

# Purgatory Canto 10

Exported from Holy-Writings.com on 2026-06-20 — 1 clipping

[Christianity Index](#) [Divine Comedy Index](#) [Previous: Purgatory Canto 9](#) [Next: Purgatory Canto 11](#)

Canto X

Argument

Being admitted at the gate of Purgatory, our Poets ascend a winding path up the rock, till they reach an open and level space that extends each way round the mountain. On the side that rises, and which is of white marble, are seen artfully engraven many stories of humility, which whilst they are contemplating, there approach the souls of those who expiate the sin of pride, and who are bent down beneath the weight of heavy stones.

When we had passed the threshold of the gate,  
(Which the soul's ill affection doth disuse,  
Making the crooked seem the straighter path,)  
I heard its closing sound. Had mine eyes turn'd,  
For that offence what plea might have avail'd?

We mounted up the riven rock, that wound  
On either side alternate, as the wave  
Flies and advances. "Here some little art  
Behoves us," said my leader, "that our steps  
Observe the varying flexure of the path."

Thus we so slowly sped, that with cleft orb  
The moon once more o'erhangs her watery couch,  
Ere we that strait have threaded. But when free,  
We came, and open, where the mount above  
One solid mass retires; I spent with toil,  
And both uncertain of the way, we stood,  
Upon a plain more lonesome than the roads  
That traverse desert wilds. From whence the brink  
Borders upon vacuity, to foot  
Of the steep bank that rises still, the space  
Had measured thrice the stature of a man:  
And, distant as mine eye could wing its flight,  
To leftward now and now to right despatch'd,  
That cornice equal in extent appear'd.

Not yet our feet had on that summit moved,  
When I discover'd that the bank, around,  
Whose proud uprising all ascent denied,  
Was marble white; and so exactly wrought  
With quaintest sculpture, that not there alone

Had Polycletus, but e'en nature's self  
Been shamed. The Angel (who came down to earth  
With tidings of the peace so many years  
Wept for in vain, that oped the heavenly gates  
From their long interdict) before us seem'd,  
In a sweet act, so sculptured to the life,  
He look'd no silent image. One had sworn  
He had said "Hail!" for she was imaged there,  
By whom the key did open to God's love;  
And in her act as sensibly imprest  
That word, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord,"  
As figure seal'd on wax. "Fix not thy mind  
On one place only," said the guide beloved,  
Who had me near him on that part where lies  
The heart of man. My sight forthwith I turn'd,  
And mark'd, behind the Virgin Mother's form,  
Upon that side where he that moved me stood,  
Another story graven on the rock.

I past athwart the bard, and drew me near,  
That it might stand more aptly for my view.  
There, in the self - same marble, were engraved  
The cart and kine, drawing the sacred ark,  
That from unbidden office awes mankind.  
Before it came much people; and the whole  
Parted in seven quires. One sense cried "Nay,"  
Another, "Yes, they sing." Like doubt arose  
Betwixt the eye and smell, from the curl'd fume  
Of incense breathing up the well - wrought toil.  
Preceding the blest vessel, onward came  
With light dance leaping, girt in humble guise,  
Israel's sweet harper: in that hap he seem'd  
Less, and yet more, than kingly. Opposite  
At a great palace, from the lattice forth  
Look'd Michol, like a lady full of scorn  
And sorrow. To behold the tablet next,  
Which, at the back of Michol, whitely shone,  
I moved me. There, was storied on the rock  
The exalted glory of the Roman prince,  
Whose mighty worth moved Gregory[1] to earn  
His mighty conquest, Trajan the Emperor.  
A widow at his bridle stood, attired  
In tears and mourning. Round about them troop'd  
Full throng of knights; and overhead in gold  
The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.  
The wretch appear'd amid all these to say:  
"Grant vengeance, Sire! for, woe beshrew this heart,

My son is murder'd." He replying seem'd:  
"Wait now till I return." And she, as one  
Made hasty by her grief: "O Sire! if thou  
Dost not return?" - "Where I am, who then is,  
May right thee." - "What to thee is other's good,  
If thou neglect thy own?" - "Now comfort thee;"  
At length he answers. "It beseemeth well  
My duty be perform'd, ere I move hence:  
So justice wills; and pity bids me stay."

[1: "Gregory." St. Gregory's prayers are said to have delivered  
Trajan from hell. See Paradise, Canto xx. 40.]

He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produced  
That visible speaking, new to us and strange,  
The like not found on earth. Fondly I gazed  
Upon those patterns of meek humbleness,  
Shapes yet more precious for their artist's sake;  
When "Lo!" the poet whisper'd, "where this way  
(But slack their pace) a multitude advance,  
These to the lofty steps shall guide us on."

Mine eyes, though bent on view of novel sights,  
Their loved allurements, were not slow to turn.

Reader! I would not that amazed thou miss  
Of thy good purpose, hearing how just God  
Decrees our debts be cancel'd. Ponder not  
The form of suffering. Think on what succeeds:  
Think that, at worst, beyond the mighty doom  
It cannot pass. "Instructor!" I began,  
"What I see hither tending, bears no trace  
Of human semblance, nor of aught beside

That my foil'd sight can guess." He answering thus:  
"So curb'd to earth, beneath their heavy terms  
Of torment stoop they, that mine eye at first  
Struggled as thine. But look intently thither;  
And disentangle with thy laboring view,  
What, underneath those stones, approacheth: now,  
E'en now, mayst thou discern the pangs of each."

Christians and proud! O poor and wretched ones!  
That, feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust  
Upon unsteady perverseness: know ye not  
That we are worms, yet made at last to form  
The winged insect,<sup>[2]</sup> imp'd with angel plumes,  
That to Heaven's justice unobstructed soars?  
Why buoy ye up aloft your unfledged souls?  
Abortive then and shapeless ye remain,

Like the untimely embryo of a worm.

[2: "The winged insect." The butterfly was an ancient and well - known symbol of the human soul.]

As, to support incumbent floor or roof,  
For corbel, is a figure sometimes seen,  
That crumples up its knees unto its breast;  
With the feign'd posture, stirring ruth unfeign'd  
In the beholder's fancy; so I saw  
These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise.

Each, as his back was laden, came indeed  
Or more or less contracted; and it seem'd  
As he, who show'd most patience in his look,  
Wailing exclaim'd: "I can endure no more."

— Purgatory Canto 10