“The Student of Salamanca”

an English translation

Nicolás Barbosa López*

Keywords

Fernando Pessoa, José de Espronceda, El estudiante de Salamanca, translation, Alexander Search.

Abstract

Fernando Pessoa planned and wrote –almost to its entirety– an English translation of “El estudiante de Salamanca,” a poem written by Spanish author José de Espronceda (1808 – 1842). This article introduces the first full transcription and publication of the translation, an annex of transcribed documents related to this project (Pessoa’s editorial plans, to-do lists, and observations about the poem), a full genetic annotation of all transcriptions, and images of the entire selection of manuscripts.

Palavras-chave

Fernando Pessoa, José de Espronceda, El estudiante de Salamanca, tradução, Alexander Search.

Resumo

Fernando Pessoa planeou e escreveu –quase na sua totalidade– uma tradução para o inglês de “El estudiante de Salamanca”, poema escrito pelo autor espanhol José de Espronceda (1808 – 1842). Este artigo apresenta a primeira transcrição e publicação completas da tradução, um anexo de documentos transcritos relacionados ao projeto (planos editoriais de Pessoa, listas de tarefas e observações sobre o poema), todas as notas genéticas das transcrições e as imagens da seleção inteira de manuscritos.
Fernando Pessoa planned and executed—almost to its entirety—an English translation of “El estudiante de Salamanca,” a poem written by Spanish author José de Espronceda (1808 – 1842) and first published in the anthology *Poesías de don José de Espronceda* (Madrid: Imprenta de Yemes, 1840). The following presentation includes the first full transcription and publication of the translation, an annex of transcribed documents related to this project (Pessoa’s editorial plans, to-do lists, and observations about the poem), a full genetic annotation of all transcriptions, and fac-similes of the entire selection of manuscripts.

At the outset I wish to lay out a few parameters of the transcription process, some technical aspects of Pessoa’s translation, and critical elements of the context in which he wrote it. Overall, and based on the information that is available so far, we know that the Portuguese author managed to translate more than 90 per cent of the poem, and only slightly less than 150 verses are missing from the total 1,704. Most of these missing verses belong to the second, third, and fourth parts of the poem, leaving the first part as the only complete section of the translation. The scope of this transcription focused on almost 30 different folders previously identified by Patricio Ferrari, with the collaboration of Jerónimo Pizarro, and altogether, these folders contained the nearly 200 manuscripts that were reviewed, classified, and reorganized. Most of the translation, with a few isolated cases, was located in three folders—(BNP / E3, 74, 74A, and 74B)—, while other related documents were scattered throughout the rest of the selection. Due to the fragmentation of the manuscripts, a benchmark edition was needed in order to identify and reorganize the translated verses. Although Pessoa did not leave any kind of verse numbering, in a few manuscripts he did write the corresponding page numbers of his own Spanish edition: *Obras poéticas de Don José de Espronceda* (Paris: Librería de Garnier Hermanos, 1876). To ensure that the transcription would not reproduce any potential mistakes this edition may have had, a comparative reading was also done with the Instituto Cervantes’ digital version, which, in turn, is the result of a comparative transcription of the 1840 edition and Benito Varela Jácome’s critical edition (Madrid: Cátedra, 1979). In no way does this mean our work is complete. Not only could the translation of missing fragments still be found in other folders—or in apparently unrelated sections of Pessoa’s archive—but also related documents or even more variants of extant passages.

Initially, Pessoa attributed the translation to Alexander Search, his only fictional author ever to write in English, French, and Portuguese. The acknowledgment appears below the title in the first page of Part I (see BNP / E3, 74A-64) and also in two manuscripts that correspond to variants of verses in Parts I and II (see BNP / E3, 79-45 and 74A-91). In 1908 Charles James Search inherited some of his brother Alexander Search’s work, including this translation (see *Eu Sou Uma Antologia*, Lisboa: Tinta-da-china, 2013, p. 285 and *Un libro muy original*, Medellín: Tragaluz, 2014, p. 181). By the decade of 1920, however, the project was
no longer attributed to the Searches, but to Pessoa himself, as seen in the editorial plans of Olisipo (see BNP / E3, 137-124). Some disagreement persists about the possible authorship of Herr Prosit, the protagonist of Alexander Search’s short story “A Very Original Dinner.” As seen in the beginning of Part II, the appearance of this name right below the word “Translation” could indicate that, at some point, Pessoa envisioned him as the translator of the second part, yet this lacks further support. Not only are there mentions of Search in the same part allegedly attributed to Prosit, but the latter is nowhere to be found as a translator in any editorial lists, diary entries, or documents outside the world of “A Very Original Dinner.”

