

# **Bridging Archives: Twenty-Five Unpublished English Poems by Fernando Pessoa**

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## **Keywords**

Fernando Pessoa, unpublished English poems, Hubert Jennings, archives.

## **Abstract**

Critical transcription preceded by a brief presentation of twenty-five unpublished English poems by Fernando Pessoa. The introductory text offers a historical background in regard to Hubert Jennings's pioneer work with Pessoa's English poems.

## **Palavras-chave**

Fernando Pessoa, poemas ingleses inéditos, Hubert Jennings, arquivos.

## **Resumo**

Transcrição crítica, precedida de uma breve apresentação, de vinte e cinco poemas ingleses inéditos de Fernando Pessoa. O texto introdutório oferece uma contextualização histórica do trabalho pioneiro de Hubert Jennings junto aos poemas ingleses de Pessoa.

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*If the Gods made me poet, they did me make  
Poet for poetry's sake.<sup>1</sup>*

Fernando Pessoa

To those who study and appreciate modernist European literature, the name Fernando Pessoa (1888-1935) evokes the experimental Portuguese writer of heteronyms (literary personae endowed with biographies, worldviews, writing styles, and projects of their own) and the author of one of the most radical, visionary prose works of the twentieth century, the posthumously published *Livro do Desassossego* (*The Book of Disquiet*).<sup>2</sup>

Only a small circle of readers may be aware that this multi-faceted, bookish, and prolific writer thought of himself early in his career as primarily an English poet. Amazingly enough, until the late 1910s Pessoa entertained the idea of achieving literary recognition in the language of his formative years spent in South Africa. Having learned English as a student in the British colonial city of Durban, he not only excelled in it but also became, in 1903—before his final voyage back to Lisbon two years later—the first winner of the Queen Victoria Memorial Prize given for best English essay.

Hubert D. Jennings—in 1923 the assistant master at Durban High School, the same school Pessoa had attended some twenty years earlier—was in a better position than anyone else to understand the underlying role of how this privileged education would have bearing on Pessoa's intellectual life.<sup>3</sup>

Mainly a poet's poet in Anglophone countries until the first translations of *The Book of Disquiet* in 1991, Pessoa had captured Jennings's attention decades earlier. And he had done so as a bilingual Portuguese-English poet. In point of fact,

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<sup>1</sup> Lines 3 and 4 of an unpublished English poem dated May 5, 1920. (Biblioteca Nacional de Portugal [National Library of Portugal] / Espólio 3 [Archive 3], 49A<sup>6</sup>-8<sup>r</sup>). The Pessoa archive is held at the National Library of Portugal, the Fernando Pessoa House, and by Pessoa's heirs in Lisbon. While most of the papers are found at the National Library of Portugal (henceforth indicated as [BNP/E3]), a large part of the Private Library is found at the Fernando Pessoa House. For the acquisition of Pessoa's papers by the Portuguese State in 1979, see Santos et al. (1988: 210). Regarding the Private Library, see PIZARRO, FERRARI, and CARDIELLO (2010). The Private Library is available online for free consultation at <http://casafernandopessoa.cm-lisboa.pt/bdigital/index/index.htm>.

<sup>2</sup> First published in 1982 (edited by Jacinto Prado Coelho in collaboration with Maria Aliete Galhoz and Teresa Sobral Cunha). The first critical edition under the responsibility of Jerónimo Pizarro appeared in 2010. The latest edition (also edited by Pizarro) was published in 2013 and derives from the critical edition.

<sup>3</sup> Pessoa completed his studies at Durban High School (DHS) in 1904. Jennings worked at DHS from 1923 until 1935, with an interruption in 1933 (see SEVERINO, 1969: 27).

had Jennings published “The Poet of Many Faces” in 1974,<sup>4</sup> as originally planned, he would have made the first contribution of a full-length study in English of Pessoa’s works.<sup>5</sup> Moreover, Jennings’s inclusion in that book of his transcriptions<sup>6</sup> of some English poems by Pessoa would have been instrumental in bringing to light some lines of unpublished verse, for decades left in total archival slumber.

While selecting pieces for the section entitled “Poems Under His [Pessoa’s] Own Name. English Poems,” Jennings had a wide range from which to choose. He selected poems from two of the three chapbooks Pessoa had self-published during his lifetime, *35 Sonnets* (Pessoa, 1918) and *English Poems I-II* (Pessoa, 1921),<sup>7</sup> as well as a few taken from *The Mad Fiddler* (Pessoa, 1999)—a collection of English verse that the London publisher Constable & Company Ltd. turned down in 1917. Remarkably, Jennings opted to include a handful of scattered English poems from the Pessoa archive: e.g., the typescript poems<sup>8</sup> “I Have Outwatched the Lesser Wain, and Seen” (BNP/E3, 49A<sup>6</sup>-49; Pessoa, 1995: 498) and “Trumpets Afar, Very Far in the Night...” (BNP/E3, 49A<sup>4</sup>-27 and 28; PESSOA, 2000: 216-220). It is noteworthy that he did not limit his anthology to typescript material. The opening stanza of “He Wrote Wonderful Verse” (Fig. 1) (BNP/E3, 49A<sup>7</sup>-12; PESSOA, 2000: 196 and 198), for instance, one of the last English poems penned by Pessoa (July 18, 1935) and included in “The Poet of Many Faces” (Fig. 2) attests to this:

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<sup>4</sup> “The Poet with Many Faces” remains unpublished and it is part of the Jennings literary estate, recently donated to Brown University by his son and daughter, Christopher Jennings and Bridget Winstanley. During his lifetime, Jennings published two books on Pessoa (actually, two versions of the same book), one in Portuguese and one in English (JENNINGS, 1984 and 1986). Prior to 1974, the most significant contribution to Pessoaan studies in English was the selection and translation by the American poet and translator Edwin Honig (PESSOA, 1971). Other early translation endeavors featuring Pessoa’s poetry were the ones by Campbell (*Portugal*, 1957) and Quintanilha (*Sixty Portuguese Poems*, 1971).

<sup>5</sup> Alexandrino Severino’s book *Fernando Pessoa na África do Sul* (1969) was first submitted as his doctoral thesis in 1966, the same year Hubert Jennings published *The D.H.S. Story 1866-1966*, with two chapters devoted to Pessoa. Jennings’s MA dissertation, filed in England in 1977, has apparently been lost, but it likely became *Fernando Pessoa in Durban* (1986).

<sup>6</sup> Jennings went to Lisbon in 1968 and stayed for about eighteen months (see Hart’s biographical sketch of Jennings in this issue).

<sup>7</sup> *Antinous* (a long poem that celebrates the homoerotic love between Antinous and the Emperor Hadrian) and *35 Sonnets* (inspired by Shakespeare’s sonnet series) were self-published in Lisbon in 1918. Three years later, in 1921, Pessoa self-published *English Poems I-II*, which included a revised version of *Antinous* and *Inscriptions*, a series of epitaphs likely motivated by his reading of *The Greek Anthology*, translated into English by R. W. Paton and extant in Pessoa’s private library.

<sup>8</sup> The three archives consist of typescripts, manuscripts, typescripts with manuscript interventions, and books. At the time of Jennings’s transcriptions, the archive was still in the possession of Pessoa’s direct heir, Henriqueta Madalena (1896-1992), his half-sister. See note 1.

49A<sup>7</sup>-12  
18-7-35.

He wrote wonderful verse  
And was ~~drunk~~ drunk all the time.  
It might have been worse.  
He might have written worse verse  
Though in a better <sup>liquid</sup> mental climate.

[Fig. 1. "He Wrote Wonderful Verse"; BNP/E3, 49A<sup>7</sup>-12, detail]<sup>9</sup>

He wrote wonderful verse  
And was drunk all the time.  
It might have been worse.  
He might have written worse verse  
Though in a better mental climate.  
(18. 7. 35.)

[Fig. 2. "The Poet of Many Faces," p. 184, detail]

Also of note is that not all the poems Jennings transcribed found their way into his monograph. Among his papers<sup>10</sup> figure transcriptions of English verse dating from various periods of Pessoa's life: e.g., the famous opening of "The girl I had and lost...," dated June 28, 1935, an unfinished poem not published until 1989 (CRESPO, 1989: 19):

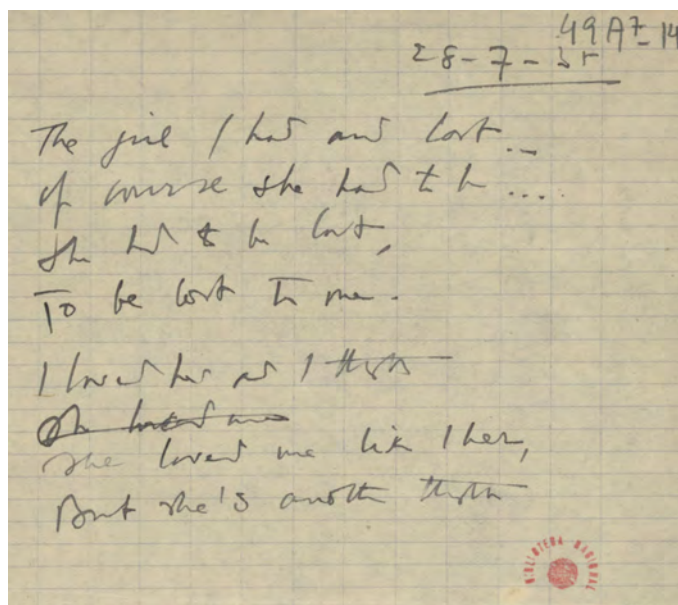
28 . 7 . 35

The girl I had & lost.  
Of course she had to be  
She had to be lost  
To be lost to me . . .

[Fig. 3. Jennings archive, Transcriptions File 2, p. 38, detail]

<sup>9</sup> Published by Luísa Freire (PESSOA, 2000: 196 & 198). The facsimile, along with a slightly different transcription, appeared in PESSOA (2015: 80-81).

<sup>10</sup> Regarding the Jennings literary estate, see note 4.



[Fig. 4. "The Girl I Had And Lost"; BNP/E3, 49A7-14, detail]

The girl I had and lost...  
Of course she had to be...  
She had to be lost,  
To be lost to me.

I loved her and I thought  
[                          ]  
She loved me like I her,  
But she's another thought<sup>11</sup>

It may be surprising to the reader that some of the typescript English poems, which Jennings transcribed almost fifty years ago, remain to this day unpublished. On the same thin sheet as the lines in fig. 3, we find two different unfinished poems (see Figs. 5 & 7):

20. 9. 1916

What's wrong with what's right with my heart is another  
Thing quite different from (...)  
My ache is not that I am not a father;  
My ache is really because I cannot be a mother.  
Only to be a mother would fill without losing a trace  
The cup of tenderness that is awaiting in me.

[Fig. 5. Jennings archive, Transcriptions File 2, p. 38, detail]

<sup>11</sup> The incomplete line 5 ("She loved me") was crossed out and left blank by the author. Given the rhyme scheme and meter (two- and three-beat lines) of the first stanza, it is likely that the second stanza would have also been made up of four lines. Crespo's transcription does not take this into account (CRESPO, 1989: 19). There is no punctuation at the end of line 8. Also, it is unclear whether the poem would have ended here.



49A<sup>5</sup>-8

20-9-1916

What's wrong with what's right with my heart is another  
 Thing quite different from  
 My ache is not, my friend, that I am not a father,  
 My ache is really because I cannot be a mother.

Only to be a mother would fill without leaving a space  
 The cup of that tenderness that is an awaiting in me.  
 Please do not understand this as meaning

[Fig. 6. "What's Wrong With What's Right With My Heart Is Another"; BNP/E3, 49A<sup>5</sup>-8, detail]

Another s/d.

High dedication to cold and vast ends  
 Which leave the hearth void and the (...)  
 But ah, to have one moment that soft love  
 That does common mankind obscurely move  
 And not alone (...)

*me* This cold, vast dedication to mankind  
 That leaves on the hill of science lone  
 And in the wood of purpose, old and blind,..  
 To have a hearth, a home  
 A purpose warm our living to become  
 Something outside the loss of human love  
 And our cold hearts somehow above....

[Fig. 7. Jennings archive, Transcriptions File 2, p. 38, detail]

High dedication to cold and vast ends  
 Which leave the hearth void and the

But ah, to have one moment that soft love  
 That does common mankind obscurely move,  
 And not alone  
 This cold, vast dedication to mankind  
 That leaves on the hill of science lone  
 And on the wood of purpose old and blind.

To have a hearth, a home,  
 A purpose warm our living to become,  
 Something outside the loss of human love  
 And our cold hearts somehow above.

[Fig. 8. "High Dedication To Cold And Vast Ends"; BNP/E3, 49B<sup>4</sup>-53, detail]

Although Pessoa wrote more than 2,000 poems in all three languages together (English, Portuguese, and French), he only published a small fraction of this sum during his life. Today, eighty years after his death, with the preparation of the complete works still under way, part of his poetic output remains to be published. While the complete French poetry appeared in France in 2014 and the publication of the complete Portuguese poetry is forthcoming,<sup>12</sup> the editorial status of the English poetry has lagged behind. With hundreds of poems still to be deciphered and annotated, the posthumous English poetry remains a vast *terra incognita* (see PIZARRO, 2012: 158; FERRARI & PITTELLA-LEITE, 2015: 228-229).

The twenty-five unpublished English poems presented here consist of the two poems initially transcribed by Jennings in 1968/1969 (Figs. 5 & 7) and twenty-three others, covering three decades of a fervent, heterogeneous production. Before turning to this small selection, I want to underscore the value of collaboration.

