

MODERN PORTUGUESE POETRY Read by Dr. José Rodrigues Miguéis
Selected and Edited by Dr. Raymond Sayers and Dr. Miguéis / Folkways Records FL9915

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1961
c.1

MUS LP

SIDE I

- Band 1: ANTERO DE QUENTAL
Tormento do Ideal; Nocturno; Na Mão de Deus
- Band 2: GOMES LEAL
A Senhora Duquesa de Brabante; No Calvário
- Band 3: GUERRA JUNQUEIRO
Préstito Fúnebre
- Band 4: CESARIO VERDE
Ave-Marias; De Tarde
- Band 5: ANTONIO NOBRE
Memória; Telégrafo
- Band 6: EUGENIO DE CASTRO
Salomé; Soneto

MODERN PORTUGUESE POETRY

SIDE II

- Band 1: CAMILO PESSANHA
Soneto; Soneto; Ao Longe, os Barcos de Flores
- Band 2: TEIXEIRA DE PASCOAES
Elegia do Amor
- Band 3: FERNANDO PESSOA
O Menino de sua Mãe; Autopsicografia;
Ela Canta, Pobre Ceifeira; Ode (Ricardo Reis);
Outra Ode (Ricardo Reis)
- Band 4: MARIO DE SÁ-CARNEIRO
Caranguejola; Fim
- Band 5: IRENE LISBOA
Pequeno Poema Mental; Outro Pequeno Poema Mental
- Band 6: FLOREBELA ESPANCA
A uma Rapariga; Alma Perdida
- Band 7: ANTONIO BOTTO
Canção; Outra Canção

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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MODERN PORTUGUESE POETRY

Mr. Miguéis and Professor Sayers selected the texts, prepared the introduction and notes and translated the poems together. Mr. Miguéis did all the reading for the recording.

Note on José Rodrigues Miguéis

One of the outstanding Portuguese novelists, José Rodrigues Miguéis was the recipient in 1959 of the Camilo Castelo Branco prize, the most important Portuguese literary award. Among his novels are *Pascoa Feliz* and the recently published *A Escola do Paraíso*. His two collections of short stories are *Onde a Noite se Acaba* and the prize winning *Léah*. He is also the author of a play, *O Passageiro do Expresso*. He has translated Carson McCullers' *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* and F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. Mr. Miguéis studied for three years in Brussels. Since 1935 he has lived chiefly in New York, where for many years he was the assistant editor of the Portuguese edition of *The Reader's Digest*.

Note on Raymond Sayers

Professor Sayers studied Portuguese and Spanish in different universities, including the University of Brazil and Columbia, where he received his doctor of philosophy degree and where he has given graduate courses in Portuguese and Brazilian literature. He is now a member of the Department of Romance Languages of the City College of New York. He is a consulting editor of the *Revista Hispánica Moderna* and the author, among other things, of *The Negro in Brazilian Literature*, which was translated into Portuguese under the title of *O Negro na Literatura Brasileira*.

MODERN PORTUGUESE POETRY

The reader of Portuguese poetry will notice that by the second half of the nineteenth century it had entered one of its most cosmopolitan phases and that it began to manifest the principal tendencies of the poetry of the other European countries. In the realm of ideas Guerra Junqueiro struck a hugonian note of social protest, and Antero de Quental showed the preoccupation of the European intellectual with the loss of faith in traditional religion. The artistic trends embodied in Spanish *modernismo* and represented in France by the *parnassians* and the *symbolists* are reflected in the work of such poets as Gomes Leal, Cesário Verde, Camilo Pessanha and Eugénio de Castro. However, none of these poets may be regarded as a mere disciple of a foreign literary movement. Saturated as they were with European culture, they were also aware of the great lyrical tradition of their own country, and at their best they produced poetry of an intense and powerful originality.

In Teixeira de Pascoaes, Mário de Sá-Carneiro, Fernando Pessoa and Irene Lisboa, whose work belongs to the twentieth century, this originality is so intense that these poets not only differ widely from each other but are also hardly to be classified in any of the important contemporary schools. Yet the pantheism of Pascoaes, the unusual imagery and themes of Sá-Carneiro, the perfection of form of Fernando Pessoa and the rebellious tone of personal affirmation of Irene Lisboa make these writers in their very individuality and independence representative of the diversity and freedom of the great poetry of the age.

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NOTES ON THE POETS

ANTERO DE QUENTAL (1842--1891) was important as a poet, philosopher and political thinker. His outstanding poems are his Sonetos, which were written over a period of many years and which form his spiritual autobiography. Composed in a lofty style and noteworthy for their striking images, they embody his main philosophical ideas, which developed from an early pessimism and despair into a positive affirmation of courage and hope. Primaveras Românticas, Odes Modernas, etc.

GOMES LEAL (1848--1921), an anti-clerical and anti-monarchist during the greater part of his life, made his peace with Christianity some years before his death. Although he achieved his early fame through his satires, his reputation rests on his lyrics. Those contained in Claridades do Sul, for example, demonstrate his ability to express with great technical skill emotions of profound sincerity. O Anti-Cristo, A História de Jesus, etc.

GUERRA JUNQUEIRO (1850--1923) not only was the most popular poet of his time but was also an influential figure in politics. Like Gomes Leal he became famous for his satires, such as A Morte de D. João, which are reminiscent of Victor Hugo in both ideas and style, but his best poems are his lyrics dealing with rural life as, for example, those in Os Simples. A Velhice do Padre Eterno, A Pátria, etc.

CESÁRIO VERDE (1855--1886) is at his best in his sharp, graphic scenes of both urban and rural life. Employing a realistic, colloquial vocabulary, he expresses a nineteenth century faith in the possibilities of human progress and an admiration and concern for the working people of his Lisbon. His poems were published after his death in O Livro de Cesário Verde.

ANTÔNIO NOBRE (1867--1900) published during his lifetime only one volume of verse, Só.

His poetry, which shows the influence of popular ballads in style, is personal and deeply subjective. It is associated with the shore and countryside of northern Portugal, where he spent a large part of his childhood, and the University of Coimbra, where he studied before going to Paris to take his degree. He was the most influential poet of his generation. Despedidas, Primeiros Versos.

CAMILO PESSANHA (1867--1926) spent the greater part of his life in Macau. His one thin volume of poems, Clepsidra, with its strange music and disturbing images, represents Portuguese symbolism at its highest point.

EUGÊNIO DE CASTRO (1869--1944), the apostle of French symbolism and parnassianism, startled Portugal with his volume Qaristos, which led the way to the use of new techniques and subject matter in Portuguese poetry. Sagramor e Outros Poemas, Interlúdio, etc.

TEIXEIRA DE PASCOES (1877--1952) occupies a rather isolated position among the poets of this century because of the speculative nature of his writing. Attracted by the idea of the absurd and repelled by systems and dogmas, he was at once a pantheist and an agnostic. As is evidenced in his long poem Marânus, he was strongly influenced by the mountainous scenery of the region in which he lived. Vida Etérea, Regresso ao Paraíso, etc.

FERNANDO PESSOA (1888--1935), the greatest Portuguese poet of this century, was preoccupied with the problem of writing "sincere" poetry, which he considered insurmountable because of the gaps between being and thought and thought and expression. This led him to write not only under his own name but also under three "heteronyms"--Alvaro de Campos, Ricardo Reis and Alberto Caeiro--, which he says represent personalities that are

very distinct from his own. An intellectual poet, he showed extraordinary verbal skill in his native language and even to a certain extent in English, which he had mastered as a youth in South Africa. During his life he published only one volume, Mensagem. Poesias de Álvaro de Campos, Poemas de Alberto Caeiro, Odes de Ricardo Reis, etc.

MÁRIO DE SÁ-CARNEIRO (1890--1916) was a surrealist poet and novelist of whom it has been said that he introduced the unconscious into Portuguese literature. In traditional metrical forms and a colloquial vocabulary he manifested his anxiety about life and his inability to cope with it in his native land or in Paris, where he was a student at the time of his suicide. During his life he published only one volume, Dispersão. Indícios de Oiro, Confissão de Lúcio (novel).

IRENE LISBOA (1892--1958) was a writer of essays, short stories and novels as well as verse. In all these genres she gave free play to her theory that the true subject of the writer is the commonplace incident or the ordinary person. The true medium is a language deliberately denuded of "literary" pretensions. A typical collection of her verse is Outono Havias de Vir. Título Qualquer Serve (short stories), Começa uma Vida (short novel), etc.

