

**John Dryden: Lines from "The Hind and the Panther,"  
Aureng-Zebe, The Conquest of Granada,  
and Don Sebastian**

Prompt to assail, and careless of defense,  
Invulnerable in his impudence,  
He dares the world; and, eager of a name,  
He thrusts about, and jostles into fame.  
Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,  
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.  
So fond of loud report, that, not to miss  
Of being known, (his last and utmost bliss,)  
He rather would be known for what he is.  
"The Hind and the Panther," Part Third, lines 1184-92

Death, in it self is nothing; but we fear  
To be we know not what, we know not where.  
Aureng-Zebe, Act IV, Scene 1, lines 3-4

Forgiveness to the injur'd does belong;  
But they ne'r pardon who have done the wrong.  
The Conquest of Granada, Part II, Act I, Scene 2, lines 5-6

The secret pleasure of a generous Act,  
Is the great minds great bribe.  
Don Sebastian, Act V, Scene 1, lines 316-317

With open Arms, loose vayl, and flowing Hair,  
Just flying forward from my rowling Sphere.  
The Conquest of Granada, Part I, Act III, Scene 1, lines 233-34

Tão sedento que d'elle dizem \*fe'  
Ora a nat' se curia B, elle at'  
Prefere por o cembexam por pome l.

Dryden  
(LOWELL)

Prompto a atear, <sup>em repulsa</sup> no xpo lento Aguardo,  
humbanand ~~ho atreimento~~  
dent' <sup>aponta</sup> o mund, (Reple o mund,  
pecc - e empurre ~~tuas~~ <sup>tuas</sup> ~~at'~~ <sup>at'</sup> ~~fa~~ <sup>fa</sup>.

A morte em si nada e, mas um tormento  
... <sup>1000</sup> ...

O perdoo as que affe  
mas o q' se e mal nunca perdoa.

O mundo gero a auto pensosa  
E d' espirito nulo o grande preso,

Apoy deit, <sup>1000</sup> ...  
hubs a roca de xho a q'phora <sup>1000</sup> ~~antant~~

Prompto a atear, <sup>em repulsa</sup> ~~aguardo~~  
...  
humbanand. <sup>1000</sup> ...  
... <sup>1000</sup> ...

"Tão sedento que d'elle," BNP/E3, 74B-43f.

<sup>1</sup> Prompto a atacar, em defender-se lento

<sup>2</sup> Invulneravel pelo atrevimento

<sup>3</sup> Repta o mundo, [    ]

Mexe-se e empurra tudo até á fama.

[

]

Tão sedento que d'elle dêem fé

Que de não ser conhecido, elle até

Prefere que o conheçam por quem é.

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<sup>1b</sup> Prompto a atacar, e na defeza lento

<sup>2b</sup> Por \*desdenhoso. Em ser atacante

Invulneravel. Repta o mundo, que ama;

Mexe-se e empurra tudo até á fama.

---

A morte em sinada é, mas nós tememos

<sup>2c</sup> Ser não sabemos onde; isso que não sabemos.

---

O perdão ao que soffre [    ]

Mas o que fez o mal nunca perdoa.

---

O occulto gozo do acto generoso

É do spirito nobre o grande preço.

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<sup>1d</sup> Braços abertos, solto o veu, cabello ondeante

Indo a voar de sobre a sphaera andante

---

**John Keats: “Ode on a Grecian Urn”**

## II.

1 [                            ] mas aquellas  
Que não se ouvem, são mais; trillam, pois,  
3 Não ao ouvido sensual; mais bellas,  
Cantae-me á alma musicas sem som!  
5 Tu, jovem, sob as arvores, [                            ]  
6 Teu canto, nem os ramos [                            ]  
Tua bocca, amante nunca a beijará,  
8 Sempre perto do beijo—mas não chores  
9 Ella não morre, inda que tu não  
10 Sempre amarás e ella bella será.

## III

Ramos felizes! Nunca o vosso braço  
12 Perde as folhas ou [                            ]  
E feliz melodista, [                            ]  
14 Trillando enfim canções sempre novas.  
15 E amor feliz! Oh mais feliz amor!  
16 Sempre em calor e para ser gosado  
Sempre apaixonado e jovem, e a querer;  
18 Além do humano respirado ardor  
Que deixa o coração triste e cansado  
20 A bocca senão a doer e a frente a arder.