Although no exact record of the date when Pessoa first encountered Espronceda’s poetry has been found (nor an exact date when he began reading this poem), it is possible to estimate that his contact with this poet’s work must have happened either in 1905, the last year of his time in Durban, South Africa, or right after his return to Portugal. This conclusion is based on the dating of Pessoa’s earliest mention of “El estudiante de Salamanca,” a 1906 reading list (see annex BNP / E3, 144N-14), and on his subsequent lists of editorial projects that mention an English version, the earliest of which dates back to circa 1906 (see annex BNP / E3, 48B-129). We can conclude that Pessoa began the translation shortly after finishing his reading, already with a future publication in mind. According to a diary entry of May 1907, we know that by the 9th he had “[a]lmost finished” the translation of the poem’s first part (see annex BNP / E3, 28A-1). In total, Pessoa’s translation appears in 19 lists extant in his archive, the latest of which dates back to circa 1931 (see annex BNP / E3, 167-181), indicating that for a period of at least 24 years he worked on or made plans regarding this project. In fact, 18 of these entries place “The Student of Salamanca” on either to-do lists of readings and writing, editorial lists of original English works, English translations (mostly of Portuguese literature), Portuguese translations of English literature, and poetry volumes that were to be published, plus another entry of potential screenplays for films.

These lists reveal the importance of this translation within the universe of Pessoa’s writings as well as the context in which it was done. In the first place, unlike most of the projects that Pessoa ever included in his editorial lists, this translation was actually carried through near completion. Given the vast number of titles (stories, translations, and anthologies) left in the archive without ever being finished or even started, the translation of “El estudiante de Salamanca” stands out as one. This translation made part of a prospective publication of several poetry books in English, with such priority that it was meant to precede even Pessoa’s own poetry attributed to Alexander Search: “The first book of poems to be published is the translation of Espronceda” (see annex BNP / E3, 78B-63). Interestingly, Pessoa envisioned Search’s literary debut as translator rather than poet. In general, we also see how this project, inscribed within a series of similar
publications, reflects the Portuguese author’s penchant toward translation: he had Portuguese-English and English-Portuguese projects such as the translation of Luís de Camões’ sonnets, Edgar Allan Poe’s poems, and Oscar Wilde’s poems (see annex 133M-96), and Anthero de Quental’s sonnets (see annexes BNP / E3, 144D-7 and 144E-8).

The context of literary influences in which Pessoa worked on his translation is also visible in these lists and diary entries. We can see that, for instance, during the days of May 1907 in which Pessoa claims to have worked on the first part of the poem, he also read novels and poetry in French, English, and Portuguese: Jacques Cazotte’s *Le Diable amoureux*, Poe’s *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, Eça de Queirós’ *O Crime do Padre Amaro*, and Guerra Junqueiro’s poem “A Morte de D. João” (see annex BNP / E3, 28A-1). This diary entry also reveals that only days after attempting to finish the first part of the poem, he was also working on “A Very Original Dinner,” a parallelism that is also registered in a to-do list of 3 September 1907 (see annex BNP / E3, 133F-53), thus corroborating Alexander Search’s predominance as the Pessoan fictional author of that period.

Regarding the translation process itself, the dating of diary entries and manuscripts tells us that it took place between 1907 (as previously indicated) until approximately 1910. Besides being the only complete translation, the first part of the poem has a consistent handwriting, typical of Alexander Search, and is also the cleanest version in the sense that it was not written on torn paper or pieces of envelopes. As it usually occurs with Pessoa’s work, the text is full of modifications, alternate versions, and rewritten stanzas. Among the fragments that Pessoa rewrote more than once, two cases stand out:

‘Twas more than the hour of midnight,
As is told by ancient stories,
When all in sleep and in silence
Enwappèd is earth and gloomy,

(Part I, verses 1-4)

and

The night is serene and quiet
Crown’d by the stars in distance
Unbroken the blue of heaven
Even as transparent lawn,

(Part II, verses 1-4)

Interestingly, both examples constitute the first four verses of each part. In the first case, Pessoa rewrote the fragment up to four times, yet he barely made any changes in each version. In fact, the only adjustment is his hesitating between the use of “is” or “lay” in the line “Enwappèd is earth and gloomy.” It is surprising that these four verses are, at the same time, the ones that Pessoa rewrote the most throughout the entire poem. And yet they show almost no changes. On the other
hand, the second example shows the more typical problems of poetry translation. Pessoa rewrote the whole stanza twice remaining ambivalent about the use of several words: “distance” instead of “farness,” “heaven” instead of “heavens” or “sky,” and “Even” instead of “Like.” He also oscillates between the use of “Crown’d” (one metrical syllable) or “Crownèd” (two metrical syllables) a decision driven by meter. The fact that the most rewritten fragments in the poem are initial verses could reveal Pessoa’s fixation with achieving strong openings, perhaps as an appeal to future readers or simply because he understood how his initial choices of rhythm and lexicon would determine subsequent decisions throughout the translation process (if we assume he wrote these verses before translating other stanzas of each part).

