

# Purgatory Canto 33

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## Canto XXXIII

### Argument

After a hymn sung, Beatrice leaves the tree, and takes with her the seven virgins, Matilda, Statius, and Dante. She then darkly predicts to our Poet some future events. Lastly, the whole band arrive at the fountain, from whence the two streams, Lethe and Eunoe, separating, flow different ways; and Matilda, at the desire of Beatrice, causes our Poet to drink of the latter stream.

"The heathen,[1] Lord! are come:" responsive thus,  
The trinal now, and now the virgin band  
Quaternion, their sweet psalmody began,  
Weeping; and Beatrice listen'd, sad  
And sighing, to the song, in such a mood,  
That Mary, as she stood beside the Cross,  
Was scarce more changed. But when they gave her place  
To speak, then, risen upright on her feet,  
She, with a colour glowing bright as fire,  
Did answer: "Yet a little while,[2] and ye  
Shall see me not; and, my beloved sisters!  
Again a little while, and ye shall see me."

[1: "The heathen." "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance." - Psalm lxxix. 1.]

[2: "Yet a little while." "A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again a little while, and ye shall see me." - John xvi. 16.]

Before her then she marshal'd all the seven;  
And, beckoning only, motion'd me, the dame,  
And that remaining sage,[3] to follow her.

[3: "That remaining sage." Statius.]

So on she pass'd; and had not set, I ween,  
Her tenth step to the ground, when, with mine eyes  
Her eyes encountered; and, with visage mild,  
"So mend thy pace," she cried, "that if my words  
Address thee, thou mayst still be aptly placed  
To hear them." Soon as duly to her side  
I now had hasten'd: "Brother!" she began,  
"Why makest thou no attempt at questioning,

As thus we walk together?" Like to those  
Who, speaking with too reverent an awe  
Before their betters, draw not forth the voice  
Alive unto their lips, befell me then  
That I in sounds imperfect thus began:  
"Lady! what I have need of, that thou know'st;  
And what will suit my need." She answering thus:

"Of fearfulness and shame, I will that thou  
Henceforth do rid thee; that thou speak no more,  
As one who dreams. Thus far be taught of me:  
The vessel which thou saw'st the serpent break,  
Was, and is not:[4] let him, who hath the blame,  
Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop.[5]  
Without an heir forever shall not be  
That eagle,[6] he, who left the chariot plumed,  
Which monster made it first and next a prey.  
Plainly I view, and therefore speak, the stars  
E'en now approaching, whose conjunction, free  
From all impediment and bar, brings on  
A season, in the which, one sent from God,  
(Five hundred, five, and ten, do mark him out,)  
That foul one, and the accomplice of her guilt,  
The giant, both, shall slay. And if perchance  
My saying, dark as Themis or as Sphinx,  
Fail to persuade thee, (since like them it foils  
The intellect with blindness), yet ere long  
Events shall be the Naiads, that will solve  
This knotty riddle; and no damage light  
On flock or field. Take heed; and as these words  
By me are utter'd, teach them even so  
To those who live that life, which is a race  
To death: and when thou writest them, keep in mind  
Not to conceal how thou hast seen the plant,  
That twice[7] hath now been spoil'd. This whoso robs,  
This whoso plucks, with blasphemy of deed  
Sins against God, who for His use alone  
Creating hallow'd it. For taste of this,

[4: "Was, and is not." "The beast that was, and is not." - Rev. xvii.  
11.]

[5: "Hope not to scare God's vengeance with a sop." "Let not him who  
hath occasioned the destruction of the Church, that vessel which the serpent  
brake, hope to appease the anger of the Deity by any outward acts of  
religious, or rather superstitious, ceremony; such as was that, in our Poet's  
time, performed by a murderer at Florence, who imagined himself secure from  
vengeance, if he ate a sop of bread in wine upon the grave of the person

murdered, within the space of nine days."]