POEMS AND SONNETS.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

I.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,  
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

II.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard,  
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes play on;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!  
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;  
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
 For ever piping songs for ever new;  
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
 For ever panting, and for ever young;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Keats, "Ode on a Grecian Urn," *The Poetical Works*, 1898, 266. CFP 8-294.

Keats - Ode a uma Urna Grega

II

*Maneira para se ouvir a voz que  
 não se ouve, ou não se ouve, pois,  
 há os ouvidos mortais; mas os  
 cantos-me a alma murmuram sem som!  
 Tu, jovem, não toques,  
 Não toques, nem os instrumentos  
 Tuas vozes amadas, nunca a beijares,  
 Embora não possas beijar - mas não deixes  
 O teu canto, nem os teus instrumentos  
 Sempre amadas e sempre belas serão.*

III

*Ó ramos felizes! nunca o verão  
 vos fará perder as folhas  
 E o melodista, sempre  
 cantando, sempre cantando sempre novo.  
 Ó amor feliz! ó amor feliz!  
 Sempre amado e sempre jovem;  
 Tudo o que o coração humano  
 deseja de paixão e de amor, tudo o que  
 o coração humano deseja de paixão e de amor.*

"Mas aquelas," manuscript of Pessoa's translation of "Ode to a Grecian Urn," BNP/E3, 74B-54f.

**Alfred, Lord Tennyson: "Break, Break, Break"**

[BNP/E3, 19-70<sup>f</sup>]

124 TO E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE.

Ah shameless I for he did but sing  
A song that pleased us from its worth;  
No public life was his on earth,  
No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best;  
His worst be kept, his best he gave.  
My Shakespeare's muse on clown and  
knave  
Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who make it seem more sweet to be  
The little life of bank and brack,  
The bird that pipes his love desire  
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than be that warbles long and loud  
And drops at Glory's temple gates,  
For whom the carrion vulture waits  
To tear his heart before the crowd!

TO E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS  
IN GREECE.

LILYKIAN woodlands, echoing falls  
Of water, sheets of summer glass,  
The long divine Parnassian pass,  
The vast Akroteranian walls,  
Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,  
With each a pencil, such a pen,  
You shadow forth to distant met,  
I read and felt that I was there:

And trust me while I turn'd the page,  
And track'd you still on classic ground,  
I grew in gladness full I found  
My spirit in the golden age.

For but the torrent ever pour'd  
And gladden'd—there and there alone  
The broad-furrow'd Gods at random  
flown  
By fountain-musings—and Naiads call'd  
A glimmering shoulder under gloom  
Of cavern pillars; on the swell  
The silver rhy boav'd and fell;  
And many a slope was rich in bloom.

From him that on the mountain lea  
By dancing violets fed his flock,  
To him who sat upon the rocks,  
And fluted to the morning sea.

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,  
Will never come back to me.

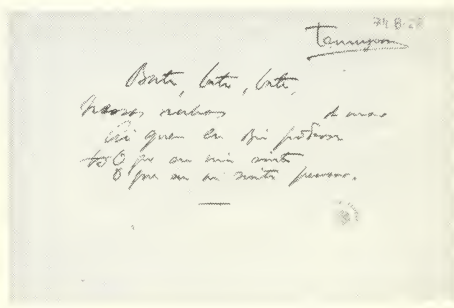
amurabile.

THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,  
He pass'd by the town and out of the  
street,  
A light wind blew from the gates of the  
sun,  
And waves of shadow went over the  
wheat,  
And he sat him down in a lonely place,  
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,  
That made the wild-swarth pause in her  
cloud,  
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow swopt as he bunted the fly,  
The snake slept under a spray,  
The wild hawk stood with the down on  
his beak,  
And stared, with his foot on the prey,  
And the nightingale thought, "I have  
sung many songs,  
But never a one so true,  
For he sings of what the world will be  
When the years have died away."

Bate, bate, bate  
Nessas rochas [ ] do mar  
Ai que eu dizer pudesse  
4 O que eu me sinto pensar.



"Break, break, break," Alfred Tennyson, *The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson*, London: Macmillan, 1902, 124. CFP 8-541.

"Bate, bate, bate," BNP/E3, 74B-28<sup>f</sup>.