Despite the overall fragmentation, the Portuguese author left clear translated blocks of verses, that is, he appears to have mostly worked uninterruptedly through groups of stanzas rather than loose verses or even isolated stanzas. Thus in cases of multiple variants, it was not burdensome to determine which version provided a more well-rounded translation because it was possible to make a broader comparison between considerable blocks of work. Only in two cases (see Part III, verses 65 and 256) did I replace a single verse of a stanza considered more “definitive” with one found in a stanza considered a “variant”, since the former, in both cases, did not offer a translation for that specific verse. However, and as a final observation, the efforts to unify the manuscripts and present a legible translation do not ignore the fact that, in a typical Pessoan fashion, this text does not intend to and cannot constitute the publishable version he envisioned (if such one version ever existed), but rather one of many pathways to his always elusive final draft.

*
Parte primera

Sus fueros, sus bríos,
sus premáticas, su voluntad.

Quijote.- Parte primera.

Era más de media noche,
antiguas historias cuentan,
cuando en sueño y en silencio
lóbrego envuelta la tierra,

5 los vivos muertos parecen,
los muertos la tumba dejan.

Era la hora en que acaso
temerosas voces suenan
informes, en que se escuchan
tácitas pisadas huecas,
y pavorosas fantasmas
entre las densas tinieblas
vagan, y aúllan los perros
amedrentados al verlas:

10 En que tal vez la campana

Tácticas pisadas huecas,
y pavorosas fantasmas
entre las densas tinieblas
vagan, y aúllan los perros
amedrentados al verlas:

15 En que tal vez la campana

---

1 [74A-64r]: See Fig. 1.
2 [74A-65r]: See Fig. 2.
3 There is a variant of this and the next three verses, entirely crossed out, in manuscript [15B-65r]: <$'Twas more than the hour of midnight$ | As is told by ancient stories | When all in sleep and in silence | Enwrapped $<\text{is}>$ | earth and gloomy.$>. The translation is inserted among notes related to different writings. The page has a crossed-out title, HISTORIANS AND PHILOSOPHERS, and after the translated verses there are other phrases under the title Psychology. There is also a note in the right margin of the stanza: Adults. A second variant includes this and the next four verses, in manuscript [79-45r]: <$'Twas more than the hour of midnight | As is told by ancient stories | When all in sleep and in silence | Enwrapped is earth and gloomy | When the $\square$ | Alexander Search | Alexander Search | A. Search | A. Search. A third almost identical variant of this and the following five verses is found in manuscript [74A-10r]: <$'Twas more than the hour of midnight | As is told by ancient stories | When all in sleep and in silence | Enwrapped is earth and gloomy | And the living seem but dead men | And the dead their graves relinquish. At the end of the page, there is a signature by Alexander Search preceded by the formula Yours very truly. See note 2 regarding a fourth variant that includes these verses.
4 Up to this verse, there is a variant in manuscript [144N-11r]: First part | The Student of Salamanca | FIRST PART | First part | Sus fueros sus bríos | Sus premáticas su voluntad. | DON QUIJOTE – First Part | $'Twas more than the hour of midnight | As is told by ancient stories | When all in sleep and in silence | Enwrapped $<$lay$>$ | earth, and gloomy, | When the living seems but dead men | And the dead their graves relinquish. | It was the hour when perchance | Terror-hushed voices formless | Sound, and trembling ears may listen | To still and hollow footfalls, $[\text{Other } *\text{verses here continued}]$
de alguna arruinada iglesia
da misteriosos sonidos
de maldición y anatemá,
que los sábados convoca
a las brujas a su fiesta.
El cielo estaba sombrío,
no vislumbraba una estrella,
silbaba lúgubre el viento,
y allá en el aire, cual negras
fantasmas, se dibujaban
las torres de las iglesias,
y del gótico castillo
las altísimas almenas,
donde canta o reza acaso
temeroso el centinela.
Todo en fin a media noche
reposaba, y tumba era
de sus dormidos vivientes
la antigua ciudad que riega
el Tormes, fecundo río,
nombrado de los poetas,
la famosa Salamanca,
insigne en armas y letras,
patria de ilustres varones,
noble archivo de las ciencias.
Súbito rumor de espadas
cruje y un ¡ay! se escuchó;
un ay moribundo, un ay
que penetra el corazón,
que hasta los tuétanos hiela
y da al que lo oyó temblor.
Un ¡ay! de alguno que al mundo
pronuncia el último adiós.

El ruido
cesó,
un hombre
pasó
embozado,
y el sombrero
recatado
a los ojos
se caló.

Within some ruined church-belfry
Yieldeth full mysterious soundings
Of curse and of malediction,
That on Saturdays doth summon
The witches to their dread summon
The sky was unfair and gloomed,
And not a star woke its shrouding,
The wind howlèd drearily
And in the air like phantoms
Blackly in the night upjutted
Solemnly lovely church-towers,
And of the ancient Gothic castle
The highly-built battlements,
Where haply singeth or prayeth
In his cumbrous fear the sentry.
In fire, at the hour of midnight
All rested, and of its living
Lock'd in their slumber was tomb that
Ancient city by whose walls
Rolleth Tormès, fruitful river
In poetic love remembered,
Widely-famèd Salamanca,
Renowned in arms and in letters,
Mother of illustrious men,
Of sciences noble storehouse.
Suddenly of swords the dashing
Soundeth, and a moan is heard;
A moan of death-toil, a moan
That pierceth unto the heart,
That unto the marrow chilleth
And makes tremble him that heard it,
The moan of one that is giving
To the world his last farewell.