[6: "That eagle." He prognosticates that the Emperor of Germany will not always continue to submit to the usurpations of the Pope, and foretells the coming of Henry VII, Duke of Luxemburg, signified by the numerical figures DVX; or, as Lombardi supposes, of Can Grande della Scala, appointed the leader of the Ghibelline forces.]

[7: "Twice." First by the eagle and next by the giant.]

In pain and in desire, five thousand years  
And upward, the first soul did yearn for him  
Who punish'd in himself the fatal gust.

"Thy reason slumbers, if it deem this height,  
And summit thus inverted, of the plant,  
Without due cause: and were not vainer thoughts,  
As Elsa's numbing waters,[8] to thy soul,  
And their fond pleasures had not dyed it dark  
As Pyramus the mulberry; thou hadst seen,  
In such momentous circumstance alone,  
God's equal justice morally implied  
In the forbidden tree. But since I mark thee,  
In understanding, harden'd into stone,  
And, to that hardness, spotted too and stain'd,  
So that thine eye is dazzled at my word;  
I will, that, if not written, yet at least  
Painted thou take it in thee, for the cause,  
That one brings home his staff inwreathed with palm."

[8: "Elsa's numbing waters." The Elsa, a little stream, which flows into the Arno about twenty miles below Florence, is said to possess a petrifying quality.]

I thus: "As wax by seal, that changeth not  
Its impress, now is stamp'd my brain by thee.  
But wherefore soars thy wish'd - for speech so high  
Beyond my sight, that loses it the more,  
The more it strains to reach it?" - "To the end  
That thou mayst know," she answer'd straight, "the school,  
That thou hast follow'd; and how far behind,  
When following my discourse, its learning halts:  
And mayst behold your art, from the divine  
As distant, as the disagreement is  
'Twixt earth and Heaven's most high and rapturous orb."

"I not remember," I replied, "that e'er  
I was estranged from thee; nor for such fault  
Doth conscience chide me." Smiling she return'd:  
"If thou canst not remember, call to mind

How lately thou hast drunk of Lethe's wave;  
And, sure as smoke doth indicate a flame,  
In that forgetfulness itself conclude  
Blame from thy alienated will incurr'd.

From henceforth, verily, my words shall be  
As naked, as will suit them to appear  
In thy unpractised view." More sparkling now,  
And with retarded course, the sun possess'd  
The circle of mid - day, that varies still  
As the aspect varies of each several clime;  
When, as one, sent in vaward of a troop  
For escort, pauses, if perchance he spy  
Vestige of somewhat strange and rare; so paused  
The sevenfold band, arriving at the verge  
Of a dun umbrage hoar, such as is seen,  
Beneath green leaves and gloomy branches, oft  
To overbrow a bleak and alpine cliff.  
And, where they stood, before them, as it seem'd,  
I, Tigris and Euphrates both, beheld  
Forth from one fountain issue; and, like friends,  
Linger at parting. "O enlightening beam!  
O glory of our kind! beseech thee say  
What water this, which, from one source derived,  
Itself removes to distance from itself?"

To such entreaty answer thus was made:  
"Entreat Matilda, that she teach thee this."

And here, as one who clears himself of blame  
Imputed, the fair dame return'd: "Of me  
He this and more hath learnt; and I am safe  
That Lethe's water hath not hid it from him."

And Beatrice: "Some more pressing care,  
That oft the memory 'reaves, perchance hath made  
His mind's eye dark. But lo, where Eunoe flows!  
Lead thither; and, as thou art wont, revive  
His fainting virtue." As a courteous spirit,  
That proffers no excuses, but as soon  
As he hath token of another's will,  
Makes it his own; when she had ta'en me, thus  
The lovely maiden moved her on, and call'd  
To Statius, with an air most lady - like:  
"Come thou with him." Were further space allow'd,  
Then, Reader! might I sing, though but in part,  
That beverage, with whose sweetness I had ne'er  
Been sated. But, since all the leaves are full,  
Appointed for this second strain, mine art

With warning bridle checks me. I return'd  
From the most holy wave, regenerate,  
E'en as new plants renew'd with foliage new,  
Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

— Purgatory Canto 33