Robert Browning: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin: A Child's Story"

430 DRAMATIC ROMANCES

Phrensies and deliriums in the mind.  
 First heeps already lay behind.  
 What need to strive with a life sorry?  
 Had I said that, had I done that,  
 So might I gain, so might I miss.  
 Might she have loved me? just as well!  
 She might have hated, who can tell!  
 Where had I been now if the water  
 had not?

And here we are retiring, she and I.  
 v  
 Had I shone, in words and deeds?  
 Why, all men crave and who success?  
 We seek, it seemed my spirit drew,  
 Saw other regions, thus he.  
 As the world rushed by on either  
 side,  
 I thought—all I knew, yet no less  
 Fear up beneath that unsuccess.  
 Look at the end of work, contrast  
 The sets done, the machine vast!  
 This part of things with the hospital  
 part!

I hoped she would love me; here we  
 ride.  
 vi  
 What head and brain meet ever gains?  
 What heart strike compass, and lead?  
 What act proved all its thought had  
 been?

What said, but ask the fishy scene?  
 We ride and I see far beyond  
 There's many a cross for who can  
 rub.  
 Ten lines, a statesman's life in case!  
 The flag, the mark on a hero's back,  
 A soldier's dress, what soldier?  
 They crack, it has name on the Abbey  
 stone.  
 My riding is better, by their leave.  
 vii  
 What does it all mean, poet? Well,  
 Your brain's best, late or then, you tell  
 What we left only, you expressed  
 You had things brought the best.  
 And pass them in rhyme so, wide by  
 side.  
 'Tis something, may 't be made, but  
 then,  
 Have you yourself what's best for men?  
 Are you—poet, sick, others your theme—  
 Greater one what your own sublime?  
 Than we who never have traced a  
 rhyme?

Sing, telling's a joy! For may I  
 ride.  
 viii  
 And you, great sculptor, so, you gave  
 A room of years to Art, the shav,  
 And that's your Venus, whose eye turn  
 To wonder gilt that feeds the man!  
 It is a statue, and shall I repeat?  
 What, man of mine, you growst give  
 With notes and nothing else to say,  
 Is this your sole praise from a friend,  
 Greatly his spirit's strays intent,  
 But in mine we know how fashion  
 end!

I give you youth, but we ride, in fan-  
 cy.  
 ix  
 Who knows what's fit for us? Had  
 fate  
 Dragg'd into here should admittance  
 My being—and I sign'd of the bond—  
 Still one must lead some life beyond,  
 The foot once planted on the goal,  
 The glory, the trouble round my soul,  
 Could I describe such? Try and test!  
 I seek back shuddering from the quest,  
 Earth on my steps, would heaven seem  
 best?

Now, heaven and she are beyond this  
 ride.  
 x  
 And yet—she has not spoke so long!  
 What a blessing be that, first and strong  
 As his! At least, with our eyes upraised  
 Whether his's flower is best discern'd,  
 We, and we, ever should so abide?  
 What if we still ride on, we two,  
 With life for ever old yet new,  
 Changed not in him, but in degree,  
 The infant made sternly,—  
 And heaven just prove that I and she  
 Ride, ride, together, for ever ride!

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN  
 A CHILD'S STORY  
 [WRITTEN FOR, AND INSCRIBED TO, W. A.  
 THE KING.]

HAMELIN TOWN'S in Brunswick,  
 By famous Hanover city;  
 The river Weser, deep and wide,  
 Washes its wall on the southern side;  
 A pleasant spot you never spied,

DRAMATIC ROMANCES 431

that, when heighs my duty,  
 Almost five hundred years ago,  
 To see the townfolk suffer so  
 From vermin, was a pity.

ii  
 Rats!  
 They fought the dogs, and killed the  
 cats,  
 And hit the babies in the cradles,  
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
 And licked the soup from the  
 cook's own ladles,  
 Spilt open the legs of salted squats,  
 Made cows in milk men's Sunday hats,  
 And even spoiled the women's chats,  
 By drowning their speaking  
 With shrieking and squeaking  
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

iii  
 At last the people in a body  
 In the Town Hall came flocking:  
 "Tis likar, cried they, "our Mayor's  
 a soddie,  
 "And as for our Corporation—  
 sticking  
 "To think we buy gowns lined with  
 ermine  
 sticking  
 "For dolls that can't or won't deter-  
 mine  
 "What's best for us or even to  
 ride  
 "You hope, because you're old and  
 obese,  
 "To end in the farr-civie robe case?  
 "Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a  
 racking  
 "To find the remedy we're lacking,  
 "Or, sure as fate, we'll send you pack-  
 ing!"