The sound
Is done,
A man
Pass'd on
Cloak'd full,
And his hat
Careful
Drew his eyes
Upon.
Se desliza
y atraviesa
junto al muro
de una iglesia
y en la sombra
se perdió.

Una calle estrecha y alta,
lá calle del Ataúd
cual si de negro crespón
lóbrego eterno capuz
la vistiera, siempre oscura
y de noche sin más luz
que la lámpara que alumbra
una imagen de Jesús,
atraviesa el embozado
la espada en la mano aún,
que lanzó vivo reflejo
al pasar frente a la cruz.

Cual suele la luna tras lóbrega nube
con franjas de plata bordarla en redor,
y luego si el viento la agita, la sube
disuelta a los aires en blanco vapor:

Así vaga sombra de luz y de nieblas,
mística y aérea dudosa visión,
ya brilla, o la esconden las densas tinieblas
cual dulce esperanza, cual vana ilusión.

La calle sombría, la noche ya entrada,
lá lámpara triste ya pronta a expirar,
que a veces alumbra la imagen sagrada
y a veces se esconde la sombra a aumentar.

El vago fantasma que acaso aparece,
y acaso se acerca con rápido pie,
y acaso en las sombras tal vez desparece,
cual ánima en pena del hombre que fue,
al más temerario corazón de acero
recelo inspira, pusiera pavor;

He glideth
Close-press’d
‘Gainst the wall
Of a church,
And in shadow
Is gone.

A narrow street and high-stretching,
La calle del Ataúd,
As if of black crape the blackest
A gloomy eternal hood
Covered it, always in darkness
And at night not lighted more
Than by the lamp that illumines
Of Jesus an image small,
Holding yet in hand his sword
Which threw back a sudden lightning
In passing before the cross.

As hiding the moon when a cloud all of blackness
With lining of silver’s embroidered around.
And when the void stirs it ‘tis torn into darkness
And lo! to white vapour in air ‘tis unbound:

E’en so, a vague phantom of dark and of lightness,
A doubtful and airy, weird vision doth gleam
A moment, then hide it the clouds in their nightness
Too like sweet hope or a joy that did seem;

The street all in darkness, the night came already,
The lamplet with sadness whose flame is now spent,
At times that upflaming the image lights steady
Then shrinketh and hideth the night to augment.

The nightly, vague phantom awhile that appeareth,
And then with a rapid dead footstep comes on,
And then in the darkness awhile disappeareth
Like the pining shadow of one who is gone,
The spirit the boldest of steel to withstand it
Had shrunk into caution, had stricken with fear,
al más maldiciente feroz bandolero
el rezo a los labios trajera el temor.

Mas no al embozado, que aún sangre su
espada
destila, el fantasma terror infundió,
y, el arma en la mano con fuerza
empuñada,
osado a su encuentro despacio avanzó.

Segundo don Juan Tenorio,
alma fiera e insolente,
irreligioso y valiente,
altanero y reñidor:
Siempre el insulto en los ojos,
en los labios la ironía,
nada teme y toda fía
de su espada y su valor.

Corazón gastado, mofa
de la mujer que corteja,
y, hoy despreciándola, deja
la que ayer se le rindió.
Ni el porvenir temió nunca,
ni recuerda en lo pasado
la mujer que ha abandonado,
ni el dinero que perdió.

Ni vio el fantasma entre sueños
del que mató en desafío,
ni turbó jamás su brio
recelosa previsión.

Siempre en lances y en amores,
siempre en báquicas orgías,
mezcla en palabras impías
un chiste y una maldición.

En Salamanca famoso
por su vida y buen talante,
al atrevido estudiante
le señalan entre mil;
fuero le da su osadía,
le disculpa su riqueza,

Don Juan Tenorio the Second,
A proud and insolent spirit,
Impious, in courage his merit,
Quarrelsome in deed and word,
Always insult in his glances,
His lips e’er irony bearing.
Fearing nought, all things referring
To his valour and his sword. ¹

A corrupted soul that sneereth
At one he courts, as if prizing,
Her who was his yesterday.
Never a fear for the future,
Nor from the past ever sadden’d
By thoughts of her woman² he abandoned
Nor of money gambled away³.

Ne’er in dreams he saw the phantom
Of him in duel his victim,
Nor fearful care to afflict him.
His fearlessness ever woke.
Always in gambles, in lovings,
Always in bacchical orgies,
Impiously speaking⁴ he merges
A blasphemy in a joke.

Famous in all Salamanca⁵
For his beauty and life imprudent,
As the bold, the fearless student
Among a thousand he’s known;
To all his boldness entitles,
And for all his wealth, his nature¹
su generosa nobleza,
su hermosura varonil.

