



SEVENTY SONNETS
OF CAMOENS.

Scorn not the Sonnet ;

With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief.

—*Wordsworth.*

Poetas por poetas sejam lidos ;
Sejam só por poetas explicadas
Suas obras divinas.

—*Manoel Corrêa.*

Let Poets be by Poets read ;
By Poets be interpreted
Their works divine.

Est quadam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.

—*Hor. Epis. I. Lib. I.*

SEVENTY SONNETS
OF CAMOENS.

PORTUGUESE TEXT AND TRANSLATION.

WITH ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY

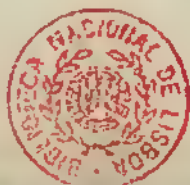
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OFERTA
INSTITUTO DE ALTA CULTURA
(COLEÇÃO GEORGE WEST)

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DEDICATORY LETTER.

MY DEAR BURTON,—My present little volume being now ready for publication, I come, in pursuance of an often declared intention, to dedicate its pages to you; for so far as their chief contents are concerned—Translations from the “RIMAS” of our now common friend, Luiz de Camoens—I may apply to you the well-known title of

THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF THESE INSVING SONNETS.

But for you, I never should have undertaken the task of selecting and translating the Seventy of the entire collection, which I now, through your name, offer to an indulgent public.

Although my more arduous undertaking of translating the “Lusiads” had been so favourably received by our literary world, and although one

of my most generous critics of that work—yet one of those who must be really pleased before he will praise—expressed a hope that I “might be induced to give a complete translation of Camoens’ minor works,” not even this flattering invitation would have moved me to as much as my present effort, had it not been that, while sojourning with you last winter at Cairo, you had engaged me to daily afternoon readings with you of your first sketches of Translations of all the CCCLII Sonnets as published by our friend, the Visconde de Juromenha; not only the whole of which, but also those of the Cañcoes, Sextinas, Odes, and Oitavas besides, it is your intention some day to give to the world.

Such a work as this, for more reasons than one, I never could attempt. I need not repeat to you what we have so often discussed in conversation, all my grounds for holding (so far, at all events, as my own art is concerned) that the great majority of these compositions, as well as of the sonnets, are entirely beyond the reach of rhythmic translation. This essential reason, however, I may mention: that without the music of the particular language in which so many of them are written—the music being sometimes more cared for than

the ideas it chants—I could not reproduce, to my own satisfaction, either the feeling of the poet, or a pleasant poem in English, or one that could be read by the side of the original. These objections neither you nor I have found to exist in translating the great Epic; some parts of which, and even in some few studied descriptions, we both know to be somewhat unmusical, but the whole of which, particularly when rendered in corresponding rhyme and metre, is fairly within the scope of our language. Nor have I found them to exist in regard to any of the seventy sonnets that I have now selected and translated.

I should be bold, perhaps, in hoping for these the same amount of favour that attended my "*Lusiads*;" yet to my own mind they do not appear to have been less successfully treated; and certainly I have not bestowed less care upon them; for if the task has been less arduous, it has required much careful manipulation. In their case, moreover, I have had the advantage of our reading them over and discussing them together; an advantage of which I could not avail myself for my translation of the "*Lusiads*," the whole of which (with the exception of receiving some very few occasional suggestions from friends) I was called on to carry through entirely alone.

I must not, however, omit to mention that your own determination to complete a translation of this work (now lately published, with your Commentary to follow), and your encouragement to me not to be deterred by the mere fact that such a production could never be generally popular, considerably contributed to the final accomplishment of my labours. The task of my present translations has been, as were the "Lusiads," a constant source of interest and occupation; often a refuge in times of vacancy or bad weather; and for the sake of pleasant recollections of my own, I have noted at the bottom of each sonnet where it was composed; realising in this respect the well-known phrase of Cicero: "Hæc studia . . . delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur."

It is not worth while to crowd this volume with too much introductory matter, but I may further remark that as neither you nor I would have undertaken to translate the "Lusiads" had we thought that work already fairly done, so we may say the same as regards the Sonnets. I cannot accept, and I am sure you cannot, the two or three that have fallen from the several pens of Southey, Adamson, and Hayley. Especially I cannot accept

of Lord Strangford's twenty. To these last, Lord Byron's observation is the best that can be applied, without the necessity of adding his poetical anathema: "It is also to be remarked that the things given to the public as poems of Camoens are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon." What you and I have always had in view, in treating our great poet, has been this: to study his truthfulness and his simplicity, and to endeavour to render him faithfully; not riding off from his occasional peculiar turns of thought, in order, covertly, to avoid difficulties, nor introducing some commonly received parochial phrases, instead of his own peculiar expressions; especially not affecting to be very poetical where he is not poetical at all. No former translators of Camoens have ever shown sufficient respect for their author to confine themselves to these rules.

As regards the sonnet itself, I doubt whether it is, or ever will be, a really popular form of poem in the English language, and I almost venture to doubt, also, whether our language is exactly suitable for it. Byron hated sonnets, and called them "the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions." Wordsworth wrote numbers of

them, with a sonnet in defence of the sonnet, thus showing, by the way, that he thought defence was needed. Sonnet writers, however, have never failed to appear among us, and the subject seems to-day to be attracting more than usual attention. Indeed, the edition of Lord Strangford's "Poems from the Portuguese of Luiz de Camoens" now before me, is the fifth, and may not, for aught I know, be the latest; and so far I may be encouraged. But I must candidly say, that if the popularity of his lordship's work, which is thus indicated, arose from the mere English poems themselves as he published them, then Camoens, honestly translated, may not stand an equal chance of being as popular as Lord Strangford; for there is scarcely a trace of the original, in either thought or phrase, in Lord Strangford's compositions. I do not, however, believe it will be thus. Camoens' Sonnets, faithfully interpreted, letter and spirit, will be quite new to the English ear, and, I anticipate, will be pleasing; though anything pertaining to the Portuguese language is confessedly but little known or thought of among us.

A curious fact in our literature, only lately made known to me, will serve to illustrate what I have just now said. I had heard of, but in my ignorance

had never read, Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Hastening of late to procure the volume containing them, I found there was no sort or kind of the Portuguese element in any one of the whole forty of them. This mystery was solved, however, by my being informed, on inquiring of authority, that the title was a mere fiction; that the authoress, not wishing the world to be too familiar with her own heart's feelings, had purposely invented a misleading title; and that to render concealment all the surer, she had resorted to the word "Portuguese," as referring to the language which was the least known, or scarcely known at all, in our literary world, and into which few or none would be likely to look in search of her originals.*

Now, as I had determined to make the National Epic of Portugal (the language of which I had been called upon for years to study and speak and write) known in England in its own colours, so now, under the inducements above referred to, I have worked out Seventy Sonnets of the same author with a corresponding object; having done which,

* I observe that Mr. Waddington mentions Camoens in his late publication, "English Sonnets," as being, with Ariosto, Tasso, &c., among those writers who have been especially successful as sonneteers.

I shall henceforth consider that I have fulfilled my duty to Camoens, in introducing him fairly to our English literature, however English literature may be disposed to receive him. This much I have felt I owed to the country where I learned his language ; and I have done my best to discharge that debt worthily. If I have now failed to render my author faithfully, to reproduce his feeling, and to present a sufficiently pleasing collection of English poems, then I must confess to have failed in this volume, to have come short of the approval accorded to me for my last work, and to have done you the injustice of attaching a weak performance to a strong name. The larger and heavier task of translating his every line is meanwhile reserved for you ;

"Cui labor ingeminat vires, dat cura quietem."

I have followed the form of publication observed in my "Lusiads." I publish the original of every sonnet. It is said that Fairfax (to whose great translation of Tasso one of my leading critics did me the honour of comparing mine) could not venture to do this. But I do it for Camoens' sake, and will cheerfully run the risk of suffering anything thereby at the hands of those who know

enough of languages to make them competent judges of translation. There is, of course, always one risk to be run in offering this challenge while translating an author of three centuries old. Pre-tentious commentators will discover beauties in his defects, and sweetness in his rudeness. In the sonnets, however, Camoens, though certainly now and then obscure and sometimes fantastical, is almost always sweet. Yet he will now and then insist on a blunt phrase rather than be artificial and untruthful. As regards obscurities, by the way, how true it is that while the author is living they are treated as marks of weakness; but when dead, as mines of meaning.

I have almost invariably strictly followed the order of the rhymes, a matter of considerable difficulty in English. Of our language, in this respect, we may well say with Fielding, in his "Amelia:" "Rhymes are difficult things; they are stubborn things, sir." Of the facilities for rhyming in the Portuguese I have already said enough in my Introduction to the "Lusiads." Now and then (but in only two or three cases) I have been forced to change their order; the better to preserve the feeling of the original; and this has been the case even in the famous No. XIX. Further,

I take the full responsibility of the two adjectives "resemblant" and "amene," and of the substantive "unlove," claiming for them perfect legitimacy.

In No. XIII. I have not been able to resist the temptation of translating the sonnet into stanzas; while in No. LIX. I have *purposely* altered the order of the rhymes, making this heroic composition close with a couplet, as being essential to convey its full force to the English ear. In point of fact, I really believe the general English ear always looks for a couplet at the end of a sonnet. Shakespeare constantly concludes long blank verse speeches in this form. So did Ben Jonson and others. This kind of ending offers a species of final chord without which the poem appears to many to have arrived only at the "half-close." Rossini used to complain with much annoyance that the public never understood his delicate Adagio conclusions; and it was he, I believe, who emphasised for classical music the measure called the Coda. Only in the real land and language of the sonnet, perhaps, is its completion really understood, where it floats away in a nosegay of vowels, in alternate or distant rhymes. I was struck by the remark of an intelligent person

who had copied out all these sonnets for me. He told me he thought them very smooth and pretty, but that somehow they seemed to finish before one had got to the real end of them. I attributed this to the want of the final couplet. The musical public annoyed Rossini by their similarly defective ear, which required the hammer of his Coda.

It now remains to observe upon my having added some original poems of my own, with one or two other translations, to this volume, which I dedicate to you as having provoked my Camoens' Sonnets. I do so in order to give them a place in print. Defoe wrote the tale of Mrs. Veal's Ghost for the purpose of carrying the sale of your ancestor Drelincourt's dismal book on Death; and so I cleave to my friend Camoens to give these short poems some life. The different members of the family have come forth, from time to time, at long intervals, during these last five and twenty years, and they exhibit various dispositions among them. One of the youngest, which I make introductory to his own sonnets, consists of stanzas supposed to have been addressed by the Spirit of Camoens to his countrymen, at the national celebration of the Tercentenary of his death, on the 10th of last June, 1880; on which occasion it was with

considerable regret that I found you were not to be my companion in Lisbon.

In full belief that my volume will find many readers for Camoens' sake,

I remain, my dear Burton,

Yours sincerely,

J. J. AUBERTIN.

P.S.—I must not on any account omit to add that I have had the advantage of reading over my proofs with my friend Dr. Saraiva, from whose well-known command, both as scholar and poet, of his own language, and thorough proficiency in English, I have derived many valuable suggestions. In particular, I have adopted his orthography and accentuation.

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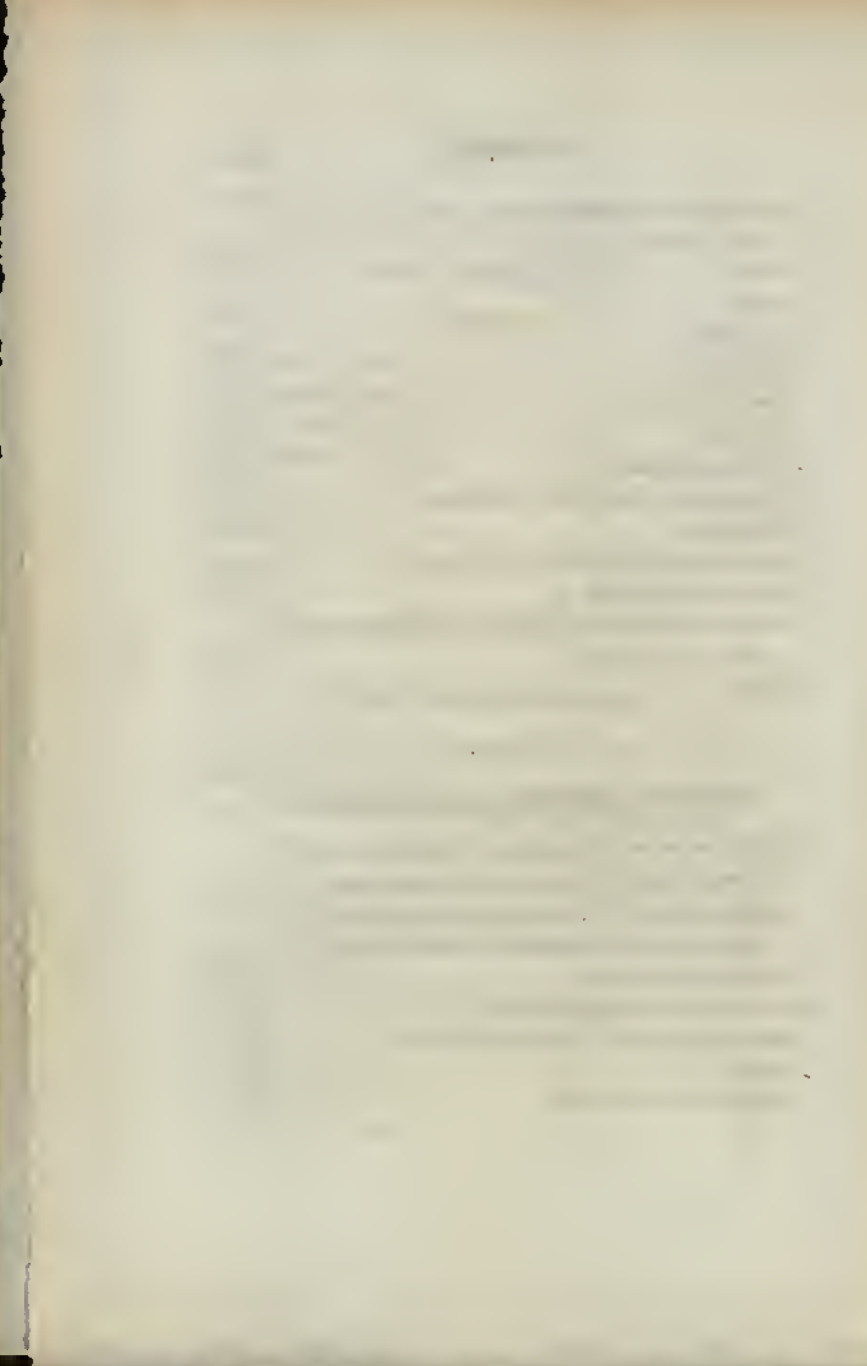
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Stanzas

Supposed to have been addressed by the Spirit of Camoens to the Portuguese nation on the occasion of their celebrating the Terecentenary of his death, when his bones and those of Vasco da Gama were finally transferred to the Convent Church of San Jeronymo—10th June 1880.

I SAW, though all unseen, the solemn train
That spread in coloured grandeur o'er the breast
Of Tagus, carrying to their final rest
My bones and his, our hero of the main.

And Tagides * were there, and ah! once more
It seemed to me that I could sound a strain
Among my countrymen : but that was vain,
Only my bones were lying by the shore.

Oh ! Lusitania, still my native land,
Though now three hundred years ago I died,
Oh! bear in constant mind the strength and pride
Of ours, who owned the patriot's heart and hand.

These have I sung, and all that could inspire
Remembrance of our never numerous band,
But always mighty heart, steeled to withstand
The ocean's storms, the foeman's sword and fire.

* Nymphs of Tagus.



Thou hast thy freedom ; this was their bequest,
No ocean passage there remains to find ;
And for a record of their naval mind,
Behold two spreading empires, east and west.

My country ! 'neath the smiles of peace, secure
Name worthy that our earlier sons possessed ;
With freedom, science, arts, and commerce blessed,
A people noble, and your rulers pure.

Mark well your solemn pledge: these festive days
Are more than empty joys ; they are a vow,
That as our fathers strove, so you will now
'Midst Europe's nations this, our own, to raise.

Why have ye reared a statue to my fame ?
Why have ye bound its brows with poets' bays ?
'Tis that this vow, this purpose it displays,
Or 'tis a Nothing—and usurps my name.

Ye are its spirit : I have ceased to live ;
And if the sufferings of neglected years
Drew from my living eyes some bitter tears,
Your hearts to-day have taught me to forgive.

Farewell! I watch you with a spirit's eyes,
Your higher thoughts and acts shall still survive,
For as yourselves and sons shall faint or strive,
Our land, our Lusitania, lives or dies !

SONETOS.

SONNETS.

I.

SERVE DE INTRODUÇÃO.

EM quanto quiz Fortuna que tivesse
Esperança de algum contentamento,
O gosto de hum suave pensamento
Me fez que seus effeitos escrevesse.
Porém temendo Amor que aviso dêsse
Minha escriptura a algum juizo isento,
Escureceo-me o engenho co' o tormento,
Para que seus enganos não dísse.
Ó vós, que Amor obriga a ser sujeitos
A dīversas vontades ! quando lerdos
N'hum breve livro casos tão dīversos ;
(Verdades puras sam, e não defeitos)
Entendei que segundo o amor tiverdes,
Tereis o entendimento de meus versos.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

WHILE Fortune was disposed to cheer my
sight

With hope some consolation here to find,
With pleasing tone of thought it cheered my mind,
So that of all its influence I could write ;
But Love, from fear that in my page I might
To some free revelation be inclined,
With torment turned my inclination blind,
Lest I should bring his own deceits to light.
Oh! ye, whom Love compels the slaves to be
Of various wills, when reading shall reveal
Such things as I in this small book rehearse,—
Nought feigned, but all of purest verity,—
Know that, according to the love ye feel,
The spirit ye shall feel of this my verse.

TRIESTE, *August 1880.*

XII.

*À morte de D. Antonio de Noronha ; morreu em uma cilada
nos campos de Ceuta.*

EM flôr vos arrancou, de então crescida,
(Ah Senhor Dom Antonio!) a dura sorte
Donde fazendo andava o braço forte
A fama dos antigos esquecida.
Huma só razão tenho conhecida
Com que tamanha mágoa se conforte:
Que se no Mundo havia honrada morte,
Não podíeis vós ter mais larga vida
Se meus humildes versos podem tanto
Que co' o desejo meu se iguale a arte,
Especial materia me sereis.
E celebrado em triste e longo canto,
Se morrestes nas mãos do fero Marte,
Na memoria das gentes vivereis.

XII.

On the death of D. Antonio de Noronha, who was killed in a Moorish ambuscade at Ceuta.

I N blossom thou wast snatched, but newly grown,
Ah! Don Antonio, by too harsh a blow,
Where by the arm of valour thou didst show
The memory of the ancients overthrown:
One only sad reflection have I known,
Whence to seek comfort for such grievous woe;
That as the World could glorious death bestow,
Thou couldst not claim a longer life thine own.
If to my humble verse such power belong,
That equal art respond to my desire,
Thou shalt afford me an illustrious theme;
And hymned in mournful and extended song,
If hand of cruel Mars have quenched thy fire,
Eternal memory shall thy death redeem.

Trieste to Pola, August 1830.

XIII.

Escrepto a uma Senhora Chamada Violante.

N'HUM jardim adornado de verdura,
 Que esmaltavam por cima várias flôres,
 Entrou hum dia a deosa dos amores,
 Com a deosa da caça e da espessura.

Diana tomou logo hũa rosa pura,
 Venus hum roxo lyrio, dos melhores ;
 Mas excediam muito ás outras flôres
 As violas na graça e formosura.

Perguntam a Cupido, que alli estava,
 Qual de aquellas tres flôres tomaria
 Por mais suave e pura, e mais formosa.

Sorrindo-se o menino lhes tornava :
 Todas formosas são ; mas eu queria
 Viola antes que lyrio, nem que rosa.

XIII.

Addressed to a young lady called Violante,—here Violetta.

I INTO a garden all adorned with green, [face,
Whereof bright flowers bedecked the enamelled
The goddess fair of Love to come was seen,
Linked with the goddess of the wood and chase.

Diana pulled a rose, of purest hue ;
Venus, a purple lily, choicest there ;
But, beyond all that in the garden grew,
In beauty and in grace the violets were.

Of Cupid they demand, who stood hard by,
Of those three chosen flowers the which he deemed
The fairest, sweetest, purest, to his eye,
Which of the lovely three the loveliest seemed.

Then Cupid smiling answered : Must I choose ?
All are so beautiful, so charming ! yet
Before the lily, e'en before the rose,
Truly I do prefer the Violet.

CAIRO, February 27, 1880.

XIV.

*Queixas de Liso, vendo sua dama despreza-la
por outrem.*

TODO animal da calma repousava,
Só Liso o ardor della não sentia ;
Que o repouso do fogo, em que elle ardia,
Consistia na nympha que buscava.
Os montes parecia que abalava
O triste som das mágoas que dizia :
Mas nada o duro peito commovia,
Que na vontade de outro posto estava.
Cansado ja de andar por a espessura,
No tronco de huma faia, por lembrança,
Escreve estas palavras de tristeza :
Nunca ponha ninguem sua esperança
Em peito feminil, que de natura
Sómente em ser mudavel tem firmeza.

XIV.