During the mid-1990s, while preparing the first critical edition of Alexander Search's poems,<sup>13</sup> the editor and scholar João Dionísio not only worked with the manuscripts and typescripts that Pessoa attributed to this fictitious English writer, but he also paid careful heed to the one hundred and eighty sheets entitled "POEMS (in English) | of | ALEXANDER SEARCH | (transcribed by Prof. G. Lind)," held at the Pessoa Archive in the National Library of Portugal in Lisbon (PESSOA, 1997: II, 19). Literary critic and translator Georg Rudolf Lind was the first scholar to seriously consider Pessoa's unpublished English poetry (FERRARI & PITTELLA-LEITE, 2015: 228). In spite of the shortcomings of Lind's editorial undertaking, it would prove to be most useful for Dionísio, as he himself pointed out in the introduction to his critical edition: "o inacabamento da sua transcrição, apesar de conspícuo em muitos lugares, não impediu que ela tivesse sido um auxiliar precioso nesta edição dos poemas do heterónimo inglês" (even though his transcriptions were incomplete at times, they proved enormously helpful in the edition of the poems of this English heteronym) (PESSOA, 1997: II, 21). In the same vein the Jennings Literary Estate contains transcriptions<sup>14</sup> that any future critical editor of Pessoa's English posthumous poetry cannot afford to ignore.

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<sup>12</sup> For Portuguese, see the critical edition directed by Ivo Castro (PESSOA, *Poemas de Fernando Pessoa*, Vol. I, tomes II-IV). The critical edition still has one tome of posthumous Portuguese poetry under way: poetry written until 1914 (tome I). The *Poesia 1902-1917*, edited by Manuela Parreira da Silva, Ana Maria Freitas, and Madalena Dine, and published in 2005 by Assírio & Alvim, does not include all the non-attributed, dated Portuguese poems, written by Pessoa during 1902-1917. For the French poetry, see PESSOA (2014).

<sup>13</sup> For a detailed description of this fictitious author created by Pessoa in 1906, see PESSOA (2013: 227-248).

<sup>14</sup> Not as many as Lind but equally important due to the pioneer aspect of Jennings's work.

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In a loose unpublished fragment datable to August 30, 1921, Pessoa wrote:

*O ritmo do verso é que junte o leitor ao estudo da lingua.*<sup>15</sup>  
(It is the rhythm of verse that binds the reader to the study of language.)

Concerned with metrics from an early age, preoccupations regarding versification in poetry never left him. Be it lyrical, philosophical, or political, he construed form as an extension of content.

In transcribing the documents and preparing this selection I have not restricted myself to finished or complete pieces.<sup>16</sup> Variety has been my underlying guide in regard to (1) period,<sup>17</sup> literary influence, subject matter, fixed/unfixed forms, meter, and rhythm; (2) materiality (i.e., manuscripts, typescripts, and typescripts with handwritten interventions); and (3) archives (the Pessoa papers held at the National Library of Portugal and those found in the Heirs' Private Collection; the Jennings Literary Estate).

As George Monteiro underscored in his seminal *Fernando Pessoa and Nineteenth Century Anglo-American literature* (2000), the influence of Pessoa's reading on his writing was enormous and therefore many Western canonical voices are discernable in his poetry. Organized chronologically, the present selection opens with an unattributed<sup>18</sup> ode ("Thou seest then how clear that mountain standeth now") datable to Pessoa's last year in Durban High School. Composed in unrhymed lines (a formal feature in accord with Latin poetry) in the Horatian contemplative manner, in this ode the young Pessoa tried his hand at accentual Alcaics in English.<sup>19</sup> The two sonnets featured here and transcribed in

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<sup>15</sup> BNP/E3, 14<sup>2</sup>-67<sup>r</sup>.

<sup>16</sup> By complete I do not imply a finished poem but rather a composition without any apparent missing word(s) and/or lines of verse. Following this rationale, incomplete texts are those where blanks may be found. While brackets will be used to represent a missing word and/or words in a single line of verse, a square will stand for the cases in which it is unclear whether the author intended to write one or more verse instances.

<sup>17</sup> A possible date (twice preceded by the word *circa*) is assigned to the undated poems. The dating of all the documents here presented is based on the following: Pessoa's handwriting, type of paper used, text(s) that may have been written in the same document, poetic form, datable influence(s) and/or source text(s) regarding Pessoa as writer-reader, and theme, among others.

<sup>18</sup> None of the poems here presented are attributed or listed in lists attributed to fictitious poets to whom Pessoa assigned English poems.

<sup>19</sup> Like most attempts in the history of English literature it fails because the English reader cannot intuitively recognize the rhythms. The reason for this is that stress (unlike syllable weight, which is



collaboration with Carlos Pittella-Leite (“What is our independence? The mere sense” and “Being ourselves no will nor fate can solve”) are Shakespearean in form<sup>20</sup> and written in iambic pentameter.<sup>21</sup>

Some of the English poems presented here mix meters and rhythms. While in the song (“Sleep within thy little grave”), for instance, the meter is aptly simple and appealing (two trochaic tetrameters catalectic are followed by an iambic tetrameter and a lone iamb), the palinode titled “The Lover Consoled” seems, metrically speaking, a ragbag.<sup>22</sup> In summary, the versification of these poems indicates a poet who was more used to reading English than to speaking it.

In the most diverse tones and moods, themes and settings, the reader will find one of Pessoa’s earliest attempts in English to capture a Portuguese current political matter (“The revolution rolled along the streets”), a sixty-line accentual poem imbued with biblical allusions and woven around the mythical figure of King Sebastian (“King Sebastian sends me forth”), as well as some poems on questions of Self and identity dislocation (e.g., “The shadow of my lost hopes is a river through this riverless plain...,” penned around the time of the creation of the heteronyms, in March 1914).

While certain poems exhibit archaic language (e.g., “Pale emerald tint of morn”), others reveal a Pessoa deliberately making English sound strange: wordplay (e.g., “Over the shining waters”), neologisms (e.g., “It spoke of love and spoke of joy”), and odd syntax (e.g., “High dedication to cold and vast ends”). Underexplored yet central to a more refined appreciation of Pessoa’s complex verbal art, let this new material invite scholars and others lovers of poetry to revisit that other Pessoa, the poet-between-languages—the outlandish Pessoa.

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used to pattern such verse in Latin and Greek) is relative, hierarchical, and variable. A famous example of English Alcaics and which Pessoa was certainly aware of is Tennyson’s “Milton.” A copy of *The Works of Alfred Tennyson* (1902), extant in Pessoa’s private library, was awarded in 1903 as the Queen Victoria Memorial Prize for best English essay. For a study of Tennyson’s quantitative verse in English, see DUFFELL (2013).

<sup>20</sup> Also known as English sonnet to distinguish from the Petrarchan or Italian sonnet, which, like Milton, Pessoa cultivated. The Shakespearean sonnet (except for three out of the 154 sonnets) has the following construction: three quatrains (four-line stanzas) and a couplet (two lines) with a rhyme scheme *ABAB CDCD EFEF GG*. The Petrarchan (or Italian) sonnet is composed of an octave (eight lines) and a sestet (6 lines) with the preferred rhyme scheme being *ABBA ABBA CDECDE* or *CDCCDC* (for other possible schemes in the sestet, see GASPAROV, 1996: 160). For Pessoa’s Petrarchan sonnets and the Miltonic influence, see Ferrari (2015). Originating in the Renaissance and employed in the Baroque, the sonnet reemerged with the Romantics. It is said that between Milton and Wordsworth this genre was not particularly employed (HOBBSBAUM, 1996: 191)

<sup>21</sup> There are unmetrical lines in both sonnets. See description preceding the critical text.

<sup>22</sup> Its fifty-five lines comprise thirty tolerable iambic pentameters, thirteen lines of other lengths (mostly with three or four beats and an iambic rhythm), and twelve deviant decasyllables.

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Thou seest then how clear that mountain standeth now  
 When rid of deep snow's mask how the woods also  
     Their bosoms unbare to the sun light  
     How too the day rings with sounds of long joy.

5 For come is cool Spring season inviting, and  
 Sweet zephyrs are blown soundlessly forming us.  
     Love smiles in thy tears and caresses.  
     Dreams too are loomed and are gilded by dreams.

10 Know, youth is our Spring and as in Spring we hope  
 For Summer's long charms youth is for manhood too  
     To love with an ardence of Summer—  
     Love's but a hope in the Spring of our life.

## Notes:

- 1 how clear | | yon [↑ that] mountain  
 2 <\*white> [↑ snow's] | | mask how ] "snows" in the original without the apostrophe indicating the possessive.  
 3 "unbare" in the original; "sun light" in the original.  
 4 with <+> [↑ <the>] sounds of [↑ long] joy.  
 5 For <the> [↑ come] is cool Spring | | <maiden> [↑ season] inviting,  
 6 zephyrs are blown | | soundlessly forming <too> [↑ us] "zephyrs" in the original with an 'i'.  
 7 and <soft sighings> [↑ caresses].  
 8 "loom" in the original; although the noun "loom" is grammatically correct, the author likely meant to write 'loomed'.  
 9 youth is <life's> [↑ our] Spring | | <love of> [↑ and as in] Spring  
 10 charms | | youth <hopes> [↑ is] for  
 11 with <the> [↑ an] ardence] "ardence" in the original.

**Annex 1 [153-38<sup>v</sup>—manuscript]**

Ode.

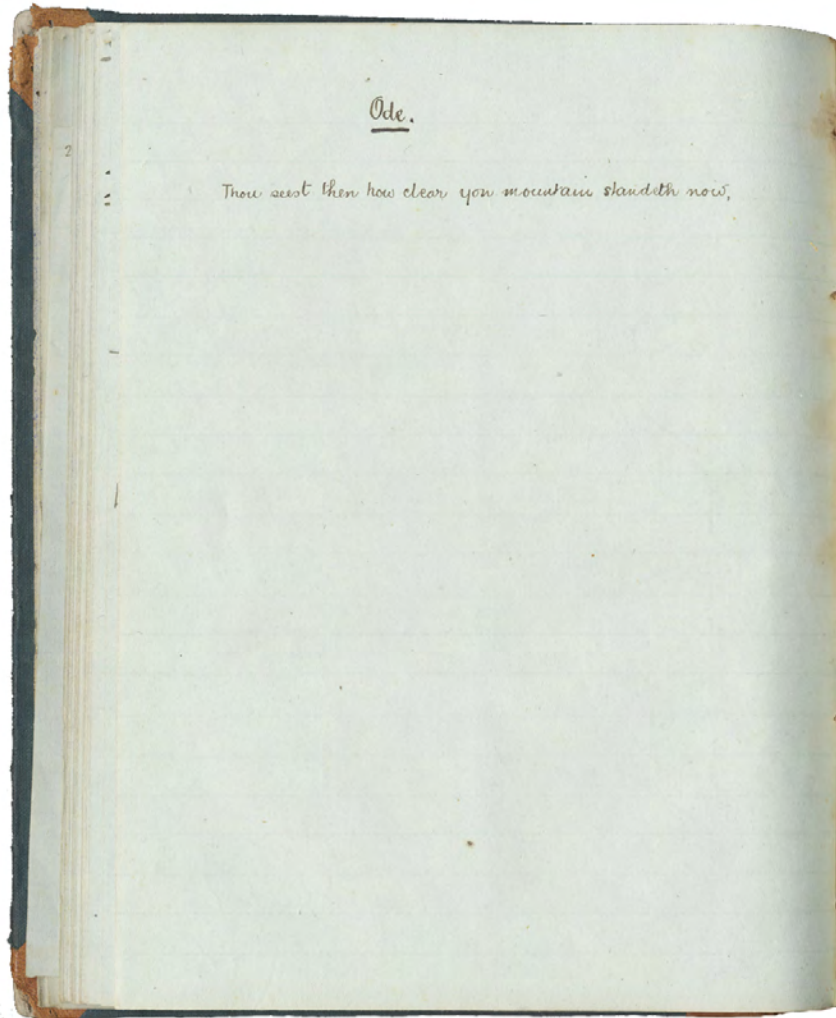
Thou seest then how clear yon mountain standeth now,

**Annex 2 [49D<sup>2</sup>-17<sup>v</sup>—manuscript]**

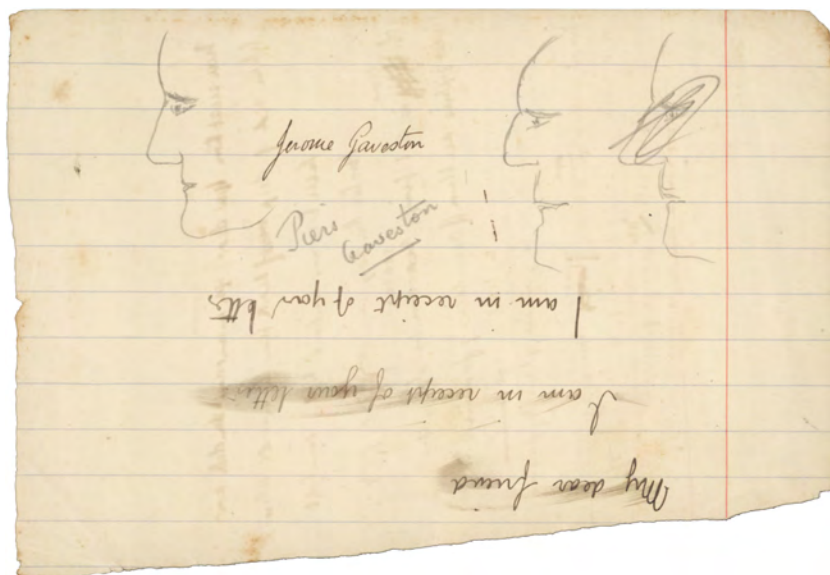
My dear friend

I am in receipt of your letter.

I am in receipt of your letter.