FLORBELA ESPANCA (1894--1930) was one of the most powerful of the women poets. In her sonnets in Charneca em Flor and other collections she displays in strikingly personal images an impressionable spirit that is highly sensitive to the rebuffs of fortune and the world. Livro de Máguas, Livro de Soror Saudade, etc.

ANTÔNIO BOTTO (1902--1959) was a writer of great simplicity and naturalness who at times in his Canções achieves unusually subtle and delicate effects. Trovas, Cantigas de Saudade, etc.

Recebi o baptismo dos poetas,
e assentado entre as formas incompletas,
para sempre fiquei pálido e triste.

Nocturno

Espírito que passas, quando o vento
adormece no mar e surge a lua,
filho esquivo da noite que flutua,
tu só entendes bem o meu tormento...

Como um canto longínquo, triste e lento,
que voga e subtilmente se insinua,
sobre o meu coração, que tumultua,
tu vertes pouco a pouco o esquecimento...

A ti confio o sonho em que me leva
um instinto de luz, rompendo a treva,
buscando, entre visões, o eterno Bem.

E tu entendes o meu mal sem nome,
a febre de Ideal, que me consome,
tu so, Genio da Noite, e mais ninguém!

Na Mão de Deus

Na mão de Deus, na sua mão direita,

descansou afinal meu coração.
Do palácio encantado da Ilusão
descei a passo e passo a escada estreita.

Como as flores mortais, com que se enfeita
a ignorância infantil, despojo vão,
depois do Ideal e da Paixão
a forma transitória e imperfeita.

Como criança, em lóbrega jornada,
que a mãe leva ao colo agasalhada
e atravessa, sorrindo vagamente,

selvas, mares, areias do deserto,...
dorme o teu sono, coração liberto,
dorme na mão de Deus eternamente!

Band 2:

GOMES LEAL

A Senhora Duquesa de Brabante

Tem um leque de plumas gloriosas
na sua mão macia e cintilante,
de anéis de pedras finas preciosas
a Senhora Duquesa de Brabante.

Numa cadeira de espaldar dourado,
escuta os galanteios dos barões.
--É noite: e, sob o azul morno e calado,

/that is.

I received a poet's baptism
And, placed among the incomplete forms,
I was forever pale and sad.

Nocturne

Spirit that passes by, when the wind
Sleeps on the sea and the moon emerges,
Evasive child of the wandering night,
You alone are aware of my torment...

Like a chant that, distant, sad and
/lingering
Drifts and subtly penetrates,
Upon my tumultuous heart
Little by little you pour forgetfulness.

To you I entrust the dream on which I am
/borne
By an instinct of light, rending the darkness,
Seeking among visions the eternal Good.

And you understand my nameless ill,
The desire for the Ideal that consumes me,
You alone, Genius of Night, and none but you.

In the Hand of God

In the hand of God, in His right hand,

My heart has at last found rest.
Step by step have I gone down the narrow
Staircase of Illusion's enchanted palace.

Like those mortal flowers with which the
/child
Bedecks his ignorance--vain debris--
I have renounced the fleeting, the imperfect
/form
Of Passion and the Ideal.

Like a child whom, on a fearful journey
The mother holds and shelters at her breast,
Who smiling vaguely, crosses

Jungles, seas and desert sands--
Sleep your sleep, oh, liberated heart,
Sleep in the hand of God eternally.

Band 2:

GOMES LEAL

Her Grace, the Duchess of Brabant

She holds a fan of gorgeous feathers
in her soft hand, which scintillates
with rings of fine, of precious stones,
her Grace, the Duchess of Brabant.

In a chair with gilded back
she listens to the barons' gallantries.
It is night, and beneath the warm, silent

SIDE I:
Band 1:

ANTERO DE QUENTAL

Tormento do Ideal

Conheci a Beleza que não morre
e fiquei triste. Como quem da serra
mais alta que haja, olhando aos pés a terra
e o mar, vê tudo, a maior nau ou torre,

minguar, fundir-se, sob a luz que jorre;
assim eu vi o mundo e o que ele encerra
perder a cor, bem como a nuvem que erra
ao pôr do Sol e sobre o mar discorre.

Pedindo à forma, em vão, a ideia pura,
tropeço, em sombras, na matéria dura,
e encontro a imperfeição de quanto existe.

SIDE I:
Band 1:

ANTERO DE QUENTAL

Torment of the Ideal

I met undying beauty
And I was sad. Like one who, from
The highest mountain, sees at his feet
Land and sea, sees everything, the greatest
/ship or highest tower

Shrink and dissolve beneath the flowing
/light,

So I saw the world and all it holds
Lose color, like the cloud that at sunset
Wanders and drifts above the sea.

Seeking in vain in Form the pure Idea,
I stumble in the shadows on hard matter
And find the imperfection of everything

concebem os jasmims e os corações.

Recorda o senhor Bispo acções passadas.
Falam damas de jóias e cetins.
Tratam barões de festas e caçadas
à moda goda: --aos toques de clarins.

Mas a Duquesa é triste.--Oculta mágoa
vela seu rosto de um solene véu.
--Ao luar, sobre os tanques chora a água...
Cantando, os rouxinóis lembram o céu...

Dizem as lendas que Satã, vestido
de uma armadura feita de um brilhante,
ousou falar do seu amor florido
à Senhora Duquesa de Brabante.

Dizem que o ouviram ao luar nas águas,
mais loiro do que o sol, marmóreo e lindo,
tirar de uma viola estranhas mágoas,
pelas noites que os cravos vêm abrindo...

Dizem mais que na seda das varetas
do seu leque ducal de mil matizes,
Satã cantara as suas tranças pretas,
e os seus olhos mais fundos que as raízes!

Mas a Duquesa é triste.--Oculta mágoa
vela seu rosto de um solene véu.
--Ao luar, sobre os tanques, chora a água...
--Cantando, os rouxinóis lembram o céu...

blue,
jasmines and hearts conceive.

His Grace, the Bishop, recalls past deeds.
The ladies speak of jewels and satins.
The barons discuss feasts and hunts
in the Gothic style, to bugle calls.

But the Duchess is sad. A hidden grief
clouds her face like a solemn veil.
In the moonlight the water weeps above the
pools.
Singing, the nightingales remind one of
heaven.

Legends say that Satan, dressed
in armor made of a single diamond,
dared once to speak of his flowering love
to her Grace, the Duchess of Brabant!

They say he was heard in the moonlight on
the waters,
fairer than the sun, marblelike, beautiful,
drawing from his guitar strange laments
in the nights when the carnations unfold.

They say, too, that in the silken ribs
of her ducal fan with its thousand shades,
Satan sang her black tresses and
her eyes that were deeper than roots.

But the Duchess is sad; a hidden sorrow

O que é certo é que a pálida Senhora,
a transcendente Dama de Brabante,
tem um filho horroroso...e de quem cora
o pai, no escuro, passeando errante.

É um filho horroroso e jamais visto!--
Raquítico, enfezado, excepcional,
todo disforme, excêntrico, malquisto,
--pelos de fera, uivos de animal!

Parece irmão dos cerdos e dos ursos,
aborto e horror da brava Natureza...
--Em vão tentam barões, com mil discursos,
desenrugar a fronte da Duquesa.

Sempre a Duquesa é triste.--Oculta mágoa
vela seu rosto de um solene véu.
--Ao luar, sobre os tanques, chora a água...
--Cantando, os rouxinóis lembram o céu...

Ora o monstro morreu.--Pelas arcadas
no palácio retinam festas, hinos.
Riem nobres, vilões, pelas estradas.
O próprio pai se ri, ouvindo os sinos...

Riem-se os monges pelo claustro antigo.
Riem vilões trigueiros das charruas.
Riem-se os padres junto ao seu jazigo.
Riem-se nobres e peões nas ruas.

clouds her face like a solemn veil.
In the moonlight the water weeps above the
pools.
Singing, the nightingales remind one of
heaven.

The truth is that the pallid Lady,
the most excellent Lady of Brabant,
has a monstrous child, for whom the father
blushes as he wanders about in the darkness.

He is a freakish child, unlike all others,
rachitic, shriveled, abnormal,
wholly deformed, strange, hated,
with beastlike bristles, animallike howls.

A brother he seems of boars and bears,
cruel nature's freak and fright.
In vain the nobles try with a thousand
speeches
to smooth the Duchess' wrinkled brow.

The Duchess is always sad. A hidden sorrow
clouds her face like a solemn veil.
In the moonlight the water weeps above the
pools.
Singing, the nightingales remind one of
heaven.

The monster has died. The arcades
of the palace ring with feasts and hymns.
Nobles and peasants laugh along the roads.

Riem aias, barões, erguendo os braços.
Riem, nos pátios, os truões também.
Passeia o duque, rindo, nos terraços.
--Só chora o monstro, em alto choro,
a mãe!...

