

**Petrarch's *Rime sparse* (Scattered Rhymes), Sonnet 1**

You who hear the sound, in scattered rhymes,  
of those sighs on which I fed my heart,  
in my first vagrant youthfulness,  
when I was partly other than I am,

I hope to find pity, and forgiveness,  
for all the modes in which I talk and weep,  
between vain hope and vain sadness,  
in those who understand love through its trials.

Yet I see clearly now I have become  
an old tale amongst all these people, so that  
it often makes me ashamed of myself;

and shame is the fruit of my vanities,  
and remorse, and the clearest knowledge  
of how the world's delight is a brief dream.

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*sonetto* (little song)

*Voi ch'ascoltate in rime sparse il suono* (a)  
*Di quei sospiri ond'io nudriva 'l core* (b)  
*In sul mio primo giovanile errore,* (b)  
*Quand'era in parte altr'uom da quel ch' i' sono,* (a)

*quatrains*

*Del vario stile in ch'io piango e ragiono* (a)  
*Fra le vane speranze e 'l van dolore,* (b)  
*Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,* (b)  
*Spero trovar pieta, non che perdono.* (a)

*volta* (turn: *octave* / *sestet*)

*Ma ben veggio or si come al popol tutto* (c)  
*Favola fui gran tempo, onde sovente* (d)  
*Di me medesmo meco mi vergogno;* (e)

*tercets*

*E del mio vaneggiar vergogna e 'l frutto,* (c)  
*E 'l pentersi, e 'l conoscer chiaramente* (d)  
*Che quanto piace al mondo e breve sogno* (e)