At this the Mayor nod Corporation  
 (quaked with a mighty consternation,  
 iv  
 An hour they sat in council,  
 At length the Mayor broke silence:  
 "For a soddie my vermin gown  
 sell  
 "I wish I were a mile hence!  
 "It's my to bid one sack one's brain  
 "You sure my poor head aches again,  
 "You scratched it so, and all in  
 vain.  
 "Oh, set a trap, a trap, a trap!  
 "Just as he said 'em, what should I  
 bid  
 "At the chamber-door had a gentle tap!  
 "Here 'em, cried the Mayor, "what's  
 that?"

[With the Corporation as he sat,  
 Looking little though well-meaning but:  
 "Nor brighter was his eye, nor clearer  
 "His long-looked-upon squint,  
 "Save when at noon his patch grew  
 mistierous  
 "For a plate of turk green and glutinous?  
 "Only a wisp of shew on the mat?  
 "Anything like the count of a rat  
 "Makes my heart go pit-pat?"

v  
 "Come in!" the Mayor cried, look-  
 ing bigger:  
 "And in did come the strangest figure!  
 "His queer long coat from hind to head,  
 "Was half of yellow and half of red,  
 "And he himself was tall and thin,  
 "With sharp blue eyes, such like a pen,  
 "And light loose hair, yet curiously clean,  
 "No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
 "But his whose ends went out and in;  
 "There was no guessing his folk and kin:  
 "And nobody could enough admire  
 "The tall man and his quaint attire  
 "Quoth one: "It's as my great-grand-  
 sire,  
 "Starting up at the Trump of Doom's  
 time,  
 "Had walked this way from his  
 painted tomb-stone!"

vi  
 He advanced to the council table:  
 "And, please your honours," said he,  
 "I'm able,  
 "By words of a secret charm, to draw  
 "All creatures living beneath the sun,  
 "That creep or swim or fly or run,  
 "After me, so as you never saw!  
 "And I chiefly me my charm  
 "On animals that do people harm,  
 "The mole and toad and weasel and  
 "viper:  
 "And might call me the Pied Piper."  
 "And here they motioned round his neck  
 "A sort of red and yellow sash,  
 "To match with his coat of the self-same  
 "clever:  
 "And as the scarf's end hung a pipe,  
 "And his fingers, they noticed, were  
 "ever  
 "stamping  
 "As he stamped he was playing  
 "Upon that pipe, so loud it droned  
 "Over his shoulder, so old-fangled:  
 "Yet," said he, "poor pipers as I am,  
 "In January I loved the Town,

Robert Browning, *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning*, London: Peacock, Mansfield, [1912], 430-31. CFP 8-74.

[I]

Ao pé de Hanover, em Brunswick

É a villa de Hamelin

O Weser, longo e fundo rio,

Banha-a do sul [ ]

5 Mas o que me importa a mim

É que ha uns quinhentos annos, quando

Se passou o que irei contando

Estava uma praga a villa infestando

De rataria sem fim.

## [II]

- 10 Ratos!  
 Mordiam os cães, matavam os gatos,  
 [ ]  
 Comiam cousas dos próprios pratos  
 Lambiam sopa até das colheres,  
 15 Abriam barricas, roiam fatos  
 Faziam ninhos em sapatos  
     E até as conversas de mulheres  
     Interrompiam fazendo-as dar  
     Pulos e porem-se a chiar  
 20 Com e [ ] e flatos.

## [III]

- Por fim o povo em procissão  
 Chegou aos paços do concelho  
 Dizendo “O alcaide é um toleirão  
 E os outros não valem um prego velho.”  
 25 Pensar a gente que paga bem  
 As vestes reais do cargo que tem  
 27 A gente que não sabe que pratos  
 Dar para nos livrar dos ratos!  
 Então vocês por serem velhos  
 30 Julgam só fallar em conselhos?  
 31 Acordem! E um remedio dêem  
 32 Ou então não \*pisem nos pés sem †[”]  
 33 E com isto o alcaide e o outro  
 [ ]

## [IV]

- 35 Uma hora estiveram em conselho,  
 Por fim o alcaide [ ]  
 37 “Trocaria o cargo p’r um tostão velho  
 Só para me ver longe de aqui!”