Só, sobre o esquife do disforme morto,
chora, sem trégua a mísera mulher.
Chama os nomes mais ternos ao aborto...
--Mesmo assim feio, a triste mãe o quer!

Só ela chora pelo morto!...A mágoa
lhe arranca gritos que a ninguém mais
deu!

--Ao luar, sobre os tanques, chora a
a água...
--Cantando, os rouxinóis lembram o céu...

No Calvário

Maria, com seus olhos magoados,
céus espirituais, lavava em pranto
as largas chagas de Jesus, enquanto
ria ao pé um dos três crucificados.

The father laughs as he hears the bells.

The monks laugh in the ancient cloister.
Swarthy peasants laugh over their plows.
The priests laugh beside the coffin.
Nobles and peons laugh in the streets.

Ladies-in-waiting and barons laugh with arms
raised high.
The jesters laugh in the courtyards, too.
Along the terraces the Duke strolls and laughs.
Only the mother weeps aloud for the monster.

Alone, over the coffin of the dead, deformed
child,
ceaselessly weeps the wretched woman.
She calls the monster tender names.
Ugly as he was, the sad mother loved him.

She alone weeps for the dead...Her sorrow
makes her lament as never before.
In the moonlight the water weeps above the
pools.
Singing, the nightingales remind one of
heaven.

On Calvary

Mary, her sorrowing eyes
like spiritual skies, washed in tears
Jesus' broad wounds, while beside her
laughed one of the three that were crucified.

Semblantes de mulher mortificados
escondiam a dor no casto manto.
Uma mulher de Henon chorava a um canto.
Jogavam sobre a túnica os soldados.

Marta, os pingos de sangue, alva açucena,
dir-se-ia no bom seio recolhê-los.
Alguns riam, brutais, daquela pena.

Salomé tinha um mar nos olhos belos.
João fitava a Cruz.--Mas Madalena
limpava a Cristo os pés com seus cabelos.

Band 3:
GUERRA JUNQUEIRO

Préstito Fúnebre

Que alegrias virgens, campesinas, fremem
neste imaculado, límpido arrebol!
Como os galos cantam!...como as noras
gemem!...

Nos olmeiros brancos, cujas folhas
tremem,
refulgente e novo passarinha o sol!

Pela estrada, que entre cerejais ondeia,
uma pequerrucha--tró-la-ró-la-rá!--
vai cantando e guiando o carro para a
aldeia...

São os bois enormes, e a carrada cheia
com um castanheiro apodrecido já.

Oh, que donairoza, linda boieirinha!
Grandes olhos garços, sorrísinho arisco...
De agulhada em punho, lépida caminha
com a graça aérea de ave ribeirinha,
verdilhão, arvéola, toutinegra ou pisco.

Loira, mas do loiro fulvo das abelhas;
fresca como os cravos pelo amanhecer;
brincos de cerejas presos nas orelhas,
na boquilha rósea três canções vermelhas,
na agulhada, ao alto, uma estrelinha a
arder!

Descalcinha e pobre, mas sem ar mendigo,
nada mais esbelto, mais encantador!
Veste-a de ouro a glória do bom sol
amigo...

O chapéu é palma que inda há um mes deu
a saíta é linho ainda há bem pouco em
flor!...

E os dois bois enormes, colossais,
fleumáticos,
na aleluia imensa, triunfal, da aurora,
vão como bondosos monstros enigmáticos,
almas porventura de ermitões estáticos
ruminando bíblias pelos campos fora!...

Ao arado e ao carro presos, noite e dia,
como dois grilhetas, quer de inverno ou
verão!

Mortified faces of women
hid their grief in chaste mantles.
A woman of Henon wept in a corner.
The soldiers threw dice on His garment.

Martha, that white lily, caught in her
kind breast,
one would say, the drops of blood.
There was brutal laughter at such grief.

Salome held a sea in her beautiful eyes.
John watched the cross. But Magdalen
dried Christ's feet with her hair.

Band 3:
GUERRA JUNQUEIRO

Funeral Procession (Selection)

What virgin, rural joys quiver
in this immaculate, limpid morning-glow!
How the cocks crow!...how the waterwheels
moan!

In the white, leaf-trembling elms
a young, refulgent sun rustles.

Along the road that winds through cerry
orchards
a child--tra-la-la-la-la--
sings as she drives the ox-cart to the
village...

The oxen are enormous; the whole cartload,
a decaying chestnut tree.

How debonair and graceful is the drover
with her great blue eyes and shy smile!
Goad in hand, jauntily she walks
with the airy grace of a shore bird,
of a greenfinch, a wagtail, a warbler, a
bullfinch.

Blond, but with the bee's tawny blondness,
fresh as a carnation at dawn;
for earrings, cherries;
on her rose mouth, three red songs;
atop the goad, a twinkling star.

Barefooted, poor, but no beggar she,
no one more graceful, no one more charming!
Her good friend the sun dresses her in gold...
Her hat is straw that a month ago was wheat.
Her linen skirt but recently was flowering
flax.

And the two enormous, colossal, phlegmatic
oxen,
in the immense, triumphal hallelujah of the
dawn,
walk like kindly, enigmatic giants;
the souls, perhaps, of ecstatic hermits,
ruminating Bibles through the fields.

Tied night and day to the plow or the cart,
like two shackled criminals in winter and
summer,
and submissive! A child leads them!

E submissos, uma pequerrucha os guia!
E nos sulcos que abrem canta a cotovia,
as boninas riem-se, e amadura o pão.

Levam as serenas frentes majestosas
enramalhetadas como dois altares;
madressilvas, loiros, pãpanos, mimosas,
abelhões ardentes desflorando rosas,
borboletas claras em noivado, aos pares...

E eis no carro morto o castanheiro,
enquanto
melros assobiam nos trigais além...
Heras amortalam-no em seu verde manto...
Deu-lhe a terra o leite, dá-lhe a aurora
o pranto...
Que feliz cadáver, que até cheira bem!

Musgos, líquens, fetos--química
incessante!--
fazem montões de almas dessa podridão.
Já nesse esqueleto seco de gigante,
sob a luz vermelha, num festim radiante,
mil milhões de vidas pululando estão.

Sempre à fortaleza casa-se a doçura:
como o leão da Bíblia morto num vergel,
do seu tronco ainda na caverna escura,
um enxame de oiro rútilo murmura,
construindo um favo cândido de mel!

In the furrows that they cut a lark sings,
the daisies laugh, the grain ripens.

Their serene, majestic heads
are like twin altars adorned with flowers:
with honeysuckle, laurel, vineleaves,
mimosas;
with ardent bumblebees deflowering roses,
with bright, courting butterflies in pairs.

And there on the cart the dead chestnut tree
lies,
while blackbirds whistle in the wheatfields
beyond.

Ivy enshrouds it with a green cloak.
The earth gave it milk and the dawn, tears.
Happy this sweet-smelling corpse!

Moss, lichens, ferns--an incessant chemistry!--
change this decay into hills of souls.
Now in this dry, giant skeleton,
beneath the coral red light, in radiant
feast,
pullulate millions of lives.

Strength is always united with sweetness:
like the biblical lion, dead in the orchard,
from its trunk's dark cavern
a golden swarm of bees hums
and builds a pure honeycomb.

How enormous the oxen, yet soft as ermine,

Oh, os bois enormes, mansos como arminhos,
meditando estranhas, incubas visões!
Pousam-lhes nas hastes, vede, os
passarinhos,
e por sobre os longos, tórridos caminhos,
dos seus olhos caem bençãos e perdões!

Chorarão o velho castanheiro ingente,
sob o qual dormiram sestias estivais?
Almas do arvoredo, o seu olhar plangente
saberá acaso, misteriosamente,
traduzir as línguas em que vós falais?

Castanheiro morto! que é da vida estranha
que no ovário exíguo duma flor nasceu,
e criou raízes, e se fez tamanha,
que trezentos anos sobre uma montanha
seus trezentos braços de colosso ergueu?

Band 4:

CESÁRIO VERDE

Ave-Marias

Nas nossas ruas, ao anoitecer,
há tal soturnidade, há tal melancolia,
que as sombras, o bulício, o Tejo, a
maresia,
despertam-me um desejo absurdo de sofrer.

O céu parece baixo e de neblina,
o gás extravasado enjoa-me, perturba;
e os edifícios, com as chaminés, e a
turba,
toldam-se duma cor monótona e londrina.

Batem os carros de aluguer, ao fundo,
levando à via-férrea os que se vão.
Felizes!