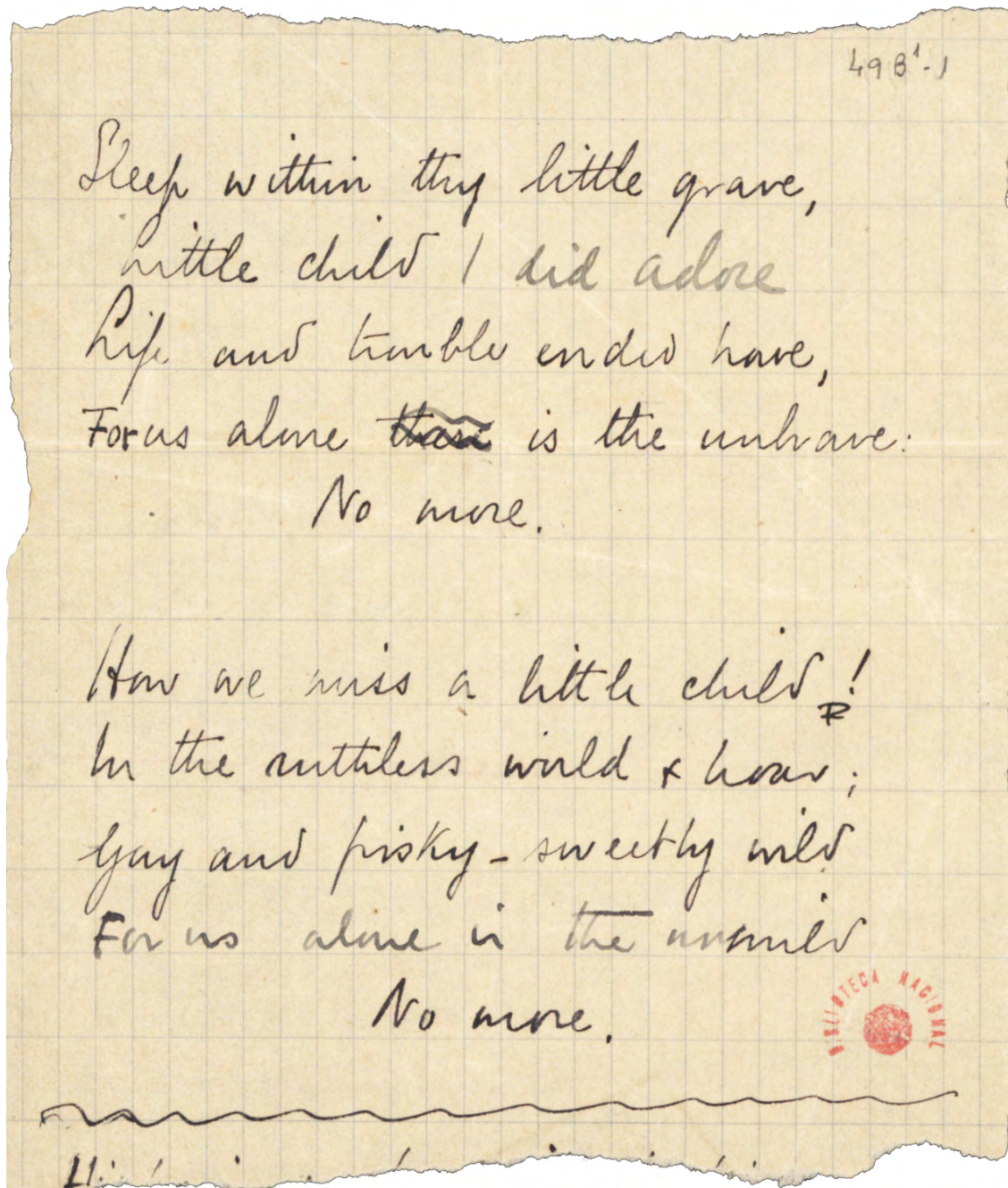
[BNP/E3, 153-38v]



[BNP/E3, 49D2-17v]



II. [49B<sup>1</sup>-1]. Unpublished. Datable to circa 1905. Manuscript in black ink on a torn piece of grid paper. Some additions in a different type of black ink. The horizontal line below the poem serves as a mark that this song was not intended to be longer. Its incipit appears in a document headed "SONGS AND SONNETS" with compositions dating between 1904 and 1907 (48C-7<sup>r</sup>; PESSOA, 1997: II, 255-256). On the verso figures only the beginning eleven lines of a charade written in Portuguese, due to the paper having been torn.



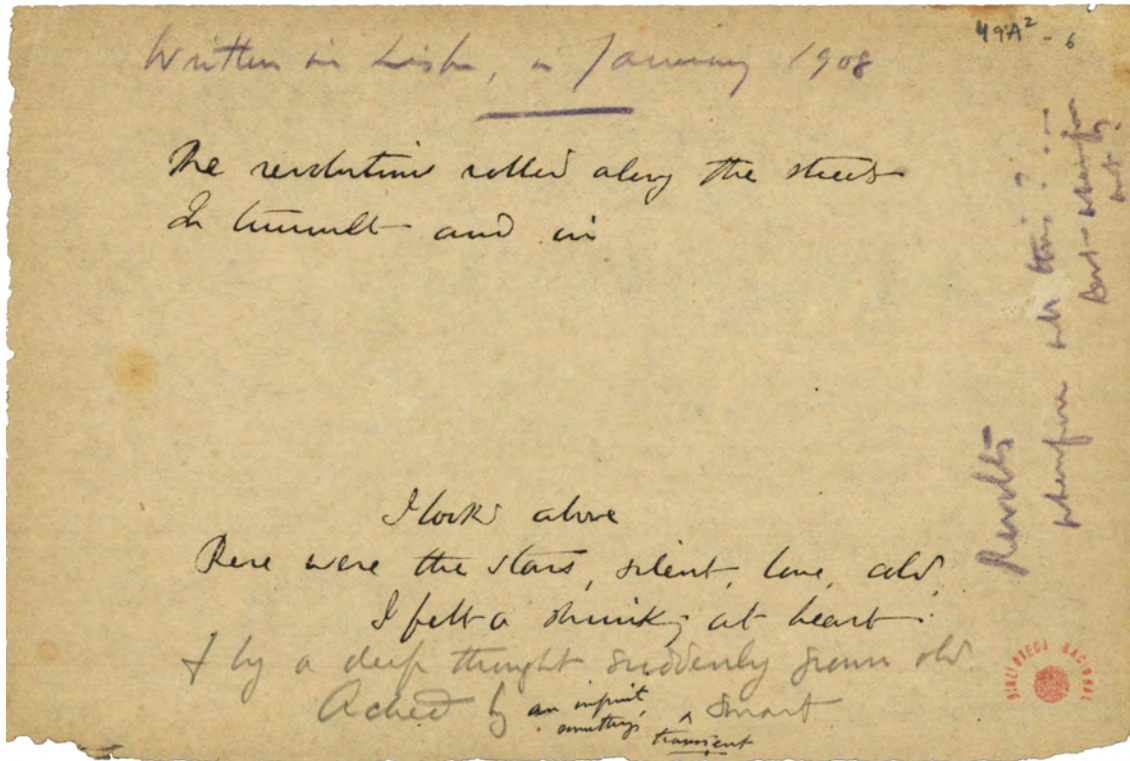
Sleep within thy little grave,  
 Little child I did adore  
 Life and trouble ended have,  
 For us alone is the unhave:  
 5           No more.

How we miss a little child!  
 In the ruthless world & hoar;  
 Gay and frisky—sweetly wild  
 For us alone is the unwild  
 10           No more.

## Notes:

- 2       [→ did adore] *different type of black ink.*  
 4       For us alone <there> is] *different type of black ink.*  
 6       a little child<,> [↑ !]  
 9       [→ For us alone in the un] *different type of black ink.*

III. [49A<sup>2</sup>-6]. Unpublished. Dated January 1908. Manuscript in black ink on a loose piece of paper. Additions in black ink, pencil, and purple pencil. At the top of the document figures a note in purple pencil: "Written in Lisbon, in January 1908." In the right margin, written vertically in purple pencil, there follow some notes intended for this unfinished poem: "Revolts | Wherefore all this?... | But wherefore not?" The "[r]evolts" refer to the Lisbon regicide (known in Portuguese as O Regicídio de 1908) of King Carlos I of Portugal and his heir apparent, Prince Royal Luís Filipe, Duke of Braganza by assassins sympathetic to republican and anti-monarchist interests. The event took place on February 1, 1908, in the Praça do Comércio a few yards from the banks of the Tagus River. It is likely that Pessoa had not begun the poem prior to this date.









Pale emerald tint of morn  
 Growing blue in the hushed sky  
 Why was I ever born?  
 Why must I die?

5           Thou that art so pure & fair  
 Sun that next must know.  
 Tell me, why my fear & care?  
 Say, why must I suffer so?

10           Far, so fair, blue more & more  
 In the mount horizon deep,  
 When have I known thee before?  
 Why looking on thee do I weep?

15           Far, oh pale to blue & light  
 Cross, pale tint, easy & fine,  
 Why art thou my soul's delight?  
 Tell, oh, \*how but I pine!

## Notes:

3           born<.>/?\

5           <If> [↑ Thou] that art so <beautiful> [↑ <fair &> pure & fair]

10          horiz<ons>/on\ deep,

11          <ye> [↑ thee]

12          <Tell me> [↑ Why looking] on thee do I weep?

14          <fair>/fine\,

16          pine<?>/!\





What should we love, what should we revere?  
 Life is not worth neither sigh nor tear  
 Not a shrug of shoulders, of disdain born,  
 But a mute, inflexible, empty scorn.  
 5 What do we deserve? What must we obey?  
 What is worth while to the soul to say?  
 It is idle to him, for we know not why  
 And idle een to wish to desire to die.

## Notes:

- 2 laugh [↑ sigh] nor tear  
 5 <\*must>/must\  
 6 worth while [↑ to] the soul] "*worth while*" in the original.  
 7 /i<d>/d\le/  
 8 And, een as wish, idle to [↓ idle een to wish to] *variant in purple pencil*.

VI. [49A<sup>2</sup>-41<sup>r</sup> to 42<sup>v</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated May 15, 1910. Manuscript in black ink on two separate Portuguese calendar sheets for January 20-21, 1910. Emendations in black ink and pencil. The numbering of the nine stanzas that appears in the right margin was done in pencil. Between each stanza figures a short horizontal line in black ink serving as an indicator of stanza breaks. Below the last line of the seventh stanza Pessoa drew a short horizontal double line to indicate the end of the poem. Using the same ink, immediately or shortly afterwards, the author continued the poem underneath it. We find similar horizontal lines marking the end of the poem after the ninth stanza. The verse lines written in pencil below this final mark are not part of this poem. The first line reads "A mystery comes to touch."

15-5-10 49A<sup>2</sup>-41

Each ~~with~~ <sup>heart</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>ember</sup>  
~~but~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~into~~ <sup>out</sup>,  
 Let us, my life, remember  
 on that's ~~it~~ <sup>my</sup> regret.

The ~~hand~~ <sup>hand</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~how~~ <sup>how</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup>  
 before the ~~sun~~ <sup>sun</sup> ~~pane~~;  
 Now! our hearts ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~fill~~ <sup>fill</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup>  
 to ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~again~~!

A ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>  
 To ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!

Now! ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>  
 (with ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!

3

MEMORANDUM

Sexta-feira

21

JANEIRO

That ~~eye~~ <sup>eye</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~your~~ <sup>your</sup> ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup>  
 All ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup> ~~thing~~ <sup>thing</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup>!  
 Any ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~big~~ <sup>big</sup> ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup>  
 of all ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~rest~~ <sup>rest</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup>.

Worth ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~each~~ <sup>each</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>other</sup>  
~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!

How ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!

the ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!

5

MEMORANDUM

Sexta-feira

21

JANEIRO

49A<sup>2</sup>-42

The ~~working~~ <sup>working</sup> ~~wind~~ <sup>wind</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~higher~~ <sup>higher</sup>  
 all ~~round~~ <sup>round</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> ~~now~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup>  
 My ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup>  
 My ~~lips~~ <sup>lips</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~spoken~~ <sup>spoken</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup>

My ~~lips~~ <sup>lips</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~spoken~~ <sup>spoken</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup>

My ~~lips~~ <sup>lips</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~spoken~~ <sup>spoken</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup>

All ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~regret~~ <sup>regret</sup>!  
 In ~~regret~~ <sup>regret</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~regret~~ <sup>regret</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>  
 & ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~regret~~ <sup>regret</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!

Our ~~life~~ <sup>life</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>  
 as ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~act~~ <sup>act</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!

A ~~word~~ <sup>word</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup>!  
 The ~~word~~ <sup>word</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~only~~ <sup>only</sup> ~~glory~~ <sup>glory</sup>!  
 On ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~day~~ <sup>day</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~death~~ <sup>death</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~glory~~ <sup>glory</sup>!  
 On ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~day~~ <sup>day</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~death~~ <sup>death</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~glory~~ <sup>glory</sup>!

8

MEMORANDUM

Quinta-feira

20

JANEIRO

Could I ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~forget~~ <sup>forget</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!  
 to ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!  
 to ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup>!

A ~~mystery~~ <sup>mystery</sup> ~~comes~~ <sup>comes</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~touch~~ <sup>touch</sup>!  
 My ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>seen</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup>  
 My ~~lips~~ <sup>lips</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~spoken~~ <sup>spoken</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup>

9

MEMORANDUM

Quinta-feira

20

JANEIRO

Each warm & shaded ember  
 Included the outer \*net;  
 Let us, my life, dismember  
 Our thoughts into regret.

5 The howling wind blows colder  
 Upon the wooden pane;  
 Alas! our hearts feel older,  
 In seeking to live again!

10 Oh, sad night! Each red ember  
 To hotter redness fret!  
 Alas! When I remember  
 I wish I could forget!

15 What vague & cold gusts enter  
 At every chime of door!  
 My soul is the living centre  
 Of all the dead no-more.

20 Stands yet now each ember  
 Makes things warm yet.  
 How easy it is to remember  
 When memory means regret!

The wailing wind is higher  
 All round \*my \*senses love.  
 My eyes leave into the fire  
 My hopes mutter & move

25 Cleft uselessly each ember!  
 All our soul is regret:  
 We regret what we remember  
 & regret what we forget.

30 A darkness takes each ember  
 Away from where I fret.  
 Our life is to remember  
 And our wish to forget.

35 A colder & wilder blowing  
 The wind through the dark gloom!  
 Oh the grave of my past is glowing  
 A red rose in full bloom.