*Complaint of Liso, on finding himself slighted by his beloved
for another.*

ALL living things are resting from the heat ;
Liso alone its ardour fails to know,
For safety from the fires that in him glow
Lies in the nymph whom he desires to meet.
The mountains seem, all troubled, to repeat
The mournful strains that from his bosom flow,
But no response the obdurate heart would show,
Which to the wishes of another beat.
All tired, as through the forest dense he goes,
He sadly carves, that memory may not fade,
These words of anguish on a beechen tree ;
Ah ! never let a mortal's hope repose
On woman's breast, who, as by nature made,
Is constant only in inconstancy.

At sea, Lisbon to St. Michael's, June 1880.

XVII.

Enlevado na doce vista da sua amante.

QUANDO da bella vista e dôce riso
Tomando estam meus olhos mantimento,
Tão elevado sinto o pensamento,
Que me faz vêr na terra o Paraíso. .
Tanto do bem humano estou diviso,
Que qualquer outro bem julgo por vento :
Assi que em termo tal, segundo sento,
Pouco vem a fazer quem perde o siso.
Em louvar-vos, Senhora, não me fundo ;
Porque quem vossas graças claro sente,
Sentirá que não pôde conhecellas.
Pois de tanta estranheza sois ao mundo,
Que não he de estranhar, dama excellente,
Que quem vos fez, fizesse Ceo e Estrellas.

XVII.

In deep admiration of his beloved.

WHEN of the lovely sight my feeding eyes
Devour their joy, and of the honied smile,
I feel my thoughts so lifted up the while,
That earth to me appearéth Paradise :
And human bliss so far, so separate lies,
That any other bliss I deem but wind ;
So that in such a temper, to my mind
But little wants it that the judgment flies.
Lady, of praising thee I make not show,
For he who doth thy beauties clearly prove,
Must prove that to conceive them 'tis not given ;
So great a wonder art thou here below,
That, lovely nymph, no wonder can it move,
That He who made thee made the Stars and
Heaven.

LONDON, *September 1880.*

XVIII.

Queixa-se das suas proprias memorias, e do esquecimento da parte da sua amante.

DOCES lembranças da passada gloria,
Que me tirou Fortuna roubadora,
Deixai-me descansar em paz hum'hora,
Pois comigo ganhais pouca victoria.
Impressa tenho na alma larga historia
Deste passado bem, que nunca fôra ;
Ou fôra, e não passara : mas ja agora
Em mi não pode haver mais que a memoria.
Vivo em lembranças, morro de esquecido
De quem sempre devêra ser lembrado,
Se lhe lembrara estado tão contente.
Oh quem tornar podera a ser nascido !
Soubera-me lograr do bem passado,
Se conhecer soubera o mal presente.

XVIII.

*A complaint against his own memories and the forgetfulness of
his beloved.*

SWEET memories of a glory past in vain,
Which Fortune, the despoiler, snatched full
blown,

Grant me to call one hour of peace mine own,
For conquest over me is small to gain.
My soul large story doth impressed retain
Of this past good which never should have shone,
Or, having shone, ne'er fled ; but, being flown,
Nought but my recollections can remain.
I live in memories ; being forgotten die,
By her whose memory should have held me fast,
Had she those pleasing hours remembered still :
Oh ! that a new life were my destiny ;
Well had I known to enjoy the good that's past,
Had I but known to test the present ill.

FIUME, August 1880.

XIX.

A linda poesia, feita á morte de D. Catharina de Athaide.

ALMA minha gentil, que te partiste
Tão cedo desta vida descontente,
Repousa lá no Ceo eternamente,
E viva eu cá na terra sempre triste.
Se lá no assento Ethereo, onde snbiste,
Memoria desta vida se consente,
Não te esqueças de aquelle amor ardente,
Que ja nos olhos meus tão puro viste.
E se vires que pode merecer-te
Algũa cousa a dôr que me ficou
Da mágoa, sem remedio, de perder-te ;
Roga a Deos que teus annos encurtou,
Que tão cedo de cá me leve a vôr-te,
Quão cedo de meus olhos te levou.

XIX.

*The famous sonnet written on the death of Donna
Catharina de Athaide.*

MY gentle spirit ! thou who hast departed
So early, of this life in discontent,
Rest thou there ever, in Heaven's firmament,
While I live here on earth all broken-hearted ;
In that Ethereal Seat, where thou didst rise,
If memory of this life so far consent,
Forget not thou my ardent love unspent,
Which thou didst read so perfect in mine eyes.
And if, perchance, aught worthy thee appears
In my great cureless anguish for thy death,
Oh ! pray to God who closed so soon thy years,
That He will also close my sorrowing breath,
And swiftly call me hence thy form to see,
As swiftly he deprived these eyes of thee.

BRAZIL, 1873.

XX.

A linda Nympha Sibella.

N^o HUM bosque, que das nymphas se habitava,
Sibella, nympha linda, andava hum dia ;
E subida em huma árvore sombria,
As amarellas flôres apanhava.
Cupido, que alli sempre costumava
A vir passar a sésta á sombra fria,
Em hum ramo arco e settas, que trazia,
Antes que adormecesse, pendurava.
A nympha, como idoneo tempo vira
Para tamanha empresa, não dilata ;
Mas com as armas foge ao moço esquivo.
As settas traz nos olhos, com que tira.
Ó pastores ! fugi, que a todos mata,
Senão a mim, que de matar-me vivo.

XX.

The beautiful Nymph Sibella.

WITHIN a wood nymphs were inhabiting,
Sibella, lovely nymph, was wandering free ;
And climbing up into a shady tree,
The yellow blossoms there was gathering.
Cupid, who thither ever turned his wing,
Cool in his shady mid-day sleep to be,
Would on a branch, ere sleeping, pendant see
The bow and arrows he was wont to bring.
The nymph, who now the moment fitting saw
For so great enterprise, in nought delays,
But flies the scorner with the arms she's ta'en.
She bears the arrows in her eyes, to draw.
Oh ! shepherds fly, for every one she slays,
Save me alone, who live by being slain.

At sea, from Madeira to Lisbon, July 1880.

XXIII.

A morte de uma Senhora na Índia, que morreu afogada.

CHARA minha inimiga, em cuja mão
Poz meus contentamentos a ventura,
Faltou-te a ti na terra sepultura,
Porque me falte a mi consolação.
Eternamente as águas lograrão
A tua peregrina formosura ;
Mas em quanto me a mim a vida dum,
Sempre viva em minha alma te acharão.
E se meus rudos versos podem tanto,
Que possam prometter-te longa historia
De aquelle amor tão puro e verdadeiro ;
Celebrada serás sempre em meu canto :
Porque em quanto no mundo houver memoria,
Será a minha escriptura o teu letreiro.

XXIII.

*On the death of a lady he loved in India, and who was
drowned.*

THOU, in whose gentle hand, my dear unkind,
Fortune had bid me seek contentment pure,
To thee hath earth refusèd sepulture,
That thus it might refuse me peace of mind.
The waters in their cold embrace shall bind
For evermore thy rarest cynosure,
But, while this dreary life shall still endure,
Thee ever living in my soul shall find.
And if to my rude verse such power belong
That I can promise thee a lasting fame
Of all thy love so pure and true to me,
Thou shalt be ever honoured in my song,
For while among us memory holds a name,
My lines thy lasting epitaph shall be.

At sea, Gibraltar to Malta (Mongolia), July 1880.

XXIV.

Uma terna despedida.

AQUELLA triste e leda madrugada,
Cheia toda de magoa e de piedade,
Em quanto houver no mundo saudade
Quero que seja sempre celebrada.
Ella só, quando amena e marchetada
Sahia, dando á terra claridade,
Vio apartar-se de huma outra vontade,
Que nunca poderá ver-se apartada ;
Ella só vio as lágrimas em fio,
Que de huns e de ontros olhos derivadas,
Juntando-se, formáram largo rio ;
Ella ouviu as palavras magoadas,
Que poderam tornar o fogo frio,
E dar descanso ás almas condemnadas.

XXIV.

Tender record of a parting.

THAT shining morning's dawn so sad for me,
Full of all grief the broken heart can prove,
While fond remembrance can the bosom move,
I would it ever may recorded be.
That morn alone, all smiles and marquetry,
It saw, while opening daylight from above,
Saw one love parting from another love,
Which never can its own self parted see.
That morn alone did coursing tears behold,
That fell from mutual eyes in constant flow,
And into one united river rolled ;
It heard the words of anguish and of woe,
That might e'en turn the eternal fire to cold,
And respite on condemnèd souls bestow.

At sea, Gibraltar to Malta (Mongolia), July 1880.

XXVIII.

*Retrato primoroso da sua dama, de cuja frieza elle
se-queixa.*

ESTA-SE a Primavera trasladando
Em vossa vista deleitosa e honesta ;
Nas bellas faces, e na boca e testa,
Cecens, rosas, e cravos debuxando.
De sorte, vosso gesto matizando,
Natura quanto pode manifesta,
Que o monte, o campo, o rio, e a floresta,
Se estam de vós, Senhora, namorando.
Se agora não quereis que quem vos ama
Possa colher o fructo destas flôres,
Perderão toda a graça os vossos olhos.
Porque pouco aproveita, linda dama,
Que semeasse o Amor em vós amores,
Se vossa condição produz abrolhos :

XXVIII.

Draws a beautiful portrait of a lady, and complains of her coldness.

THE spring is copying all that it doth wear
Upon thy vision, beautiful and chaste ;
On thy sweet cheeks and lips and brow are traced
Roses and pinks and lilies, painted there.
E'en nature thus, with blended colours rare
Decking thy looks, doth plainly manifest
That mountain, river, forest, field and waste
Are courting thee around, oh ! lady fair !
If now thou willest not that he who loves
Should gather of the fruits these flowers have shown,
Then must thine eyes no more to grace pretend ;
For, lovely nymph, of small avail it proves
That Love should round thee loveliness have sown,
If all thy charms in only thorns must end.

LISBON, *June* 1880.

XXX.

Que foi ferido pelo deus Amor, como um passarinho pelo caçador.

ESTÁ o lascivo e doce passarinho
Com o biquinho as pennas ordenando ;
O verso sem medida, alegre e brando,
Despedindo no rustico raminho.
O cruel caçador, que do caminho
Se vem callado e manso desviando,
Com prompta vista a setta endireitando,
Lhe dá no Estygio Lago eterno ninho.
Desta arte o coração, que livre andava
(Postoque ja de longe destinado),
Onde menos temia, foi ferido.
Porque o frecheiro cego me esperava,
Para que me tomasse descuidado,
Em vossos claros olhos escondido.

XXX.

Compares himself, shot by love, to a little bird shot by a sportsman.

THE pretty, sweet, and wanton little bird
With its small beak its feathers is arranging ;
Its soft, bright notes, beyond all measure changing,
All pouring from the woodland twig are heard.
The cruel bowman, stealthily awake,
And turning from his path with footstep sly,
Fixes his arrow-head with rapid eye,
And builds him final nest in Stygian Lake.
E'en thus the heart that erst had beaten free,
Though for long period past it destined lay,
Where it had least suspected wounded lies ;
Because the archer blind lay wait for me,
That he might seize his unsuspecting prey,
Lying close hid within thy brilliant eyes.

METZ, September 1880.

XXXVII.

*A memoria de algum companheiro de Santo Ignacio de
Loyola.*

NÃO passes, caminhante. Quem me chama?
Hũa memoria nova e nunca ouvida,
De hum que trocou finita e humana vida
Por divina, infinita, e clara fama.
Quem he, que tão gentil louvor derrama?
Quem derramar seu sangue não duvida,
Por seguir a bandeira esclarecida
De hum capitão de Christo que mais ama.
Ditoso fim, ditoso sacrificio,
Que a Deos se fez e ao mundo juntamente!
Pregoando dirci tão alta sorte.
Mais poderás contar a toda a gente
Que sempre deo na vida claro indício
De vir a merecer tão santa morte.

XXXVII.

*To the memory of a warrior, supposed by the V. de Juromenha
to have been a companion of Saint Ignacius de Loyola.*

STOP, passer by—Who calls me? 'Tis the claim
Of a new memory, heard of ne'er before ;
Of one who human finite life gave o'er
For infinite divine and brilliant fame.
Who's he that sheds such lustre round his name ?
He who shrank not to shed his blood of yore
In honour of the exalted flag he bore,
Captain of Christ, to love Whom was his aim.
Thrice blessèd end, thrice blessèd sacrifice,
Made to his God, and to the world as well ;
So high a call I'll sing with loudest breath ;
More canst thou teach the world his name to prize ;
His life by brilliant tokens did foretell
He would be worthy of such holy death.

TRIESTE, OPCINA, August 1880.

XL.

*Visitando um logar onde outra ora fôra feliz (talvez Cintra),
depois da morte de D. Catharina de Athaide.*

ALEGRES campos, verdes arvoredos,
Claras e frescas águas de crystal,
Que em vós os debuxais ao natural,
Discorrendo da altura dos rochedos :
Sylvestres montes, ásperos penedos
Compostos de concôrto desigual ;
Sabei que sem licença de meu mal
Ja não podeis fazer meus olhos ledos.
E pois ja me não vêdes como vistes,
Não me alegrem verduras deleitosas,
Nem águas que correndo alegres vem.
Semearei em vós lembranças tristes,
Regar-vos-hei com lagrimas saudosas,
E nascerão saudades de meu bem.

XL.

Cintra revisited after the death of Catharina de Athaide.

YE cheerful meadows and ye woodlands green,
And ye, ye crystal waters, fresh and clear,
Whereon like nature painted these appear,
Who take your source the lofty rocks between ;
Ye sylvan mounts, harsh crags, that in the scene
An aspect of unequal concert wear,
Know that without compliance of my care
Ye are not to my eyes what ye have been.
And since ye view me not as long ago,
No longer now delights the verdured mead,
Nor cheerful running streams can pleasure bring ;
Among you sad remembrances I'll sow,
Will water with recording tears the seed,
And longing memories of my joy shall spring.

TRIESTE, August 1880.

XLI.

*Daliana, chorando, amava a Sylvio, de quem não era amada,
Laurenio a amava sem ser amado.*

QUANTAS vezes do fuso se esquecia
 Daliana, banhando o lindo seio,
 Outras tantas de hum áspero receio
 Salteado Laurenio a côr perdia.
 Ella, que a Sylvio mais que a si queria,
 Para pode-lo ver não tinha meio.
 Ora como curara o mal alheio
 Quem o seu mal tão mal curar podia?
 Elle, que vio tão clara esta verdade,
 Com soluços dizia (que a espessura
 Inclonavam, de mágoa, a piedade):
 Como pode a desordem da natura
 Fazer tão differentes na vontade
 Aos que fez tão conformes na ventura?

XLI.

*Daliana, weeping, is watched by Laurenio who loved her,
while she loved Silvio, who did not love her.*

AS oft as Daliana's spindle fell, [apart,
Her bosom bathed with tears, all thoughts
So oft Laurenio felt his stricken heart
Seized by a sudden shock, as by a spell :
She who loved Silvio, not herself so well,
How to behold him could invent no art :
How then to cure another lover's smart,
When how to cure her own she could not tell ?
He who was doomed this truth so clear to prove,
Exclaimed in sighs, which e'en with sympathy
Could the dark forest by their anguish move,
How should such discord in great nature be ?
Making two souls so different in their love,
Yet so resemblant in their destiny !

At sea, Gibraltar to Malta (Mongolia), July 1880.

XLII.

*A uma fita que apertara os cabellos da sua amante, dada por
esta, como gracejo.*

LINDO e subtil trançado, que ficaste
 Em penhor do remedio que mereço,
 Se só contigo, vendo-te, endoudeço,
 Que fôra co' os cabellos que apertaste?
 Aquellas tranças de ouro que ligaste,
 Que os raios do sol tõe em pouco preço,
 Não sei se ou para engano do que peço,
 Ou se para me atar as desataste.
 Lindo trançado, em minhas mãos te vejo,
 E por satisfação de minhas dôres,
 Como quem não tõe outra, hei de tomar-te:
 E se não fôr contente o meu desejo,
 Dir-lhe-hei que nesta regra dos amores
 Por o todo tambem se toma a parte.

XLII.

*To a fillet, given him in jest, from her hair, by a lady
with whom he was in love.*

SWEET, delicate fillet, who art left behind,
In pledge the joy I merit to redeem,
If, only seeing thee, half lost I seem, [wind?
What with the locks round which thou erst didst
Those golden tresses where thou wast entwined,
That hold the sunbeam's glow in light esteem,
I know not if to mock my prayerful dream,
Or if to bind me thou didst them unbind.
Sweet fillet, in my hands I see thee lie,
And that my grief some solace I may show,
As one who hath no other, thee I take :
And if my wish thou dost not satisfy,
Still, in the rule of love, I'll bid her know,
Sometimes we keep the part for the whole's sake.

Fiume to Adelsberg, August 1830.

XLIII.

*Cantando a falsa fé da sua amante, compara-se ao cysne,
que está proximo a morrer.*

O CYSNE quando sente ser chegada
A hora que põe termo á sua vida,
Harmonia maior, com voz sentida,
Levanta por a praia inhabitada.
Deseja lograr vida prolongada,
E della está chorando a despedida :
Com grande sandade da partida,
Celebra o triste fim desta jornada.
Assi, Senhora minha, quando eu via
O triste fim que davão meus amores,
Estando posto ja no extremo fio ;
Com mais suave accento de harmonia
Descantei por os vossos desfavores
La vuestra falsa fe, y el amor mio.

XLIII.

Weeping on account of false love, he compares himself to a dying swan.

THE swan, when feeling that its hour is o'er,
And that the moment's come when it must die,
Lifts saddest voice and sweetest harmony,
Along the lone and solitary shore :
— Desires its life prolonged a little more,
And leaving its existence with a sigh,
And fondest longing of a last good-bye,
Doth this sad journey's coming close deplore.
E'en thus, my Fair, when I was doomed to see
The mournful end that all my loves befell,
While on the last remaining point I strove,
With all my sweetest song and harmony
Upon thy cold unkindness did I dwell,
On all thy treacherous faith and on my love.

At sea, from Madeira to Lisbon, July 1880.

XLV.

Daliana, desprezada por Silcio, casa-se por um pique amoroso, e é infeliz.

TOMAVA Daliana, por vingança
Da culpa do pastor que tanto amava,
Casar com Gil vaqueiro; e em si vingava
O êrro alheio, e perfida esquivança.
A discrição segura, a confiança
Das rosas que o seu rosto debuxava,
O descontentamento lhas mudava;
Que tudo muda huma áspera mudança.
Gentil planta disposta em sêcca terra;
Lindo fructo de dura mão colhido;
Lembranças de outro amor, e fé perjura,
Tornáram verde prado em dura serra;
Interesse enganoso, amor fingido,
Fizeram desdítosa a formosura.

XLV.

Daliana, slighted by Silvio, marries a hind from pique, and suffers from the miseries of memory.

SAD Daliana, vengeful of her swain, [loved,
 Turned, for his fault whom she had fondly
 To marry Gil, the hind ; and victim fell
 To sin of other and his false disdain.
 The self-possession, self-reliant vein
 That, traced in roses, on her brow would dwell,
 Sad discontent doth change them and dispel,
 For a harsh change must aye change all to pain.
 Delicate plant, to barren earth transferred ;
 Beautiful fruit, gathered by hand so rude ;
 Memories of former love and faith forsworn
 Have turned the verdant mead to mountain hard ;
 Interest all false, love only to delude,
 Have beauty left ill-fated and forlorn.

TRIESTE. August 1880.

LIII.

*Montano, em uma praia do Indico Oceano, chora a
partida de Nise.*

APARTAVA-SE Nise de Montano,
Em cuja alma, partindo-se, ficava ;
Que o pastor na memoria a debuxava,
Por podêr sustentar-se deste engano.
Por huma praia do Indico Oceano
Sôbre o curvo cajado se encostava,
E os olhos por as águas alongava,
Que pouco se doião de seu dano.
Pois com tamanha mágoa e saudade
(Dizia) quiz deixar-me a que eu adoro,
Por testemunhas tômo Ceo e Estrellas :
Mas se em vós, ondas, mora piedade,
Levai tambem as lágrimas que choro,
Pois assi me levais a causa dellas.

LIII.

The shepherd Montano, wandering on the shores of the Indian Ocean, mourns the departure of Nise.

NISE departed from Montano's side,
Within whose soul, departing, still she stays ;
The shepherd's memory every line portrays,
This fond illusion to sustain and hide.
Along the shore of India's Ocean wide,
Leaning upon his crook, he pensive strays,
And o'er the waters pours his longing gaze,
Who little mourn what ills may him betide.
In such distress and anguish of farewell
She, I adore, to leave me here was fain,
Whereof the Stars and Heaven I witness show :
But ye, ye waves, if pity in you dwell,
Oh ! bear away these tears I weep with pain,
As her ye bore away who bids them flow.

At sea, Gibraltar to Malta (Mongolia), July 1880.

LVI.

*Convida as Náyades e as Driades a ver outros olhos e
outras agoas.*

NAIADES, vós que os rios habitais,
Que os saudosos campos vam regando,
De meus olhos vereis estar manando
Outros que quasi aos vossos sam iguais.
Dryades, que com setta sempre andais
Os fugílvos cervos derribando,
Outros olhos vereis, que triumphando
Derribam corações, que valem mais.
Deixai logo as aljavas e águas frias,
E vinde, nymphas bellas, se quereis,
A vêr como de huns olhos nascem mágoas.
Notareis como em vão passam os dias ;
Mas em vão não vireis, porque achiareis
Nos seus as settas, e nos meus as ágoas.