Ocorrem-me em revista exposições, países,
Madrid, Paris, Berlin, São Petersburgo,
o mundo!

Semelham-se a gaiolas, com viveiros,
as edificações somente emadeiradas:
como morcegos, ao cair das badaladas,
saltam de viga em viga os mestres
carpinteiros.

Voltam os calafates, aos magotes,
de jaquetão ao ombro, enfarruscados,
secos;
embrenho-me, a cismar, por boqueirões,
por becos,
ou erro pelos cais a que se atracam botes.

E evoco, então, as crônicas navais:
mourros, baixéis, heróis, tudo ressuscitado!
Luta Camões no mar, salvando um livro a
nado!
Singram soberbas naus que eu não verei
jamaís!

E o fim da tarde inspira-me, e incomoda.
De um couraçado inglês vogam os escaleres;
e em terra, num tinir de louças e talheres,
flamejam, ao jantar, alguns hotéis da moça.

Num trem de praça arengam dois dentistas;
um trôpego arlequim braceja numas andas;
os querubins do lar flutuam nas varandas;
às portas, em cabelo, enfadam-se os lojistas.

Vazam-se os arsenais e as oficinas;
reluz, viscoso, o rio; apressam-se as obreiras;
e num cardume negro, hercúleas, galhofeiras,
correndo com firmeza, assomam as varinas.

Vêm sacudindo as ancas opulentas!
Seus troncos varonis recordam-me pilastras;
e algumas, à cabeça, embalam nas canastras,
os filhos que depois naufragam nas tormentas.

Descalças! Nas descargas do carvão,
desde manhã à noite, a bordo das fragatas;
e apinham-se num bairro aonde miam gatas
e o peixe podre gera focos de infecção!

ruminating strange, brooding visions!
See how the birds come to perch on their
horns,
how along the torrid, endless lanes
blessings and forgiveness flow from their
eyes.

Do they mourn the old, mighty chestnut tree,
in whose shade they took their summer naps?
Oh, souls of the woods, can their plangent
glance
perchance mysteriously translate
the tongues you speak?

Dead chestnut tree! Where is that strange
life
which was born in a flower's narrow ovary,
took root, and grew so great
that for three hundred years on a mountain
it held aloft its mighty arms?

Band 4:

CESÁRIO VERDE

Ave Marias

In our streets at nightfall
there is such sullenness, such melancholy,
that the shadows, hubbub, Tagus, sea smell,
all arouse in me an absurd desire to suffer.

The sky seems low and misty;

the escaping gas nauseates and disturbs me,
and the chimneyed buildings and the crowd
are overcast with a monotonous, Londonish
color.

Down below, horsecabs rattle,
taking travelers to the railway station.
Lucky people!
Through my mind pass in review
Madrid, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, the
world!

Like cages, like aviaries, seem
the new buildings in their wooden frames.
Like bats when a bell tolls
the master carpenters leap from beam to beam.

The shipcalkers return in groups,
coal black and dry, their jackets over their
shoulders.
Brooding I plunge into narrow streets and
alleys
or wander along the docks where the boats
tie up.

And then I recall old sea chronicles:
Moors, ships, heroes--all come to life!
Camões swimming and struggling to save his
Poem!
Proud vessels sail that I will never see.

And the day's end inspires and bothers me.

Dingeys set out from an English man-of-war.
And on land, to the tinkling of dishes and
silver,
Fashionable hotels glitter at dinner hour.

In a horsecab two dentists hold forth.
A stumbling harlequin struggles on a pair of
stilts.
Household darlings float about their
balconies.
Hatless shopkeepers stand bored at their
doors.

The arsenals and machine shops are emptying
out.
The viscous river glitters; working women
hurry by.
Herculean, mocking, like a black school of
fish,
the fishwives firmly rush up.

Up they come, shaking their opulent hips.
Their virile trunks remind me of pillars,
and some carry in baskets on their heads
the sons that some day will be lost in
storms at sea.

Barefooted! They unload coal
from morn to night aboard the lighters.
And they crowd together in a district where
cats cry
and rotten fish are sources of infection.

De Tarde

Naquele 'pic-nic' de burguesas
houve uma coisa simplesmente bela,
e que, sem ter história nem grandezas,
em todo o caso dava uma aguarela.

Foi quando tu, descendo do burrico,
foste colher, sem imposturas tolas,
a um granzoal azul de grão de bico,
um ramallete rubro de papoulas.

Pouco depois, em cima duns penhascos,
nós acampámos, ainda o sol se via;
e houve talhadas de melão, damascos,
e pão de ló molhado em malvasia.

Mas todo púrpuro, a sair da renda
dos teus dois seios como duas rendas,
era o supremo encanto da merenda
o ramallete rubro das papoulas!

Band 5:

ANTÓNIO NOBRE

Memória

Ora isto, senhores, deu-se em Trás-os-Montes,
em terras de Borba, com torres e pontes.

In the Afternoon

At that ladies' picnic
there was one really beautiful thing
which, though neither great nor worthy of
a story,
would still have made a nice watercolor.

It was when you got off your donkey
and went without fuss or airs
to a field of blue-flowered chickpeas
to pick a bunch of crimson poppies.

A little later we camped on some boulders.
The sun was still up,
and we had slices of melon and apricots
and spongecake dipped in Malmsey wine.

But all red, emerging from the lace
that covered your two dovelike breasts
was the real delight of the picnic:
that red, red bunch of poppies!

Band 5:

ANTÓNIO NOBRE

Memories

Now, gentlemen, this happened in Trás-os-
Montes,
in the land of Borba with its towers and
bridges.

Português antigo, do tempo da guerra,
levou-o o destino pra longe da terra.

Passaram os anos, a Borba voltou,
que linda menina que, um dia, encontrou!

Que linhas fidalgas, e que olhos castanhos!
E, um dia, na igreja correram os banhos.

Mais tarde, debaixo dum signo mofino,
pela lua-nova, nasceu um menino.

Oh mães dos Poetas! sorrindo em seu quarto,
que são virgens antes e depois do parto!

Num berço de prata, dormia deitado,
três moiras vieram dizer-lhe o seu fado

(e abria o menino seus olhos tão doces):
"Serás um Príncipe! mas antes... não fosses!"

Sucede, no entanto, que o Outono veio
e, um dia, ela resolve ir dar um passeio.

Calçou as sandálias, toucou-se de flores,
vestiu-se de Nossa Senhora das Dores:

"Vou ali adiante, à Cova, em berlinda,
António, e já volto..." E não voltou ainda!

Vai o Esposo, vendo que ela não voltava,
vai lá ter com ela, por lá se quedava.

Oh homem egrégio! de estirpe divina,
de alma de bronze e coração de menina!

Em vão corri mundos, não vos encontrei.
Por vales que fôra, por eles voltei.

E assim se criou um anjo, o Diabo, o lua:
ai corre o seu fado! a culpa não é sua!

Sempre é agradável ter um filho Virgílio,
ouvi estes carmes que eu compus no exílio.

Ouvi-os vós todos, meus bons Portugueses!
Pelo cair das folhas, o melhor dos meses.

Mas tende cautela, não vos faça mal...
Que é o livro mais triste que há em Portugal!

A Portuguese of old, of the time of the
wars,
was taken by destiny far from home.

The years passed, and to Borba he returned.
What a charming maiden he met there one day!

How noble her figure, how brown her eyes!
One day in the church the banns were read.

Later, beneath an unlucky star,
at the new moon, a child was born.

Oh, the mothers of poets, as they smile in
their rooms,
who are virgins before and after their
travail!

In his cradle of silver he lay asleep.
Three Moorish fairies came to read his
fortune.

(And the child opened wide his sweet eyes):
"You will be a Prince... it were better you
were not!"

But then it happened that Autumn came,
and one day she decided to ride forth in
her carriage.

She put on her sandals, her head garlanded
with flowers.

She dressed herself as our Lady of Sorrows.

"I'm going up to the Grave in the carriage,
António. I'll be right back..." But she has
not come yet!

The husband went, too, since she did not
return,
Went there to meet her, and there he remained.

Oh, excellent man, of godlike lineage,
Your soul was of bronze, your heart was a
maiden's.

In vain I have traveled. I have never found
you.
I have journeyed through valleys, through
valleys returned.

And thus grew an angel, the Devil, the Moon:
Such was his destiny! no blame was his!

It is always a fine thing to father a Virgil.
Listen to the songs that I wrote in my exile.

Listen, oh all you good Portuguese, listen,
at the time of falling leaves, in the best
of months.

But take heed lest they hurt you,
for it is the saddest of books in all
Portugal.