Could I wish to forget dead ember!  
 Without pining or regret!  
 Or could I wish to remember  
 Without wishing to forget!

## Notes:

- 1 Each /hot/ [↑ warm] [↑ & <\*sensual> shaded] ember] “warm” in black ink, the rest of the emendation in pencil.
- 2 [→ Included] the /outer/ \*net;] “outer” doubted by the author; addition in pencil.
- 5 The /howling/
- 9 Oh/,\ cold [↑ sad] night<.>!\ Each /red/ ember] addition in pencil.
- 18 [→ <Make † † †> [↑ < Make † †>] [↓ Makes <† now> yet † Make things warm] yet.] variants in pencil.
- 20 When <it is to> [↓ memory /means/ regret!]
- 21 The [↑†] mind is higher ] added in pencil.
- 22 round <the>/†\ [↑ \*my \*senses] love.] addition in pencil.
- 23-24 [→ My eyes leave into the fire / My hopes mutter [↑ a † move] & move] due to an illegible variant I have opted for the earlier one.
- 25 [→ Cleft uselessly each ember!] added in pencil.
- 27-28 lines doubted by the author.
- 28-29 [→ A <†> darkness takes each ember / Away from where I fret.] added in pencil.
- 31 forget<.>/. \] in black ink.
- 36 /pale [↑ dead] ember!/] variant in pencil.









VIII. [49A<sup>3</sup>-45<sup>r</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated March 14, 1914. Manuscript in black ink on lined paper. Following the horizontal line, below the poem and written with the same black ink, figures the following bibliographical reference: "Competitor's Journal | Several □." The journal refers to a weekly tabloid founded in London in 1913, and which ran its last issue in 1959. The Competitor's Journal was the publication's name between 14 March 1913 and 18 April 1925. The rest of the front of the sheet was used for the composition of another English poem penned almost a year later (February 7, 1915) ("Sometimes, suddenly looking up, I seem," poem X).

44-3-1914. 49A<sup>3</sup>-45

The shadow of my last hope was a wise that this mind  
 My heart is color of the dead fruit of my summer  
 The day of my being - myself is over at its dawn --  
 And my hope was for the really strain


---

Competitor's Journal.  
 Several

---

7-2-15

Sometimes, suddenly looking up, I seem  
 To have caught on the crest of the  
 A mountain peak the world...  
 There were no mountains - where was the  
 All was more for, more life, the it's  
 where is heaven's joy the us <sup>mountain</sup> who  
 What is hidden for how the is earth?  
 What is the hand the <sup>mountain</sup> ~~hand~~ <sup>mountain</sup> who  
 he can hear turn the corner of heaven's  
 but look the world of the <sup>mountain</sup> ~~hand~~ <sup>mountain</sup> who



The shadow of my lost hopes is a river through this riverless plain...  
My heart is colour of the dead fruits of my sorrow...  
The day of my being-myself is ever at its morrow...  
And my helpless arms for some other reality strain.

Notes:

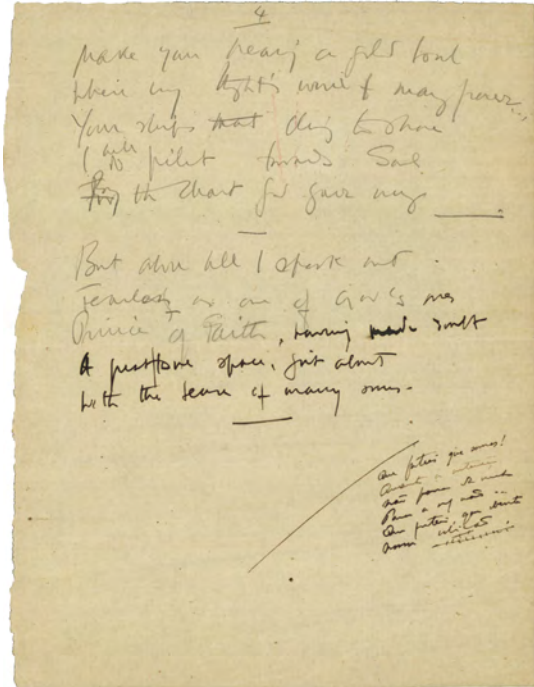
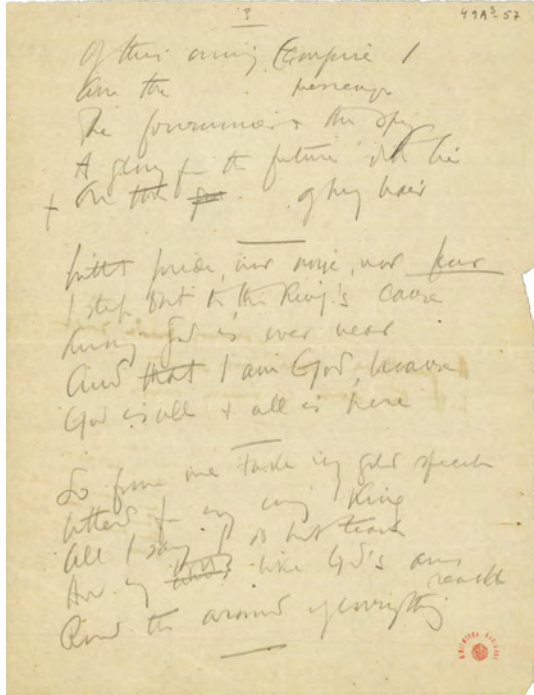
- 1 my lost hopes <are> [↑is] a river
- 2 My heart is colour of the] *in the original*.

IX. [49A<sup>3</sup>-56<sup>r</sup> to 57<sup>v</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated September 18, 1914. Manuscript in pencil on two loose pieces of paper with emendations in pencil and black ink. Below the end of the poem figures a poem (or the beginning of a poem) in Portuguese, written in the same ink that was used for the addition in lines 58-60. The Portuguese verse lines are in redondilha menor (five metrical syllables up to the last stressed syllable). (See Annex below). In regard to the English poem, it is interesting to notice that Pessoa turned to a Portuguese meter for a poem depicting a Portuguese matter. Except for the incomplete lines (lines 19-21, 33-35, 37) and lines 29, 31, 39, and 53, the poem seems to have been structured around the Portuguese redondilha maior (seven metrical syllables up to the last stressed syllable). On September 8, 1914, Pessoa wrote a letter to the notorious historian and nationalist writer José Pereira de Sampaio—better known as Sampaio Bruno—in which he stated his interest in the myth of the mystic return of King Sebastian of Portugal, who had disappeared after the battle of Alcacér-Quibir in 1578, leading to Portugal's loss of independence to Spain for almost sixty years (PESSOA, 2011: 53-54). In the letter Pessoa explained that his "natural aptitude toward the embellishments of simple things" seduces him into studying the "phenomenon" called Sebastianism, an essential part of Portuguese national identity and a token of a self-sustaining promise of future greatness and glory for the nation and its people. From a clearly Carlylian perspective, Pessoa seems to have believed, since very early on, that his own heroism as poet of the nation should be the pedestal on which he could raise his future literary fame. For many years he called on the figure of King Sebastian as a source of poetical imagery and wrote numerous texts in which that name is manifest. He did so until arriving at the most developed form of poetical recognition of his own heroic character in Mensagem, published at the end of 1934, less than a year before his death, and containing two poems explicitly dedicated to the King Sebastian. In an initial phase this poem was transcribed in collaboration with Jorge Uribe and Pedro Sepúlveda. (Note written in collaboration with Jorge Uribe).

18-9-14  
 King Sebastian send me  
 his word, full of his  
 And while he sits on  
 From of God to speak  
 have just after words  
 of the King up of  
 When he sits on  
 Cupid in a way  
 in all peoples, the  
 Not a man attend at  
 But as I, the one  
 and the one who  
 49A-56

Not an empire that all  
 In the present gather  
 But we want to  
 health or  
 seen or  
 humiliated spirit - Estetico  
 under the  
 that is mean of  
 in which  
 looked upon by  
 God's own  
 No stream, his  
 But a dream  
 in the  
 No jump but  
 Complex  
 the only state





King Sebastian sends me forth  
 Into the Elohim ears to tell  
 There his word, full of his worth.  
 And which He doth encourage  
 From my soul to speak their birth.

These first uttered words do speak  
 Of the coming age of god  
 When the Portuguese shall make  
 Empire in a way \*natured  
 On all peoples, strong or weak.

Not an empire sword gained,  
 Not one uttered out on lands  
 But one by the Soul in-reined  
 A strong power made with hands  
 [ ]

Not an empire that will pass,  
 In the present gathered while...  
 Not one made to [ ] amass  
 Wealth or [ ] or control  
 Seas or [ ]

Unreligious spirit—stretches  
 Castled o'er with Mind & Thought  
 That no dream of seeing reaches.  
 Great seas rolling upon beaches  
 25 On which real seas are not.

Looked upon by not a son  
 But God's own Numen of being  
 No \*stances in that Empire seen  
 But a dream ever hymn  
 30 In the freed soul ever freeing.

No pomp but thoughts rich as  
 Complex feelings the only state  
 [  
 35 ]

Of this coming Empire I  
 Am the [ ] messenger  
 The forerunner & the spy  
 A glory for the future doth lie  
 40 On the [ ] of my heir

Without pride, nor noise, nor fear  
 I step out to the King's cause  
 Knowing God is ever near  
 And that I am God, because  
 45 God is all & all is here

So from me take my gold speech  
 Uttered for my coming King  
 All I say I do but teach  
 How my thoughts like God's arms reach  
 50 Round the around of everything

Make your hearing a gold bowl  
 Where my thought's wail to many pour...  
 Your ships that cling to shore





X. [49A<sup>3</sup>-45<sup>r</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated February 7, 1915. Manuscript in black ink on lined paper. Written on the same sheet of paper as "The shadow of my lost hopes is a river through this riverless plain..." (poem VIII).

L4-3-1914. 49A<sup>3</sup>-45

The shadow of my lost hopes is a river through this riverless plain...

My heart is color of the dead fruit of my summer  
 The joy of my being - myself is gone at its name -  
 And my hope runs from the reality of strain


---

Competitor's Journal.

Several

7-2-15

Accidentally  
 sometimes, looking up, I seem  
 to have caught on the wings of the  
 south wind some of the words...  
 A million times over me... when in the  
 presence of the lips of presence...  
 All as men for, one of the it is  
 where is present from the words who  
 what is hidden from the is words?  
 what is the hand, the subject, the  
 he can hear turn the corner of his  
 but look to words of the.

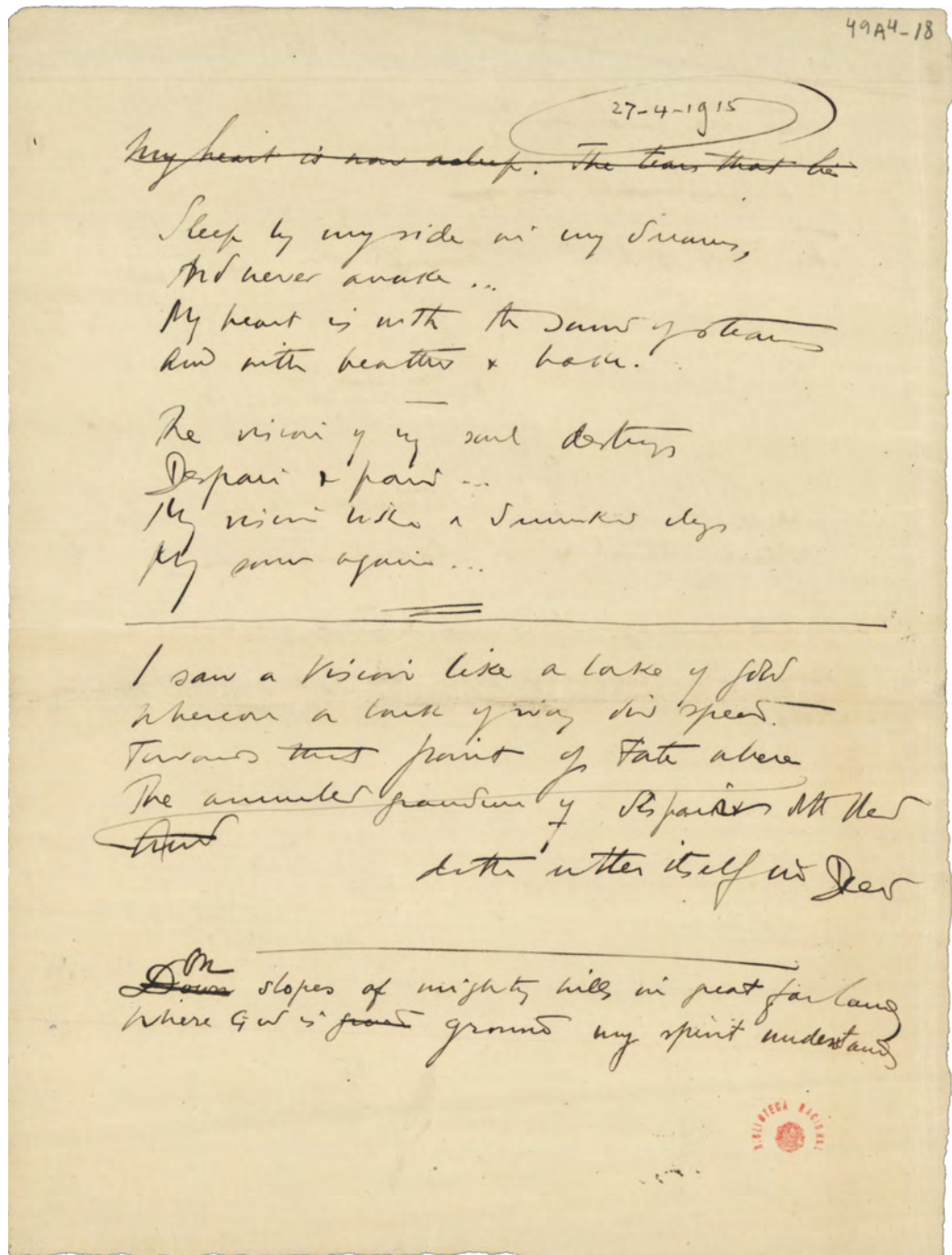


Sometimes, suddenly looking up, I seem  
 To have caught on the empty form of things  
 Another aspect than the nonsense...  
 A sudden terror seizes me...  
 5 There were eyes in everything—where are things now?  
 There was a mysterious evil in the lifelessness of Presences...  
 All was more God, more Life, than it is now.  
 Where is hearing from this ever dawning when I looked up too [suddenly?  
 What is hidden from me that is everything?  
 10 What did the hand that suddenly clouded when I looked contain?  
 Or can men turn the corner of Seeing & Hearing  
 And look the mystery of things?