Que en su arrogancia y sus vicios,
caballerescas apostura,
agilidad y bravura
ninguno alcanza a igualar:
Que hasta en sus crímenes mismos,
en su impiedad y altiveza,
pone un sello de grandeza
don Félix de Montemar.

Bella y más segura que el azul del cielo
con dulces ojos lánguidos y hermosos,
donde acaso el amor brilló entre el velo
del púdor que los cubre candorosos;
tímida estrella que refleja al suelo
rayos de luz brillantes y dudosos,
ángel puro de amor que amor inspira,
fue la inocente y desdichada Elvira.

Elvira, amor del estudiante un día,
tienda y feliz y de su amante ufana,
cuando al placer su corazón se abría,
como el rayo del sol rosa temprana;
del fingido amador que la mentía,
la miel falaz que de sus labios mana
bebe en su ardiente sed, el pecho ajeno
de que oculto en la miel hierv e el veneno.

Que no descansa de su madre en brazos
más descuidado el candoroce infante,
que ella en los falsos lisonjeros lazo
que teje astuto el seductor amante:
Dulces caricias, lánguidos abrazos,
placeres ¡ay! que duran un instante,
que habrán de ser eternos imagina

Que en su arrogancia y sus vicios,
caballerescas apostura,
agilidad y bravura
ninguno alcanza a igualar:
Que hasta en sus crímenes mismos,
en su impiedad y altiveza,
pone un sello de grandeza
don Félix de Montemar.

Bella y más segura que el azul del cielo
con dulces ojos lánguidos y hermosos,
donde acaso el amor brilló entre el velo
del púdor que los cubre candorosos;
tímida estrella que refleja al suelo
rayos de luz brillantes y dudosos,
ángel puro de amor que amor inspira,
fue la inocente y desdichada Elvira.

Elvira, amor del estudiante un día,
tienda y feliz y de su amante ufana,
cuando al placer su corazón se abría,
como el rayo del sol rosa temprana;
del fingido amador que la mentía,
la miel falaz que de sus labios mana
bebe en su ardiente sed, el pecho ajeno
de que oculto en la miel hierv e el veneno.

Que no descansa de su madre en brazos
más descuidado el candoroce infante,
que ella en los falsos lisonjeros lazo
que teje astuto el seductor amante:
Dulces caricias, lánguidos abrazos,
placeres ¡ay! que duran un instante,
que habrán de ser eternos imagina

---

1 [74A-68\a]: See Fig. 8. E – I – 7. ] Indication in upper right corner.
2 ature ] Although nonexistent in English, the word probably refers to the Portuguese aturar, which means to tolerate or bear.
3 so [†more]
4 |unsated|
5 <hope>[†open]
6 [74A-67\a]: See Fig. 9. E – I – 8 ] Indication in upper right corner.
7 This and the next four verses have a variant on manuscript [74A-71\c], which is torn in upper and right sides: □
mother’s arms | The tender infant doth its rest receive | Than she in the false net [and] full of charms | That [†
Her] | lover cunningly doth weave | Caresses sweet, embraces, sof alarms
8 There is a variant for this and the next three verses on manuscript [74A-71\c]: The tender infant doth its rest receive | Than she with false net [and] full of charms | That [†Her] | lover amusingly doth weave | Caresses sweet, embraces, sof alarms

---
In her illusion childlike and divine.

The virgin soul a pleasure did caress

With a sweet dream within its purity

Weathes all about with truth and holiness,

Thinketh in all virtue and charm to be.

In the blue sky’s immense and spangled dress,

In the sun’s deathless wealth she more doth see

And deep in air and fields and flowers sweet-scented

Their splendour, colour, life she sees augmented.

All in Don Felix lays the unhappy maid

Her happiness in love unquestioning

Unto her eyes his eyes that love betrayed

Are stars of glory, life’s translucid spring.

And when his lips unto her lips are laid

When she to his voice rapt is listening,

Soul-drunken of the god her heart that moves

She eyes him sweetly and extatic loves.

---

1 [74A-66a]: See Fig. 10. E – I – 9. ] Indication in upper right corner.
2 <w>rapt
Parte segunda

.. Except the hollow sea’s.
Mourns o’er the beauty of the Cyclades.
Byron.—Don Juan, canto 4. LXXII.

Era más de media noche, de luceros coronada, tereso el azul de los cielos como transparente gasa.

5 Melancólica la luna va trasmontando la espalda del otero: su alba frente timida apenas levanta, y el horizonte ilumina, pura virgen solitaria, y en su blanca luz suave el cielo y la tierra baña.

Deslízase el arroyuelo, fúlgida cinta de plata al resplandor de la luna, entre frondas de esmeraldas.

Translation.
Herr Prosit

The night is serene and quiet
Crown’d by the stars in distance
Unbroken the blue of heaven
Even as transparent lawn

The moon in her melancholy

Of the hill: her milky front
Timidly hardly she raiseth

And the horizon illumines
Pure and solitary virgin
And in her light white and tender
Earth and heaven she doth bathe.