Telegrafo

Não repararam nunca? Pela aldeia,
nos fios telegráficos da estrada,
cantam as aves desde que o sol nada,
e, à noite, se faz sol a lua cheia.

No entanto, pelo arame que as tenteia,
quanta tortura vai, numa ânsia alada!
O ministro que joga uma cartada,
alma que às vezes d'além-mar anseia:

--Revolução!--Inútil.--Cem feridos,
setenta mortos.--Beijo-te!--Perdidos!
--Enfim, feliz!--?!--Desesperado.--Vem.

E as boas aves, bem se importam elas!
Continuam cantando, tagarelas:
Assim, António, deves ser também.

Band 6:

EUGÉNIO DE CASTRO

Salomé

Grácil, curvada sobre os feixes
de junco verde a que se apoia,
Salomé deita de comer aos peixes,

que na piscina são relâmpagos de jóia.
Frechas de diamante, em fúrias luminosas,
todos correm febris, ao cair das migalhas,
armando rútilas batalhas
de pedras preciosas...

Como resplende a filha de Herodias,
do seu jardim entre as vermelhas flores!
Corre por toda ela um suor de pedrarias,
um murmúrio de cores...

Sua faustosa túnica esplendente,
é uma tarde de triunfo: em fundo cor de brasas,
combatem fulvamente
irradiantes tropéus de áureos dragões com asas.
E sobre as jóias, sobre as lhamas, sobre o
ouro,
tão vivo bate o sol, que a princesa franzina,
ao debruçar-se mais, julga ver um tesouro
a fulgar, a arder no fundo da piscina...

Sai do jardim a infanta: o calor a sufoca.
Não pode mais sofrer do sol as ígneas setas...
Com um ramo de jasmins sacode as borboletas
que lhe pousam na boca...
Ei-la subindo a escadaria na luz dúbia,
que um velário tamisa; ei-la parando
junto das jaulas, onde estão sonhando,
como reis presos,
os leões da Núbia...
Erguem-se irados os leões, ouvindo passos,
mas, vendo Salomé, aplacam seu furor

e, em movimentos lassos,
dão rugidos de amor!
Fauces escancaradas,
da túnica os dragões parecem defendê-la...
No entanto, Salomé, divinamente bela,
pelas grades estende as mãos prateadas
que os leões cheiram, em lânguidos delírios,
juígando que são lírios...
A infanta vai subindo...

Esbelta e esguia,
num gesto musical que espalha mil perfumes,
do favorito leão a juba acaricia...
E os outros leões rugem de amor e de ciúmes...

Voam íbis no céu...e, erguendo-se, brilhantes,
dos lagos onde nadam flores do Nilo,
os repuxos cantantes
Aclamam Salomé que entra no peristilo...

Soneto

Acorda cedo como os passarinhos,
e vem logo direita à minha cama.

Telegraph

Haven't you ever noticed? In the village,
on the telegraph wires along the road,
the birds sing from sunrise
and at night, when the full moon brings
back daylight.

Yet, along the wire that bears them
how much torment flies with winged
anguish.

The cabinet minister who plays his trump card,
a soul far away in a moment of grief:

"Revolution!" --"Useless." --"One hundred
seventy deaths." "I send you a kiss!" --
"Lost."
"Happy at last!" --"??" --"Desperate." --"Come
at once."

And the good birds! A lot they care!
They keep on singing, the chatterers.
And you, too, António, should be like them.

Band 6: EUGÉNIO DE CASTRO

Salome

Slender, bending over the sheaves
of green rushes she leans on,
Salome throws food to the fishes

flashing like jewels in the pond.
Diamond arrows in a luminous rage,
they rush furiously at the falling crumbs
and wage refulgent battles
of precious stones.

How Herodias' daughter glitters
among the red flowers of her garden.
Over her flows a sweat of jewels,
a murmur of colors.

Her resplendent, gorgeous tunic
is a triumphal afternoon; on an ember
colored background
in tawny combat fight
radiant hosts of golden, winged dragons.
And on the jewels, on the lamé, on the gold,
the sun beats so bright that the slender
princess,
as she leans farther over, thinks she sees
a treasure
flashing, burning at the bottom of the pond.

The princess leaves the garden; the heat
suffocates her.
She can no longer endure the sun's burning
darts.
With a jasmine branch she shakes off the
butterflies
that light on her mouth.
She ascends the stairs in the hesitant light
that filters through a velarium. She stops

beside the cages in which dream,
like captive kings,
the lions of Nubia.
The lions rise, angered, hearing the steps,
but as they see Salome their rage dies away,
and moving wearily
they roar with love.
Jaws wide open,
the dragons on the tunic seem to defend her.
And Salome, divinely beautiful,
stretches through the bars her silvered hanas,
which the lions sniff in languid delirium,
thinking them lilies.

The princess ascends the stairs. Svelte
and slender,
with melodious motions that shed a thousand
perfumes,
she caresses the mane of her favorite lion
as the others roar with love and jealousy.

Ibises fly through the skies, and rising
brilliant
from the lake where the Nile flowers swim,
the singing fountains
acclaim Salome as she enters the peristyle.

Sonnet

She wakes with the birds
and comes right over to my bed.

Sacode-me com jeito, por mim chama,
e abre-me os olhos com os seus dedinhos.

Estremunhado zango-me: Beijinhos!
Não quer beijinhos? com voz de oiro exclama.
Da minha ira empalidece a chama,
e acarinhando-a pago os seus carinhos.

Senhor, que amor de filha tu me destel
Dá-lhe um caminho brando e sem abrolhos,
Dá-lhe a virtude por amparo e guia.

E destina também, ó pai celeste,
que a mão com que ela agora me abre os olhos,
seja a que há-de cerrar-mos algum dia.

SIDE II:

Band 1:

CAMILO PESSANHA

Soneto

Floriram por engano as rosas bravas
no inverno: veio o vento desfolhá-las...
Em que cismas, meu bem? Porque me calas
as vezes com que há pouco me enganavas?

Artfully she shakes me, calls me,
and with her tiny fingers opens up my eyes.

Startled, I get angry. "A kiss!
Don't you want a kiss?" she exclaims in a
/golden voice.
The flame of my anger pales,
and I repay caress with caress.

Lord God! What a lovely daughter you have
/given me.
Grant her a smooth and thornless road.
Grant her virtue as a guide and support.

And grant also, oh heavenly Father,
that the hand with which now she opens my
/eyes
may be the one to close them, too, some day.

SIDE II:

Band 1:

CAMILO PESSANHA

Sonnet

By mistake the wild roses bloomed
in winter: the wind came and stripped them
/bare.
What are you brooding about, my dear? Why do
/you silence
the words with which but now you lulled me?
My foolish castles! How soon you crumbled!

Gastelos doidos! Tão cedo caíste!...
Onde vamos, alheio o pensamento,
de mãos dadas? Teus olhos, que um momento
perscrutaram nos meus, como vão tristes!

E sobre nós cai nupcial a neve,
surda, em triunfo, pétalas, de leve
juncando o chão, necrópole de gelos...

Em redor do teu vulto é como um véu!
Quem as esparze--quanta flor--do céu,
sobre nós dois, sobre os nossos cabelos?

Soneto:

Quem poluíu, quem rasgou os meus lençóis de
/linho,
onde esperei morrer, meus tão castos lençóis?
Do meu jardim exíguo os altos girassóis,
quem foi que os arrancou e lançou no caminho?

Quem quebrou (que furor cruel e simiesco!)
a mesa de eu ceiar, tábuas tosca de pinho?
E me espalhou a lenha? e me entornou o vinho?
--Da minha vinha o vinho acidulado e fresco...

Ó minha pobre mãe! Não te ergas mais da cova.
Olha a noite, olha o vento. Em ruína a casa
/nova...
Dos meus ossos o lume a extinguir-se breve.

Where are we going--lost in thought--
hand in hand? Your eyes that for a moment
Scanned mine, how sad they are!

And over us falls the snow, nuptial,
deaf, triumphant; its petals lightly
strewn the ground, an icy necropolis.

Around your form they are like a veil!
Who scatters them--oh so many flowers--
/from the heavens,
on us two, on our hair?

Sonnet

Who defiled, who rent the linen sheets
in which I hoped to die--my chaste sheets?
And the tall sunflowers of my narrow garden,
who tore them up and cast them on the road?

Who broke (what cruel, what simian fury!)
my supper table, a rough pine board?
And who threw my logs about and spilt my
/wine?
--The cool, acidulous wine of my own
/vineyard...

Oh, my poor mother! Rise no more from your
/grave.
See the night! See the wind! The new house
/in ruins...