## Notes:

- 1 [↑ < Suddenly>] Sometimes, suddenly  
 8 Where is hearing from this ever <dawning> [↑ dawning] when I looked up too suddenly?  
 10 What <is> [↑ did] the <suddenly clouded hand> [↑ hand that suddenly clouded when I  
 looked<,> contain?]  
 12 *question mark missing; “look” not followed by a preposition and employed as a transitive verb  
 meaning ‘to seek’ or ‘to search for’ appears in other writers (e.g., Shakespeare’s “The Life of King  
 Henry the Fifth”: “To look our dead, and then to bury them;” Act 4, Scene 7).*

XI. [49A<sup>4</sup>-18]. Unpublished. Dated April 27, 1915. Manuscript in black ink on a torn piece of paper. Above line 1 and below the date of the poem figures a crossed-out line, which does not seem to be a variant since it does not fit the metric pattern nor the rhyme scheme of the poem: "<My heart is now asleep. The tears that lie>." Two short horizontal lines below the second stanza serve to indicate the end of the poem. Below them figures a longer horizontal line followed by what seems to be the beginnings of two unfinished poems that open thus: "I saw a Vision like a lake of gold" and "<Down> [↑ On] slopes of mighty hills in great far lands." Both of them are in the same ink as the poem penned above. On the verso (49A<sup>4</sup>-18<sup>v</sup>) and also in the same writing instrument, there is another unfinished English poem titled "The trees are visibly God."



Sleep by my side in my dreams,  
And never awake...  
My heart is with the sound of streams  
And with heather & hake.

5     The vision of my soul destroys  
      Despair & pain...  
      My vision like a drunkard cloys  
      My sorrow again...

Note:

1     dreams<.>/,\



XII. [49A<sup>4</sup>-66<sup>r</sup>]. Unpublished. First transcribed in FERRARI (2012: 383-384). Dated May 14, 1915. Manuscript written in black ink on a loose piece of paper. The metrical pattern of the poem moves from iambic trimeter lines (lines 1-15) to a pair of iambic tetrameters (lines 16-17), closing with a pair of iambic pentameters (lines 18-19). The only line that does not scan as iambic tetrameter is line 9, "My arrival, my home."

The Port 49A<sup>4</sup>-66

Oh great port ~~that~~<sup>you</sup> the sea,  
 Oh to arrive in th' morn  
 At your hushed bay steep.  
 To feel you wake and shun  
 In the, ~~rise~~ sun reborn,  
 The ~~harmonic~~ <sup>harmonic</sup> sea divine,  
 Oh port, when shall I come  
 And find ~~my~~<sup>the</sup> hope await  
 My arrival, my home  
 of Sarcos and ~~that~~ at last  
 In the it play fortis  
~~Oh great port the I come?~~  
 Oh it is e'er too late,  
 Let wish a no, Oh let  
~~My~~<sup>The</sup> ship come for my port  
 And let me part for all & go  
 And ~~in~~ <sup>on</sup> sea presence in BIBLIOTECA NAC. PORT.  
 Sit  
 For this I let life my life as this  
 And ~~let~~ <sup>let</sup> me part and <sup>shun</sup> ~~let~~ <sup>let</sup> me  
 14-9-15 time



*The Port*

Oh great port on the sea,  
 Oh to arrive in th' morn  
 At your hushed mystery.

To feel you wake and shine  
 5 In the [                    ] sun reborn,  
 The ancient dream divine,

Oh port, when shall I come  
 And find the hopes awaiting  
 My arrival, my home

10 Of dreams and thoughts at last  
 With its [        ] glory porting  
 My coming [                    ]

Oh it is e'er too late!  
 Life weighs on me, oh let  
 15 The ship come for my fate

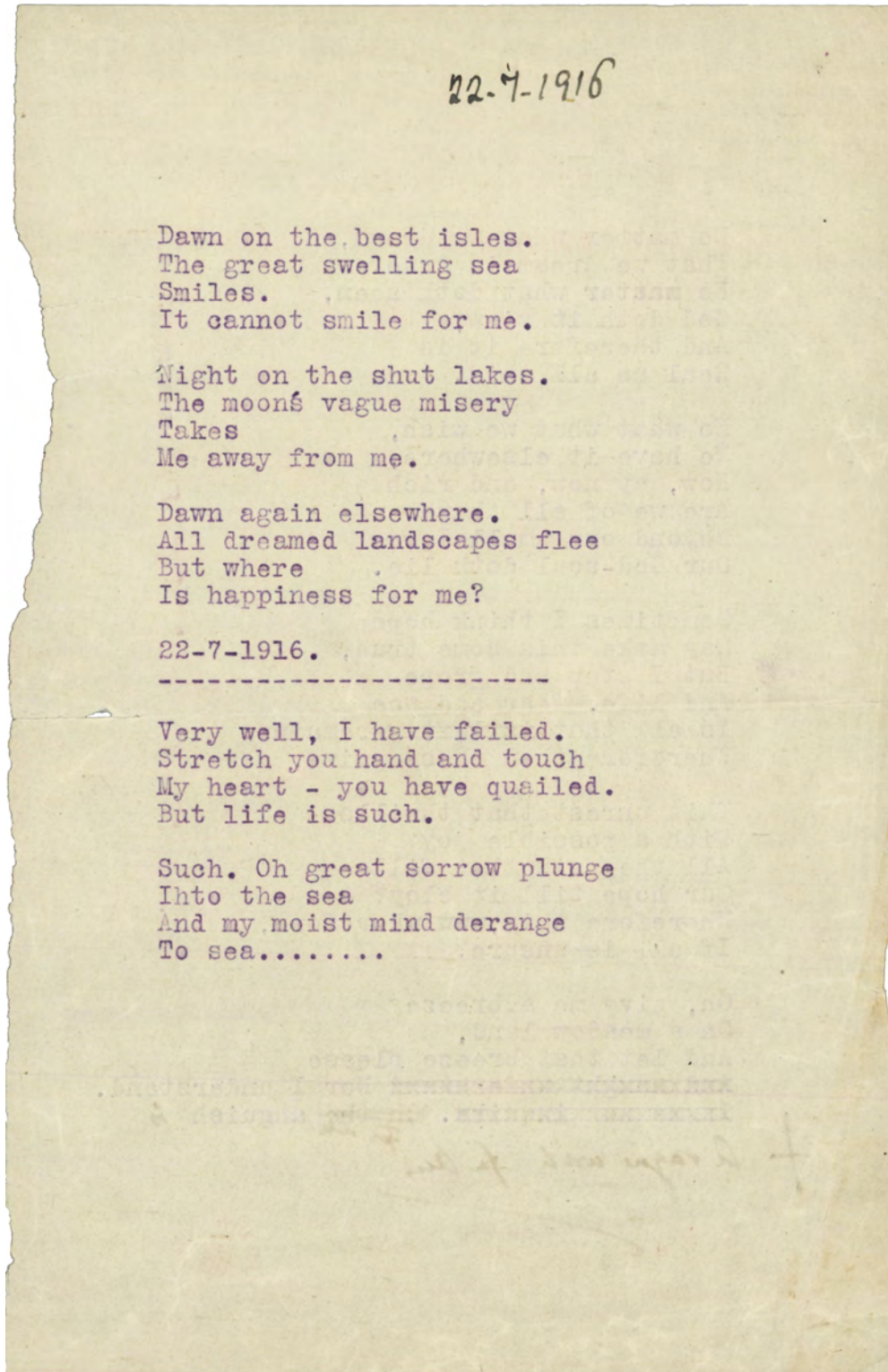
And let me part from all & go  
 And o'er seas of unconsciousness

From things yet lost before my life was this  
 And dreams were false and shining hopes untrue.

## Notes:

- 1 Oh great port <that> [↑ on] the sea,  
 5 In the <risen> [                    ] sun reborn, ]  
 6 The <lumin> [↑ ancient] dream divine,  
 8 And find <my> [↑ those] hopes  
 12 <The great port that I come...?> [↓ My coming] *after crossing out this line the author added "My coming" below it.*  
 15 <My> [↑ The] ship  
 16 for [↓ rom] all & go  
 17 And <in> [↑ o'er] sea <as> /s\ of  
 18 From things I [↑ yet] lost  
 19 And <were> [↑ dreams] were false and [↑ shining] hopes untrue.

XIII. [49A<sup>5</sup>-4<sup>v</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated July 22, 1916. Typescript on a torn piece of paper. The date appears typewritten below the poem "Dawn on the best isles" (PESSOA, 2000: 96-98), which occupies the upper part of the sheet. Atop the paper also figures the same date written in black ink. On the recto (49A<sup>5</sup>-4<sup>v</sup>) appears an earlier version of "Episode" (PESSOA, 1999: III, 57), a poem included in *The Mad Fiddler*.



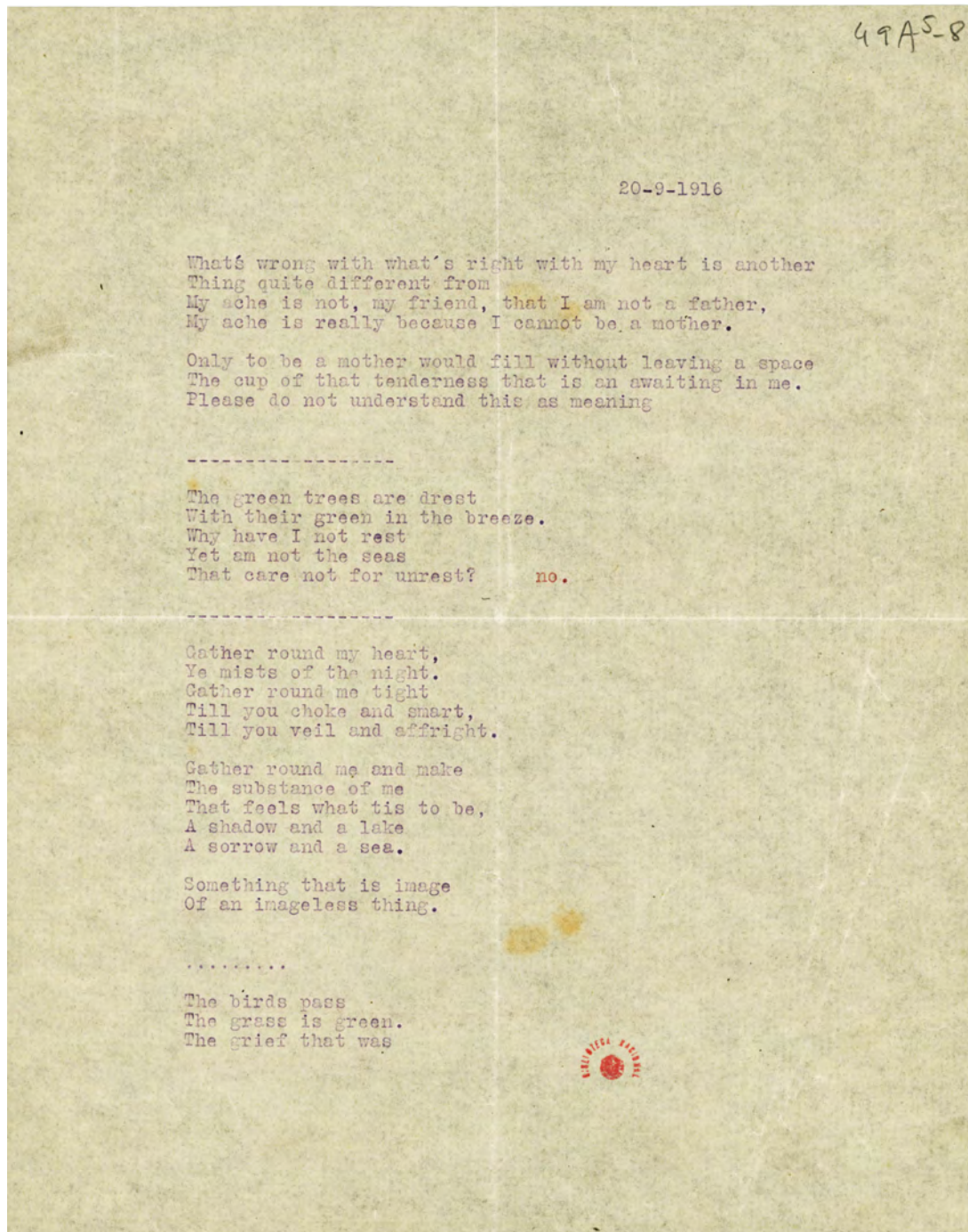
Very well, I have failed.  
Stretch your hand and touch  
My heart—you have quailed.  
But life is such.

5           Such. Oh great sorrow plunge  
              Into the sea  
              And my moist mind derange  
              To sea.....