- 39 É fácil dizer á gente que pensa
- 40 Mas já me doe a cabeça
- 41 Tanto a cocei [                                ]  
     Ah uma ratoeira, uma ratoeira”  
 E estando elle fallando d’esta maneira  
 Bate á porta uma mão ligeira.
- 45 “Santo Deus” disse o alcaide, “o que é

74-69

Ao pé de Hanover, em Brunswick  
 É a villa de Hamelin.

O Wace, long' e fundo rei,  
 Brouha a os mel

Mas o que me enfiava a uicini  
 É por ha nos puerilhentos annos, quando  
 Li pona o que me contando  
 Estava numa praça a villa infetando  
 De ratões sem fini.

Rato!

Moravam a lã, ueatavam a fãto,

Corrami cascos dos proprios pratos  
 Lantam sepa até os uoscos,  
~~Por~~ Lurricos, coram fãto  
 Fugam uicos em mpatos  
 É até a camorra do umbrosa  
 hntem fãto - a om  
 Pãto e pãto a dãto  
 É até fãto e                                , fãto.

Por fim o povo em procissão  
 Chegou ao passo do conselho  
 E lá "O alcaide é um televisar  
 É o outro há colar em por uita"

É cam it o alcaide, o alcaide

Porram a porta para lãto  
 A vento, uico do cage pãto  
 Affãto sent pãto uico pãto  
 Mo pãto mo lãto a mto  
 Lãto uico pãto uico  
 Affãto fãto pãto uico  
 Bãto, fãto em uico  
 A pãto uico pãto uico

“Ao pé de Hanover, em Brunswick / É a villa de Hamelin,” BNP/E3, 74-69f.

\*

**Prompto a atacar, em defender-se lento**

[BNP/E3, 74B-43<sup>r</sup>]. Datable from 1910s. Written in blank ink on ruled paper. By the second stanza, we read the following indication: Dryden (Lowell); On the verso (43<sup>v</sup>) Pessoa notes: Cada Era [↑ Age] (Epocha), disse Dryden, tem uma especie de genio universal. (Lowell, 5) / J. C. Scaliger said of Erasmus: “Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo versificator.” (Lowell, 13)

**Notes to “Prompto a atacar”**

- 1 na defeza [↑ em defender-se] lento    Aguerrido,
- 2 <em sua ousada> [↑ no ↑ pelo] atrevimento
- 3 /Afronta/ [↑ Arrosta ← Desafia] o mundo, / Repta o mundo,
- 1b <por \*desdenhoso> [↑ <\*desdenho> ↑ e na defeza lento]
- 2b <Na defeza.> [↑ Por \*desdenhoso]
- 2c onde; [↑ isso] que não
- 1d abertos, <veu> [↑ solto] o veu,

\*

**[         ] mas aquellas**

[BNP/E3, 74B-54<sup>r</sup>]. Datable to c. 1911. Written in black ink on a lined sheet of paper from the *Café Martinho*. This is Lisbon’s oldest coffeehouse (Fernando Pessoa called it *Café da Arcada*), located at 3 Terreiro do Paço (Praça do Comércio). The city was rebuilt after the Great Lisbon Earthquake of 1755 by the Marques de Pombal, who opened it as *Café da Neve* on January 7, 1782. It was only officially named *Martinho* around 1845, when *Martinho Bartolomeu Rodrigues* owned it. At the top of the fragmentary translation, Pessoa left the following indication: Keats—Ode a uma Urna Grega. (underlined). This autograph document was facsimiled, without a transcription, in Fernando Pessoa: *Poeta tradutor de poetas*, edited by Arnaldo Saraiva (Lisbon: Lello Editores, 1996), 217. Translations for Parts I–II and IV–V of this ode have not been located in Pessoa’s archive. In document [BNP/E3, 74B-54a<sup>r</sup>] we find a translation from two different lines of Keats’s “Ode to Psyche”: *Da do Olympo fanada hierarchia. [↑ gerarchia] “Of all Olympus’ faded hierarchy!”* (line 23); *Em vez de pinheiraes murmuração. “Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:”* (line 53) (Keats, *The Poetical Works*, 1898), 268–69. *The Poetical Works of John Keats* (London: Frederick Warne, 1898) is part of Pessoa’s private library. The call number is [CFP 8-294].

