passando per li cerchi sanza scorta, tal che per lui ne fia la terra aperta".

And these, our adversaries, slammed the gates in my lord's face; and he remained outside, then, with slow steps, turned back again to me.

His eyes turned to the ground, his brows deprived of every confidence, he said with sighs: "See who has kept me from the house of sorrow!"

To me he added: "You-though I am vexed-must not be daunted; I shall win this contest, whoever tries-within-to block our way.

This insolence of theirs is nothing new; they used it once before and at a gate less secret-it is still without its bolts-the place where you made out the fatal text; and now, already well within that gate, across the circles-and alone-descends the one who will unlock this realm for us."

Й замкнули браму перед самим оком Учителя мого, і він один До мене повернув повільним кроком. Потупившись, ішов понурий він, Весь час гадавши про відмову строгу: «Хто не пустив мене до скорбних стін?» Сказав мені: «Я не досяг порогу, Та не турбуйся, здолаю їх війська, Готові довгу витримати облогу. Це не нова зухвалість їх така: їх взнали верхні брами вселогочі, Що й досі залишились без замка. Взюр' ти прочитав слова мертвучі, Але уже крізь місто те страшне Іде без супутніх колами по кручи Той, хто нам брами всюди відімкне».

Credits


Commemorating the 700th anniversary of the death of Dante Alighieri, *Toronto Salutes Dante* features more than thirty Canada-based guests who read Dante’s *Inferno* in various languages, several for the first time. In addition to ten different Italian dialects, there are represented American Sign Language, Arabic, Bulgarian, English, Farsi, French, German, Latin, Mandarin, Portuguese, Québécois, Russian, Sanskrit, Slovak, Spanish, Stoney Nakoda, Swedish, Thai, and Ukrainian. In 15-minute clips, well-known personalities of Canadian public and cultural life, professors, and students at the University of Toronto, and members of the Italo-Canadian community share their voices and fresh memories of the most important Italian author in world literature. Listen to Dante’s *Inferno* as you have never heard it before on the [Department of Italian Studies’ Youtube channel](http://www.youtube.com) from March 25th to June 2021.

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