LVI.

*He invites the Naiades and the Dryades to leave their rivers
and woods and see the arrows and waters of the love he
suffers.*

N AIADES, ye who in the streams abide,
Watering the joyous meadows where they go,
From these mine eyes, behold, shall others flow,
Almost as plenteous as your river tide ;
Dryades, ye that course the forests wide,
The flying stags with arrows to o'erthrow,
Some other eyes triumphant ye shall know,
O'erthrowing hearts—a chase of greater pride.
Leave now the quivers and the waters cold,
And come, fair nymphs, if so ye be inclined,
To know how pangs can spring from eyes that
Ye shall behold how days in vain are told, [shine ;
But not behold in vain, for ye shall find
In hers the arrows and the streams in mine.

TRIESTE, August 1880.

LIX.

*Recitado por occasião da trasladação do corpo de El-Rei
D. João III. para o mosteiro de Belem, 1572.*

QUEM jaz no grão sepulchro, que descreve
Tão illustres signaes no forte escudo?
Ninguem; que nisso, em fim se torna tudo:
Mas foi quem tudo pôde e tudo teve.
Foi Rei? Fez tudo quanto a Rei se deve:
Poz na guerra e na paz devido estudo.
Mas quão pezado foi ao Mouro rudo,
Tanto lhe seja agora a terra leve.
Alexandro será? Ninguem se engane:
Mais que o adquirir, o sustentar estima.
Será Hadriano grão Senhor do mundo?
Mais observante foi da Lei de cima.
He Numa? Numa não, mas he Joane
De Portugal Terceiro sem segundo.

LIX.

*Recited on the occasion of removing the bones of D. John III.
to the Monastery of Belem, 1572.*

WHO lies in this great sepulchre that shows
 Signs so illustrious on the valiant shield?
 No one; for to this end all things must yield:
 But he did all and could all: as he chose.
 A King? he wrought what King to self King owes:
 He studied arts of peace and of the field:
 Heavily as the rude Moor's fate he sealed,
 So lightly on him now may earth repose!
 Is't Alexander? you mistake the man:
 Rather he loved to keep than to acquire.
 Is it the world's great master, Hadrian?
 He held the sacred law of Heaven far higher.
 Numa? It is not Numa, it is John
 Of Portugal, the Third: second to none.

CAIRO, February 1880.

LXX.

O Pastor Liso (que é o Poeta) e o Echo.

NA metade do Ceo subido ardia
O claro, almo Pastor, quando deixavão
O verde pasto as cabras, e buscavão
A frescura suave da água fria.
Com a folha das árvores, sombria,
Do raio ardente as aves se amparavão :
O módulo cantar, de que cessavão,
Só nas roucas cigarras se sentia ;
Quando Liso pastor n'hum campo verde
Natercia, crua nympha, só buscava
Com mil suspiros tristes que derrama.
Porque te vás de quem por ti se perde,
Para quem pouco te ama ? (suspirava)
E o Echo lhe responde : Pouco te ama.

LXX.

The Shepherd Liso (who is the Poet) and Echo.

IN heaven's high midst the brilliant Shepherd
Guide

Was shining hot ; the flocking goats resigned
Their pastures green, a refuge cool to find
In the sweet freshness of the waters' side :
The birds had gone in leafy shades to hide
From ardent rays ; the melodies combined
Of all their warbling that they now declined,
Was by shrill grasshoppers alone supplied ;
When Liso, shepherd, o'er a verdant plain
Sought for Natercia, cruel nymph, alone,
'Midst thousand mournful sighs he poured in vain.
" Why fliest him who's lost in thee for one
Who cannot care for thee "—'tis thus he sighs,
And Echo " cannot care for thee " replies.

At sea, from Lisbon to Madeira, June 1880.

LXXI.

Dous pastores ausentes de suas amantes, que os amam.

JA a rôxa e branca Aurora destoucava
Os seus cabellos de ouro delicados,
E das flôres os campos esmaltados
Com crystallino orvalho borrifava ;
Quando o formoso gado se espalhava
De Sylvio e de Laurente por os prados ;
Pastores ambos, e ambos apartados,
De quem o mesmo amor não se apartava.
Com verdadeiras lágrimas Laurente,
Não sei (dizia) ó nympha delicada,
Porque não morre ja quem vive ausente :
Pois a vida sem ti não presta nada.
Responde Sylvio : Amor não o consente :
Que offende as esperanças da tornada.

LXXI.

*Two shepherds absent from their two beloved, who do not
fail to love them.*

NOW pearly, rosy morn spread forth above
The delicate threads of all her golden hair,
And o'er the enamelled meadows breathed her air,
The crystal dew from blossoms to remove ;
When Silvio and Laurente, tending, drove
Their beauteous flocks for pasture to repair,
Both shepherds, both far absent from their fair,
From whom there was not absent equal love.
With tears unfeigned Laurente thus doth sigh :
Oh ! gentle nymph, 'tis miracle to me,
How he that lives in absence doth not die,
For life is nothing worth, away from thee !
Love will not suffer, Silvio makes reply,
Hope of return should so offended be.

At sea, to St. Michael's, June 1830.

LXXII.

*Apparece-lhe em sonhos a sua amada Dinameue, mas
elle acorda.*

QUANDO de minhas mágoas a comprida
Maginação os olhos me adormece,
Em sonhos aquella alma me apparece,
Que para mi foi sonho nesta vida.
Lá n'huma soidade, onde estendida
A vista por o campo desfallece,
Corro apoz ella ; e ella então parece
Que mais de mi se alonga, compellida.
Brado : Não me fujais, sombra benina.
Ella (os olhos em mi co'hum brando pejo,
Como quem diz, que ja não póde ser)
Torna a fugir-me : torno a bradar : *Dina . . .*
E antes que diga *mene*, acórdo, e vejo
Que nem hum breve engano posso ter.

LXXII.

His beloved Dinamene appears in dreams, but he wakes.

WHEN long imaginings on griefs supreme
Have overwhelmed in sleep my wearied eyes,
That spirit will in dreams before me rise,
Which ever was for me in life a dream.
There in a solitude, in whose extreme
My vision, o'er the plain extended, dies,
I follow after her, and as she flies,
As if impellèd, still farther doth she seem.
I call—Oh! shade benignant, do not fly:
She, with soft bashful eyes on me inclined,
(As who would say, I never can be thine!)
Still flies again: again I *Dina* cry
And *mene* still would say, but wake to find
Not e'en a short illusion can be mine.

At sea (Mongolia), Gibraltar to Malta, July 1880.

LXXVI.

*Feito em prisão, quando da China regressou para Goa, e
depois da morte de D. Catharina de Athaide.*

QUEM fosse acompanhando juntamente
Por esses verdes campos a avezinha
Que depois de perder hum bem que tinha,
Não sabe mais que cousa he ser contente !
E quem fosse apartando-se da gente,
Ella por companheira e por vizinha,
Me ajudasse a chorar a pena minha,
E eu a ella tambem a que ella sente !
Ditosa ave ! que ao menos, se a natura
A seu primeiro bem não dá segundo,
Dá-lhe o ser triste a seu contentamento.
Mas triste quem de longe quiz ventura
Que para respirar lhe falte o vento,
E para tudo, em fim, lhe falte o mundo !

LXXVI.

*Written in prison, at Goa, after his return from China, and
after the death of D. Catharina de Athaide.*

OH! but the little bird to accompany,
That o'er those verdant meadows now hath
Who, having lost a joy it called its own, [flown,
No longer knows what is felicity ;
Oh ! but from those around me now to flee ;
My griefs she then might aid me to bemoan,
My neighbour and companion she alone,
I aiding her, wherein she mourns with me.
Blest bird ! to whom, if e'en no second mate
Nature will grant the lost one to supply,
She grants at least a choice of scene to mourn ;
But hapless he whom, far away, his fate
Denies e'en air enough to breathe a sigh,
Denies, in fine, the world, and leaves forlorn !

NAPLES, July 1880.

LXXXIV.

Longe da amante. O que seria se a pudesse ver ?

ONDADOS fios de ouro reluzente,
Que agora da mão bella recolhidos,
Agora sôbre as rosas esparzidos
Fazeis que a sua graça se accrescente ;
Olhos, que vos moveis tão docemente,
Em mil divinos raios incendidos,
Se de cá me levais a alma e sentidos,
Que fôra, se eu de vós não fôra ausente ?
Honesto riso, que entre a mór fineza
De perlas e coraes nasce e apparece ;
Oh quem seus doces ecos ja lhe ouvisse !
Se imaginando só tanta belleza,
De si com nova gloria a alma se esquece,
Que será quando a vir ? Ah quem a visse !

LXXXIV.

*Far removed from his beloved. What would become of him
if she were present?*

YE waving, flowing threads of golden sheen,
That now in fairest hand are gatherèd,
Now o'er the roses are dishevelled spread,
Making your graces manifold be seen ;
Eyes that are moving in such gentle mien,
And thousand rays divine illumined shed,
If here my soul and sense are captive led,
What might have been had I not absent been ?
Chaste laugh, that midst the pureness, passing fair,
Of pearls and corals springs and brightly flows,
Oh ! could I hear its honied harmony :
If the mere thought of loveliness so rare
The soul with new-felt glory overthrows,
What, were all seen: Ah, would that I could see!

LISBON, *June* 1880.

LXXXIX.

Nunca o destino permittiu que se mudasse a sua sorte adversa.

NO mundo quiz o Tempo que se achasse
O bem que por acêrto, ou sorte vinha ;
E por experimentar que dita tinha,
Quiz que a fortuna em mi se experimentasse.
Mas porque o meu Destino me mostrasse
Que nem ter esperanças me convinha,
Nunca nesta tão longa vida minha
Cousa me deixou vêr que desejasse.
Mudando andei costume, terra, estado,
Por vêr se se mudava a sorte dura ;
A vida puz nas mãos de hum leve lenho.
Mas, segundo o que o Ceo me tõe mostrado,
Ja sei que deste meu buscar ventura
Achado tenho ja que não a tenho.

LXXXIX.

Destiny would never permit his hard lot to change.

TIME in the world at one time was intent
My gifts of chance or certainty to find ;
And thus, to experience if my lot was kind,
He Fortune asked to make the experiment.
But as my Destiny would ne'er consent
That hope should e'en be granted to my mind,
All through my life so weary, it designed
To show me nought whereon my heart was bent.
Land, habits, station changing have I gone,
To find if Fate obdurate could be changed ;
My life I've trusted to a fragile boat ;
But after all that Heaven to me hath shown,
And having widely after Fortune ranged,
I merely have to find I have it not !

DRESDEN, August 30, 1880.

XC.

*Descreve a formosura da sua amante e os effeitos p'de vê-los
traduzidos nas penas que lhe fez experimentar.*

A PERFEIÇÃO, a graça, o doce geito,
A Primavera cheia de frescura,
Que sempre em vós floresce ; a que a ventura,
E a razão entregáram este peito ;
Aquelle crystallino e puro aspeito,
Que em si comprehende toda a formosura ;
O resplendor dos olhos e a brandura,
Donde Amor a ninguem quiz ter respeito ;
S'isto que em vós se vê, vêr desejais,
Como digno de vêr-se claramente,
Por muito que de Amor vos isentais ;
Traduzido o vereis tão fielmente
No meio deste espirito onde estais,
Que vendo-vos sintais o que elle sente.

XC.

*Describes the beauty of his beloved : the effects may be seen in
the pains he suffers.*

PERFECTION, sweet demeanour, grace divine,
The spring all full of freshness, young and green,
Which flourishing in thee is ever seen,
Where chance and reason did this heart entwine ;
That aspect pure of perfect crystalline,
Embracing in itself all beauty's sheen,
The splendour of the eyes and gentle mien,
Whence Love would ne'er towards any one incline :
All this, as in thee seen, if thou wouldst see,
As something worthy that I should reveal,
However far from Love thy bosom be,
So faithfully its image will I seal
Within this heart whose throne is held by thee,
That seeing thyself thou'lt feel what now I feel.

At sea, from Madeira to Lisbon, July 1880.

XCIX.

O desprêzo da pastora Nise.

O RAIO crystallino se estendia
Por o mundo, da Aurora marchetada,
Quando Nise, pastora delicada,
Donde a vida deixava se partia.
Dos olhos, com que o sol escurecia,
Levando a luz em lágrimas banhada,
De si, do fado, e tempo magoada,
Pondo os olhos no Ceo, assi dizia :
Nasce, sereno sol, puro e luzente ;
Resplandece, purpurea e branca aurora,
Qualquer alma alegrando descontente ;
Que a minha, sabe tu que desde agora
Jamais na vida a podes ver contente,
Nem tão triste nenhuma outra pastora.

XCIX.

The despair of the shepherdess Nise.

AURORA with her new-born crystal ray
Arose the enamelled world again to dress,
When Nise, fair and gentle shepherdess,
Departed whence her only true life lay.
The light of eyes that darkened those of day
She raised, while flowing anxious tears oppress,
Of self, fate, time, all wearied to distress,
And gazing heavenward thus did pensive say :
Rise, tranquil sun, once more all pure and shining,
Clear purple morn with new-born light be clad,
And see sad souls with you their grief resigning ;
But my poor soul, while others all are glad,
Ye know ye ne'er shall see but as repining,
Nor any other shepherdess so sad.

CAIRO, February 20, 1880.

C.

Ao soldado Ruy Dias, natural de Alemquer.

NO mundo poucos annos e cansados
Vivi, cheios de vil miseria e dura :
Foi-me tão cedo a luz do dia escura,
Que não vi cinco lustros acabados.
Corri terras e mares apartados,
Buscando á vida algum remedio ou cura :
Mas aquillo que, em fim, não dá ventura
Não o dão os trabalhos arriscados.
Criou-me Portugal na verde e chara
Patria minha Alemquer ; mas ar corruto,
Que neste meu terreno vaso tinha,
Me fez manjar de peixes em ti, bruto
Mar, que bates a Abássia fem e avara,
Tão longe da ditosa patria minha.

C.

To the soldier Ruy Dias, native of Alemquer. ;

O N earth few years and weary did I live,
 The fulness of vile misery to endure ;
 So soon I lost my day of light obscure,
 I saw not e'en completed lusters five.
 O'er lands, seas wide apart, 'twas mine to strive,
 Seeking some remedy for life, some cure ;
 But that which Fortune will not give, 'tis sure
 No daring labours can avail to give.
 In my dear verdant country, Alemquer,
 Portugal bred me ; but it came to be
 That air corrupted in this house of clay,
 Made me the fishes' food in thee, brute sea,
 Who beatest on Abásia, greedy and bare,
 From my sweet native land so far away.

TRIESTE, *August 1880.*

CVII.

*Pede ás Tégidas que saiam a escutar as suas queixas,
compadecendo-se dellas.*

MORADORAS gentís e delicadas
Do claro e aureo Tejo, que metidas
Estais em suas grutas escondidas,
E com dôce repouso socegadas ;
Agora estais de amores inflammadas,
Nos crystallinos paços entretidas ;
Agora no exercicio embevecidas
Das télas de ouro puro matizadas ;
Movei dos lindos rostos a luz pura
De vossos olhos bellos, consentindo
Que lágrimas derramem de tristura.
E assi com dôr mais propria ireis ouvindo
As queixas que derramo da Ventura,
Que com penas de Amor me vai seguindo.

CVIL

*He prays the nymphs of Tagus to come and listen to his griefs,
and compassionate them.*

DWELLERS, all grace and loveliness, where
flows

'The bright and golden Tagus ; who abide
Within your river grottoes, where ye hide,
Wrapt in the quietude of sweet repose ;
Now love all ardent in your bosoms glows,
Within those crystal courts where ye preside ;
Now work ye at your subtile webs, all pride,
Where gold 'midst thousand tints its brightness
shows.

From those fair brows remove the light so clear
'That shines from those sweet eyes, and be your will
Of sorrowing sympathy to pour the tear ;
Thus grief more fitting shall your bosoms fill,
The plaints, that I 'gainst Fortune pour, to hear,
Who with the pangs of Love pursues me still.

VIENNA, August 1880.

CVIII.

Um adeos ao Tejo, ao partir para a India.

BRANDAS águas do Tejo que, passando
Por estes verdes campos que regais,
Plantas, hervas, e flôres, e animais,
Pastores, nymphas, ides alegrando ;
Não sei (ah doces águas !), não sei quando
Vos tornarei a vêr ; que mágoas tais,
Vendo como vos deixo, me causais,
Que de tornar ja vou desconfiando.
Ordenou o destino, desejoso
De converter meus gostos em pesares,
Partida que me vai custando tanto.
Saúdoso de vós, d'elle queixoso,
Encherei de suspiros outros ares,
Turbarei outras águas com meu pranto.

CXVIII.

Um conselho gracioso á pastora Nise.

NÃO vás ao monte, Nise, com teu gado ;
Que lá vi que Cupido te buscava :
Por ti sómente a todos perguntava,
No gesto menos plácido que irado.
Elle publica, em fim, que lhe has roubado
Os melhores farpões da sua aljava ;
E com hum dardo ardente assegurava
Traspassar esse peito delicado.
Fuge de vêr-te lá nesta aventura,
Porque se contra ti o tens iroso,
Pode ser que te alcance com mão dura.
Mas aí ! que em vão te advirto temeroso,
Se á tua incomparavel formosura
Se rende o dardo seu mais poderoso !

CXVIII.

A playful caution to Nise, fair shepherdess.

DON'T venture, Nise, to the mount to-day,
To feed thy flock, for Cupid did I see,
Asking and seeking there for only thee,
With gesture more in anger than in play.
He vows, in truth, that thou hast stolen away
The sharpest points that in his quiver be,
And doth with burning dart make certainty
Deep in thy delicate breast to pierce his way.
Be not in such a venture seen, beware,
For if his anger 'gainst thee still remain,
With cruel hand he may thy bosom tear.
But ah ! my timid counsels were in vain,
If by thy beauty, all beyond compare,
His keenest arrow should itself be ta'en !

At sea, from Lisbon to Gibraltar, July 1830.

CXX.

*Que despojando-se a sua dama de todos os seus ornamentos,
 & ella só deshumana.*

TORNAI essa brancura á alva assucena,
 E essa purpurea côr ás puras rosas ;
 Tornai ao sol as chammas luminosas
 De essa vista que a roubos vos condena.
 Tornai á suavissima sirena
 D'essa voz as cadencias delectosas :
 Tornai a graça ás Graças, que queixosas
 Estam de a ter por vós menos serena :
 Tornai á bella Venus a belleza ;
 A Minerva o saber, o engenho, e a arte ;
 E a pureza á castissima Diana.
 Despojai-vos de toda essa grandeza
 De dões ; e ficareis em toda parte
 Comvosco só, que he só ser inhumana.

CXX.

*That, stripp'd of all her gifts, she is only a heartless
woman.*

GIVE back that whiteness to the lily white,
Give back the roses pure their rosy hue,
Give back the sun those lustrous rays we view
In eyes that prove you robber of his light ;
Give back the Siren's fascinating might
Of vocal cadencies that all subdue ;
Grace to the Graces, ill content with you
Their gifts to whom have made themselves less
To chaste Diana purity resign, [bright ;
Yield lovely Venus loveliness again,
Yield to Minerva wisdom, wit, and art ;
Doff all this rich endowment that is thine,
And then thyself thou only shalt remain,
Which only is a being without heart.

At sea, from Lisbon to Madeira, June 1880.

CXXVII.

*Como o sol rompe as nuvens, a belleza da sua amante
romperá a sua ingratição.*

ESTE terrestre caos com seus vapores
Não pode condensar as nuvens tanto,
Que o claro sol não rompa o negro manto
Com suas bellas e luzentes côres.
A ingratição esquivava de rigores
Opposta nuvem he, que dura em quanto
Nos não converte o Ceo em triste pranto
Suas vãs esperanças, seus favores.
Pode-se contrapôr ao Ceo a terra,
E estar o sol por horas eclipsado ;
Mas não pode ficar escurecido.
Pode prevalecer a vossa guerra ;
Mas, a pezar das nuvens, declarado
Ha de ser vosso sol, e obedecido.

CXXVII

*As the sun breaks through the clouds, the beauty of his
beloved shall break through her unkindness.*

THIS earthly chaos, with its vaporous air,
Cannot all things with clouds so dense o'erlay,
But that the glowing sun's refulgent ray
Can the dark mantle penetrate and tear.
Scornful ingratitude, manner severe,
Are the obstructing cloud, that can but sway
While Heaven forbears to drive vain hopes away,
And change its favours into dark despair ;
The rolling earth can Heaven in night obscure,
The sun may e'en for hours eclipsed remain,
But cannot be for ever overlaid ;
And so thy warfare may awhile endure,
But by and by, in spite of clouds and rain,
Thy sun will be declared and be obeyed.

DRESDEN, *September 1830.*

CXXXII.

Audaces fortuna juvat.

NUNCA em amor damnou o atrevimento ;
Favorece a fortuna a ousadia ;
Porque sempre a encolhida covardia
De pedra serve ao livre pensamento.
Quem se eleva ao sublime Firmamento,
A estrella nelle encontra, que lhe he guia ;
Que o bem que encerra em si a phantasia
São humas illusões que leva o vento.
Abrir-se devem passos á ventura :
Sem si proprio ninguem será ditoso :
Os principios sómente a sorte os move.
Atrever-se he valor, e não loucura.
Perderá por covarde o venturoso
Que vos vê, se os temores não remove.