Note:

2           you] *in the original.*

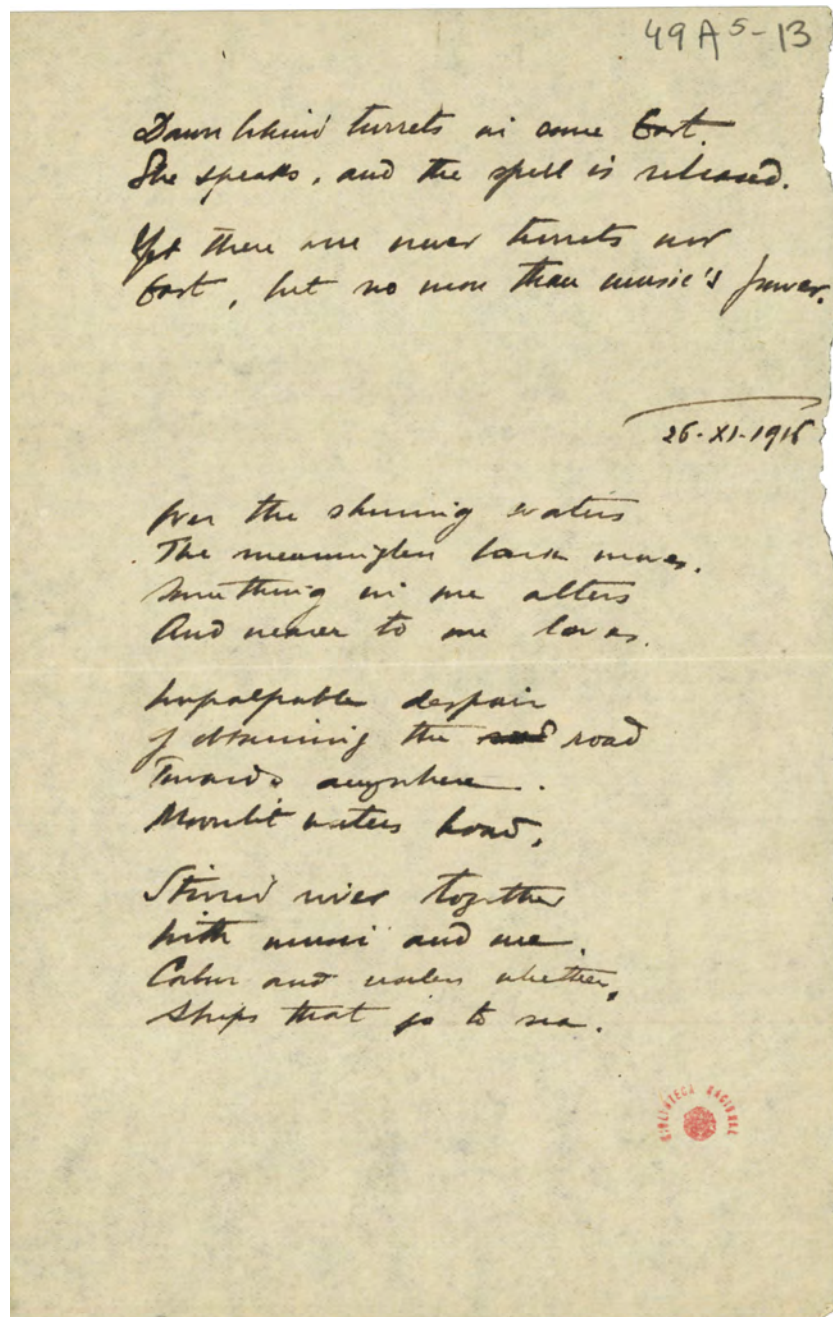
XIV. [49A<sup>5</sup>-8]. Unpublished. Dated September 20, 1916. Typescript on a thin sheet of paper. Below the unfinished poem figures a horizontal line made of dashes. Since the author left enough space for one or two more lines of verse, I feel it necessary to indicate the possibility of a longer poem. The first six lines were initially transcribed by Hubert D. Jennings. On the same document there figure three other verse texts: "The Green Trees Are Drest" (PESSOA, 2000: II, 108 and 110), "Gather Round My Heart," (PESSOA, 2000: II, 110), and three lines from the beginning of an unfinished poem: "The birds pass / The grass is green. / The grief that was / □".







XV. [49A<sup>5</sup>-13<sup>6</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated November 26, 1916. The incipit was first published by Marcus Angioni and Fernando Gomes (PESSOA, 1999: III, 172). Manuscript in black ink, on the same side of the torn paper containing "Dawn behind turrets in some East," a poem written with the same ink and published by Angioni and Gomes: "Dawn behind turrets in some East. / She speaks, and the spell is released. // Yet there are never turrets nor / East, but no more than music's power." (PESSOA, 1999: III, 174). The line "Dawn behind turrets in some East" is partly found in the second stanza of "A Sensationist Poem | Her Fingers Toyed Absently With Her Rings," included in *The Mad Fiddler* and first published by Georg Rudolf Lind: "If I were to stretch my hand and touch yours that would be / Dawn behind the turrets of a city in some East. / The words hidden in my gesture would be moonlight on the sea / Of your being something in my soul like gaiety in a feast." (31-51; LIND, 1968: 230).



Over the shinning waters  
The meaningless bark moves.  
Something in me alters  
And nearer to me loves.

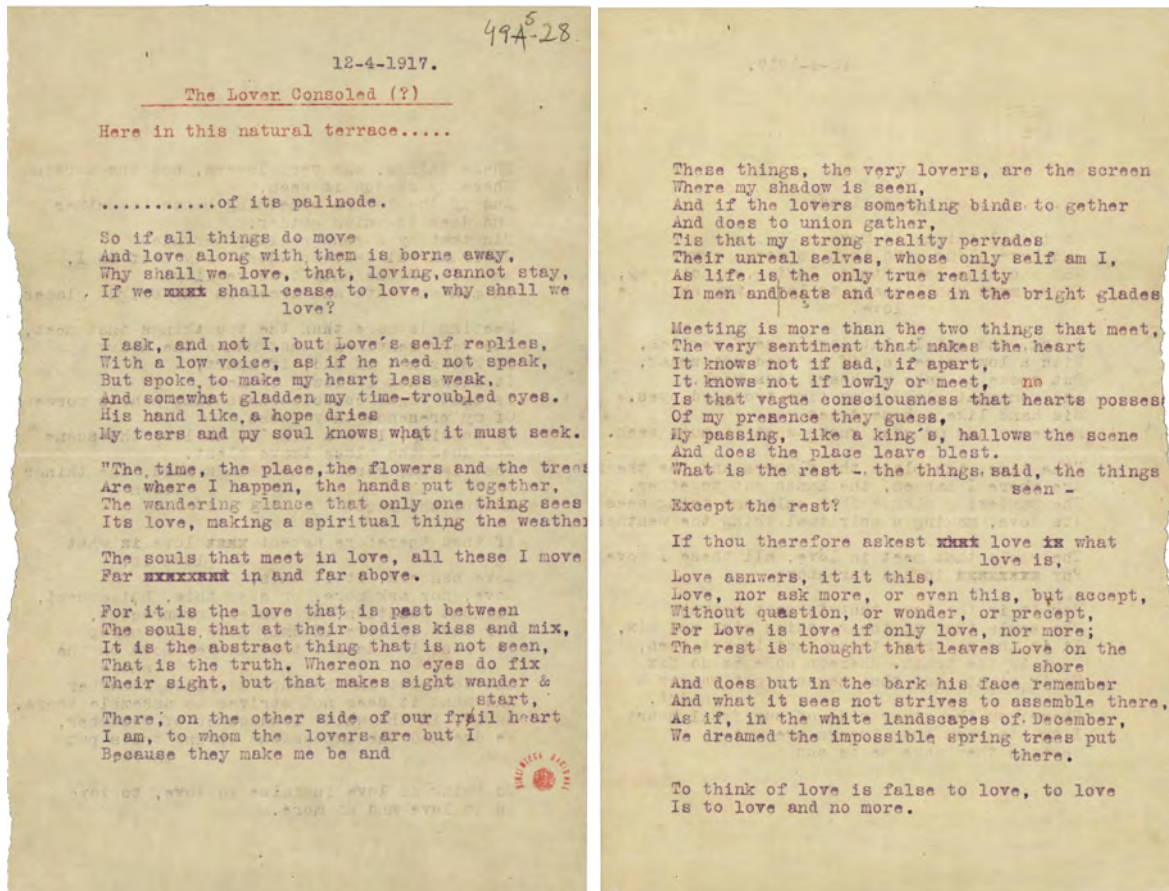
5      Impalpable despair  
Of obtaining the road  
Towards anywhere.  
Moonlit waters broad,

10     Stirred river together  
With music and me.  
Calm and useless whether,  
Ships that go to sea.

Notes:

- 6      Of obtaining the <\*road> road  
11     Calm and useless whether<.>/,\

XVI. [49A<sup>5</sup>-28]. Unpublished. Dated April 12, 1917. Typescript on two sheets of paper with the emendation of a typo in pencil. Title underlined and followed by a question mark indicating doubt. Both the title and line below it are typed in red ink. "Palinode" is the term used to refer to Stesichorus's recantation of his earlier myth in which Helen forsook Menelaus for Paris; according to Socrates in Plato's Phaedrus, "Stesichorus (c. 640-555 BC) was stricken blind and regained his sight on taking back his besmirchment of Helen's intentions, singing instead that she never went to Troy. Socrates uses the idea in recanting his own argument against passionate love. So thematically the word is at home in Pessoa's poem. Horace, an author Pessoa first encountered as a high school student, mentions the famous palinode in Epode 17. Although Pessoa attributed numerous Portuguese odes to the heteronym Ricardo Reis, his use of palinode here may be in the more abstract sense of a retraction.



*The Lover Consoled*

Here in this natural terrace.....

.....of its palinode.

So if all things do move  
 And love along with them is borne away,  
 Why shall we love, that, loving, cannot stay,  
 5 If we shall cease to love, why shall we love?

I ask, and not I, but love's self replies,  
 With a low voice, as if he need not speak,  
 But spoke to make my heart less weak,  
 And somewhat gladden my time-troubled eyes.  
 10 His hand like a hope dries  
 My tears and my soul knows what it must seek.

"The time, the place, the flowers and the trees  
 Are where I happen, the hands put together,  
 The wandering glance that only one thing sees  
 15 Its love, making a spiritual thing the weather

The souls that meet in love, all these I move  
 Far in and far above.

For it is the love that is past between  
 The souls that at their bodies kiss and mix,  
 20 It is the abstract thing that is not seen,  
 That is the truth. Whereon no eyes do fix  
 Their sight, but that makes sight wander & start,  
 There, on the other side of our frail heart  
 I am, to whom the lovers are but I  
 25 Because they make me be and [ ]

These things, the very lovers, are the screen  
 Where my shadow is seen,  
 And if the lovers something binds together  
 And does to union gather,  
 30 Tis that my strong reality pervades

Their unreal selves, whose only self am I,  
 As life is the only true reality  
 In men and beasts and trees in the bright glades

35 Meeting is more than the two things that meet,  
 The very sentiment that makes the heart  
 It knows not if sad, if apart,  
 It knows not if lowly or meet,  
 Is that vague consciousness that hearts possess  
 Of my presence they guess,  
 40 My passing, like a king's, hallows the scene  
 And does the place leave blest.  
 What is the rest – the things said, the things seen –  
 Except the rest?

45 If thou therefore askest love what love is,  
 Love answers, it is this,  
 Love, nor ask more, or even this, but accept,  
 Without question, or wonder, or precept,  
 For love is love if only love, nor more;  
 The rest is thought that leaves Love on the shore  
 50 And does but in the bark his face remember  
 And what it sees not strives to assemble there,  
 As if, in the white landscapes of December,  
 We dreamed the impossible spring trees put there.

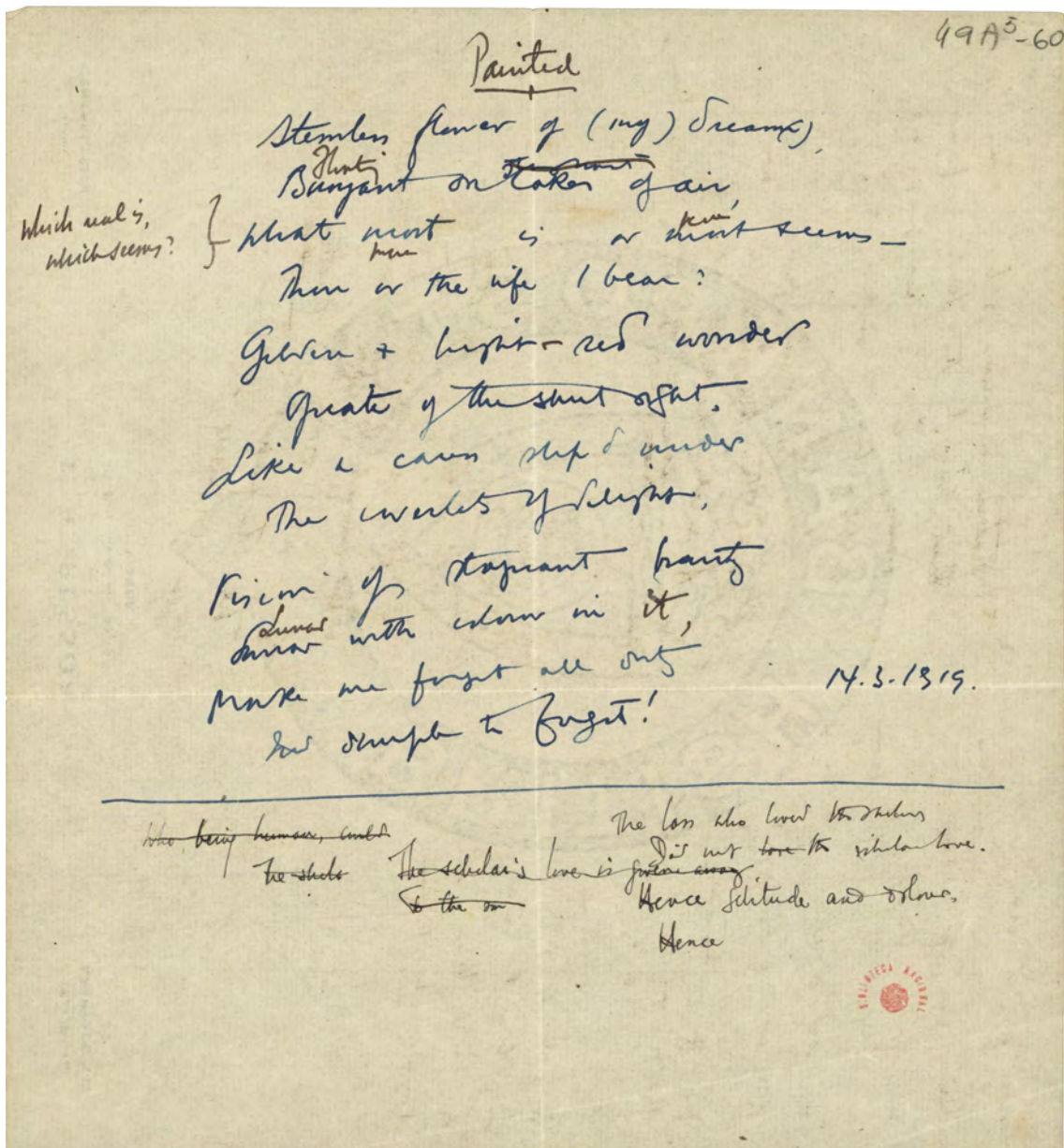
55 To think of love is false to love, to love  
 Is to love and no more.