Notes to “[ ] mas aquellas”

1 <A musica que se ouve é> [ ] mas aquellas

3 mas antes [↑ ; mais bellas,]

6 nem<ess> [↑ os] ramos

8 <Ainda que perto de a beijar> [↑ Sempre perto do beijo]

9 Elle ] in the ms.

12 as folhas ao [↑ ou]

14 <Cant> [↑ Trilando]

16 /em calor/

18 Acima da paixão real (Além do humano respirado ardor) ] the variant appears in parenthesis.

\*

**Bate, bate, bate,**

[74B–28<sup>r</sup>]. Datable to 1908. Fragment of a sheet of paper handwritten in blue ink. The last verse of the stanza was added in black ink, possibly at a later time. On top of the verses, we read the indication Tennyson. These Portuguese lines are the translation of the first stanza of Tennyson’s “Break, Break, Break,” adm[irable] according to Pessoa, as he wrote in his own copy still existing in his private collection. This marginal note certainly dates from 1904, the year he won this book in Durban.

The book can be consulted online; the call number is [Casa Fernando Pessoa, 8–541]. This autograph document is facsimiled, without a transcription, in Fernando Pessoa: Poeta tradutor de poetas, edited by Arnaldo Saraiva (Lisbon: Lello Editores, 1996), 225. It is transcribed in Patrício Ferrari, “Meter and Rhythm in the Poetry of Fernando Pessoa,” unpublished doctoral thesis (University of Lisbon, 2012), 371.

Notes to “Bate, bate, bate,”

4 <Os> O que eu me sinto [↓ O que em mim sinto pensar.]

\*

**Ao pé de Hanover, em Brunswick**

[BNP/E3, 74–69<sup>r</sup> and 70<sup>r</sup>]. Datable to post-1911. Written in black ink on thin paper. We find translations of the beginning of the poem in two different documents: [I.] <Ao pé de Hanover, em Brunswick \*fica> / <Hamelin, cidade> / Hamelin é uma cidade perto / De Hanover, \*ou, Brunswick / Hamelin em Brunswick é / Uma cidade allemã ao pé / De <Brunswick> [↑ Hanover], o Weser, hoje rio / Do lado sul /

Lugar mais calmo nunca se viu / Quando esta historia principia / Ha meio seculo de annos, / [I.] O Weser, largo e fundo rio, / Do lado sul a banha | E chamam-no o \*Gaiten. [BNP/E3, 74B-69<sup>v</sup>]; [I.] O rio Weser largo e fundo / [ ] / Mas quando<a> [↑ esta] historia <começa> [↑ principia] / Ha uns quinhentos annos eram [ ] / Da rataria [ ] // [II.] Ratos! / Lutavam com cães, matavam os gatos, / Mordiam nos berços as creanças / Comiam os queijos sem os pratos // [III.] Por fim o povo veio em massa / Á Camara [ ] / E disse é claro: <O Presidente> / O Presidente é um besta / E quanto aos \*meandros, esta / Palavra nem sequer lhes calha. / Talvez alli e perto de alli / Que \*nada sabem que fazer / Para nos livrar d'este \*moer / <De> Ratos, ratinhos, ratazanas, [BNP/E3, 74B-68<sup>r</sup>]. A copy of Robert Browning, *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning, Centenary Edition, with introductory note by Charles W. Forward* (London: Peacock, Mansfield [1912]), exists in Pessoa's private library; the call number is [CFP 8-74].

### Notes to "Ao pé de Hanover"

- 15 <Roia> [↑ Abriam]  
 20 <Em jeitos> [↑ Com e]  
 25 que [↑ paga] bem ] Quotation marks are missing between lines 25-32.  
 27 <P'ras> [↑ A]  
 30 Julgam [↑ só] fallar  
 31 Acordem! <Deem> [↑ E] um remedio [↑ dêem]  
 32 <Ao †† que não † tedio>  
 33 e o <resto> [↑ outro]  
 37 <Daria> [↑ Trocaria] o <meu>cargo  
 39 Quotation marks are missing between lines 39-42.  
 41 Tanto a <†> [↑ cocei]  
 45 Question and quotation marks are missing at the end of the line.