CXXXII.

That fortune favours the brave in love.

NEVER did love his boldness hurtful find ;
Fortune hath ever favours for the bold ;
For cowardice, that shivers in the cold,
Hangs like a stone on freedom of the mind.
Who dares the Firmament sublime ascend,
Meets there a star, whereby his course is told ;
The good mere fancy in its range doth hold
Illusive is, soon scattered by the wind.
A path for fortune should be opened free ;
To none, without himself, will greatness fall ;
Chance moving only in first steps appears.
To dare is valour, madness 'twill not be ;
He to whom fortune shows thee loses all,
If, coward like, he doth not scorn his fears.

GRATZ, August 1880.

CXXXIII.

Ao deixar Coimbra onde ficava o objecto dos seus amores.

DOCES e claras águas do Mondego,
Doce repouso de minha lembrança,
Onde a comprida e perfida esperança
Longo tempo apoz si me trouxe cego,
De vós me aparto, si ; porém não nego
Que inda a longa memoria, que me alcança,
Me não deixa de vós fazer mudança,
Mas quanto mais me alongo, mais me achego.
Bem poderá a Fortuna este instrumento
Da alma levar por terra nova e estranha,
Offerecido ao mar remoto, ao vento.
Mas a alma, que de cá vos acompanha,
Nas azas do ligeiro pensamento
Para vós, águas, vòs, e em vós se banha.

CXXXIII.

On leaving Coimbra and the object of his love.

SWEET waters of Mondego's stream refined,
Of my remembrances the sweet repose,
Where hope perfidious and protracted rose,
And led me long time, following, all blind :
Yes, I depart, but fain must own, my mind
Fond memory still o'ertakes, and with me goes,
Nor suffers aught of change to interpose ;
The farther moved, the more I stay behind.
Well may this dwelling of the soul be brought
By Fortune to some new and foreign sphere,
Committed to the wind and sea remote ;
But the fond soul that clings to you from here,
Oh ! waters, on the wings of rapid thought
Flies to your stream again and bathes it there.

CAIRO, February 1880.

CXXXVIII.

As prisões de um coração que canta ao som dos ferros.

PRESENCA bella, angelica figura,
Em quem quanto o Ceo tinha nos tem dado,
Gesto alegre de rosas semeado,
Entre as quaes se está rindo a formosura :
Olhos, onde tem feito tal mistura
Em crystal puro o negro marchetado,
Que vemos ja no verde delicado
Não esperança, mas inveja escura :
Brandura, aviso, e graça, que augmentando
A natural belleza co'hum desprêzo,
Com que mais desprezada mais se augmenta :
Sam as prizões de hum coração, que prêzo,
Seu mal ao som dos ferros vai cantando,
Como faz a serêa na tormenta.

CXXXVIII.

*The chains of a heart which sings to the sound of the
fellers.*

FAIR presence, figure as an angel's fair,
Where Heaven hath given us all that is its own,
A beaming countenance with roses sown,
And, in the cluster, Beauty laughing there ;
Eyes with a blended marquetry so rare,
In jewelled black and purest whiteness shown,
That by the delicate green must now be known
Not hope,* but jealousy's forbidding air ;
Gentleness, sense and grace, that brighter show
Their natural beauty by indifference' vein—
The more the indifference still the more the
Are fetters of a heart that, prisoner ta'en, [charm—
Sings to their iron clank its captive woe,
E'en like the mermaid singing to the storm.

ROME, July 1880.

* Green, in Portuguese, is the colour for Hope.

CXXXIX.

Escrepto no mar, indo para Goa, depois de uma despedida dolorosa.

POR cima destas águas forte e firme
Irei aonde os Fados o ordenáram,
Pois por cima de quantas derramáram
Aquelles claros olhos pude vir-me.
Ja chegado era o fim de despedir-me ;
Ja mil impedimentos se acabáram,
Quando rios de amor se atravessáram
A me impedir o passo de partir-me.
Passei-os eu com ânimo obstinado,
Com que a morte forçada gloriosa
Faz o vencido ja desesperado.
Em qual figura, ou gesto desusado,
Pode ja fazer medo a morte irosa
A quem tõe a seus pés rendido e atado ?

CXXXIX.

Written at sea, sailing for Goa, after a mournful separation.

OVER these waters firm and strong I'll go,
 Whither the Fates my passage have ordained,
 For o'er those waters have I been sustained
 That poured from those bright eyes with ceaseless
 The hour had sounded of the parting vow ; [flow.
 Nought of a thousand hindrances remained,
 When streams of love my steps would have re-
 Flowing across my path to bid me—no. [strained,
 I passed them all, with that firm will defied
 Wherewith, when forced a glorious death to die,
 The vanquished, all despair, his fate will meet.
 With what new shape, what gesture yet untried,
 Can angry death pretend to terrify
 Whom he holds bound and prostrate at his feet?

LONDON, *November 1880.*

CXLV.

Encarece á sua dama a constancia em amal-a.

QUANDO se vir com água o fogo arder
Juntar-se ao claro dia a noite escura,
E a terra collocada lá na altura
Em que se vem os ceos prevalecer ;
Quando Amor á Razão obedecer,
E em todos fôr igual huma ventura,
Deixarei eu de vêr tal formosura,
E de a amar deixarei depois de a ver.
Porém não sendo vista esta mudança
No mundo, porque, em fim, não pode ver-se,
Ninguem mudar-me queira de querer-vos.
Que basta estar em vós minha esperança,
E o ganhar-se a minha alma, ou o perder-se,
Para dos olhos meus nunca perder-vos.

CXLV.

That nothing can change his love.

WHEN flaming fire with water is allied,
When brilliant day combines with night
obscure,

When earth is raised to that high region pure,
We see by heaven's blue arc now occupied ;
When Love submits to Reason for his guide,
When equal Fortune levels rich and poor,
I'll leave to gaze upon that cynosure,
And, having gazed, leave love and turn aside.
But as on earth such change can ne'er be seen,
For none can see what Nature doth refuse,
So let none seek to change my seeking thee :
Enough that all my hopes in thee have been,
Whereby my soul must save itself or lose,
And never to mine eyes thou lost canst be.

JERUSALEM, *March* 1880.

CXLVII.

O poeta, debaixo do nome do pastor Liso, lança em rosto á sua Natércia a pouca constancia.

NA margem de hum ribeiro, que fendia
Com liquido crystal hum verde prado,
O triste pastor Liso debruçado
Sôbre o tronco de hum freixo assi dizia :
Ah Natércia cruel ! quem te desvia
Esse cuidado teu do meu cuidado ?
Se tanto hei de penar desenganado,
Enganado de ti viver queria.
Que foi de aquella fé que tu me déste ?
D'aquelle puro amor que me mostraste ?
Quem tudo trocar pôde tão asinha ?
Quando esses olhos teus n'outro puzeste,
Como te não lembrou que me juraste
Por toda a sua luz que eras só minha ?

CXLVII.

*The poet, under the name of Liso, upbraids Natercia
for her inconstancy.*

UPON the margin of a stream, whose bed
 With liquid crystal crossed a meadow green,
 The mournful shepherd Liso there did lean
 Upon an ashen stem, and thus he said :
 Ah ! who the cause, Natercia, cruel maid,
 That our two cares have separated been ?
 If thus I suffer, undeceived, I ween
 Better my life deceived by thee were led !
 Where is that pledge thou gav'st me day by day ?
 Where that once perfect love thy bosom showed ?
 Who could so suddenly change every tone ?
 When thou didst turn those eyes another way,
 How didst thou not remember thou hadst vowed
 By all their light that thou wast mine alone ?

CAIRO, February 1880.

CLVIII.

*Despedindo-se das damas de Lisboa, e significando-lhes
a sua saudade.*

EU me aparto de vós, Nymphas do Tejo,
Quando menos temia esta partida ;
E se a minha alma vai entristecida,
Nos olhos o vereis com que vos vejo.
Pequenas esperanças, mal sobejo,
Vontade que Razão leva vencida,
Presto verão o fim á triste vida,
Se vos não torno a vêr como desejo.
Nunca a noite entretanto, nunca o dia,
Verão partir de mi vossa lembrança :
Amor, que vai comigo, o certifica.
Por mais que no tornar haja tardança,
Me farão sempre triste companhia
Saudades do bem que em vós me fica.

CLVIII.

*A farewell to the ladies of Lisbon, with assurances of his
lasting recollections.*

MY Nymphs of Tagus, I depart, adieu !
E'en now when least I feared this parting's
And if my soul subdued in sadness go, [blow ;
Behold it in these eyes beholding you.
Hopes almost hopeless, sorrows more than due,
Desires that Reason will not deign to know,
Will swiftly end this mournful life below,
If ne'er my longed-for sojourn I renew.
Ne'er shall the night, meanwhile, ne'er shall the day
Behold my fond remembrance fail or fade,
As Love, who travels with me, surely tells :
How long soe'er return may be delayed,
Still shall fond thought, sad comrade of my way,
Muse on your gift of good that inward dwells.

JERUSALEM, *March* 1880.

CLXL

Soliso a la nympfa Natercia (Fantastico).

Á LA margen del Tajo, en claro dia,
Con rayado marfil peinando estaba
Natercia sus cabellos, y quitaba
Con sus ojos la luz al sol que ardia.
Soliso que, cual Clicie, la seguia,
Lejos de sí, mas cerca della estaba :
Al son de su zampoña celebraba
La causa de su ardor, y así decia :
Si tantas, como tú tienes cabellos,
Tuviera vidas yo, me las llevaras
Colgada cada cual del uno dellos.
De no tenerlas tú me consolaras,
Si tantas veces mil, como son ellos,
En ellos la que tengo me enredaras.

CLXI.

A fanciful address of one Soliso to Natereia.

[IN SPANISH.]

ON Tagus' margin, in the bloom of day,
Combing with ivory comb her lustrous hair,
Natereia sat, and with those pupils rare
Subdued the glories of the solar ray.
Soliso, following her as Clicia, lay
Far from himself, but to the maiden near,
And, celebrating to his zamponé's air
The causes of his ardour, thus did say :
My every life were sacrifice to thee,
If lives as many as thy hairs were mine ;
On every hair would hang a life of me :
Not having these, still need I not repine
If times as thousand as of hairs there be,
My only life in them thou wouldst entwine.

JERUSALEM, *March* 1880.

CLXV.

Endymion ruega al sol que vuelva a ocultarse.

EN una selva al dispartar del día
Estaba Endimion triste y lloroso,
Vuelto al rayo del sol, que presuroso
Por la falda de un monte descendía.
Mirando al turbador de su alegría,
Contrario de su bien y su reposo,
Tras un suspiro y otro, congojoso,
Razones semejantes le decía :
Luz clara, para mí la mas oscura,
Que con esse paseo apresurado,
Mi sol con tu teniebla escureciste ;
Si allà pueden moverte en esa altura
Las quejas de un pastor enamorado,
No tardes en volver á dó saliste.

CLXV.

Endymion prays the sun to hide himself again.

[IN SPANISH.]

WITHIN a forest at the break of day
Endymion stood, all sad and lachrymose,
And turned him toward the sun who hastening rose,
And 'twixt a mountain's fringes cast its ray ;
Gazing on him who chased his joy away,
Unfriendly to his bliss and his repose,
Sigh upon sigh he heaved of anxious throes,
Gave vent to his complaint, and thus did say :
Thou most obscure for me, refulgent light,
Who with thy all too hasty course above
Hast by thy darkness quite obscured my sun,
If aught avail to move thee, in thy height,
Complaint of shepherd overwhelmed in love,
Haste whence thou camest, e'er thy course begun.

TRIESTE, August 1880.

CLXIX.

Descreve os encantos de um ameno sitio no campo.

CAMPO! nas syrtes deste mar da vida,
Apoz naufragios seus taboa segura;
Claras bonanças em tormenta escura,
Habitação da paz, de amor guarida;
A ti fujo: e se vence tal fugida,
E quem mudou lugar, mudou ventura,
Cantemos a victoria; e na espessura
Triumphe a honra da ambição vencida.
Em flôr e fructo de verão e outono;
Utilmente murmuram claras ágoas;
Alegre me acha aqui, me deixa o dia
Amantes rouxinoes rompem-me o sono
Que ata o descanso: aqui sepulto mágoas
Que ja foram sepulcros de alegria.

CLXIX.

Describes the charms of a pleasant dwelling in the country.

COUNTRY! when quicksands in this life's sea
loom,

And after shipwreck, our true raft secure,
Thou calm unclouded after storm obscure,
Of love the refuge and of peace the home,
To thee I fly; and if such flight o'ercome,
If change of place make change of fortune sure,
We'll victory sing, and in the forest hoar,
Honour shall triumph o'er ambition's tomb.
Here summer's flowers, here autumn's fruits are
And usefully the glittering waters glide; [blest,
Day comes and goes with nothing to annoy:
Here amorous nightingales invade the rest
That sleeps off care; and buried here I hide
Griefs that of old were sepulchres of joy.

CAIRO, February 1880.

CLXXIII.

*Neste lindo soneto Ionio pede ás ondas do mar que lhe restituam
a sua amante, que morreu nelle afogada.*

O CEO, a terra, o vento socegado,
As ondas que se estendem por a areia,
Os peixes que no mar o somno enfreia,
O nocturno silencio repousado ;
O pescador Aonio que, deitado
Onde co' o vento a água se meneia,
Chorando, o nome amado em vão nomeia,
Que não póde ser mais que nomeado ;
Ondas (dizia) antes que Amor me mate,
Tornae-me a minha Nympha, que tão cedo
Me fizestes á morte estar sujeita !
Ninguem responde ; o mar de longe bate ;
Move-se brandamente o arvoredo ;
Leva-lhe o vento a voz qu'ao vento deita.

CLXXIII.

*In this beautiful sonnet Jania calls on the waves to restore
to him his drowned love.*

ALL hushed the heaven and earth, and wind
the same,
The waves all spreading o'er the sandy plain,
While sleep doth in the sea the fish enchain,
Nocturnal silence brooding as a dream ;
Prostrate with love, Ionio, fisher, came
Where the breeze moved the waters of the main ;
Weeping, the well-loved name he called in vain,
That can no more be called but as a name ;
Oh ! waves, or ere love slay me, thus he cried,
Restore to me my Nymph who, ah ! so soon,
Ye taught my soul was subject to the grave.
No one replies ; from far beats ocean's tide ;
All softly moves the grove ; and the wind's moan
Bears off the voice that to the wind he gave.

CAIRO, February 1830.

CLXXX.

Relativo aos seus amores infelizes.

HORAS breves de meu contentamento,
Nunca me pareceo, quando vos tinha,
Que vos visse mudadas tão asinha
Em tão compridos annos de tormento.
As altas tôrres, que fundei no vento,
Levou, em fim, o vento que as sostinha :
Do mal, que me ficou, a culpa he minha,
Pois sôbre cousas vãs fiz fundamento.
Amor com brandas mostras apparece,
Tudo possivel faz, tudo assegura ;
Mas logo no melhor desapparecê.
Estranho mal ! estranha desventura !
Por hum pequeno bem que desfallece,
Hum bem aventurar, que sempre dura !

CLXXX.

In reference to his unhappy attachments.

SHORT hours, with whom contentment I could
find,
I ne'er believed, while 'midst your smiles I lay,
How swift your change might prove, how short
your stay,
Leaving such years prolonged of pain behind.
The lofty towers I founded on the wind,
The wind, they rested on, hath blown away :
Mine is the fault for all this evil day,
For ah ! on empty things I set my mind.
Love first appeareth in persuasive guise,
Showing all possible, and all as sure,
But presently, while smiling most, he flies.
Strange evil ! strange ill fate that can allure !
For a small good that so maturely dies
'To risk a good that might for aye endure !

LISBON, *June 1880.*

CLXXXIII.

CEPHALO E PROCRIS.

POR sua nympha Céphalo deixava
A Aurora, que por elle se perdia,
Postoque dá principio ao claro dia,
Postoque as rôxas flôres imitava.
Elle, que a bella Procris tanto amava,
Que só por ella tudo engeitaria,
Deseja de tentar se lhe acharia
Tão firme fé, como ella nelle achava.
Mudado o trage, tece hum duro engano ;
Outro se finge, preço põe diante ;
Quebra-se a fé mudavel, e consente.
Oh subtil invenção para seu dano !
Vêde que manhas busca hum cego amante
Para que sempre seja descontente !

CLXXXIII.

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

CEPHALUS for his nymph had cast aside
Aurora, though her heart he'd charmed away,
Though she gave birth unto the brilliant day,
And though with all the purple flowers she vied.
He, who the Procris fair so deified
That everything for her he would betray,
Resolved to try, if in her bosom lay
Fidelity as firm as his, if tried.
Robed in disguise, he weaves the harsh device,
Another lover feigns before her eye ;
The fickle faith is broken, yields consent ;
Oh ! stratagem to his own prejudice ;
Behold what arts a lover blind will try,
To be for ever breeding discontent !

Off Madeira to Lisbon, July 1880.

CLXXXIV.

PROCRIS E CEPHALO.

SENTINDO-SE alcançada a bella esposa
De Céphalo no crime consentido,
Para os montes fugia do marido ;
E não sei se de astuta, ou vergonhosa.
Porque elle, em fim, soffrendo a dôr ciosa,
Da cegueira obrigado de Cupido,
Apoz ella se vai como perdido,
Ja perdoando a culpa criminosa.
Deita-se aos pés da nympha endurecida,
Que do cioso engano está aggravada ;
Ja lhe pede perdão, ja pede a vida.
Oh fôrça d'affeição desatinada !
Que da culpa contr'elle commettida,
Perdão pedia á parte que he culpada !

CLXXXIV.

PROCRIS AND CEPHALUS.

NOW when the lovely spouse of Cephalus
knows

Her yielding crime before her husband lies,

Forth to the mountain solitudes she flies ;

I know not if from craft or shame she goes :

Then he, still suffering all his jealous throes,

Love-blinded, hurried on by ecstasies,

Like one all lost, upon her footsteps hies,

And eager pardon on her crime bestows.

He flings himself the obdurate nymph before,

Aggrieved that he such jealous snare should lay,

To implore her pardon, nay, his life implore :

Oh ! force of love, such madness to display :

He who hath suffered an offence so sore

Doth now his pardon of the offender pray !

Of Madeira to Lisbon, July 1880.



CLXXXVI.

*A uma dama que morreu de tenra idade, sendo ella talvez
D. Catharina de Athaide.*

OS olhos onde o casto Amor ardia,
Ledo de se vêr nelles abrazado ;
O rosto onde com lustre desusado
Purpurea rosa sôbre neve ardia ;
O cabello, que inveja ao sol fazia,
Porque fazia o seu menos dourado ;
A branca mão, o corpo bem talhado,
Tudo aqui se reduz a terra fria.
Perfeita formosura em tenra idade,
Qual flôr, que antecipada foi colhida,
Murchada está da mão da morte dura.
Como não morre Amor de piedade ?
Não della, que se foi á clara vida ;
Mas de si, que ficou em noute escura.

CLXXXVI.

*On the death of a young lady; supposed to refer to
D. Catharina de Alhaide.*

THE eyes where love in chastest fire would
glow,
Joying to be consumed amidst their light,
The face whereon with wondrous lustre bright
The purple rose was blushing o'er the snow ;
The hair whereof the sun would envious grow,
It made his own less golden to the sight,
The well-formed body and the hand so white,
All to cold earth reduced lies here below |
In tender age, a beauty all entire,
E'en like a blossom gathered ere its time,
Lies withered in the hand of heartless death :
How doth not Love for pity's sake expire ?
Ah ! not for her who flies to life sublime,
But for himself whom night extinguisheth.

CAIRO, February 1880.

CXCII.

*A Estacio de Faria, avô de Manuel de Faria e Sousa :
Guerreiro e Poeta.*

AGORA toma a espada, agora a penna,
Estacio nosso, em ambas celebrado,
Sendo, ou no salso mar de Marte amado,
Ou n'água doce amante da Camena.
Cysne sonoro por ribeira amena
De mi para cantar-te he cobiçado ;
Porque não podes tu ser bem cantado
De ruda fruta, nem de agreste avena.
Se eu, que a penna tomei, tomei a espada,
Para poder jogar licença tenho
Desta alta influença de dous planetas ;
Com huma e outra luz delles lograda,
Tu com pujante braço, ardente engenho,
Serás pharo a Soldados e a Poetas.

CXCII.

*To the Portuguese warrior and poet, Eustacio de Faria,
grandfather of Manuel de Faria e Sousa, the commentator.*

NOW in his hand the sword, and now the pen
Our Eustace holds, in both renowned he,
Beloved by Mars upon the briny sea,
Loving, on waters sweet, the Muse amene.
The swan sonorous on the margins green
To sing thy name is coveted by me ;
For duly thou canst ne'er resounded be,
By common flute, or pipe of rustic strain.
If I, who took the pen, now took the sword,
To play such part my title I should find,
In this high influence of two Stars divine :
Fired by the double light that they afford,
Thou shalt with powerful arm and ardent mind,
The Soldiers' and the Poets' pharos shine.

TRIESTE, August 1880.

CXCIV.