## Notes:

- 5 If we <must> shall  
 12 *the quotation marks, which appear at the beginning of the line, were never closed.*  
 17 Far <over and> in  
 28 to gether] *in the original.*  
 33 and bea[↓s]ts ] *added in pencil.*  
 37 no ] *typescript in red to the right of this line.*  
 44 If thou therefore askest <what> love <is> what love is,  
 45 it it love] *one "it" is a typo.*



**XVII. [49A<sup>5</sup>-60].** Unpublished. Dated March 14, 1919. Manuscript in stationary paper with the heading F. A. PESSOA | RUA DO OURO, 87, 2.<sup>o</sup> | LISBOA and watermark BRITISH BANKPOST. Text in blue ink with additions and emendations in black ink. The firm F. A. PESSOA was created in mid-1917; in December of the same year it moved to Rua do Ouro, 87, 2.<sup>o</sup>. The firm was initially based at 41 Rua de S. Julião, 3.<sup>o</sup>. Numerous poems dated/datable to 1918 are found on this type of paper. Title added and doubted with a cross underneath it in black ink. Below the poem figures a horizontal line followed by some scattered verses. These following lines were likely inspired by Pessoa's reading of Matthew Arnold's "The Scholar-Gipsy": "<Who, being human, could> | <The schola> <The scholar's love is given away, / To the sun> || The lass who loved the scholar / Did not <love> the scholar's love. / Hence solitude and dolour, Hence [     ]." On the left side of the verso (49A<sup>5</sup>-60<sup>v</sup>) there are other lines of English verse difficult to decipher and that may be related to the latter loose lines. On the right side figures a fragmentary English poem that opens "Only the things born of the mind."



*Painted*

Stemless flower of my dreams,  
     Floating on lakes of air,  
 What more is or more seems—  
     Thou or the life I bear?  
 5 Golden & bright-red wonder  
     Opiate of the shut agate.  
 Like a caress slept under  
     The coverlets of delight,  
 Vision of stagnant beauty  
 10 Lunar with colour in it,  
 Make me forget all duty  
     Now simple to forget!

## Notes:

- 1 Stemless flower of /my/ dream/s/,  
 2 Buoyant [↑ Floating] on lakes [↑ <a thing-mount>] of air,] *the variant "Floating" and crossing out were done in black ink.*  
 3 What most [↓ more] is or most [↑ more] seems—] [← Which real is, / which seems?] *variants in black ink.*  
 5 bright/-\ red ] *added in black ink.*  
 7 slept d ] *in the original.*  
 10 Lunar [↑ Lunar] with colour in [→ it,] *added in black ink .*



XVIII. [49A<sup>5</sup>-69<sup>5</sup>]. Unpublished. Dated August 20, 1919. Manuscript in black ink on a loose torn piece of paper. Below line 18 figures a double horizontal line, which serves to indicate the end of the composition.

20/8/1919  
49A<sup>5</sup>-69

Friend, People! I have loved with, places where I  
 have been.  
 My is there this not stay number near  
 to my bed  
 Inhere near me, as was sleep?  
 I close my eyes + look at ~~some~~ <sup>the part of each</sup> ~~some~~  
 1 year of each from I have  
 I was there + fit but myself.  
 I am the holder of their having been, all I am  
 to an echo of the that have past by me, or  
 I love  
 Now near than there, hear the  
 One part of me, yet alone are being any  
 It is a word of phantasm and not that I  
 It is possible that pass, of the <sup>more</sup> to stay.  
 The meaning of their purchase, is for people to  
 The sum of this <sup>this</sup> ~~purchase~~ is ~~more~~ than  
 seeing.  
 I fear + I hope but I weep.  
 But the key has been lost for the <sup>loss</sup> ~~loss~~ of the  
 over of me this.  
 The road is filled up with ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup>, as to me  
 as, to bring  
 And in me, + for us, + ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup>

---



Friends, people I have lived with, places where I have been.  
 Why do these things not stay somewhere near to my bed  
     Somewhere near me, as on a shelf?  
 I close my eyes & look at the past of each scene  
 5 I yearn for each face I have  
     I seek them & find but myself.  
 I am the hollow of their having been, all I am  
 Is an echo of things that have past by me, & I live  
     Now more than them, because they  
 10 Are part of me, yet outside me like my shadow on my name,  
 It is a world of phantoms more real than I when I move.  
     It is I that pass, they that stay.  
 The meaning of things, perchance, is less painful than this.  
 The scene of this misadventure is truer than seeing.  
 15 I pain & I hope but I weep.  
 But the key has been lost for the locks of the door of our bliss.  
 The road is piled upon that one land, ere the soul was, to being  
     And we seek, & find not, & sleep.

## Notes:

- 1 /people/  
 4 at <each> [↑ the] past  
 8 "past" in the original instead of "passed."  
 12 It <pre> <is> [↑ is] I that pass, <for> they that stay.  
 16 for the <world> [↑ locks]  
 18 /sleep/







XX. [49A<sup>6</sup>-50]. Unpublished. Dated May 17, 1924. Manuscript in back ink on a torn piece of lined paper. Title added in a lighter type of black ink. A short horizontal line figures at the end of the poem. Written during the time Jorge Luis Borges and his family were in Portugal. Much has been written about the affinities between Borges and Pessoa, and some literary critics have even speculated on the possibility of an encounter in Lisbon. The most recent issue of *Variaciones Borges* (n. 40, 2015) contains a dossier with five articles dedicated to Borges and Pessoa.

49A<sup>6</sup>-50

Overheard

What let that pearl or  
accurate rain  
Shall in the cloud born  
shin  
And sparkle in the cups in  
life  
To the moon of the forbidden soft?  
The deep the gates of him & thorn,  
The rose as weather to circum  
stain  
And what in days of shadow  
to moon  
Shine deeply in the lagoon.  
So, recurrent from <sup>light</sup> coil  
slips  
The wisdom of her half deep  
surfs  
Last intervals over in seeing,  
Confluence between eates opening  
To silence, she in work & coast  
For the hour thro' the stand &  
area.  
(The song being ended, the  
she moon  
Came to continue the lagoon.)

17-5-1924.

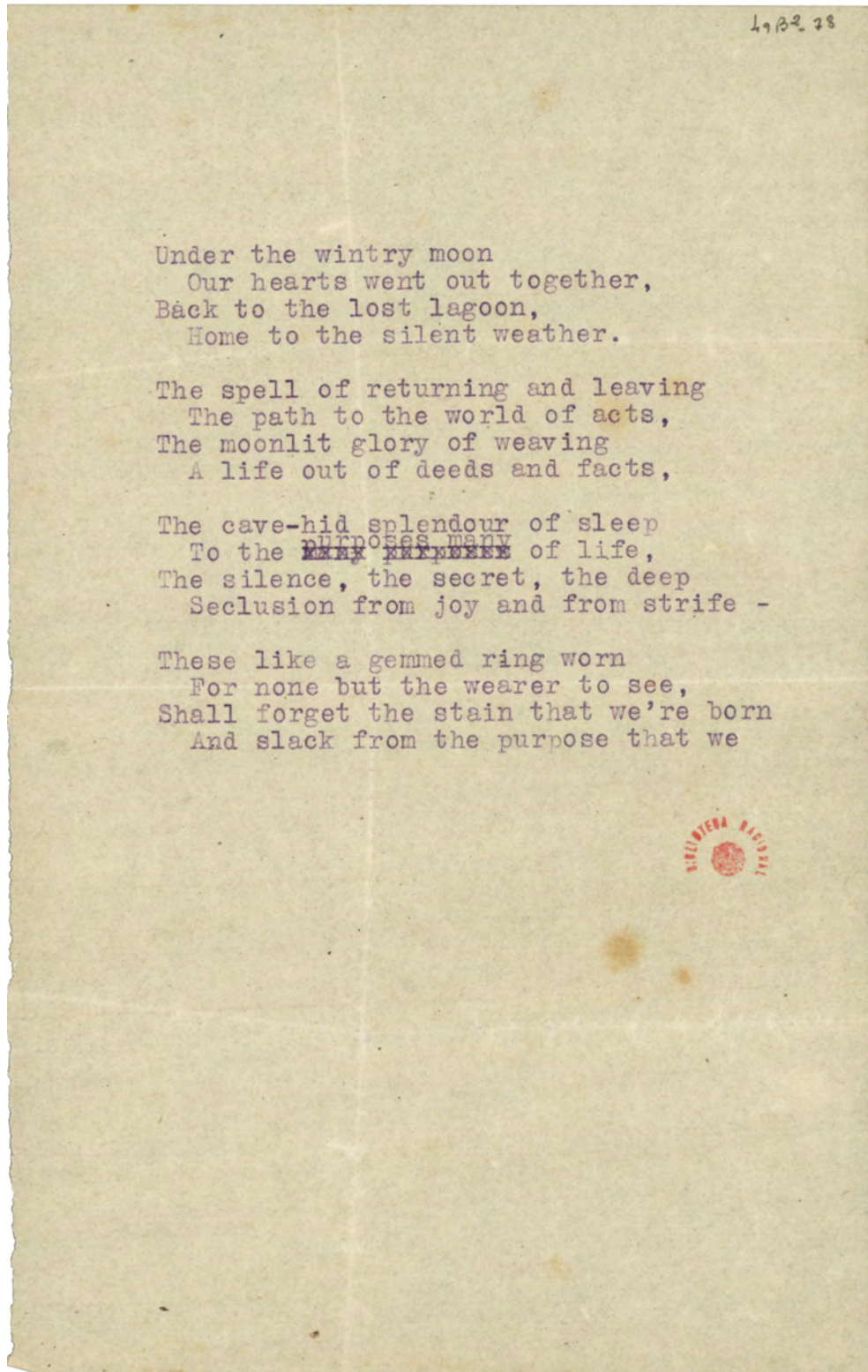
*Overheard*

What lethal pearl or accurate wine  
 Shall in the closest bosom shine  
 And sparkle in the cups we lift  
 To the moon of the foregone gift?  
 5 She keeps the gates of Time & Chance,  
 She vows no wreaths to circumstance  
 And what she says elsewhere to moon  
 Shines sleepily on the lagoon.  
 Lo, recreant from bright curl slopes  
 10 The wisdom of her half sleep gropes  
 Lost intervals occur in seeing,  
 Confluence between extent agreeing  
 To silence, else we weep & care  
 For the mere things that stand & are.  
 15 (Her song being ended, the slow moon  
 Came to continue the lagoon).

## Notes :

- 4 foreborne [↑ gone]  
 9 <†> [↑ bright]

XXI. [49B<sup>2</sup>-78]. Unpublished. Datable to post 1913. Typescript on thin paper. Given the syntax in line 16 and the lack of punctuation at the end of the line, it is likely that at least one or more stanzas would have followed.



Under the wintry moon  
 Our hearts went out together,  
 Back to the lost lagoon,  
 Home to the silent weather.

5 The spell of returning and leaving  
 The path to the world of acts,  
 The moonlit glory of weaving  
 A life out of deeds and facts,

10 The cave-hid splendour of sleep  
 To the purposes many of life,  
 The silence, the secret, the deep  
 Seclusion from joy and from strife—

These like a gemmed ring worn  
 For none but the wearer to see,  
 15 Shall forget the stain that we're born  
 And slack from the purpose that we

□

Note:

10 To the <many purposes> [↑ purposes many] of life,



XXII. [49B<sup>4</sup>-53]. Datable to post 1913. Typescript on a torn Portuguese calendar paper from TIP. «A EDITORA L.<sup>DA</sup>». First transcribed by Hubert D. Jennings.

49B<sup>4</sup>-53

High dedication to cold and vast ends  
Which leave the hearth void and the

But ah, to have one moment that soft love  
That does common mankind obscurely move,  
And not alone

This cold, vast dedication to mankind  
That leaves on the hill of science lone  
And in the wood of purpose old and blind.

To have a hearth, a home,  
A purpose warm our living to become,  
Something outside the loss of human love  
And our cold hearts somehow above.



High dedication to cold and vast ends  
Which leave the hearth void and the [            ]

But ah, to have one moment that soft love  
That does common mankind obscurely move,  
5 And not alone  
This cold, vast dedication to mankind  
That leaves on the hill of science lone  
And in the wood of purpose old and blind.

To have a hearth, a home,  
10 A purpose warm our living to become,  
Something outside the loss of human love  
And our cold hearts somehow above.

## Notes:

- 4        move] *Jennings' transcription.*  
5        And not alone (...)] *Jennings' transcription.*  
7        That leaves me on the hill of science lone] *Jennings' transcription.*  
8        <o>/i\n  
8        purpose, old and blind,..] *Jennings' transcription.*  
9        a home] *Jennings' transcription.*  
10       become] *Jennings' transcription.*  
12       above....] *Jennings' transcription.*

XXIII. [No call number]. Datable to post 1913. Typewritten on a loose piece of paper with emendations in pencil, black ink, and blue pencil. The document is in the possession of one of Pessoa's heirs, his niece Manuela Nogueira.