### NOTES

I thank Patricio Ferrari and Jerónimo Pizarro for their help on the transcription of the documents here published. I also extend my acknowledgments to Ivan Moody and Susan Brown for revising Garton's English translation.

1. Arnaldo Saraiva, *Fernando Pessoa: Poeta tradutor de poetas* (Lisbon: Lello Editores, 1996).
2. Pessoa mentions this anthology in his notes on the Olisipo project, and presents it as a model for the editorial section of *Olisipo* (BNP/E3, 137D-44 to 47; *O Comércio e a publicidade*, ed. António Mega Ferreira. [Lisbon: Cinevoz/Lusomedia, 1986]).

3. Letter to João Castro Osório dated June 20, 1923, in Fernando Pessoa, *Correspondência 1923–1935*, ed. Manuela Parreira da Silva (Lisbon: Assírio & Alvim, 1999), 14.
4. Pessoa, *Correspondência*, 14–15.
5. As a source for the two final verses in Pessoa's manuscript, Saraiva mistakenly indicates four verses of Dryden's *Cleomenes* instead of the two verses from *The Conquest of Granada* translated by Pessoa ("With open arms, loose veil, and flowing hair, / Just flying forward from my rolling sphere"). See Saraiva, *Fernando Pessoa: Poeta tradutor de poetas*, 214.
6. Cf. Fernando Pessoa, *Principais poemas de Edgar Allan Poe*, ed. Margarida Vale de Gato (Lisbon: Babel, 2011). Pessoa's fragmentary translations are completed in this edition by Vale de Gato's translation. The exact transcriptions can be found on pages 179–80 and 170–71 respectively.
7. BNP/E3, 14D–13<sup>r</sup>; Fernando Pessoa, *Apreciações literárias*, ed. Pauly Ellen Bothe (Lisbon: Imprensa Nacional–Casa da Moeda, 2013), 215.
8. *Ibid.* Pessoa's comments are precisely about translating Poe's work.
9. James Russell Lowell, *Literary Essays* (Boston / New York, Cambridge University Press, 1890).
10. This book is not in Pessoa's private library; see Pizarro, Ferrari and Cardiello, *A Biblioteca particular de Fernando Pessoa* (Lisbon: D. Quixote, 2010).
11. The complete lines in Pessoa's translation have either a sapphic (mandatory stresses fall on positions 4, 8, and 10) or a heroic (positions 6 and 10) rhythmical pattern.
12. Call number: CFP 8–294.
13. Although the prize was designated for 1903, it was awarded on February 24, 1904. In fact, one of the books chosen is by Johnson and dates from 1904. The other volumes selected were by Keats, Poe, and Tennyson.
14. BNP/E3, 49B<sup>5</sup>–35<sup>r</sup>; Pessoa, *Apreciações literárias*, 171.
15. BNP/E3, 14<sup>4</sup>–80; Pessoa, *Apreciações literárias*, 82.
16. BNP/E3, 14C–81<sup>r</sup>; Pessoa, *Apreciações literárias*, 159.
17. BNP/E3, 19–98<sup>r</sup>; Pessoa, *Apreciações literárias*, 158.
18. BNP/E3, 48–8; Patricio Ferrari, "Meter and Rhythm in the Poetry of Fernando Pessoa," (unpublished doctoral thesis, University of Lisbon, 2012), 385.
19. Call number: CFP 8–541.
20. BNP/E3, 14E–24 and 25; Pessoa, *Apreciações literárias*, 273.
21. This is what metrists consider a true *dolnik*. According to Martin Duffell, "56 per cent of intervals [in this poem] are disyllabic, a significantly higher proportion than that found in normal speech, a difference that may also be mimetic, since waves break irregularly, and at what sometimes seem longer intervals." Duffell, *A New History of English Metre* (London: Legenda, 2008), 173. Editors' note.
22. CFP 8–73 and 8–74.

23. BNP/E3, 14<sup>2</sup>–81<sup>r</sup>; Pessoa, *Apreciações literárias*, 71.
24. Pessoa, *Páginas de estética e teoria e crítica e literárias*, ed. Georg Rudolf Lind and Jacinto do Prado Coelho (Lisbon: Ática, 1967), 67.
25. For an account of this terminology borrowed from Russian metrics, see Duffell, *A New History of English Metre*. Editors' note.

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