*Uma allegoria do estado de desordem em que parece que
achou a sua patria,*

CORREM turbas as águas deste rio,
Que as do ceo e as do monte as enturbáram;
Os florecidos campos se seccáram;
Intratavel se fez o valle e frio.
Passou, como o verão, o ardente estio;
Humas cousas por outras se trocáram:
Os fementidos fados ja deixáram
Do mundo o regimento, ou desvario.
Ja o tempo a ordem sua tõe sabida;
O mundo não; mas anda tão confuso,
Que parece que delle Deos se esquece.
Casos, opiniões, natura, e uso,
Fazem que nos pareça desta vida
Que não ha nella mais do que parece.

CXCIV.

*An allegory illustrating the disordered state in which the poet
appears to have found his country.*

THE waters of this river turbid flow,
Disturbed by those of mountain and of sky;
The verdant meadows all are parched and dry,
In the cold valley nothing now will grow.
Past is the summer and its ardent glow;
Some things for other things are all gone by;
The treacherous fates have ceased their perfidy
In the world's craziness or rule to show.
Time hath its order regularly known,
Not so the world, which so confused doth roll,
That God thereof would all forgetful seem:
Nature, opinions, use, events, the whole
Combine to make us feel the life we own
Is really nothing other than a dream.

Off Madeira to Lisbon, July 1880.

CCIII.

*A umas senhoras, talvez do Paço, que habitavam alguma
quinta do campo.*

DE frescas belvederes rodeadas
Estam as puras águas desta fonte ;
Formosas nymphas lhes estão defronte,
A vencer e a matar acostumadas.
Andam contra Cupido levantadas
As suas graças, que não ha quem conte :
D'outro valle esquecidas, d'outro monte,
A vida passam neste socegadas.
O seu poder juntou, sua valia
Amor, ja não soffrendo este desprezo,
Sómente por se vêr dellas vingado ;
Mas, vendo-as, entendeo que não podia
De ser morto livrar-se, ou de ser prêzo,
E ficou-se com ellas desarmado.

CCIII.

*In honour of some fair ladies, perhaps of the Court, who
were living in some country house and garden.*

BY landscape-scenes surrounded, fresh and gay,
Lie the pure waters of this purest fount ;
Whose margins lovely nymphs to court are wont,
Accustomed or to conquer or to slay.
'Gainst Cupid, all rebellious, they display
Graces no mortal ere availed to count ;
Forgetting other valley, other mount,
All calmly here they pass their life away.
Love summoned all his power and valiant mood,
Resolved no longer to endure this slight,
And that on all his vengeance should be dealt.
But, seeing them, he quickly understood
That death or prison must reward his fight,
And thus among them, all disarmed, he dwelt.

CAIRO, February 1880.

CCXXVII.

Ao Duque de Bragança, D. Theodosio.

LEVANTAI, minhas Tagides, a frente,
Deixando o Tejo ás sombras nemorosas ;
Dourai o valle umbroso, as frescas rosas,
E o monte com as árvores frondente.
Fique de vós hum pouco o rio ausente,
Cessem agora as lyras numerosas,
Cesse vosso lavor, nymphas formosas,
Cesse da fonte vossa a grã corrente.
Vinde a vêr a Theodosio grande e claro,
A quem 'stá offerecendo maior canto
Na cithara dourada o louro Apolio.
Minerva do saber dá-lhe o dom raro,
Pallas lhe dá o valor de mais espanto,
E a Fama o leva ja de polo a polo.

CCXXVII.

To the Duke of Bragança, Dom Theodosio.

EXALT on high your brow, my Tagides, [flow,
Leave Tagus through his sylvan shades to
Gild the cool vales where fresh blown roses glow,
And mountain verdant with o'ershadowing trees.
Let one short absence from your river please ;
Consent, ye lovely nymphs, aside to throw
Your numerous lyres, for once your toils forego,
Let the great current of your fountain cease.
Come see great Theodosius, warrior fair,
To whom upon his golden lyre of praise
Flaxen Apollo proffers music's soul.
Minerva grants him gift of wisdom rare,
Pallas gives valour, more than to amaze,
And Fame his glory blows from pole to pole.

SUEZ, March 1880.

CCXXX.

Á morte de uma senhora, fallecida na flor dos annos.

DEBAIXO desta pedra sepultada
Jaz do mundo a mais nobre formosura,
A quem a morte, só de inveja pura,
Sem tempo sua vida tõe roubada,
Sem ter respeito áquella assi estremada
Gentileza de luz, que a noite escura
Tornava em claro dia; cuja alvura
Do sol a clara luz tinha eclipsada
Do sol peitada foste, cruel morte,
Para o livrar de quem o escurecia;
E da lua, que ante ella luz não tinha.
Como de tal poder tiveste sorte?
E se a tiveste, como tão asinha
Tornaste a luz do mundo em terra fria?

CCXXX.

On the death of a lady in the flower of youth.

BENEATH this monumental stone enshrined,
There lies this world's most noble cynosure,
Whom death of sheerest envy did immature,
Stealing the life, untimely and unkind ;
According no respect to that refined
Sweetness of light, which e'en the night obscure
Turned to clear day, and whose refulgence pure
The brightness of the sun left far behind.
Thou cruel Death, wast bribèd by the sun,
To save his beams from hers who brighter burned,
And by the moon, that faded quite away.
How camest thou such mighty power to own ?
And owning it, why hast so quickly turned
The great light of the world to this cold clay ?

CAIRO, February 1880.

H

CCXLVII.

A dois jovens esposos, fallecidos juntamente, e que muito se amavam.

DITOSAS almas, que ambas juntamente
Ao ceo de Venus e de Amor voastes,
Onde hum bem que tão breve cá lograstes,
Estais logrando agora eternamente ;
Aquelle estado vosso tão contente,
Que só por durar pouco triste achastes,
Por outro mais contente ja o trocastes,
Onde sem sobresalto o bem se sente.
Triste de quem cá vive tão cercado,
Na amorosa fineza, de hum tormento
Que a gloria lhe perturba mais crescida !
Triste, pois me não val o soffrimento,
E Amor para mais damno me tõe dado
Para tão duro mal tão larga vida !

CCXLVII.

*On the death of a young married couple, who fondly loved
one another.*

BLEST souls, who hand in hand from here below
Have to the heaven of Love and Venus flown,
Where blessing which so brief ye here had known
Ye now for all eternity shall know ;
Those hours that in such happiness would flow,
Sad only that for so short time they shone,
Ye've changed for others of a happier tone,
Where blessings dwell and fear no sudden blow.
Unhappy, who on earth lives so beset,
In Love's keen contest, by tormenting pain,
That glory more perturbs him as it grows !
Unhappy, for I nought by suffering gain,
And Love, to turn my anguish keener yet,
For ill so harsh a life so long bestows.

DRESDEN, August 1880.

CCLIV.

*Uma dama gentil em uma lapa tenebrosa inveja o lugar
para ali se juntarem dois amantes.*

EM huma lapa toda tenebrosa,
Adonde bate o mar com furia brava,
Sôbre hũa mão o rosto, vi qu'estava
Huma nympha gentil, mas cuidadosa.
Igualmente que linda, lastimosa,
Aljofar dos seus olhos distillava ;
O mar os seus furores applicava
Com vêr cousa tão triste e tão formosa.
Alguma vez na horrivel penedia
Os bellos olhos punha com brandura,
Bastante a desfazer sua dureza.
Com angelica voz assi dizia :
Ah ! que falte mais vezes a ventura
Onde sobeja mais a natureza !

CCLIV.

*A fair damsel in a dark cave longs for it as a spot for the
meeting of lovers.*

WITHIN an ocean grotto, dark and bare,
The waves all beating round in anger rude,
Leaning her brow upon her hand, I viewed
A nymph all gentle, but all full of care.
Of aspect piteous, as of beauty rare,
A shower of seed-pearls from her eyes was strewed ;
Ocean its tempest and its rage subdued
To see a thing so mournful and so fair.
From time to time, upon the rocks beside
She cast so soft a gaze from lovely eyes,
That e'en their very harshness might relent ;
And thus with voice angelical she cried :
Ah ! me, 'tis ever so : chance least replies
Where Nature doth the most the scene present.

CAIRO, February 1880.

CCLVII.

Compara-se com uma borboleta, que voltava entomo da vlla.

QUAL tõe a borboleta por costume,
Qu'enlevada na luz da acesa vella,
Dando vai voltas mil, até que nella
Se queima agora, agora se consume :
Tal eu correndo vou ao vivo lume
D'esses olhos gentis, Aonia bella ;
E abraço-me, por mais que com cautella
Livrar-me a parte racional presume.
Conheço o muito a que se atreve a vista,
O quanto se levanta o pensamento,
O como vou morrendo claramente ;
Porém não quer Amor que lhe resista,
Nem a minh'alma o quer ; qu'em tal tormento,
Qual em gloria maior está contente.

CCLVII.

Compares himself to a moth fluttering round the flame.

E'EN as the butterfly that courts its doom,
 While round the taper's light it spell-bound
 Fluttering in thousand circles till it dies [flies,
 In flame that now doth burn, and now consume ;
 E'en so I flutter round the living bloom,
 My fair Aonia, of those beaming eyes,
 And burn me there, while all my wisdom lies,
 In striving to deliver me, o'ercome.
 Full well I know how boldly sight will dare,
 To how great altitude Love's thoughts attain,
 And that I flutter round the flame of death ;
 But Love in nowise will resistance bear,
 Nor would my heart contend : but this great pain
 E'en as more glorious calmly suffereth.

PORT SAID, *March 1880.*

CCLXXI.

*Todos os attractivos e encantos da natureza, tudo o enoja
longe da sua amante.*

AFORMOSURA desta fresca serra,
E a sombra dos verdes castanheiros,
O manso caminhar destes ribeiros,
Donde toda a tristeza se desterra ;
O rouco som do mar, a estranha terra,
O esconder do sol pelos outeiros,
O recolher dos gados derradeiros,
Das nuvens pelo ar a branda guerra :
Em fim, tudo o que a rara natureza
Com tanta variedade nos offrece,
M'está (se não te vejo) magoando.
Sem ti tudo me enoja, e me aborrece ;
Sem ti perpetuamente estou passando
Nas móres alegrias mór tristeza.

CCLXXI.

*The sweetest scenes will even offend in the absence of
the one beloved.*

THE beauty of these mountains, fresh as day,
The spreading shade these chesnuts green
The meadow-rivers with their gentle flow, [bestow,
Whence sadness all is banished far away ;
The sea's hoarse murmur and the landscape gay,
The setting sun that sinks the hills below,
The cattle gathered, loitering as they go,
Clouds that in air in gentle warfare play ;
Nay all the charms that nature, e'en most rare,
In such variety for eye can spread,
Are anguish mere, if I behold not thee ;
Without thee all are wearisome despair,
Without thee ever round me is there shed
In chiefest joys the chiefest misery.

SUEZ, March 1880.

CCLXXIX.

Um certo pastor segue uma nymphã em vão.

INDO o triste pastor todo embebido
Na sombra de seu doce pensamento,
Taes queixas espalhava ao leve vento,
Co'hum brando suspirar d'alma sahido :
A quem me queixarei, cego, perdido,
Pois nas pedras não acho sentimento ?
Com quem fallo ? A quem digo meu tormento ?
Que onde mais chamo, sou menos ouvido.
O bella nymphã, porque não respondes ?
Porque o olhar-me tanto m'encareces ?
Porque queres que sempre me quereille ?
Eu quanto mais te busco, mais te escondes !
Quanto mais mal me vês, mais te endureces !
Assim que co'o mal cresce a causa delle.

CCLXXIX.

A shepherd follows a nymph in vain.

ALL sorrowful as strayed the shepherd swain,
Deep in the gentle shades of pensive mind,
These griefs he spread before the breathing wind,
With longing sighs, as from a soul in pain ;
Oh ! blind and lost, to whom shall I complain ?
For in these stones no sympathy I find :
Whom speak, to hearken my distress inclined ?
Where most I call, there most I call in vain :
Oh ! lovely nymph, why dost not answer me ?
Why hold so dear the look that I implore ?
Why willest my complaints should ever flow ?
The more I seek the more thou hidest thee,
Still harder, as thou see'st I suffer more ;
Thus, as my sufferings, so their causes grow.

At sea, Gibraltar to Malta (Mongolia), July 1880.

CCLXXXVIII.

Sonhando com a sua amada: feliz em sonhos, mofino nas verdades.

DOCE sonho, suave e soberano,
Se por mais longo tempo me durára !
Ah quem de sonho tal nunca acordára,
Pois havia de vêr tal desengano !
Ah deleitoso bem ! ah doce engano !
Se por mais largo espaço me enganára !
Se então a vida mísera acabára,
De alegria e prazer morrerá ufano.
Ditoso, não estando em mi, pois tive
Dormindo o que acordado ter quizerá.
Olhae com que me paga meu destino !
Em fim, fora de mí ditoso estive.
Em mentiras ter dita razão era,
Pois sempre nas verdades fui mofino.

CCLXXXVIII.

*Dreaming of his beloved: happy in dreams, deceived
in realities.*

SWEET dream, so soothing, and so passing
 Why not a little longer time remain ! [sweet,
 Ah ! could I from such dream ne'er wake again,
 To suffer such dispersion of the cheat.
 Ah ! thou delightful bliss, thou soft deceit,
 Had I deceived a little longer lain ;
 Or had I closed in thee this life of pain,
 Then had I died, e'en boasting joy complete.
 Happy when not myself, holding in sleep
 That which, awake, I gladly had possessed ;
 Behold how by my fate I am aggrieved !
 When not myself my happiness I keep ;
 Reason indeed in falsehood to feel blest,
 In that by truths I ever was deceived !

LISBON, July 1880.

CCXCII.

Venus chasqueia Diana, ao qué esta responde.

EM quanto Phebo os montes accendia
 Do Ceo com luminosa claridade,
 Por conservar illesa a castidade
 Na caça o tempo Delia dispendia.
 Venus, qu'então de furto descendia
 Por captivar de Anchises a vontade,
 Vendo Diana em tanta honestidade,
 Quasi zombando della, lhe dizia :
 Tu vás com tuas redes na espessura
 Os fugitivos cervos enredando ;
 Mas as minhas enredão o sentido.
 Melhor he (respondia a deosa pura)
 Nas redes leves cervos ir tomando,
 Que tomar-te a ti nellas teu marido.

CCXCII.

Venus banter's Diana, who pays her back.

WHILE Phœbus o'er the mountains lustre
shed,

With all the lucid clearness of the sky,

Preserving her unblemished chastity,

Delia to spend her time in hunting sped.

Venus descending, mischief in her head,

The conquest of Anchises' will to try,

Seeing Diana sport so honestly,

Half joking her, thus impudently said :

Thou goest snaring in the woods in haste, ;

The flying stags in nets to captive make,

But mine the very feelings can ensnare—

'Tis better far, replied the goddess chaste,

In woods the flying stags in nets to take,

Than by your husband to be netted there.

SUEZ, March 1830.

CCCIH.

Por occasião de ter visto pela primeira vez D. Catharina de Athaide, na Igreja, em Sexta Feira de Paixão, e namorando-se della.

TODAS as almas, tristes, se mostravam
Pela piedade do Feitor Divino,
Onde ante o seu aspecto tão benigno
O devido tributo lhe pagavam :
Mens sentidos então, livres estavam,
Que ate hi foi constante o seu destino ;
Quando huns olhos de que eu não era dino
A furto da razão me salteavam :
A nova vista me cegou de todo,
Naceo do descostume a estranheza
Da suave e angelica presença.
Para remediar-me não ha ai ! modo ?
Oh porque fez a humana natureza
Entre os nascidos tanta differença !

CCCIII.

*On the occasion of his first seeing D. Catharina de Athaide
in church on Good Friday, and losing his heart.*

THE souls of all were sad in solemn prayer,
Owing the mercy of their Lord Divine,
While in His holy presence so benign,
The tribute that was due they offered there:
My heart till then was free from every care,
Till then my fate had traced an equal line,
When lo! some eyes, too high and pure for mine,
Assaulted all my reason, unaware.
The novel vision struck me wholly blind;
From strangeness sprang the magic charm displayed
By that soft presence, all angelical.
And can I no alleviation find?
Oh! why in births hath Human Nature made
Difference so great, and we her children all!

From Bologna to Ferrara, July 1880.

CCCIX.

Descreve um passeio no Tejo de umas formosas damas, pedindo-lhes que sejam intercessoras para com a sua amante.

EM hum batel que com doce meneio
O aurifero Tejo dividia,
Vi bellas damas, ou melhor diria,
Bellas estrellas e hum sol no meio.
As delicadas filhas de Nereo,
Com mil vozes de doce harmonia,
Hião remando a bella companhia,
Que (se eu não erro) por honrala veio.
Ó formosas Nereidas, que cantando
Lograis aquella vista tão serena,
Que a vida em tantos males quer trazer-me,
Dizei-lhe, que olhe que se vai passando
O curto tempo ; e a tão longa pena
O tempo he prompto mas a carne enferma.

CCCIX.

Describes a fancy scene on the Tagus. Begs of the ladies to intercede with his beloved.

I N a light barque, that gliding sweetly on
Parted gold-bearing Tagus' stream in glee,
I saw fair dames, nay, rather did I see
Beautiful stars, and in their midst a Sun.
Nereus' soft daughters, who had with her gone,
With thousand voices of sweet harmony
Were rowing all the beauteous galaxy,
Who came, I ween, to honour her alone.
Oh! lovely Nereids, singing lovely lay,
Who now enjoy that vision so serene,
Since life to lead me through such ills doth seek,
Tell her to bear in mind how runs away
Our time so short; and that for such long pain
The time is willing but the flesh is weak.

SUEZ, March 1830.

CCCXIV.

A uma dama volúvel : que dispensa o seu agrado a todos.

SE a ninguém tratais com desamor,
Antes a todos tendes afeição,
E se a todos mostrais hum coração
Cheio de mansidão, cheio d'amor ;
Desde hoje me tratai com desfavor,
Mostrai-me hum odío esquivo, huma isenção ;
Poderei acabar de crer então,
Que tão somente a mim me dais favor.
Que se tratais a todos brandamente,
Claro he que aquelle he só favorecido
A quem mostrais irado o continente.
Mal poderei eu ser de vós querido,
Se tendes outro amor n'alma presente,
Que Amor he hum, não pode ser partido.

CCCXIV.

*Begs signs of disfavour from one who is equally
pleasant to all.*

IF thou indifference wilt display to none,
Rather towards every one endearing art,
If thou towards every one dost show a heart,
That fullest love and gentleness doth own,
Henceforth towards me be thy disfavour shown ;
In odious scorn or coldness stand apart ;
Then shall I come to think, beneath the smart,
Thou showest favour unto me alone.
For if to all so tender thou wilt prove,
'Tis clear the only favoured one is he [move.
Towards whom thine eye doth with displeasure
Scarcely, indeed, can I be loved by thee,
If in thy heart thou hast another love,
For Love is one, nor can divided be.

LONDON, October 1830.

CCCXXXI.

CORIDON Y TITIRO.

AL pie de una verde y alta enzina
Coridon su zampona está tañiendo,
A la sombra del' yedra, que trociendo
El passo por los arboles camina.
Cantava los amores de la niña
Amarilis, que amor le está influyendo ;
Las aves por los ramos van corriendo,
Al pie corre una fuente cristalina.
A él se allegó Titiro perdido
Guiando su rebaño macilento,
Fue este amigo suyo mui querido.
Contavale su daño y su tormento ;
Ni plática haze gusto al desabrido,
Ni el dolor haze triste al que es contento.

CCCXXXI.

CORYDON AND TITYRUS.

[IN SPANISH.]

BENEATH a green and lofty oak reclined,
Corydon o'er the scale his finger threw
In ivy's shade, whose clinging tendrils grew
Among the trees, and round the branches twined.
Of Amaryllis, nymph for whom he pined,
He sang the loves, love's moving power he knew ;
The birds among the branches listening flew,
And lower down did stream of crystal wind.
To him comes Tityrus, who idly roved,
Driving his meagre cattle o'er the plain ;
Tityrus was friend of Corydon best loved.
He tells him all his torment and his pain ;
By other's speech the embittered is not moved,
Nor grief makes sorrowful the heart that's fain.

TRIESTE, August 1820.

CCCXXXVIII.

À morte da amante.

DO corpo estava já quasi forçada
Aquelle alma gentil ao Ceo devida,
Rompendo a nobre tea de sua vida
Por tornar cedo á patria desejada.
Ainda em flor sem ter raiz lançada
Na terra della tanto aborrecida
S'arrancou boamente, e esta partida
Fez, á morte, suave sua jornada.
Alma pura, que ao mundo te mostraste
Sôlta de seus grilhoens q'outros enlação,
E agora gozas lá dias melhores,
Dos teus, que cá sem ti tristes deixaste
Te mova alta piedade, em quanto paixão
Estas horas que a dôr lhe faz maiores.

CCCXXXVI II.

On the death of his beloved.

HALF plucked already from the body's load,
This gentle soul was owing to the sky,
Tearing its noble web of life, to fly
In swift return unto its craved abode.
E'en in full flower, or ere a root it showed
That could to earth, it so detested, tie,
It tore itself away, joying to die ;
A parting that, in death, oped pleasing road.
Pure soul, who to the world thyself hast srown,
Free from those fetters which the rest enchain,
And now enjoyest there far happier days,
Let thine, whom here thou'hast left to mourn alone,
Thy deepest pity move, while they remain
Through hours that grief the longer still delays.

GRATZ, August 1880.

CCCXLVI.

