

Dante Alighieri, *Convivio* iii.

[P]er le parti quasi tutte a le quali questa lingua si stende, peregrino, quasi mendicando, sono andato, mostrando contra mia voglia la piaga de la fortuna, che suole ingiustamente al piagato molte volte essere imputata. Veramente io sono stato legno senza vela e senza governo, portato a diversi porti e foci e liti dal vento secco che vapore la dolorosa povertade [...].

Henry Francis Cary, *The Vision of Dante Alighieri*.  
Estratto dalla prefazione *Life of Dante* (Cary, 1819: xv I)

Wandering over almost every part, to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant; showing, against my will, the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving, on whom it is inflicted. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty [...].

George Gordon Byron, *The Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (III. ii).

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome, to their roar!  
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!  
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,  
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,  
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, no Ocean's foam, to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, or tempest's breath prevail.