10

Não venhas mais ao lar. Não vagabundes mais,
alma da minha mãe... Não andes mais à neve,
de noite, a mendigar às portas dos casais.

Ao Longe, os Barcos de Flores

Só, incessante, um som de flauta chora,
viúva, grácil, na escuridão tranquila,
--perdida voz que de entre as mais se exila,
--festões de som dissimulando a hora.

Na orgia, ao longe, que em clarões cintila,
e os lábios, branca, do carmim desflora...
só, incessante, um som de flauta chora,
viúva, grácil, na escuridão tranquila.

E a orquestra? E os beijos? Tudo a noite, fora,
cauta, detém. Só modulada trila
a flauta flébil... Quem há-de remi-la?
Quem sabe a dor que sem razão deplora?

Só, incessante, um som de flauta chora...

Band 2:

TEIXEIRA DE PASCOAES

Elegia do Amor

Lembras-te, meu amor,

The flame of my bones about to die away.

Come home no more. Roam no more,
soul of my mother... Walk no more in the snow
at night, begging from door to door.

Far Off, the Boats of Flowers

Alone, incessant, weeps the sound of a flute,
widowed, slender, in the tranquil darkness,
--a lost voice from all others fleeing,
--festoons of sound dissembling the hour.

Far off in the carousal that glitters in
/flashes
and whitely deflowers the carmine lips...
alone, incessant, weeps the sound of a flute,
widowed, slender, in the tranquil darkness.

The orchestra? The kisses? All is stopped
outside by the cautious night. Alone trills
the wailing flute. Who shall redeem it?
Who knows what sorrow it unreasonably
/deplores?

Alone, incessant, weeps the sound of a flute.

Band 2:

TEIXEIRA DE PASCOAIS

Elegy of Love

Do you recall, my dear,

das tardes outonais,
em que fomos os dois,
sozinhos, passear
para longe do povo
alegre e dos casais,
onde só Deus pudesse
ouvir-nos conversar?
Tu levavas na mão
um lírio enamorado,
e davas-me o teu braço;
e eu, triste, meditava
na vida, em Deus, em ti...
E, além, o sol doirado
morria, conhecendo
a noite que deixava.
Harmonias astrais
beijavam teus ouvidos;
um crepúsculo terno
e doce diluía,
na sombra, o teu perfil
e os montes doloridos...
Erravam, pelo azul,
canções do fim do dia.
Canções que, de tão longe,
o vento vagabundo
trazia na memória...
Assim o que partiu
em frágil caravela,
e andou por todo o mundo,
traz no seu coração
a imagem do que viu.
Olhavas para mim,

às vezes distraída,
como quem olha o mar,
à tarde, dos rochedos...
E eu ficava a sonhar,
qual névoa adormecida,
quando o vento também
dorme nos arvoredos.
Olhavas para mim...
Meu corpo rude e bruto
vibrava, como a onda
a alar-se em nevoeiro.
Olhavas, descuidada
e triste... Ainda hoje escuto
a música ideal
do teu olhar primeiro!
Ouço bem tua voz,
vejo melhor teu rosto
no silêncio sem fim,
na escuridão completa!
Ouço-te em minha dor,
ouço-te em meu desgosto
e na minha esperança
eterna de poeta!
O sol morria, ao longe;
e a sombra da tristeza
velava com amor
nossas doridas fronteas.
Hora em que a flor medita,
e a pedra chora e reza,
e desmaiam de mágoa
as cristalinas fontes.
Hora santa e perfeita,

em que fomos, sozinhos,
felizes, através
da aldeia muda e calma,
mãos dadas, a sonhar,
ao longo dos caminhos...
Tudo, em volta de nós,
tinha um aspecto de alma.
Tudo era sentimento,
amor e piedade.
A folha que tombava
era alma que subia...
E sob os nossos pés,
a terra era saudade,
a pedra comoção,
e o pó melancolia.
Falavas duma estrela
e deste bosque em flor;
dos ceguinhos sem pão,
dos pobres sem um manto.
Em cada tua palavra,
havia etérea dor;
por isso a tua voz
me impressionava tanto!
E punha-me a cismar,
que eras tão boa e pura,
que muito em breve, sim,
te chamaria o céu!
E soluçava, ao ver-te
alguma sombra escura
na frente, que o luar
cobria como um véu.
A tua palidez

the autumn afternoons
when we two,
alone, went walking
far from the happy
village and the homesteads
where only God could
hear us speak?
In your hand you held
a lily that was in love.
I held your arm
and sadly meditated
about life, about God, about you.
And beyond, the gilded sun
died away, acknowledging
the night it left behind.
Star harmonies
kissed your ears;
twilight, tender
and sweet, diluted
with shadows your profile
and the mourning mountains.
Through the blue,
evening songs wandered,
songs that from far away
the vagrant wind
carried in its memory,
as one who has set out
in a fragile caravel
and roamed the world
bears in his heart
the image of the things he has seen.
You gazed at me

absently, at times,
like one who in the evening gazes
at the sea from the cliffs.
And I remained dreaming
like a sleeping mist
when the wind also sleeps
in the groves.
You gazed at me...
My rude and brutish body
vibrated like a wave
that soars into the mist.
You gazed, carelessly,
sadly... And today I still
hear the ideal music
of your first gaze.
I hear your voice well,
I see your face better
in the endless silence,
in the complete darkness.
I hear you in my pain,
I hear you in my grief
and in my eternal
poet's hope.
The sun faded in the distance,
and the shadow of sadness
veiled with love
our aching foreheads.
The hour when the flower meditates
and the stone weeps and prays
and the crystalline springs
faint in sorrow.
The holy, perfect hour

when happily we walked
alone, through
the mute, calm village,
hand in hand, dreaming
along the roads.
Everything around us
had a quality of soul.
All was feeling,
love and pity.
The falling leaf
was an ascending soul...
And under our feet
the earth was nostalgia;
the stone, tenderness;
and the dust, melancholy.
You spoke of a star
and of the flowering wood;
of blind beggars who had no bread,
of the naked poor.
In your every word
there was ethereal pain.
Therefore your voice
impressed me so.
And I began to dream,
so good and pure you were,
that soon, indeed,
heaven would take you away.
And I sobbed as I saw
a dark shadow
on your forehead, which the moonlight
covered like a veil.
How your pallor

que medo me causava!
Teu corpo era tão fino,
e leve (ó meu desgosto!)
que eu tremia, ao sentir
o vento que passava!
Caía-me na alma
a neve do teu rosto.
Como eu ficava triste
e mudo, sobre a terra!
E uma vez, quando a noite
amortalhava a aldeia,
tu gritaste de susto,
olhando para a serra:
"Que incêndio!"--e eu, a rir,
disse-te: "É a lua cheia!..."
E sorriste também
do teu engano. A lua
ergueu a branca fronte
acima dos pinhais,
tão ébria de esplendor,
tão casta e irmã da tua,
que eu beijei, sem querer,
seus raios virginiais.
E a lua, para nós,
os braços estendeu.
Uniu-nos num abraço
espiritual, profundo;
e levou-nos assim,
com ela, até ao céu...

Mas ai, tu não voltaste,
e eu regresssei ao mundo.

frightened me!
Your body was so delicate
and light (oh, my sorrow)
that I trembled as I felt
the passing wind.
Into my soul fell
the snow of your face.
How sad I was
and mute on the earth!
And once, when night
enshrouded the village,
you screamed with fear,
looking at the mountains!
"What a fire!"--and laughing
I said to you, "It is the full moon!"
And you, too, smiled
at your mistake. The moon
lifted its white face
above the pine groves,
so drunk with splendor,
so chaste, so much your sister,
that I kissed, involuntarily,
its virginal rays.
And to us the moon
stretched out its arms.
It joined us in an embrace,
spiritual, profound;
and so it bore us
with it up to the heavens!

But ah, you did not return,
and I returned alone to the world.

Band 3:

FERNANDO PESSOA

O Menino de sua Mãe

No plaino abandonado
que a morna brisa aquece,
de balas trespassado
--duas, de lado a lado--
jaz morto e arrefece.

Raia-lhe a farda o sangue.
De braços estendidos,
alvo, louro, exangue,
fita com olhar langue
e cego, os céus perdidos.

Tão jovem! que jovem eras
(Agora que idade tem?)
Filho único, a mãe lhe dera
um nome, e o manteve:
"O Menino de sua mãe".

Caiu-lhe da algibeira
a cigarreira breve.
Dera-lha a mãe. Está inteira
e boa a cigarreira.
Ele é que já não serve.