*À morte d'El-Rei D. Sebastião, a quem o Poeta dedicou
"Os Lusíadas."*

COM o generoso rosto alanceado,
Chea de pó e sangue a Real fronte,
Chegou á triste barca de Acheronte
O gram Sebastião sombra tornado.
Vendo o cruel barqueiro que forçado
Queria o Rei passar, poz-se defronte,
Dizendo, pelas aguas desta fonte
Nunca passou ninguém desenterrado.
O valeroso Rei d'ira movido
Responde: Ó falso velho, por ventura
Não passou outrem ja com força d'ouro?
Pois a um Rei banhado em sangue Mouro
Ousas tu perguntar por sepultura?
Pergunta a quem vier menos ferido.

CCCXLVI.

*On the death of King Sebastian, to whom the Poet
dedicated "The Lusjads."*

HIS generous visage gashed with heathen
blade,

His Royal brow with dust and blood all wan,

Came to the mournful boat of Acheron

The great Sebastian, past into a shade.

The cruel boatman, see'ng that undismayed

The King perforce would cross, pronounced his ban,

Vowing that never o'er that stream was man

Ferried, whose funeral rites were still unpaid.

The valorous King, whose anger knew no bounds,

Replied, Oh! false old man, and dost not know

Others by force of gold have passed before?

What! of a King all bathed in blood of Moor

Darest thou to claim that he a tomb shall show?

Claim it of him who comes with fewer wounds.

SUEZ, March 1880.

CCCXLVII.

A um joven guerreiro, fallecião em combate.

QUANDO do raro esforço que mostravas
Largo fructo na guerra produzias,
Cortou-te a parca em flor, porque excedias
Com teus feitos os annos que contavas.
D'armas cobrindo o rosto afiguravas
Marte encoberto, amor se o descubrias,
Que se com a espada os esquadroens abrias,
Com geito os olhos apoz ti levavas.
Não pôde, não, ferir-te imigo ferro,
Vulcano foi, que em sua fortaleza
O mais seguro arnez divide e parte.
Dá porém por desculpa de seo erro,
Que creio de teu esforço e gentileza
Que eras filho de Venus e de Marte.

CCCXLVII.

*On the death of a young Portuguese warrior, slain
in combat.*

WHILE by thy prowess, shown in rare degree,
Thou didst the war to mighty issues move,
Fate cut thee down in flower, for far above
Thy youthful years it deemed thy deeds to be.
Thy brow in armour clad, men figured thee
When covered, Mars ; and when uncovered, Love ;
For if thy sword through severed squadrons clove,
Thy gesture drew all following eyes to see.
No foeman's weapon could have slain thee, no !
'Twas Vulcan's self, whose mighty force alone
Shatters the strongest armour borne in wars :
And thus doth he excuse this ill-timed blow ;
Struck by the grace that with thy valour shone.
He deemed thee son of Venus and of Mars !

MALTA, July 1880.

CCCL.

Soneto Religioso.

TU que descanso buscas com cuidado,
Nestes mares do mundo tempestuoso
Não esperes de achar nenhum repouso,
Senão em Christo, Deos crucificado.
Se por riquezas vives desvelado,
Em Deus está o thesouro mais precioso,
Se estás de formosura desejoso,
Se olhas este Senhor, es namorado.
Se tu buscas deleites ou prazeres,
O dulçor, está nelle, dos dulçores,
Que a todos nos deleita com victoria.
Se por ventura gloria ou honra queres,
Que maior honra póde ser nem gloria,
Que servir ao Senhor dos Grão-senhores.

CCCL.

A religious sonnet.

THOU who some calm art craving to provide
In these tempestuous seas of worldly woes,
Hope not that thou canst ever find repose,
Save it be sought in Christ, God crucified.
If by thy wealth thy slumbers be denied,
From God alone the richest treasure flows ;
If sight of beauty on thy fancy glows,
Viewing this Lord, thy love is occupied ;
If thou wouldst pleasures or delights acquire,
'Tis He the sweetness of all sweets affords,
He blesseth all of us with victory ;
If honour, glory, now be thy desire,
Honour or glory cannot greater be
Than in the serving this great Lord of lords.

GRATZ, August 1880.

ORIGINAL SONNETS.

“REJOICE WITH TREMBLING.”

*Suggested by a sermon preached in Canterbury Cathedral
by the late Dean Alford ; and written at Dover.*

O’ER the hushed wave the sloping sunbeam
glows,
And gilded sails play idly with the breeze,
No cloud from heaven a stain of darkness throws,
But all combines with spotless peace to please.
And when the sun hath ceased to shine on these,
The rising moon her argent smile will show,
Drawing the charmed beholder to his knees
To worship Him Whose hand doth all bestow.
Oh ! ye, whose hearts such calm of surface know,
As can the mirror to this picture form,
“ Rejoice with trembling ”—’tis not always so ;
For interwove with Life are pain and storm, [blow,
When hearts must ache, ships toss, and tempests
Till God and Heaven seem lost to things below !

Sunday, May 8, 1859.

"THE POETRY OF ASTRONOMY."

To Stella.

DOUBT not my soul is deeply wrapt in thine,
Whose vision colours every thought by day,
And in the darkness bears a double sway,
Provoking me to dream thou may'st be mine.
Oh! why should stars that so remotely shine
Move us to worship, though their very ray
Warn that their charms are all so far away,
That fruitless Love can only live to pine.
But wherefore thus? Away this fond despair!
Hope views with joy the renovating light
Of thy sweet constellation shining there, [night ;
While gazing heavenward through my doubting
And tells that thou my primary shalt be,
And I, thy planet, live and move by thee.

THE GROTTO OF LOURDES.

Catholic Reflections.

ALL who profess to bow before a throne
Whereof ye must avow man nothing knows,
Blame not as blind this worship here, but own
From full-blown sacred sentiment it flows ;
If Reason's half 'gainst reasoning minds ye close,
And praise, half prostrate only, an Unknown,
This crowd that all its trusting headlong throws
In blind Devotion is far stauncher shown.
Nor fondly deem that ye shall not be blamed,
Who, damning Reason half, yet wield her knife
To prune where Reason shrinks, as half ashamed,
Bleeding away for her Faith's very life.
Bastard believers ! blush before this sight,
Wear Faith's whole fetters, or renounce her quite.

CAUTERETS.

THE MOUNTAIN.

TIS morn, but on the misty mountain's brow
The rising sun no golden ray can shed ;
While all is brilliant in the vale below,
Darkness and cold are lowering o'er his head.
E'en thus, in early life, hearts that are led
Too soon by towering hopes and visions fine,
With mists of doubt and thought long cumberèd,
See all the humbler spirits smile and shine.
Struggle, brave heart ! and as thy day wears on
The brightest of the glow shall still be thine.
When from the lowly valleys it hath gone,
Around thy brows alone it shall incline :
Thy force of thought shall fling thy mists away,
And shining heaven concede its crowning ray.

CAUTERETS.

THE CLOUD.

SOON as the cloud escapes the mountain's brow,
Swift it regains its pristine sphere on high ;
Free from earth's bonds, it rides in summer's glow,
Sails on the breeze, rejoicing in the sky.
Such have appeared to me the minds that lie,
Cold and encumbered with established dread
Of merely counterfeit authority,
That chains them down in dark, subdued and dead.
These, when the pouring warmth of Reason's ray
Dissolves their bonds at last, and they expand,
Then they arouse, and tear themselves away,
Scorning the sterile tyrants of the land,
Aid and delight mankind, as clouds that rise
Water the valleys and adorn the skies.

NORWAY.

THE MIDNIGHT DAY.

O H ! give me back my star-bespangled skies
That soothe the eye relieved from watch of
Repose is part of life, but shuns the ray [day ;
Of garish midnight sun that never dies.
Let me once more to call of Morn arise,
Let Evening once again my senses sway ;
Here are no peep of dawn, no twilight grey,
No change whereto the changing heart replies.
Bright resurrection with the morning's beam !
Warm death of sleep in sunless tomb of night !
Mysterious doth your alternation seem,
Foreshadowing some far greater dark and light ;
Imagination in your course may see
The type of Death and Immortality.

NORWAY.

THE MID-DAY NIGHT.

GREAT Night ! whose vasty shadow doth en-
shroud

For period so prolonged this arctic zone,
Thou art not robed in sable garb alone,
But all about thy brow sparkles a crowd
Of stars, with more than starlight e'en endowed,
While with wrought canopy of precious stone
Aurora Borealis gems thy throne,
And thy Moon's modest smile half seemeth proud.
Dark Beauty ! thus adorned, mother of dreams
That revel in thee, unalarmed by day,
How far with thee man's eye to wander seems,
How dost thou lead the straining soul away !
But ah ! while thought would scan thy magic light,
Thou hast but this blank answer—All is Night.

PIC DU MIDI DE BIGORRE.

Addressed to General Nansouty, who has voluntarily stationed himself in an Observatory on the top of this mountain.

MOUNT, mount, and dare these rugged
 steeps on high,
 Leave in the vale thy luxuries below !
 Where is thy merit here, thou butterfly,
 That flutterest only in the summer's glow ?
 But ye, whose hearts would aught of grandeur know,
 Turn to these topmost crags your wondering eye ;
 Behold a dweller here, who winds and snow,
 Soldier of Science, bravely can defy !
 A white-haired warrior ye shall see revealed,
 Who, working out his theme alone in age,
 And gathering glory in this other field,
 Doth with the changing heaven and air engage :
 The sword of Science in his grasp ye find,
 Mars still at heart, Apollo tunes his mind.

THE FIELD OF BALACLAVA.

On visiting this spot, on a very fine day, from Sebastopol.

SUMMER'S hot sun shone brilliant where I
stood,
And honey-gathering bees hummed in mine ear,
The landscape basked in quietude, but near
There rose a monument that spoke of blood.
Sorrow stands next to joy, evil to good,
But what should this harsh record purport here,
Where all a sinless Eden might appear,
Where Peace sat smiling in her sweetest mood?
Attend. Some five-and-twenty years ago
There raged a battle o'er this dozing field,
When led by wrong command, yea, even so,
To duty vowed, though slaughter stared revealed,
Up this long rise, and to my very feet
Galloped Six Hundred hearts Death's fire to meet!

August 23, 1879.

A DREAM.

I DREAMED that I had floated far away
Into the realms of space, until the sun
Had dwindled to a star, while still not one
Of all the stars could yield a solar ray.
Earth all beyond e'en contemplation lay,
That atom, where I hung, was known to none :
Above, below, around, through darkness shone
Stars and stars only—I had lost the day.
And then I dreamed that I had been too bold,
That from this silent void I must return,
That teeming life I had left for barren cold,
Where not for me these alien lights could burn :
Then, waking, I believed my dream had told,
Man only in the sphere of Man can learn.

THE NILE.

STREAMING from far, of source mysterious
God of a race like children of a dream— [still,
So hazed in mists of Time remote they seem—
I roll, as I have rolled, 'twixt plain, mount, hill,
My destiny of ages to fulfil :
A desert I inspire with life to teem,
I make a land where'er my waters gleam,
And breathe my annual blessings as I will.
I was Old Egypt's and Old Egypt mine,
Or e'er thy races, Europe, yet were known,
And now thy young of yesterday combine
To probe the darkness of our glory flown :
Ask them if they, perchance, e'en yet divine
How much shall by my Dead be overthrown.

TO AUGUSTA.

ANOTHER circle from thy birth complete !
And fifteen times year after year have rolled ;
Yet, surely, heretofore hath life been sweet,
Nor grief found heart her curtain to unfold :
But happy days, alas ! too soon are told,
And they who live must look for changing skies,
Yet shall thy guardian angel ne'er grow cold,
Nor suffer tears to overwhelm those eyes !
In all the spangled universe no star
Doth shine unguided by a Hand Divine,
And all the lives they hold are dearer far,
And all are guided too, and so is thine ! [thy song,
Then bloom, young flower, young bird, put forth
Thy share of sunshine shall be bright and long !

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

A MOTHER mourned her child, a daughter,
And in her earliest agonies of grief [lost,
The dearest voice dared not attempt relief,
In waves so rude of anguish was she tossed !
But when the first calm ray of reason crossed
Her smitten soul, and she could meditate,
Sense of her sorrow came to soften fate,
E'en by the very wound that it had cost :
" My daughter," she exclaimed, " thus torn away,
Hadst thou in life as mother known to love,
Perchance thou, too, hadst known such bitter day
As I, thy mourning mother, now must prove ;
The pangs this separation costs to me,
I thank my God, can never torture thee ! "

FOLLOW THE LIGHT.

FOLLOW the Light—it cannot lead astray ;
Thy danger lies in doubting—tread thy way ;
Follow the Light—its path is dark to find,
But it were death to pause, outrun, delay ;
If thou dost hope again to hail the day,
Follow—nor trust the darkness of thy mind.
’Tis a hard thing, and passing hard, to do !
Sometimes it stands, or flickers ; seems untrue ;
It cannot be—’tis probing thy mistrust.
It drags o’er bruising rocks ; in the dank dew
Of chill Despond it chains thee ; but anew
It will move onward, shine and guide—it must.
It will not slay nor quit thee : hold thou fast :
Invoking, or upbraiding, cleave to the last !
Follow the Light !

CONTENT AND AMBITION.

MORNING was beautiful ; along the dale
The enamelled meadows laughed with
flowers of spring,
The birds had long begun to build and sing,
The opening year might seem to cry, All Hail !
Yet did the balmy air and sunshine fail
To chase away the clouds that still would cling
On all the mountain tops, there hovering,
As cloudy thoughts will o'er high hearts prevail.
Content held converse with the day below,
With birds, flowers, sunshine, meadows, prattling
Ambition chafed a wider scope to know, [stream ;
To him these softer scenes must idle seem ; [snow,
He marched and mounted midst the crags and
And passed the day in labour, mist, and dream.

THE DEATH-BED.

I SAW thee breathe thy last, and pass away ;
A smile, a long-drawn sigh, and thou wast gone ;
I asked myself whereto thy life had flown,
Star of my life, but now mere flameless clay !
Oh ! could I but believe with those who say
Thy light hath left thy form to shine alone,
That thou art still my Thou whom I may own,
In spheres more pure than our mere eyesight day.
But, Nature ! if such straining hope be true,
Which thou thyself hast gendered in the brain,
Why vex with certain signs that all is o'er,
When Death doth sense and motion all subdue ?
Why teach us by thy course we meet no more,
Yet prompt a hope that we shall meet again ?

IS YOUR GOD LOVE!

THE mother loves her child, the bird its young,
And child and young in turn both love the
mother ;

Offspring and source are blended with each other,
E'en like a sweet harp's tones by Nature strung !
Through all the ranges of her crowded throng,
Linked in a unity with one another,

There breathes a harmony no hell can smother,
Despite the jarring of discordant wrong.

Who tuned the harp of Nature to this strain ?

Who taught the world to live by Love? A God,

Who brings forth millions for eternal pain,

Still multiplying victims for His rod ?

Ye teachers of this Word, your word is vain,

If God be Love—if not, such be His code !

MAN.

THOU Human Being, calling thyself Man,
Who must, like all around thee, come and go,
Claiming to be Chief Object of Earth's plan,
Thou mak'st thyself far more than thou canst know ;
How should thy life from separate sources flow,
And why should all to thy one centre lean ?
As if, forsooth, all things for thee must grow,
Thou only reasoner, nor of all most clean.
Go, learn a truth that something more doth mean,
And own thyself mere part of all around :
Shall greater never here one day be seen,
And is Creation's ultimate yet found ?
Like waves at sea, or breakers on the shore,
Thou art a Consequence, and nothing more.

I.

NON CREDENS.

WERE there a God whose ear I could invade
With any voice that might an answer bring,
Then through Creation's range these words should
ring—

Speak and appear, and be a God displayed !
Unseen, unheard, at most but guessed, Thou'rt
made

Slave of Thy creature Man 'gainst man, a Thing
To bless, curse, save, slay, loose, bind, smile,
frown, sting,

Heal, promise, threaten, comfort, and upbraid !
I wonder, as I ponder o'er this theme,
How Thou a God canst be while such things be,
Save as creation of our creature mind !
For past all comprehension doth it seem,
That thus with vain, pernicious mystery,
A God should make a World and hide behind !

II.

CREDENS.

GREAT God Incomprehensible! Whose light
Doth move with fire Creation's boundless
sphere,
Who speakest not with voice, Whom yet we hear,
Whose Presence, though unseen, illumines sight;
Avenger of all wrong, Shield of all right,
Far from the unfaithful, to the faithful near,
Too vast in voice and person to appear, [might!
How blind man quails 'neath Thine Almighty
Ages have revered Thy Holy Name,
And pondering o'er the terrors of Thy Law,
Have come before Thy throne the knee to bend;
Though Thou hast made us small, from Thee we
came,
And Thou wilt hear, while with submissive awe
We praise and pray, but do not comprehend.

III.

CHRISTIANUS.

THE stock-dove coos me Mercy through the
grove,

The sunbeams pour around their warming glow,

The hushing pines their spicy fragrance throw ;

All seems a message of Almighty Love,

As o'er the flowers and moss I pensive rove,

Casting aside all thought of mortal woe,

Tuning my heart by all the notes that flow

From birds rejoicing in the boughs above.

Here let me take my fill of thought, and dwell

On all The Lord Revealed hath done for all,

Who came on earth and gave His life away ;

For thus I revel in this spring-tide spell,

Breathing the air of Morning that we call

Our Resurrection's Hope, our Easter Day.

NAZARETH.

On visiting the Orphanage established by "The Society for promoting Female Education in the East." Miss Dickson, Superintending Lady; Miss Tanner, her Assistant.

TWO virgins dwell at Nazareth to-day,
Diffusing joy and happiness around ;
In that white dreary town on rocky ground
Handmaids of Love and Charity are they !
One with calm self-possession takes her way,
Like barque by steadfast winds to haven bound ;
The other by her side is ever found,
And o'er both hearts Hope pours its brightest ray.
High o'er the town they guard the choice abode,
That kindly hands have founded for the young,
And there unseen pursue their task divine.
Albeit they do not seek that man applaud,
Yet, deigning to accept my proffered line,
Their gentle toil shall not be all unsung.

April 13, 1880.

POEMS FROM ROME.

1856-57.

THE CÆSARS' PALACE.

WHERE warmth and glitter once their life
displayed,

Dark ruin stares, and restless winds invade ;

Where Emperors' revels Rome was wont to hear,

A weight of silence presses on the ear ;

Cold gloom presides where glory once beguiled,

And desolation frowns where plenty smiled.

Still the gaunt fragments rear their surly form,

Bask in the sunshine, and upbraid the storm,

And still command, all barren though they be,

The honours of Imperial Pedigree.

Thou Northern Stranger ! tread not lightly here—

Though Cæsars' Palace scorn to ask thy tear,

Deem not the less thy foot on sacred ground,

And cast a trembling, reverent gaze around.

E'en where thou standest, verily have stood

That mighty Race thou canst not claim in blood ;

Or e'er thy ancestors were named or known,
Here ruled those "Great" who called "The
World" their own,
Here signed their mandates, and with easy sway
Commanded all to hear and to obey,
Enriched by Art, invincible in Arms,
And hallowed by the Poet's deathless charms !
Oh ! who could careless come, to pass the hour
Unmoved, midst all these wrecks of Roman power,
Or fail, while wandering these vast crags between,
To gather inspiration from the scene !
Where'er thy Nation be, returning tell
All thou hast felt where Cæsars ruled and fell,
How, though their Name be nought, though once
Their very ruins seem to master Fate, [so great,
Where still such stubborn majesty appears,
In spite of Time and his Two Thousand years !
Yet mount, and catch the distant scenes on high,
Of old reflected on the Cæsars' eye—
With wide Campagna spreading far below,
And old Genaro purpled in the glow,
Whose glorious chain far stretching towards the
Bosomed Imperial Tibur's groves of yore. [shore,

But ah ! returning near the Cæsars' home,
Let not thine eye unkindly look for Rome,
Rome, whose old splendour, in her noonday glare,
Might e'en with Jove's own palaces compare !
Where Cypress shrouds her ruins with its gloom,
They seem that splendour's witness and its tomb,
And Fancy deems, while mourning o'er decay,
The Ancient City her own "Appian Way."*

The lesson's short : None are too great to fall :
Behold, again, "The Writing on the Wall :"
Reflect how Rome's Great Nation ceased to shine,
And pray thy God, "So may not perish mine !"

* The Street of Tombs, outside Old Rome.

LA SPERANZA.

(GUIDO.)

FAIR Flower of Life ! in Guido's softest form,
What hallowed beauty blooms upon thy brow !
Fain must the coldest stranger's heart grow warm,
Gazing, with joy, on such a saint as thou.

In this rude world though thou must be beloved,
Thy heart in Heaven its dearest object finds,
And here thou shinest, not too far removed,
To nurse, bright Hope ! our less angelic minds.

LA MADDALENA.

(Guido.)

SWEET is the theme of mercy to the weak,
Who from thy story twofold comfort learn,
How none of frailty should too harshly speak,
And how the wanderer may still return.

Softly He spake, Who came to save us all,
Moving thy wounded heart to weep and pray,
And thou didst turn, obedient to the call,
And heard that all thy sins were washed away !

L'ANNUNZIAZIONE.

(GUIDO.)

'TIS well I the graceful pencil here portrays
The chastity and meekness that were thine
Nor crowns thy quiet brow with foreign bays,
Exalting thee from mortal to divine.