On runs and slowly the brooklet
A soft shiny streak of silver

To the moon’s shining 'Tween fringes of emerald.

---

1 [74A-70r]: See Fig. 11.
2 There is one crossed-out variant for this verse in manuscript [133N-20r]: <The night is calm.>
3 [and]
4 There are two variants for this stanza. The first one is on manuscript [74A-71r]: II. || The night is serene [and] quiet, Crown’d w[ith] the silent stars | Unbroken | the blue of heaven | Even as transparent lawn. The second one is on manuscript [74A-85r], on whose verse Pessoa wrote p. 130 – 133, to indicate the corresponding pages of his Spanish edition. This manuscript also includes a first variant of the next two stanzas: The night is serene [and] quiet | And [→ is] crowned with the stars | the blue of the <skies> | heavens | Like transparent lawn. || And the melancholy moon | Is transposing | Of the hill | Timidly hardly doth raise, | And the horizon illumines | Pure and solitary virgin, | And with its white | earth and the sky.
5 [74A-90r]: See Fig. 12. 130 – 131 – 132. ] Indication in upper right corner: probably pages of Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
6 <&> Crown’d by the stars in the farness [↓ in distance]
7 [« Espronceda’s original poem, indicating possible doubt regarding the translation.]
8 Like unto [↑ Even as] transparent | lawn!
9 <M> The moon
10 <Is in her silence> transposing
11 hardly <doth> [↑ she] raiseth
12 [and]
13 in <its> [↑ her] light white [and] <soft> tender
14 [and]
15 runs <the> [↑ & slowly the] brooklet
17 <Be>‘tween <franjas> [↑ fringes]
Argentadas chispas brillan
entre las espesas ramas,
y en el seno de las flores
tal vez se aduermen las auras.  

Tal vez despiertas susurran,
y al desplegarse sus alas,
mecen el blanco azahar,
mueven la aromosa acacia,
y agitan ramas y flores
y en perfumes se embalsaman:
Tal vez despiertas susurran,
y al desplegarse sus alas,
mecen el blanco azahar,
mueven la aromosa acacia,
y agitan ramas y flores
y en perfumes se embalsaman:

los ángeles desplegaron
sobre la primera llama
que amor encendió en el mundo,
del Edén en la morada.

¡Una mujer! ¿Es acaso
blanca silfa solitaria,
que entre el rayo de la luna
tal vez misteriosa vaga?

Blanco es su vestido,
unloose el cabello a la espalda.
Hoja tras hoja las flores
que lleva en su mano, arranca.

Es su paso incierto y tardo,

---

1 <Chispas> [† Soft sparkles]  
2 <Betw> Among  
3 <Haply> [↓ Awhile]  
4 Haply [† And then] awakened thy [↓ in the]  
5 [74A-90]: See Fig. 13.  
6 And <in> thy  
7 <Lo> They  
8 <And agitate> [† They hath tremble] branches [and]  
9 And [≤ in [↓ as] perfumes] <hath> [† embalm]  
10 /So [† As]/  
11 <□ of>  
12 woman <Is>! Is  
13 [and]  
14 /in [† on]/  
15 dress [⇒ unloose]  
16 [↓, The flowers she cameth]  
17 <That her hand † the> [↓ That she has in hand,) she <tears off> [† scatters]. [† She scatters]  
18 Verses 41-44 are missing.
inquietas son sus miradas, 
mágico ensueño parece
que halaga engañoso el alma.

45 Ora, vedla, mira al cielo,  Now, behold her\(^1\), □ heaven\(^2\)
ora suspira, y se para:  Now sighs □ now stops
Una lágrima sus ojos  A tear from her eyes
brotan acaso y abrasais  Poured and\(^3\) burneth

su mejilla; es una ola  Her cheek, it is a wave
del mar que en fiera borrasca  Of the sea that in rude storms
el viento de las pasiones  The wind\(^4\) of passions had mind
ha alborotado en su alma.  And shaken with her soul.

Tal vez se sienta, tal vez  Now she sits down,
azorada se levanta;  Now arises hurry
el jardín recorre ansiosa,  The garden anxious she runs over\(^5\)
tal vez a escuchar se para.  And now □ to listen.

Es el susurro del viento  It is the □ of the wind\(^6\)
es el murmullo del agua,  And the murmur of □ water
no es su voz, no es el sonido  ‘Tis not his voice nor the sound
melancólico del arpa.  Of the harp melancholical.