De outra algibeira, alada
ponta a roçar o solo,
a brancura embainhada

Band 3:

FERNANDO PESSOA

His Mother's Boy

On the deserted plain
that the tepid breeze heats,
shot through by bullets,
--two, from one side to the other,--
he lies dead, grows cold.

His blood stripes his uniform.
With arms outspread,
white, blond, bloodless,
he stares with languid gaze
and blind at the lost skies.

So young, so young he was!
(Now what is his age?)
An only child he was. His mother's name
for him, the name she always called him, was
"His mother's boy."

From his pocket has fallen
his brief cigarette case.
His mother gave it to him. It is intact
and usable, the cigarette case.
He no longer is of any use.

From another pocket, its winged
point touching the ground,
the hemmed whiteness

de um lenço...Deu-lho a criada
velha que o trouxe ao colo.

Lá longe, em casa, há a prece:
"Que volte cedo, e bem!"
(Malhas que o Império tecel!)
Jaz morto, e apodrece,
o menino de sua mãe.

Autopsicografia

O poeta é um fingidor.
Finge tão completamente,
que chega a fingir que é dor,
a dor que deveras sente.

E os que lêem o que escreve,
na dor lida sentem bem
não as duas que ele teve,
mas só a que eles não têm.

E assim nas calhas de roda
gira, a entreter a razão,
esse comboio de corda
que se chama o coração.

Ela Canta, Pobre Ceifeira

Ela canta, pobre ceifeira,
julgando-se feliz talvez;
canta, e ceifa, e a sua voz, cheia
de alegre e anónima viuvez,

of a handkerchief...He had it from the old
servant who carried him in her arms.

Far off at home they pray:
"Let him come back soon and well."
(The webs the Empire weaves!)
He lies dead and rots,
his mother's boy.

Autopsychogram

The poet is a feigner,
his feigning so complete,
that he comes to feign a grief
in the grief he really feels.

And those who read what he writes
sense well in the grief that they read
not the two griefs he has suffered
but only the one they do not feel.

And so on its wheeltracks turns,
turns and amuses the thought,
that mechanical train
which is called the heart.

She Sings, Poor Reaper

She sings, poor reaper,
thinking, perhaps, she is happy;
she sings and reaps, and her voice,
full of gay and anonymous widowhood,

ondula como um canto de ave,
no ar limpo como um limiar,
e há curvas no enredo suave
do som que ela tem a cantar.

Ouvi-la alegre e entristeceu;
na sua voz há o campo e a lida,
e canta como se tivesse
mais razões pra cantar que a vida.

Ah, canta, canta sem razão!
O que em mim sente está pensando.
Derrama no meu coração
a tua incerta voz ondeando!

Ah, poder ser tu, sendo eu!
Ter a tua alegre inconsciência,
e a consciência disso! Ó céu!
Ó campo! Ó canção! A ciência

pesa tanto e a vida é tão breve!
Entrai por mim dentro! Tornai
minha alma a vossa sombra leve!
Depois, levando-me, passai!

Ode (Ricardo Reis)

Não só quem nos odeia ou nos inveja
nos limita e oprime: quem nos ama
não menos nos limita.
Que os deuses me concedam que, despido

undulates like a bird's song
in the threshold-clean air,
and there are curves in the soft web
of the song that she must sing.

To hear her is to be cheered and saddened.
In her voice are the fields and her work,
and she sings as if she had
other reasons to sing than life itself.

Ah, sing, sing without reason!
All that in me feels is thinking.
Pour undulating over my heart
your quavering voice.

Ah, that I might be you, being I!
That I might have your gay unconsciousness,
and consciousness thereof! Oh sky!
Oh field! Oh song! Knowledge

weighs so heavy and life is so brief!
Enter all of you within me! Make
my soul the light shadow of yourselves.
Then take me and pass on.

Ode (Ricardo Reis)

Not only those who hate or envy us
Limit and oppress us; those who love us
limit us no less.
May the gods grant that stripped

de afectos, tenha a fria liberdade
dos pinaros sem nada.
Quem quer pouco, tem tudo; quem quer nada
é livre; quem não tem, e não deseja,
homem, é igual aos deuses.

Outra Ode (Ricardo Reis)

Não sei se é amor que tens, ou amor que finges,
o que me dás. Dás-mo. Tanto me basta.
Já que o não sou por tempo,
seja eu jovem por erro.
Pouco os deuses nos dão, e o pouco é falso.
Porém, se o dão, falso que seja, a dádiva
é verdadeira. Aceito,
cerro olhos: é bastante.
Que mais quero?

Band 4:

MÁRIO DE SÁ-CARNEIRO

Caranguejola

Ah, que me metam entre cobertores,
e não me façam mais nada!
Que a porta do meu quarto fique para sempre
fechada,

of all affections I shall have the chill
of freedom
of the possessionless peaks.
Who wants little has all; who wants naught
is free; who has naught and naught desires
is a man, the equal of the gods.

Another Ode (Ricardo Reis)

I know not whether it is true love or feigned
that you give me. You give me it. It suffices.
Since I am not young in time,
let me be young by error.
Little the gods give, and that little is
false.
But if they give it, false though it be,
the gift
is true. I accept it
and close my eyes. It is enough.
What more do I want?

Band 4:

MÁRIO DE SÁ-CARNEIRO

Rattletrap

Ah, let me be laid between blankets
and let nothing else be done to me!
Let the door of my room be forever closed,
nor even be opened to you if you come to it.

que não se abra mesmo para ti se tu lá fores!

Lã vermelha, leite fofo. Tudo bem calafetado...
Nenhum livro, nenhum livro à cabeceira.
Façam apenas com que eu tenha sempre a meu
lado
bolos de ovos e uma garrafa de Madeira.

Não, não estou para mais; não quero mesmo
brinquedos.
P'ra quê? Até se mos dessem não saberia
brincar...
Que querem fazer de mim com estes enleios e
medos?
Não fui feito p'ra festas. Larguem-me!
Deixem-me sossegar!

Noite sempre p'lo meu quarto. As cortinas
corridas,
e eu aninhado a dormir, bem quentinho--que
amor!...
Sim: ficar sempre na cama, nunca mexer,
criar bolor--
p'lo menos era o sossego completo...História!
era a melhor das vidas...

Se me doem os pés e não sei andar direito,
p'ra que hei-de teimar em ir para as salas
de Lord?
Vamos, que a minha vida por uma vez se acorde
com o meu corpo, e se resigne a não ter jeito.

Red wool, soft bed. Everything well-sealed.
No book, no book at all at my bedside.
Just see that I always have within reach
eggsweets and a bottle of Madeira.

No, I am fed up. I don't even want games.
What for? Even if I were given them, I would
not know how to play.
What do you want to do to me with these
worries and fears?
I wasn't born to be made a fuss over. Leave
me alone! Let me rest.

Night always in my room. The curtains drawn,
with me snuggling down to sleep, nice and
warm--how delightful
Yes: always to be in bed, never to move. To
mildew.
At least there would be complete rest...
Nonsense, it would be the best sort of life.

Since my feet hurt and I can't walk right,
why should I insist on going to drawing rooms
like a lord?
Why, once and for all let my life fit
my body and become resigned to its
clumsiness.

De que me vale sair, se me constipo logo?
E quem posso eu esperar, com a minha
/delicadeza?
Deixa-te de ilusões, Mário! Bom edredão,
/bom fogo,--
e não penses no resto. É já bastante, com
/franqueza...
Desistamos. A nenhuma parte a minha ânsia
/me levará.
P'ra que hei-de andar aos tombos, numa
/inútil correria?
Tenham dó de mim. Co'a breca! Levem-me
/p'ra enfermaria!--
isto é, p'ra um quarto particular que o
/meu pai pagará.

Justo. Um quarto de hospital, higiênico,
/todo branco, moderno e tranquilo;
em Paris, é preferível, por causa da legenda...
De aqui a vinte anos a minha literatura
/talvez se entenda;
e depois, estar maluquinho em Paris fica bem,
/tem certo estilo...

Quanto a ti, meu amor, podes vir às
/quintas-feiras,
se quiseres ser gentil, perguntar como eu
/estou.
Agora no meu quarto é que tu não entras,
/mesmo com as melhores maneiras...
Nada a fazer, minha rica. O menino dorme.
/Tudo o, mais acabou.

Fim

Quando eu morrer batam em latas,
rompam aos saltos e aos pinotes,
façam estalar no ar chicotes,
chamem palhaços e acrobatas.

Que o meu caixão vá sobre um burro,
ajaezado à andalusa...
A um morto nada se recusa,
e eu quero por força ir de burro!