"Hail! highly favoured of the Lord art thou!"
Such holy message did the angel give:
Before the Annunciation didst thou bow,
And broughtest forth the Christ, by Whom all
live!

TO TIBUR.*

I WILL not sing thy noisy waterfall,
It needs no voice of mine ;
I will not thy imperial state recall,
All know thou once didst shine ;
Thou art no more, and many are no more,
Who once were rich and great ;
'Tis the same story often told before,
None can outlive their date.
Yet, Tibur ! thou shalt never die,
Though buried all thy greatness lie,
Because thy softer rural Fame
Is mingled with the Poet's name,
And here, as from himself we know,
His sweetest cadences would flow.
For here, removed from noisy Rome,
The Muse of Horace found a home,

* The modern Tivoli.

'Twas here he poured the lovely line,
In measures more than half divine,
Delighting through thy shades to rove,
For every poet loves the grove.
Thy skies that shone, thy airs that blew,
Thy fragrant flowers of early spring,
Around his heart their magic threw,
And taught him like thy birds to sing ;
And while thy streams responsive flowed,
Melpomene would breathe the ode !
But sometimes he would seize the lyre,
Imbued with more than wonted fire,
And strike a more resounding string,
Of Cæsar and of arms to sing—
Of how the soldier in the field
Had bent new distant foes to yield,
Or how the aspiring Roman State
Was destined for Eternal Fate ;
But soon these echoes died away
As if too harsh he deemed the strain,
And turning to his wonted lay,
He sang of Peace and thee again ;

The shepherds, and the basking flocks
That feed along thy grassy rocks ;
Of Love that threw her charm around,
And made e'en thine more hallowed ground ;
Of chosen friends, and frugal fare,
And wealth, not great enough for care,
And how the wise, by asking less,
Enjoyed their more of happiness ;
Rejoicing in the quiet mind
That only rural poets find ;
And praying, that the gods would please
To grant, if he to age should live,
Among thy olives and thy bees
The home that thou alone couldst give :
Whose charms he cherished far before
Larissa's plains and Baiæ's shore.
Such, Tibur, were the songs he sung,
When thou and Horace both were young !
And thou art passed, and he is dead,
And centuries have flown away,
But where the Bard lies buried
There stands no monument to say ;

He always scorned the pompous stone,
And Fate has made his grave unknown.
But whom the Muses make divine,
We seek not in the voiceless shrine,
But rather in his living line,
Whose life, while Nature shines, shall shine :
In all the scenes his harp has sung,
We find him breathing still, and young,
And these in turn preserve his name,
And all his melody proclaim,
Both gathering and giving fame :
Thus he and they shall Fate defy,
And Tibur, thou—shalt never die !

FAREWELL TO ROME.

FAREWELL to Rome, but not her memories !
The fond unwilling eye must fain submit,

With all its wondrous range, to say farewell ;

'The faithful heart will never say farewell.

No compass bounds its more than mortal sight,

No darkness can its recollection blind,

But to past scenes permitted to return

It calls them forth and makes them live again,

And moulds them to a part of its own life :

Hence all its penalties and all its pleasures !

Thus, then, farewell ! and yet how strange it seems

To say farewell to Rome ! How many years

The pondering mind has dwelt upon that word,

As on a dream it ne'er should realise,

And now—we say farewell ! Rome visited,

Her ruins made companions and her scenes

Of antiquated gray and living glory

And all her haunts divine and classical—
All are before us and among our Past ;
A fruitful garden of still growing flowers,
A well of sparkling water whence to draw.

Such is Time's flight ! The hour we have desired
May come but cannot stay, and while we deem
Our chiefest longings still impossible,
Behold them here and gone ! In journeying life
We cannot loiter over chosen scenes ; [ment,
Time runs alike through hope and through enjoy-
Down sweeps the stream and we are on its bosom.

And now, what Rome was to our dreams, unseen,
We know,—but what she will be to our thoughts,
A wondrous, strange, and glorious reality,
Lies in our future life. And, while I live,
May Rome be ever pleasing to my mind,
Creating there in thought such chosen hues
As lovely sunset sheds upon her mountains,
And never come such clouds upon my life
As could prevail to make those memories sad !

Farewell ! yet not farewell without a word
To one whose kindly presence lent a ray
E'en to the sunshine, and the changing cloud
Relieved of darkness. Thus, as we depart,
Farewell to Rome, but not her memories !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

*ON THE DEATH OF HENRY HAVELOCK.
NOVEMBER 1857.*

MOURN but rejoice ! the Hero dies,
But wearing glory's crown ;
Fate lifts his spirit to the skies,
And leaves us his renown.

A mark for ever is his name,
Who Treason's strength withstood ;
And all immortal is his fame,
For he was great and good.

Destined the British sword to wield,
In duty's path he trod ;
He nerved his soldiers for the field,
And trusted in his God.

His army answered worthily,
They knew their leader well ;
And all their deeds of chivalry
Proud history shall tell.

No numbers quelled—no hardships broke—
They turned aside for none ;
He gave the sign, the word he spoke,
The day was fought and won.

In two short months nine battles fought
Gave nine of victories gained ;
But glory was too dearly bought—
Nothing for life remained.

Mourn but rejoice—rejoice but mourn !
Untimely was the blow,
The Star bestowed, but all unworn,
He never lived to know.

Choice are their country's gifts to those
Who proudly prize their birth,
And honours sweeten the repose
Of gallantry and worth.

Only the gloomy cypress frowned
O'er heart and head so true,
Whom gratitude afar had crowned
With titled laurels too.

Mourn but rejoice ! he lived to see
His sacred hopes fulfilled,
That city saved from cruelty,
And women's anguish stilled.

This was the glory, this the prize
That God's own hand bestowed,
Then raised his spirit to the skies,
And loosened all his load.

In peace or war, in calm or strife,
Whoever thou may'st be,
Still trust in Him who gave thee life,
And He will care for thee :

When storms arise and dangers shock,
And demons treason plan,
Remember Henry Havelock,
And be an Englishman.

REFLECTIONS AT MIDNIGHT.

CLEAR shines the moon in midnight sky,
And calm the silent city sleeps,
Yet 'neath this halo from on high,
There must be many a heart that weeps !

Repose is still—must grief be loud ?
Its deepest sighs we cannot hear ;
The storm may pass—but ah ! the cloud
That hangs, and rains the secret tear.

So secret that it waits the night
To shroud its glitter in her pall,
So deep that in the inward fight
The weeper scarcely heeds its fall.

And there's a grief that's deeper still,
The grief that e'en forbids the tear,
And burns the drop that Nature's skill
Has wrought, to water sorrow here.

Such grief finds life while others rest,
And, haply, now on some doth lie,
The tyrant of some aching breast
That would not live, and cannot die !

If so, ah ! blessèd were the voice
That whispered in the sullen ear,
"Mourner, though thou canst not rejoice,
Look up, and see the sky is clear !"

And if perchance, with cold disdain
The listless ear were turned away,
As if resolved to nourish pain—
The voice compassionate would say :

"How thinkest thou the moon could ride
So clear in yon blue arc above,
If here, on grief and trouble's side,
Nothing were left of Peace and Love ?

"While Heaven can claim her azure hue,
The clouds must break and cease to rain ;
And Hope is here to whisper true,
And speak of happiness again :

“ But bluest heavens are dark to those
Who shun their smile with hidden eyes ;
How many a form that shocks repose
Before the wakened vision flies !

“ Shall moonlight soothe, and sunbeam warm,
And man be sad and cold the while ?
Shall mortal heart refuse the charm,
If Hope, life’s guardian angel, smile ?

“ Thy mind is free ! then burst the chain
That only slaves to sorrow wear ;
Look up ! and be a man again—
The worst of tyrants is Despair !

“ What is Despair ?—a foolish name—
Hope is the monarch of the heart ;
A fire, how small soe’er the flame,
That never dies, and will not part ;

“ ’Tis true how bright soe’er the day,
There must be shadow somewhere thrown,
And so, be happy as we may,
Sorrow will ever claim her own ;

“Night follows day—but day again
Breaks forth to bid the world revive ;
And many a heart, relieved of pain,
Comes forth to pleasure, thrice alive ;

“Look up, and view this lovely Night—
How calm her brow, how soft her breath !
Through sleep she leads us back to light,
And wilt thou make her mantle death ?”

E'en thus the kindly voice might preach,
Nor aching heart the truth deny ;
E'en thus Philosophy might teach
That sighs should cease and tears should dry ;

But ah ! this world's rough life declares,
With Hope's bright beam to guide us still,
How past all healing are some cares,
How many a heart doth Sorrow kill !

*UNDER THE YEW TREE, 'IN CHIPSTEAD
CHURCHYARD, SURREY.*

SWEET smile the scenes on this too restless
earth,

E'en where cold death is mingled with repose !
And o'er these relics of departed worth
The contemplating spirit calmly glows !
Kindly the old church yew her darkness throws,
Her group from day's too garish eye to save,
While onward, where her brooding shadows close,
The sunbeam shines, like hope beyond the grave,
And mellows gloom to calm, lest sadness should
enslave !

Peaceful they sleep ! and though in varied life,
The dusty tenants haply ne'er joined hand,—
Mere careless neighbours though unstained by
strife,—
Their tombs a brotherhood now seem to stand !

Such holy tone sheds Death's all-levelling wand,
Who here a tranquil lesson can impart,
For these old hoary graves no grief command,
The wounds they waked, long, long have ceased
to smart,

The tears they moved are dry—they wring no
living heart !

Aye, all around is peace, though all be death,
And all the end of mortal man declare :
For all reminds us that, with parting breath,
The vexed and restless spirit parts with care ;
Deceived by Hope, or wearied with Despair,
Who would not lay his bones beneath such shade !
But ah ! thine end too soon to crave forbear,
For rest was only for the weary made,

And they who have not toiled cannot with rest
be paid !

Back to the world ! nor dream too long alone—
The grass is green, the skies are blue above,
Rest on the Being thou art bid to own
A Father, whose most highest Name is Love !

Life cannot all one changeless trial prove ;
No total darkness on the earth doth reign ;
Mortality was made to live and move ;
And so thou dost not spend thy days in vain,
For thee such rest, as seemeth here, shall e'en
remain.

TIME IS LIFE.

TIME that matures brings also to decay ;
Buds grow to blossoms, blossoms fade away ;
The increase of life but nearer proves our end,
Manhood stands next in withering age to bend,
Blooming or breaking, every change man hath
Is but a movement in the mortal path.
Then keep with patience every present hour,
Seek not to pass so soon from bud to flower,
The blush of morning, though but calmly bright,
Stands not so near as blazing noon to night,
And, save that Death doth blindly deal his blow,
Childhood's young stream the farthest hath to flow.
Or bright, or sad, 'tis life : embrace the day,
E'en in thy trouble ne'er wish Time away ;
To guard each hour of life doth something save,
To long for e'en to-morrow is to call the grave.

LIFE IS CHANGE.

DREAM not the world so soon must fade
Because thy life so frail is made ;
Though age o'ertake, new youth appears,
And brightens all the rolling years.

Change is the watchword of the hour,
We court the stream, we wreath the flower,
The waters dry but fresh shall flow,
The garlands fade, but others grow.

The mother cannot youth retain,
But feels it in her child again,
And he, when grown to be a sire,
Shall still Creation's life inspire.

If Time's rude hand hath changed thy brow,
If something less of freshness now
Within thy bounding pulse appears,
Than graced thy life in earlier years,

Oh! dwell not on that common truth,
But trace in all the growth of youth
The charms that Nature doth unfold :
Ah! what if all the world were old !

Though Time destroys, he ripens too,
The changing world is ever new,
And youth shall bloom and life be gay
When we and ours have passed away.

YOUTH, AGE, AND DEATH.

WHEN quite a child I loved to play,
And frolicked all my life away,
And longed for each succeeding day.

And when, by Time compelled to move
Towards manhood, I began to prove
The sentiment we know as Love.

Still later on, a father grown,
I 'gan to ponder more alone,
More solemn than I cared to own.

And when I grandfather became,
And 'gan to walk a little lame,
All things to me seemed much the same.

Oh! now comes wisdom—thus I cried—
All life's pursuits in turn I've tried,
And thrown such vanities aside.

But now comes Death to shake my hand,
And tells me I must leave the land,
And says--Good friend, pry understand :

A very foolish thought is this,
That Age can wisdom claim as his,
And deem Youth's pleasures all amiss :

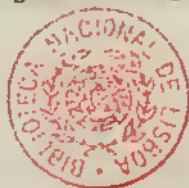
Age cannot, sure, compete with Youth ;
Age is not young : 'tis equal truth
Youth is not Age : there's room for both :

Were you a child again, again
Would childhood's pleasures fill your brain ;
Or man, love would your heart enchain :

You'd come to meet me as you came ;
You'd play once more your former game ;
Others are doing just the same :

Earth still has pleasures for the young,
Their song of life is not yet sung,
Earth counts them still her flowers among :

But they, as you have changed, must change,
To them will early life seem strange ;
In all succeeding ranks all range :



Earth to the young is young: the old
Pretend she's vain, worn out and cold;
It is that they begin to mould:

Your time is come, and you must go,
You cannot care to stay, I know:
Your stream of life runs thick and low:

Have done with this old foolish song,
'Tis nought but fading life's ding-dong:
You've lived your time, so come along!

SEVENTY YEARS TO-DAY.

Stanzas written for an old couple—born on the same day—for their seventieth anniversary. Addressed by the husband to his wife.

OUR early days are past and gone,
Our youth's gay course is run,
And yet we are not left alone,
Nor yet has set our sun.

Fair evening has her charms, though morn
And noon may brilliant be ;
And ne'er can beat my heart forlorn,
While still I gaze on thee !

Ah ! why repine, if evening close
With calm and golden sky ?
How bright soe'er our morn arose,
We knew that it must fly.

And while 'twas morn we had not proved
This bond but Death can sever,
We had not seen, we had not loved,
Nor lived and moved together.

If memory makes the charm of days
Time only can bestow,
Then larger joy our life displays,
As older still we grow.

The hoary lock with happiness
Is green with inward joy,
Nor wilt thou say my heart is less
Than when I was a boy.

And though I spy thy silvered hair,
And brow with furrows filled,
Beneath, the sparkling eye is there,
That nothing yet hath chilled.

And though the charm of youth be past,
Nor beauty more beguile,
Still, still thy lips in peace are cast,
Nor have forgot to smile.

And I as old, thy wrinkles mine !

Oh ! may I smile as true,

And may mine eyes, while meeting thine,

Still sparkle back on you !

Our rest of life shall burn the same,

Through every day we spend,

And like the taper, keep its flame,

Though verging toward the end.

That flickering end we know must be,

Nor very far away,

Yet casts no cloud on you and me,

Though seventy years to-day !

*THE OLD WIDOWER SHEPHERD TO HIS
DEAD DOG.*

WHERE thou art gone and whither I shall go,
God only knows, though man must seem
to know ;

This much is true—on earth, as man and dog,
For years we side by side would always jog ;
I looked to thee and thou wouldst look to me,
And while wast here no better friends could be ;
We went to work and came back home together,
In the long summer days and winter weather ;
Under the hedge my coat and things you'd keep,
And when I called would come help fold the sheep.
Thy death hath cowed me, let be how it will,
And left a blank that nought I know can fill.
If all our births and deaths be much the same,
Where is the difference as to whence we came ?
It seems to me we ought to meet again,
Though wise 'uns tell us such ideas are vain.

If t'other world must better be than this,
Why should two friends of earth each other miss ?
Or why should feelings which below we prize
Have nought to do with feelings in the skies ?
If 'tis, why 'tis—and nothing's more to say,
But I may think as well as others may,
And though my thoughts may make the learned
stare,
I'm certain, Trim, that I shall find thee there.

TO ROSA.

IF spring returned without thy smile,
In vain her charms would shine ;
Her flowers might other hearts beguile,
But could not solace mine.

Nor sun nor sky could brilliant seem,
Though brilliant they might be ;
Though earth and air with life might teem,
'Twere winter still to me !

The violet sweet, the lily bright,
May each their charms disclose,
But how can these the heart delight
Of him who seeks the Rose ?

And what the spring? though fresh and fair,
But nothingness, I ween,
Unless thy fairer form be there,
To grace the glowing scene.

Then do not linger, gentle maid,
But swift as thought appear,
And e'er her other blossoms fade,
Let spring indeed be here :

She, lingering still, e'en waits awhile
One flower with hers to twine,
Whose smile makes all more sweetly smile—
The Rose that must be mine !

Night, at day's too dreary close,
Scarcely seems to bring repose.
Retrospection ! mourn no more,
There are pleasures still before :
When the winter leaves the plain,
Suns and flowers will smile again.

Mourn not summer as a friend,
Whom cold death from friend doth sever,
Shrouded in his mortal end,
Gone for ever, and for ever !
This brings winter to the heart,
Sometimes never to depart ;
This invades the soul with frost,
This indeed is sunshine lost.

Summer needs no such adieu,
Time will soon his charms renew ;
Absence with a quick return,
Surely needs no funeral urn.

Winter, though he seem unkind,
Nourishes and feeds the mind :

Winter suits with meditation,
Draws the heart to contemplation :
Were the seasons ever gay,
Life would all be laughed away !

Midst the dark and driving gloom
Watchful charity may bloom,
And louder as the tempests blow
Brighter and more sweet may grow.

Make such moments, then, thy gain ;
Every season has its charms :
Cold, with all his pinching train,
Hospitality disarms.

Winter all may be enjoyed,
And if time be well employed,
When the herbage springs anew,
We may bear our blossoms too.

OVER THE SNOW.

WHEN Nature lies wrapt in her winter's gear,
With no smile for the eye, and no song
for the ear,

When the woods are all barren of leaf and of bird,
Or only the robin's shrill note is heard,

Through the sleepy cold I love to go,
Over the silent snow !

When the skies are all gray, and the earth is all
white,

And the days are all drowsy, and dreary the night,
When the plough in the frozen furrow stands still,
And the sheep are close packed on the side of the
hill,

Through the sleepy cold I love to go,
Over the silent snow !

And over the snow, and over the snow,
The notes of those distant bells come and go ;
In summer's bright noon, or in autumn's gold
I never have heard that far-away chime, [prime,
But only as through the cold I go,
Over the silent snow !

Oh ! the winter's white walk is dear to me,
With its songless air, and its leafless tree,
So strange and so ghostly does everything seem,
That I move, as it were, in an arctic dream,
As through the sleepy cold I go,
Over the silent snow !

Or I feel like a child that awakens from sleep,
In the midnight, while others are slumbering
deep ;
It finds itself living, and all alone— [own,
And the thoughts that o'ercome it are often my
As through the sleepy cold I go,
Over the silent snow !

But why can I love, when all Nature lies dead,
O'er the dreary landscape alone to tread ?
And why in such scenes any joy can I find ?
Because I am blessed with a refuge behind—

A house and a hearth to whose warmth I can go
When I've wandered enough and the night
falls low .

Over the silent snow !

MY TWO NIGHTINGALES.

O H! nightingale, art singing to the rose?
The rose is fast asleep!

Dost thou thy note for vacant silence keep,
While all around repose?

Not so: I sang to all of you by day,
Ye did not care to hear;

A thousand others sang the hours to cheer,
My note was thrown away!

Those songsters with the setting sun are gone,
Their heads beneath the wing,
And, till the rolling world shall morning bring,
They sleep, but I sing on.

How easy to be cheerful in the day!

And life in sunshine spend:

So, thousand voices can on joy attend,

But pass, in grief, away.

Hark to my music in the dewy dark !

I am the voice of night :

My melody can live without the light ;

I am not like the lark.

He can the air in sunshine only fill,

He is the sun's own bird :

To him he soars and sings, but I am heard

When all is dark and still.

And is there not another voice that thou

Canst hear when all is still ?

Is there not one that doth thy silence fill

As doth my own voice now ?

Oh ! nightingale, that note hath probed my soul ;

I know a voice, indeed,

That, sweet to me in pleasure and at need,

Doth all my heart control.

By day its music mingles with the rest,

Delighting those who hear ;

But when, alone, it meets my midnight ear,

What other sound so blest ?

E'en more companion of the dark than thou,
It never flies away ;
I do not blame thee, no ; thou canst not stay :
She cannot leave my bough.

Oh ! nightingale, still court my woodland shade,
And let me hear again,
And still for evermore, the enchanting strain,
That thus shall be repaid—

Henceforth when noiseless hours of night prevail,
And on mine ear there fall
That other voice, like thine, its note I'll call
Note of my nightingale !

*SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED BY A BASKET OF
FLOWERS TO A LADY IN LONDON.*

ERE yet the rising sun had smiled,
Or kissed away the dew,
A kindless hand the lawn defiled,
And snatched us where we grew ;

Then to this prison sad consigned
Our blossoms once so gay,
And while for lost, loved home we pined,
Withdrew us far away.

Do thou, fair maid, with gentler hand
Thy gentle care bestow,
And lend in this, a stranger-land,
Some solace to our woe.

If worthy of such bliss we seem,
We'll seek a queen in thee,

And, filled with water from the stream,
Thy vase our home shall be.

There all our simple art we'll try
Thy dulness to beguile,
We'll court the sunshine of thine eye,
And imitate thy smile.

So when our fragrance faints and dies,
And here we cease to shine,
Our blooms in fairyland shall rise,
Because we once were thine!

ENIGMA.

Suggested by a ludicrous omission of the letter "r" in the word "friends," in a marriage announcement.