Son ilusiones que fueron:  They are dreams that have\(^7\) departed
Recuerdos ¡ay! que te engañan,  Memories alas that do □ thee
sombras del bien que pasó...  Shadows of good that is passèd
Ya te olvidó el que tú amas.  He the\(^8\) lover has forgot thee

65 Esa noche y esa luna  And oh, this night, this very\(^9\)\(^10\)
las mismas son que miraran  Moon are the same that indifferent
indiferentes tu dicha,  Looked upon thy happiness
cual ora ven tu desgracia.  As now on\(^{11}\) thy misery

\(^1\) behold<-> her
\(^2\) [74A-75r]: See Fig. 14.
\(^3\) [and]
\(^4\) wind<>
\(^5\) /she traverses [↑ runs over]/
\(^6\) [74A-75r]: See Fig. 15.
\(^7\) illusions [↑ dreams that have]
\(^8\) He <who>[↑ the]
\(^9\) This stanza has a variant, which is the last stanza found on manuscript [74A-75r]: And this moon [and] this night are | The very ones that had looked on | Your happiness indifferently | That <behind>[↑ now] thy burning behol
\(^10\) [74A-79r]: See Fig. 16. The upper half of the manuscript has written and scratched Spanish words in what seems to be Pessoa’s brainstorming for the translation of different terms: talante = | acaso = | tal vez = | nacarado = | cárdena =. Verse of manuscript has a scratched stanza which corresponds to verses 80-84 of Part I: <The street all □ | E’en so a vague shadow of dark [and] of lightness | A mystic [and] airy vague vision doth gleam | A moment, then hides it the <night’s deepest †> shades in their nightness | Too like a sweet hope or deceiving vain dream,>
\(^11\) As <they> now <th> on
¡Ah! llora sí, ¡pobre Elvira!  
Oh, weep, oh weep, poor Elvira

70 ¡Triste amante abandonada!  
Sad and abandoned mistress!

Esas hojas de esas flores 
These of those flowers

que distraída tú arrancas,  
That inattentive dost scatter

¿sabes adónde, infeliz, 
Dost thou know unhappy maiden?

el viento las arrebata?  
Whither the wind away bears the?

75 Donde fueron tus amores,  
Thither where thy love began

tu ilusión y tu esperanza;  
Thy illusion and thy hopings,

deshojadas y marchitas, 
† alas! withered

¡pobres flores de tu alma!  
The poor flowers of thy soul

Blanca nube de la aurora,  
White cloud of morn

teñida de ópalo y grana,  
Dyed with opal tint and

naciente luz te colora,  
Rising light thee doth adorn

refulgente precursora  
Forerunner

de la cándida mañana.  
Of morning

Mas ¡ay! que se disipó  
But, alas! how soon is gone

tu pureza virginal,  
All your virgin purity

tu encanto el aire llevó 
Your charm the air hath undone

cual la aventura ideal  
Like the ideal

que el amor te prometió.  
Love promised yet never won.

---

1 [and]  
2 /maiden/  
3 Whither<,>  
4 <Where> Thither where <your> [† thy]  
5 <And> Thy illusion [and]

There is a variant of this stanza in manuscript [74A-82]: <White cloud of morning> | White of morn | ❋ | Rising light thee doth adorn | Precursor ❋ | Of the morning sweet & clear. After the end of stanza there is an indication of the page number in Pessoa’s Spanish edition: page 134 end. The verse of the manuscript contains verses 106 to 108 of Part III, preceded by the page number of Pessoa’s Spanish edition: p. 149. | <3º | I, my life. | That’s very funny | I don’t want it. Give me money | And you have her>

7 [74A-91]: See Fig. 17. The upper section of the manuscript has scratched isolated words. In the verse of the manuscript, in the upper part it is written Estudiante de Salamanca, while in the lower part it is written El Estudiante de Salamanca | translated by A. Search. The last letters of the words Salamanca (both in the upper and lower part) and Search are missing. The manuscript, in fact, is torn, and the missing part corresponds to 74A-87. In the middle part we read several notes, which were probably written by Mário Nogueira de Freitas, Pessoa’s cousin: Made of the stuff of hates and way | amanha anda aroda | Um † que possou olhos podendo conter o rijo | † o † ao meu † | Mario Nogueira de Freitas | Freitas | Que pronuncia sin lengua boca | Qual la voz que del aspera roca | En los † <†> viento † | Freitas | Canto I. | amanha | Jose de

8 <†> Dyed with opal tint [and]

9 <The-Rising light [† thee]

This stanza has two variants, one on manuscript [74A-81], which also includes the first word of the first word of the next stanza’s first verse: But oh the shaken | All your virgin purity | Your charm the air hath taken | Like the ideal ❋ | That love promised to awaken. ❋ | Leaves etc. The second variation is found on [74A-86]: But oh it hath not lasted | <Your> /All! your virgin purity | Your pleasure the air hath blasted | Like the pleasure ❋ | That love did *promise, untasted.
Hojas del árbol caídas
Leaves that from the tree have fallen
90 juguetes del viento son:
Are playthings of the wind’s art;
Las ilusiones perdidas
Are dreams that lives hath stolen
¡ay! son hojas desprendidas
Oh, they are leaves that have fallen
del árbol del corazón.
From the worn tree of the heart.

¡El corazón sin amor!
The heart loveless, unsighing!
95 Triste páramo cubierto
A sad plain all covered with
con la lava del dolor,
The lava of suffering
oscuro inmenso desierto
A desert of vacant breadth
donde no nace una flor!
Whence not a flower doth spring.