Band 5:

IRENE LISBOA

Pequeno Poema Mental

Quem não sai da sua casa,
não atravessa povos, montes, vales,
não vê as cenas bíblicas das eiras,
nem mulheres de infusa, equilibradas,
nem carros lentos chiadores,
nem homens suados;
quem vive como o insecto cativo no seu
/redondel,
cria mil olhos para nada...
Mil olhos implacáveis!
E um dia diz: Odeio o que ontem amava,
sentindo indômitos ódios.

E diz depois: Ó tempo vazio, vazio, vazio...
sem amor nem ódio, terrivelmente pobre.
E ainda volta a dizer: Mas eu que sei, que
/sou?
Não sei nem sou, não me reconheço...
Nunca ninguém, sequer, me deteve, me falou,
/me interrogou.
Sou uma sombra, ou menos.

E o insecto,
ou o quer que é como o insecto no seu
/redondel, pára.
Pára circunvagando os mil olhos desgostosos,
pela paisagem pobre, irrenovada.

Outro Pequeno Poema Mental

Cai um pássaro do ar, devagar, muito devagar.
E as árvores soturnas não se mexem.
Estio!
Não se vêem bulir as árvores, em bloco, ou
/aos arcos, estampadas...
Elegante Lapa, sol fosco, paisagem da manhã.
A gente do sítio, pobreza e riqueza, ainda
/recolhida.
Aqui, uma janela discreta que se abre, preta,
/cega.
Ali, outra fechada.
E esta alternância, bastante irregular, vai-se
/repetindo, repete-se...
E eu, ai eu! prisioneira, sempre prisioneira;
/tão enfadada!

What good does it do me to go out if I catch
/cold right away?
And whom can I expect with this sensitiveness
/of mine?
Drop your illusions, Mário. A good quilt, a
/good fire--
and forget all else. Frankly, it's enough.
Let's give up. Longing will get me nowhere.
Why, then, should I stumble about in this
/mad race?
Be sorry for me. The hell with it. Take me
/to the hospital ward,
to a private room, I mean, that father will
/pay for!

Right. A hospital room, hygienic, all white,
/modern and quiet;
in Paris, preferably, for the sake of the
/Legend.
Perhaps in twenty years my writing will be
/understood,
and then, to be crazy in Paris looks good. In
/a way it's elegant.

As for you, my dear, you may come every
/Thursday,
if you want to be nice, to ask how I am.
But in my room you shall not set foot, no
/matter how politely you act.
Nothing doing, my pet. The child's asleep.
/All the rest is over.

The End

When I die, bang on pots and pans.
Leap and dance for joy.
Snap whips in the air.
Send for clowns and acrobats.

Let my coffin be placed on a donkey,
harnessed in the Andalusian way.
Nothing can be denied a dead man,
and I simply must ride on a donkey.

Band 5:

IRENE LISBOA

Little Mental Poem

He who does not leave his home
does not cross towns, mountains, valleys,
does not see biblical scenes of threshing
/floors,
or women balancing pitchers,
or slow ox carts with creaking wheels,
or sweating men.
He who lives like a captive insect in its
/ring
breeds a thousand eyes for nothing...
A thousand implacable eyes!
And he says one day: "I hate what yesterday
/I loved,"
and he nourishes ungovernable hatred.
And then he says: "Oh, empty, empty,
/empty time..."
Loveless and hateless, terribly poor.

And again he says: "But what do I know,
/what am I?
I know not who I am, I do not recognize
/myself...
Never has anyone at all stopped me, spoken
/to me, questioned me.
I am a shadow, or less."

And the insect,
or whatever it is that is like an insect
/in its ring, stops.
It stops, moving its thousand loathing eyes
about the poor, unrenewed landscape.

Another Mental Poem

A bird falls from the air, slowly, very
/slowly,
And the sullen trees do not stir.
Summer.
The trees, in clusters, pressed into arches,
/look motionless.
The select Lapa district, the dull sun, the
/morning landscape.
The neighborhood people, the poverty and
/wealth, are still indoors.
Here, a discreet window opening black, blind.
There, another one, still closed.
And this quite regular alternation is
/repeated, repeated.
And I, alas, am a prisoner, always a prison-
/er; so bored and irritated.

Band 6:

FLORBELA ESPANCA

A uma Rapariga

Abre os olhos e encara a vida! A sina
tem que cumprir-se! Alarga os horizontes!
Por sobre os lamaçais alteia pontes,
com tuas mãos preciosas de menina.

Nessa estrada da vida que fascina,
caminha sempre em frente, além dos montes!
Morde os frutos a rir! Bebe nas fontes!
Beija aqueles que a sorte te destina!

Trata por tu a mais longínqua estrela,
escava com as mãos a própria cova
e depois, a sorrir, deita-te nela!

Que as mãos da terra façam, com amor,
da graça do teu corpo, esguia e nova,
surgir à luz a haste duma flor!...

Alma Perdida

Toda esta noite o rouxinol chorou,
gemeu, rezou, gritou perdidamente.
Alma de rouxinol, alma da gente,
tu és, talvez, alguém que se finou!

Tu és talvez um sonho que passou,
que se fundiu na Dor, suavemente...
Talvez seja a alma, alma doente,
de alguém que quis amar e nunca amou!

Toda a noite choraste...e eu chorei
talvez porque, ao ouvir-te, adivinhei
que ninguém é mais triste do que nós.

Contaste tanta coisa à noite calma,
que eu pensei que tu eras a minh'alma
que chorasse perdida em tua voz!

Band 7:

ANTÓNIO BOTTO

Canção

A terra floresce
num hálito de flores e de folhas verdes.

Ao longe, a canção de alguém que perdeu
no Amor o sentir:
de alguém que a saudade transformou em choro
e canta a sorrir...

Minha primavera! primavera azul
brincando nas relvas
e nos arvoredos
de folhagem terra,
miúda e verdinha

onde a luz cintila
doirando os meus olhos abertos à vida,
minha primavera, fala-me de beijos
que morrem no anseio de encontrar guarida!

Descem dos espaços camarinhas de cristal
e há um rumor subtil
de prece divina
pairando estagnado
à face das coisas!

Variam os mundos--
e a maldade humana mantém o seu posto.

Sobe-me do peito um clarão de sonho--
e as lágrimas rolam quentes no meu rosto.

Outra Canção

Se passares pelo adro
no dia do meu enterro,
dize à terra que não coma
os anéis do meu cabelo.
Já não digo que viesses
cobrir de rosas meu rosto,
ou que num choro dissesse
a qualquer do teu desgosto;
nem te lembro que beijasse
meu corpo delgado e belo,
mas que sempre me guardasses
os anéis do meu cabelo.

Band 6:

FLORBELA ESPANCA

To a Girl: Sonnet

Open your eyes and look at life. Destiny
must be fulfilled. Broaden your horizons!
Over the mire raise bridges
with your precious girl's hands.

Along this fascinating road of life
always go forward, beyond the mountains!
Bite its fruits and laugh! Drink from its
/springs!
Kiss those whom fate assigns you!

Speak familiarly to the farthest star,
dig with your hands your own grave,
and then lie down in it smiling.

From the grace of your slender young body
may Earth's hands lovingly cause
a flower's stem to spring.

Lost Soul

All last night the nightingale wept,
moaned, prayed, wailed desperately.
Nightingale's soul, human soul,
you are, perhaps, one who has died.

You are, perhaps, a spent dream
that has dissolved gently into Sorrow...
(Perhaps it is the soul, the sick soul,
of one who longed to love and never did.)

All night you wept--and I wept,
perhaps because on hearing you I sensed
that none there is more sorrowful than we.

You said so many things to the calm night
that I thought you were my soul
that wept, lost within your voice.

Band 7:

ANTÓNIO BOTTO

Song

The earth blooms
in a breath of flowers and green leaves.

In the distance--the song of one who has
his senses to /lost
Of one transformed by nostalgia into tears,
of one who smiles as he sings.

My spring! blue spring
playing on the grass patches
and in the groves
with foliage
tender, small, and delicately green,

where the light scintillates,
gilding my eyes open to life.
My spring, speak to me of kisses
that die in their desire to find shelter.

Crystal dew drops descend from space,
and there is a subtle sound of divine prayer
hovering motionless
in the face of things.

Worlds change--
and human malice holds its place.

From my breast rises the brightness of a
/dream,
and hot tears roll down my cheeks.

Another Song

If you pass the churchyard
on the day of my burial,
tell the earth not to eat
the ringlets of my hair.
I do not ask you to come
and cover my face with roses,
or in tears to tell
someone or other about your sorrow.
Nor do I remind you to kiss
my delicate, beautiful body--
but always to keep for me
the ringlets of my hair.