I AM a liquid, but to drought belong,
Though in the right am always in the wrong,
Buried in earth, I float aloft in air,
Linked with repose, I'm never free from care ;
In very midst of torrid heat I roll,
In arctic frost, but never reach the Pole,
Yet in the sky, at greater distance far,
I shine attendant on the Polar Star.
With morn I rise, and lead the sun's red ray,
But no one ever sees me in the day ;
Nor yet in dewy eve I take delight,
And though in darkness do not know the night.
With double sound I aid old Ocean's roar,
Sail with the barque, but never leave the shore ;
No river rolls but I control its banks,
Soldiers and sailors hail me in their ranks,

I always in the battle front appear,
And in retreat I cover up the rear.
With Emperor and with Empress I am seen,
But do not bend to either King or Queen ;
The lawyer's robe and Westminster I grace,
But ah ! in Equity I find no place :
Without me rapid cure was never made,
Though medicine manages without my aid ;
I lead religion and am head of Rome,
Yet midst all Protestants I find a home ;
Of marriages I must a witness be,
With heart, or heartless, 'tis the same to me !
Sweet with the rose, or savage with the thorn,
For love or sympathy I was not born ;
Yet vice my presence never did beguile,
'Truth, honour, virtue, own me with a smile,
Without me friends are fiends—I make fiends
 friends,
And more I claim,—but here my story ends.

TO MISS G—.

With gloves lost in a wager.

HAD gloves been lost to me
The "number" had been "nine ;"
But they were won by thee,
And "seven" is thine.

Had "nine" victorious been,
The Muses might have sung ;
E'en now one moves my pen
Their choir among.

"Sevens" in Euterpe's art
A leading office hold ;
But ah ! what sound impart ?
Be it not told !

Nay, tell : not discord wide,
But soft, and to make agree ;
From chord to chord they guide
Sweet harmony !

LIE AND LAY.

LAY those roses where she *lay*,
 Ere their blushing blossoms die ;
 Ere their perfumes pass away,
 Be they *laid* where she did *lie*.

None have *lien* in that shade,
 None have *lain* upon that green,
 Where her lovely form she *laid*,
Lying like some sylvan queen.

We those flowers as we are *laying*,
 While for her we all *lie* sighing,
 Sweets of memory are displaying,
Laying them where she *lay lying*.

Lo ! she comes again, give way !
Lay no more, nor word be said,
 Lo ! she *lies* where erst she *lay*,
 And all beneath her spell *lies laid* !

TO CATHERINE.

HOW comes it that thy peaceful form
Should be the herald of a storm?
How comes it that thy beaming eye
Should fill me full of agony?
And that sweet voice which, as it flows,
Comes like an odour from the rose,
Is author of my keenest woes;
And that benignant, peaceful smile,
That Nature fashioned to beguile,
Stings like a serpent of the Nile!
It is, if aught the heart can prove,
It is because I deeply love,
And deeply loving, half divine
Thy happiness can ne'er be mine.
Oh! speak no more of Cupid's fabled bow,
These are the arrows that we lovers know!

ACROSTIC TO A LADY.

At her request.

SINCE all must change that smiles or frowns on
 earth,
 As days and nights come round in turn again,
 Blind were the heart to sigh for constant mirth,
 If that might be there might be constant pain ;
 No—take thy life as Heaven doth here ordain,
 A blended picture all of light and shade,
 And in thy darker moments still retain [vade.
 Links with the past where pleasant thoughts per-
 Divine thy future thence, nor be dismayed,
 Renounce distrust, and in this thought stand fast :
 If joy and grief must, both alternate, fade,
 Deceiving sense, delusive to the last,
 Gather thy comfort from that Hope alone, [known.
 Each Sage once darkly sought, each Saint hath

ANOTHER.

To a lady, at her request, on her birthday.

DEAR is this day, whose presence years ago,
Auspicious midst the anxieties of earth,
Gilded with joy which only mothers know,
Unfeignèd joy, the heart that gave thee birth.
In life's career thou too hast loved thy child,
Long be the love thine offspring bear for thee,
And in their sunshine be thy winter mild,
Repose awaiting in the world to be !

*THE SOLDIER'S HEART.**On the eve of battle.*

I N vain, ye clouds, ye cloak the morn
With dark foreboding hue,
My flashing sword your frowns can scorn,
The soldier's heart is true.

Ye cannot quench the rising ray
That calls the world to life,
Ye cannot tear my hope away,
Nor rule the fate of strife.

Lo! while I gaze, a straggling beam
Breaks through yon shroud above,
And wakens a propitious dream,
A retrospect of love.

One soft, one sacred thought on her
Whose heart responds to mine,

A smile—a prayer—but not a tear,
While hope, my friend, will shine.

The ray has passed—the thought must cease—
Dread war ! my nerve renew,
For here in battle, as in peace,
The soldier's heart is true.

THE TEAR, THE SMILE, AND THE DEWDROP.

BRIGHT, glittering, liquid sphere,
Emblem of joy and grief ;
Thou moving, touching tear,
The o'erladen heart's relief ;

While human breast must sigh,
Oh ! be thy waters near ;
Subdue the fevered eye,
Make sorrow less severe.

Thou smile, thou tear, ye twain
How gracefully ye twine !
Like changing sun and rain,
Alternate cloud and shine.

Such skies make sweet flowers blow,
And sweetly blooms the heart,
When tears, not bitter, flow,
And mingled smiles take part.

The dewdrop on the rose,
 What is it but a tear?
A tear from heaven that flows,
 The drooping flower to cheer;

Cheering, but weeping too,
 That the fair flower must die ;
Oh ! tear, how soft, how true,
 Falling from heaven's own eye.

Dewdrop and tear and smile,
 Blend all in one sweet three :
Our flowers and hearts beguile,
 One sisterhood are ye !

TWO WISHES.

TO-MORROW is our only day of meeting;

Oh! how I long to meet;

With very pain my hoping heart is beating,

But 'tis a pain that's sweet.

The moments drawl like hours;

Oh! all ye heavenly powers,

Whate'er of life doth intervene

My hope and promised joy between,

Destroy it; make to-morrow of to-day;

Push Time along—let Time run fast away!

* * * * *

To-morrow's here, and now it is our meeting;

Oh! we have met again;

What earthly paradise appears this greeting!

But 'tis a joy with pain.

The hours like moments fly;

Oh! all ye powers on high,

Cut short my future if ye will,
But make my present life stand still :
The passage toward to-morrow morning stay,
Rock Time to sleep—let Time not run away !

VISIT TO THE NOBLE RUINS OF KOM OMBO.

*Standing on an eminence on the east bank of the Nile, between
Edfou and Assouan, where the river is fast undermining
the land. Time, sunset. January 18, 1880.*

PASS not my ruin scornful by,
Nor slight my fractured majesty,
Though no such fragments can I show
As Karnac's mass that frowns below.
High o'er Old Nile my form I rear,
I ask no smile, I crave no tear,
Yet with the rest I make my claim,
As sprung from equal royal name,
For I, all shattered as I be,
Am proud as they of pedigree.

Ye who at hour of sunset come
To gaze upon my sandy home,
To view my precincts all forlorn,
That rude iconoclasts have torn,

My smothered shafts, my broken brow,
Never more stern and proud than now,
As one who, certain of decay,
Flings every lying hope away,
If ye my ancient history seek,
But little can I stoop to speak,
For why recall my foolish past,
Since they who reared me could not last?
Or why repeat my brilliant story,
If grand in ruin as in glory?
Well I my vast fabric was designed
To overawe the Egyptian mind:
The gods of darkness and of light,
Those spirits of opposing might,
Claimed worship in my solemn fane;
But all was superstition vain,
Which novel creeds have swept away,
To claim, in turn, their passing day.

Flow, Nile, to undermine the land
Whereon my yet left ruins stand,
Flow, Time, to work thy constant ill,
To my last stone I'm steadfast still!

Long, long, my god of light has flown,
My god of darkness reigns alone !
And stranger, go ! night falls, and soon,
All silvered by the staring moon,
A ghostly light like life shall pour
Where darkness doth become far more.

Go, stranger, go ! and leave on high
Kom Ombo towering to the sky,
And if, perchance, your friends among
My name should move your wondering tongue,
Then this my vengeful word recall,
I nurse while tottering to my fall,
When blankness shall my throne possess,
Old Nile shall boast one glory less !

THE DYING PALM TREE.

While waiting at Belliauch, to start for Abydus, one of the ladies on board sketched a fine palm tree, which fell into the river from being undermined, just as she had finished her picture.

I FLOURISHED on the banks of Nile,
Who smiled and flowed for years below,
But all deceptive was his smile,
And all destructive was his flow.

One morning, when he seemed most kind,
And I stood dreaming 'neath the spell,
My roots his waters undermined,
And, swept to his embrace, I fell!

But fate was kind in one regard,
It lingered, while with friendly eye
Fair Art to trace my form appeared,
And gave me immortality!

February 6, 1880.

*THE RETURN OF THE PILGRIMS FROM MECCA
TO CAIRO, FEBRUARY 16, 1880.*

A SPIRIT stood apart to view the scene,
Having no right to thrust his form between,
While through Old Cairo's streets there poured
along
A large, devout, returning Pilgrims' throng.
From Mecca's Sacred City, lo! they came,
Where, as the Prophet bade, in Allah's name,
The Veil upon the Kaabah they had laid,
A tribute, as of old, by Cairo paid.
The Canopy a stately camel bore,
Wherein the veil they gave the year before,
And now brought back, with solemn care was laid,
Safe to the citadel to be conveyed.
Here in Mohammed Ali's Mosque it lies,
Whose minarets as Cairo's landmark rise,

Till word is given its substance to divide,
When thousand "Faithful" claim their share with
pride.

The day in all festivity was spent, [went.
And crowds pressed round and hailed them as they

So, many years ago, in German lands,
This self-same Spirit followed Pilgrim bands,
Who by fair Mösel's banks pursued their way
To Trèves' Old City, sacred vows to pay.
Here thousands more appeared from every side,
For Europe's every country poured its tide ;
Here they all came their Prophet's Coat to view,
The "Holy Coat" that with His body grew ;
Miraculous in texture as in power,
And hung for healing touch for many an hour,
While, all the sacred miracles to prove,
Behold the votive crutches ranged above !

And thus the Spirit, when in Cairo, thought—
To what high pitch man's mind by man is wrought !
We know not whence we came or whither go,
And to the end it must be always so ;

Hence many a tender and dependent mind
Is anxious some Protecting Power to find,
To whom it may appeal, by prayer and praise,
Its fears to banish and its hopes to raise.
Such Faith, while simple, may be left alone,
Thousands of honest hearts its influence own ;
But Faith develops—dogmas rear a school,
Where Superstition arrogates the rule,
Whence gods and prophets to exist began,
Miracles, Christian or Mahometan.
Be He, or be He not, all lies concealed,
Yet some have claimed His voice and form revealed,
Whence, step by step, Scholastic Faiths have grown,
Wherein mere crabbed wrangling hath been shown.
These have one common source—the human
 brain—
And deepest dreamers but confusion gain,
And though our scanty knowledge we deplore,
All are pretenders who pretend to more.
E'en so—the Spirit ends as he began,
Developed Faiths make man the slave of man.

STANZAS.

YE must be beautiful, ye shades,
Thou must be fair, thou winding stream,
Whose peaceful breast no barque invades,
Whose waters wander like a dream ;

For oft at morn, and noon, and eve
On all your charms my heart hath dwelt ;
Yet now, it costs me to believe
'Twas here I such enchantment felt.

We live but as we feel and see,
We change with every change around ;
We see and feel but as we be,
As we are struck, return the sound.

We are but flowers that bloom by day,
And close their petals up by night ;
Some cloud but shades some joy away,
The heart, responsive, feels the blight.

In pangs of absence I deplore
A voice unheard, a form unseen ;
Oh ! shades and stream, ye charm no more,
Unhaunted by your Sylvan Queen !

MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS.

*O POETA PORTUGUEZ, BOCCAGE, Á MEMORIA
DAS VICTORIAS DE LORD NELSON SOBRE
OS FRANCESES.*

COM diadema de luz no Elysio entrava
 Involto Nelson em sanguineo manto :
 Causou nos Manes desusado espanto,
 E a turva dos heroes o rodeava.
 Grita Alexandre, e nelle os olhos crava,
 Quem es que entre mortães fulguras tanto?
 Sou, lhe diz, quem remio de vil quebranto
 Europa curva, oppressa e quasi escrava ;
 Deixei de sangue o pego rubicundo ;
 Tropheos no meu sepulcro a Patria arvora ;
 Raio ardi sobre o Gallo furibundo !
 Nisto de novo o Macedonio chora :
 Quem immensa extensão venceo do mundo
 Quem vencera um só povo inveja agora.

*THE PORTUGUESE POET, BOCCAGE, TO THE
MEMORY OF LORD NELSON'S VICTORIES
OVER THE FRENCH.*

WITH diadem of light, [the fight,
And wrapt in blood-stained mantle from
Nelson into Elysium came.

The Ghosts are moved with strange amaze,
The host of heroes flock around to gaze.
Who art thou, Alexander cries,
Fixing intent on him his eyes,
Who among mortals shinest with such fame?
'Tis I, quoth he, who from vile thraldom saved
Europe bowed down, oppressed, almost enslaved;
Incarnadined with blood I left the wave;
My country raises trophies o'er my grave;
A bolt upon the furious Gaul I threw—
On this the Macedonian weeps anew;
He who of earth vast regions taught to bow,
The conqueror of one people only envies now.

THE ERLKING.

GOETHE.

WHO rides so late through the night wind
wild?

It is the father, and with him his child ;
He holds the wrapt boy in his careful arm,
He guards him safely, he keeps him warm.

My son ! why so timidly hidest thine eye ?
Oh ! seest thou not, father, the Erlking nigh ?
The Erlking with crown and with train so proud ?
My boy, it is only a streaming cloud !

“ Thou dearest boy, come go with me,
Oh ! glorious sport will I make for thee :
My country is bright with gay flowers untold,
My mother has many a robe of gold ! ”

My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What Erlking promises, close to mine ear ?

Be still, my own boy; lie still; 'tis the wind
That rustles among the dry leaves behind!

“Oh! beautiful boy, wilt thou go with me?
My daughters shall cherish thee tenderly;
My daughters that sport in the midnight ring
Shall rock thee, and nurse thee, and dance and
sing!”

My father, my father, and seest thou not there
Erlking's daughters glide through the dark air?
My son, my son, I see all in our way,
'Tis the aged willows that shine so gray!

“I love thee! I'm charmed by thy beautiful form,
And art thou not willing, I'll seize thee by storm!”
My father, my father, I'm stricken all o'er;
Oh! Erlking indeed hath hurt me sore!

The father shudders—and swiftly he rides,
His moaning child in his arms he hides:
He reaches his home with toil, and in dread—
There in his arms the child was dead!

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.

(HEINE.)

THOU art like any flower,
So kind, so fair, so chaste !

I gaze on thee, and sorrow
Within my heart is traced !

As if I should, with hand
Upon thy head inclined,
Pray unto God to keep thee
So chaste, so fair, so kind !

HOSPITAL PRACTICE IN FRANCE.

(VOLTAIRE.)

LÀ, le long de ces lits où gémit le malheur,
Victime des secours plus que de la douleur,
L'ignorance en courant fait sa ronde homicide,
L'indifférence observe et le hazard décide.

IN those long wards where sighs from patients flow,
Victims of succour rather than of woe,
Through her cool round of murder Ignorance glides,
Indifference observes, and Chance decides.

HORACE.

CARM. I. xxxviii.

BOY, all your Persian ornaments I hate ;
 Crowns woven with the philyra displease ;
 Retreats where still the lingering rose blooms late,
 You need not seek for these.
 Nought, I insist, with simple myrtle twine ;
 'The myrtle cannot unbecoming be
 To me, while drinking 'neath my mantling vine,
 Nor thee, while serving me.

CARM. III. ix.

HORACE.

While pleasing in thy heart I moved,
 Nor other courtier, more beloved,
 Round thy white neck his arm did fling,
 I flourished happier than the Persians' king.

LYDIA.

While thou no other flame didst prove,
Nor Lydia less than Chloe love,
Lydia, of fair resounding name,
I shone with more than Roman Ilia's fame.

HORACE.

Me Cretan Chloe governs now,
Skilled o'er the harp her hand to throw ;
For whom I would not fear to die,
If Fate would harmless pass her spirit by.

LYDIA.

Me Thurian Calais doth admire,
I claim him with a mutual fire ;
For whom I twice could bear to die,
If Fate, dear youth, would pass him harmless by.

HORACE.

What if our love revive again,
And bind us in a lasting chain ?
Were flaxen Chloe loved no more,
And slighted Lydia welcomed to my door ?

LYDIA.

Though he were brighter than a star,
Thou, lighter e'en than cork, and far
More angry than the Adrian Sea,
I'd love to live, I'd cheerful die, with thee!

OLD EPIGRAM ON THE BIBLE.

Hic Liber est in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque,
Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua.

THIS is the Book where each doth seek
The dogma to his mind ;
And where, in common, truth to speak,
Each doth his dogma find.

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THE [illegible]

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Mr. Aubertin has translated without paraphrase, always verse by verse, even preserving those beauties of figurative grammatical expression which belong so specially to Camoens, so much so that they are called Camonianisms, and are the characteristics of a school. Although other translations may appear, Mr. Aubertin's translation is definite. It will be difficult to equal the author's interpretation of the Portuguese text, or surpass the faithfulness and poetical colouring of this translation, which may be justly considered a revelation of Camoens. A revelation, because Mr. Aubertin has proved that he can reproduce what is most difficult to preserve in foreign language, viz., the national sentiment.—*Athenæum*. ✓

The later translation by Mr. Aubertin, daintily decorated and printed, is the work of a writer whose long residence amongst those who speak the idiom Fanshawe terms "uncourted," and in which Camoens wrote, entitles him to claim no mean authority as a translator of Portugal's Epic. . . . Mr. Aubertin has fulfilled his promise, keeping his muse well in hand. . . . We trust that Mr. Aubertin may be induced to give us a complete translation of Camoens' minor works. His *Rimas* deserve an English dress.—*Saturday Review*. ✓

It behoves us to give this translation unmeasured and unstinted praise. It is nearly always elegant and pleasing, and it is close and faithful to a degree which is almost unparalleled. We thank him heartily for the honest piece of literary work which he has produced, and congratulate him upon the complete success which has crowned his efforts as a translator. It would be superfluous to say a word more on this head; and English students of Portuguese literature will turn again and again with gratitude to a translation which has done for them the same good service which Hayward's "Faust" and Dr. Carlyle's "Inferno" have done for students of German and Italian literature.—*Spectator*. ✓

Mr. Aubertin is by no means the first English interpreter of Camoens, but he is no doubt the best. . . . The metre adopted by Mr. Aubertin is that of the original, the *Ottava Rima*, which he handles with considerable skill.—*Fall Ball Gazette*.

Mr. Aubertin's version has a claim to high praise. Mr. Aubertin has given with remarkable success the local colour of his original. Having printed the Portuguese text, so that it can be conveniently compared stanza by stanza with his translation, he comes well out of the comparison which he has courted. His general fidelity is exemplary; and he has employed the necessary processes of modification and compensation with remarkable prudence.—*Guardian*.

Mr. J. J. Aubertin has really for the first time placed this famous Epic within the reach of English readers who are unacquainted with the Portuguese language.—*Daily News*.

Mr. Aubertin brings a finer talent and a more exacting critical sense to his work. He not only gives a fair line for line translation, but in his metre and rhyme really manages to convey much of the charm of the original. It is beyond our space to go into detailed criticism, but we would particularly cite the opening portion of the second and the closing portion of the last canto. As the original is given on the one page and the translation on the other, the student has before him a very choice text-book if he chooses to make it so; and certainly, with its imitation handwove paper and its tasteful binding, it may be said, to all that pertains to the publisher's part, to vie with the very choicest books that have recently fallen from the English press.—*British Quarterly*.

To us Mr. Aubertin's reads as a work of unexampled regularity, and this, considering the versions we possess of the "*Lusiads*," is a very distinct praise. . . . To give an adequate sample of Mr. Aubertin's continuous excellence in his own well-considered line, is of course for us impossible.—*Notes and Queries*.

Mr. Aubertin has, without hyperbole, done his work splendidly; fettered as he was by the impossibility of reproducing the effect of the feminine rhymes, he has yet given the full force and not a little of the music of the original. . . . It may frankly be said—anybody who is capable of comparing original with translation must allow this—that Mr. Aubertin is the first to give to our nation an adequate rendering of one of the noblest epics of our era. . . . For delicate fancy, too, the episode of the enchanted island, with the pursuit of the nymphs, may be as highly commended in Mr. Aubertin's version as in the original, which is saying a good deal. . . . We have to thank Mr. Aubertin for a rare literary treat, and to compliment him upon having added a valuable work to our British Poetical Library; and it may be added, that the system of printing Portuguese and English stanzas side by side will make the work cosmopolitan, which is no small gain.—*Graphic*.

These beautiful volumes will be a very great gain to all lovers of general literature. . . . Mr. Aubertin has brought great poetic facility to bear upon his task, and has executed it with very great taste. The Preface alone is well worthy of perusal, and the accuracy and beauty of the translation can be easily tested by Portuguese scholars, the original and the translation being printed side by side.—*Liverpool Albion*.

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