It spoke of love and spoke of joy  
 And I who felt in me the boy  
 Pass into you as the larva vile  
 Into the butterfly's colour-smile, *when life is a smile*  
 I saw with clearness eloquent  
 A future life all to beguile  
 The days of boyhood from their style  
 Carelessly innocent.

I dreamed and before me there came  
 Visions of fairness that made yearn  
 My heart for what it had to learn.  
 A thought, a prescience of a flame  
 Filled with mute warmth my soul as wine  
 A clear transparent cup divine.

Smiles and kisses and that passed  
 Through transitory forms of fair  
 Women and girls in luminous air;  
 Of them remained only the mood  
 Which I saw in their eyes disengaged  
 And even in dreams my soul did flood.

Soft words were breathed into mine ear  
 From mouths that changed, through many lips  
 But all were wonderfully fair.  
 Even as a *tree* that sips  
 The river's liquid beauty I *almost*  
 Was joyful in expectancy.

*Sips in a close expectancy*

It spoke of love and spoke of joy  
 And I who felt in me the boy  
 Pass in youth as the larva vile  
 Into the butterflies colour-smile,  
 5 I saw with clearness eloquent  
 A future life all to beguile  
 The days of boyhood from their style  
     Carelessly innocent.

I dreamed and before me there came  
 10 Visions of fairness that made yearn  
 My heart for what it had to learn.  
 A thought, a prescience of a flame  
 Filled with mute warmth my soul as wine  
 A clear transparent cup divine.

15 Smiles and kisses and [        ] that passed  
 Through transitory forms of fair  
 Women and girls in luminous air;  
 Of them remained only the mood  
 I saw in their eyes disenglassed  
 20 And even in dreams my soul did flood.

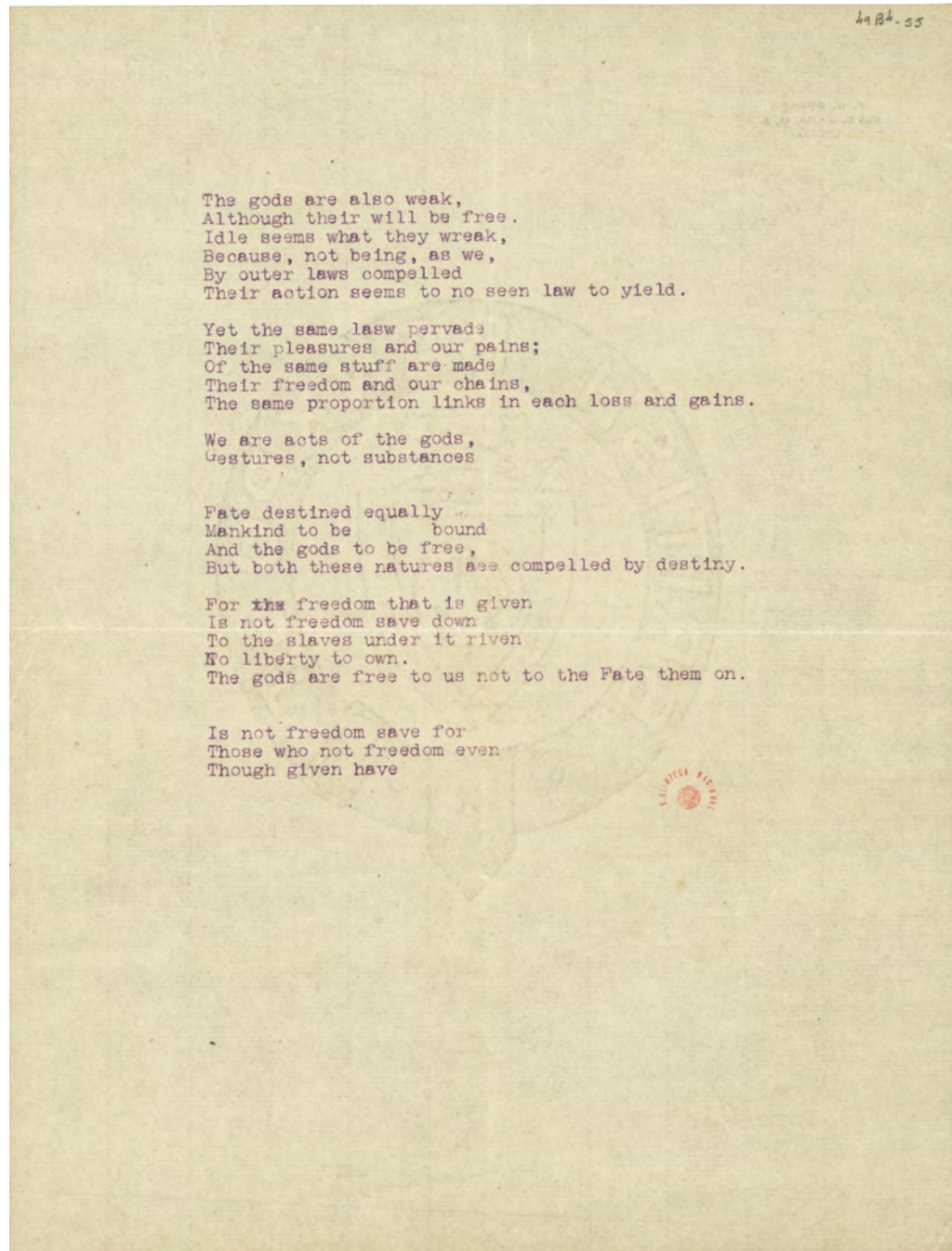
Soft words were breathed into mine ear  
 From mouths that changed, through many lips  
 But all were wonderfully fair.  
 Even as one tired that almost sips  
 25 The river's liquid beauty I  
 Joyed in a close expectancy.

## Notes:

- 3 in you/th\] *added in pencil.*  
 4 Into the butterfly<i>/y\es co<u>lour-smile, [↓ Whose life is [        ] a smile] *variant in black ink; given its incompleteness I have opted to leave the earlier version.*  
 9 the<ir>/re\  
 10 fa<u>/i\rness  
 18 remianed] *in the original.*  
 19 <Which> I saw] *word crossed out in black ink; disenglassed in the original.*  
 24 <Even> [↑ Even] as a [↑ one tired] that [↓ almost] sips] *first two words were added in black ink while the other two in pencil; next to this and the following two lines there figures a question mark indicating doubt.*  
 26 Was /joyful in expectancy/. [↓ Joyed in a <close>/close\ expectancy] *variant in blue pencil; "Close" traced in black ink.*



**XXIV. [49B<sup>4</sup>-55].** *Unpublished. Datable to 1918-1919. Typescript with one emendation in pencil on stationary paper with the heading F. A. PESSOA | RUA S. JULIÃO, 41, 3.º | LISBOA and watermark BRITISH BANKPOST. The firm F. A. PESSOA was created in mid-1917; in December of the same year it moved to Rua do Ouro, 87, 2.º. The firm was initially based at the previous address. Numerous poems written in 1918 are found in this same paper (e.g., poem XVII). After the first two stanzas, with rhyme schemes ABABCC and DEDEE, the author left the third stanza incomplete. Between the third and fourth stanzas there is enough space for two lines in the same stanza or one line and a stanza break; given the number of lines in the first two stanzas and their rhyme schemes, it is unclear whether the author intended to write a longer third stanza (i.e., eight lines) or a short one (i.e., three lines).*





The gods are also weak,  
 Although their will be free.  
 Idle seems what they wreak,  
 Because, not being, as we,  
 5 By outer laws compelled  
 Their action seems to no seen law to yield.

Yet the same laws pervade  
 Their pleasures and our pains;  
 Of the same stuff are made  
 10 Their freedom and our chains,  
 The same proportion links in each loss and gains.

We are acts of the gods,  
 Gestures, not substances

□

Fate destined equally  
 15 Mankind to be [ ] bound  
 And the gods to be free,  
 But both these natures are compelled by destiny.

For freedom that is given  
 Is not freedom save down  
 20 To the slaves under it riven  
 No liberty to own.  
 The gods are free to us not to the Fate them on.

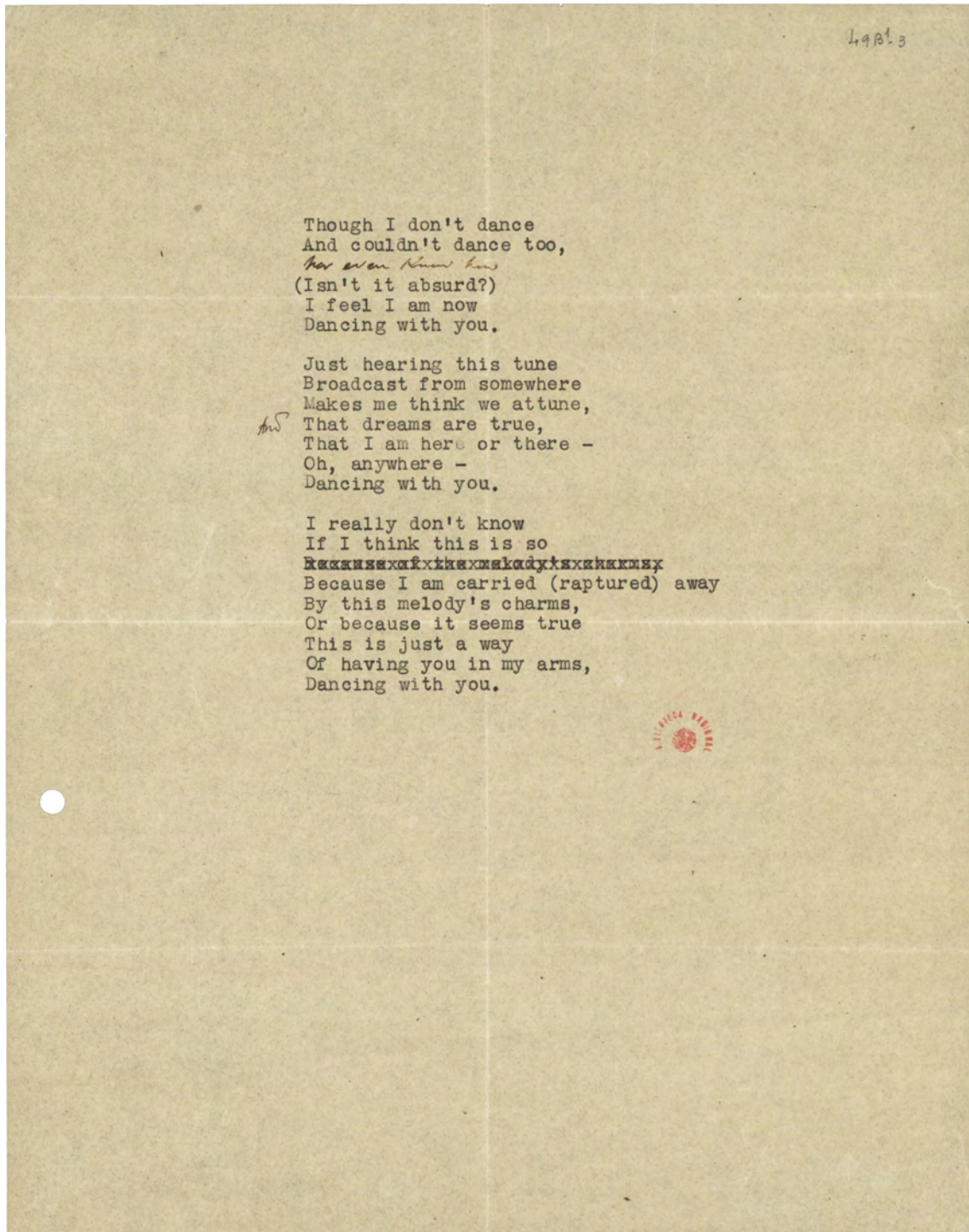
[ ]  
 Is not freedom save for  
 25 Those who not freedom even  
 Though given have [ ]

□

Notes:

- 18 For <the> freedom  
 21 <T>/N\o liberty to own.  
 22 the Fate them on.] *in the original.*

XXV. [49B<sup>1</sup>-3]. Datable to 1934-1935. Typscript on thin paper. Some variants in black ink.



Though I don't dance  
 And couldn't dance too,  
 Nor even know how  
 Isn't it absurd?  
 5 I feel I am now  
 Dancing with you.

Just hearing this tune  
 Broadcast from somewhere  
 Makes me think we attune,  
 10 And that dreams are true,  
 That I am here or there—  
 Oh, anywhere—  
 Dancing with you.

I really don't know  
 15 If I think this is so  
 Because I am raptured away  
 By this melody's charms,  
 Or because it seems true  
 This is just a way  
 20 Of having you in my arms,  
 Dancing with you.

## Notes:

- 3 [↑ Nor even know how] *added in black ink in a space previously left for an entire line between lines 2 and 4.*
- 4 /Isn't it absurd?/
- 10 [↑ And] That dreams are true,) *addition in black ink.*
- 16 <Because of the melody's charms,> [↓ Because I am carried (raptured) away] *"raptured" inside parenthesis serving as a variant.*

## Topographical Index

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2. [49B<sup>1</sup>-1<sup>r</sup>]
3. [49A<sup>2</sup>-6<sup>r</sup>]
4. [49A<sup>2</sup>-62]
5. [49A<sup>2</sup>-17<sup>r</sup>]
6. [49A<sup>2</sup>-41<sup>r</sup> to 42<sup>v</sup>]
7. [49A<sup>2</sup>-53<sup>v</sup>]
8. [49A<sup>3</sup>-45<sup>r</sup>]
9. [49A<sup>3</sup>-56 and 57]; Annex 1 [49A<sup>3</sup>-57<sup>v</sup>]
10. [49A<sup>3</sup>-45<sup>r</sup>]
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23. [No Archival Call Number; Heirs' Private Collection]
24. [49B<sup>1</sup>-3]
25. [49B<sup>4</sup>-55]