Distante un bosque sombrío,
Distant a dark wood the sun
100 el sol cayendo en la mar,
Sinking in the sea
en la playa un aduar,
† on the beach
y a los lejos un navío
Afar a vessel doth run
vento en popa navegar;
Sailing with the wind reach;

óptico vidrio presenta
In an optic glass doth present
105 en fantástica ilusión,
A phantastic illusion
y al ojo encantado ostenta
And to charmed eyes is
gratas visiones, que aumenta
With visions which doth augment
rica la imaginación.
The fancy in sweet confusion

Tú eres, mujer, un fanal
Woman thou art a head light
110 transparente de hermosura:
Transparent of loveliness
¡Ay de ti! si por tu mal
Woe to thee if for thy fright
rompe el hombre en su locura
Man in breaketh thy
tu misterioso cristal.
Thy mystic crystal’s delight.

---

1 The first two verses of this stanza have a variant on manuscript [74A-103]: Leaves that from the tree have fallen, | Are the playthings of the wind:
2 Are <the> playthings
3 Are <illusions lost [and]> [† dreams that *lives hath stolen]
4 The first three verses of this stanza have a variant, which corresponds to the last stanza in manuscript [74A-91]: Oh, for the heart without love | A sad □ | With all the lava □
5 [74A-86ª]: See Fig. 18.
6 covered <o’er> with
7 <With> the
8 breadt ] Most likely an unintentional spelling lapse.
9 Where [† Whence]
10 <Afar off> [† Distant] a dark wood <wood> [† the sun]
11 <The sun> sinking
12 <On the beach> [† †]
13 And <†> afar off a vessel [† Afar a vessel doth run]
14 Originally written as the beginning of the second verse, Pessoa indicated with an arrow that the word In should begin the first one instead.
15 <dream> [† illusion]
16 <is> [† is]
17 <With> [† With]
18 <his> [† breaketh]
19 <Your> [† Thy]
Mas ¡ay! dichosa tú, Elvira,  
en tu misma desventura,  
que aun deleites te procura,  
cuando tu pecho suspira,  
tu misteriosa locura:

Que es la razón un tormento,  
y vale más delirar  
sin juicio, que el sentimiento  
cuerdamente analizar,  
fiJO en él el pensamiento.

Vedla, allí va que sueña en su locura,  
presente el bien que para siempre huyó.  
Dulces palabras con amor murmura:  
Piensa que escucha al pérfido que amó.

Vedla, postrada su piedad implora  
cual si presente la mirara allí:  
Vedla, que sola se contempla y llora,  
miradla delirante sonreír.

Y su frente en revuelto remolino  
ha enturbiado su loco pensamiento,  
como nublo que en negro torbellino  
encubre el cielo y amontona el viento.

Y vedla cuidadosa escoger flores,  
y las lleva mezcladas en la falda,  
y, corona nupcial de sus amores,

But oh! Elvira livest¹ ²  
In thy³ very □ sadness  
For even some human gladness  
When thy tender breast doth sigh  
Gives thee thy mysterious⁴ madness:

For reason is but a hell⁵  
And rather ′vails it to rave  
Without mind, that to compel  
Thought upon feeling with⁶ grave  
Analysis coldy well.⁷

Behold her, as she dreameth⁸ in her madness⁹ ¹⁰  
Present the happiness she ever lost  
Sweet words with love she murmurs without sadness:  
She thinks to hear the traitor¹¹ she hath loved.

Behold her, □ implores¹²  
As if present there she saw him  
Behold her □  
Behold her madness □ to smile.

And her mind in a □ confusion¹³  
Has ▲ her confused thought and¹⁵ undefined  
Like clouds that in a black and¹⁶ whirl profusion  
Cover the sky and¹⁷ ponder to the wind,

Behold her carefully choosing flowers¹⁸  
She takes them joined in the □  
And nuptial coronet of her¹
se entretiene en tejer una guirnalda.  

A garland she doth let her fingers weave².

140 Y en medio de su dulce desvarío  
triste recuerdo el alma le importuna  
y al margen va delargentado río,  
y allí las flores echa de una en una;

y las sigue su vista en la corriente,  
ya tras otras rápidas pasar,  
y confusos sus ojos y su mente  
se siente con sus lágrimas ahogar:  

145 Y de amor canta, y en su tierna queja  
entona melancólica canción,

150 canción que el alma desgarrada deja,  
lamento ¡ay! que llaga el corazón.  

¿Qué me valen tu calma y tu terneza,  
tranquila noche, solitaria luna,  
si no calmáis del hado la crudeza,  
ni me dais esperanza de fortuna?  

155 ¿Qué me valen la gracia y la belleza,  
y amar como jamás amó ninguna,  
si la pasión que el alma me devora,  
la desconoce aquel que me enamora?

160 Lágrimas interrumpen su lamento,  
inclinan sobre el pecho su semblante,  
y de ella en derredor susurra el viento  
sus últimas palabras, sollozante.  

...........................................................................
...........................................................................

1 <garland>↑ coronet] of her <love>
2 <She> [⇒ A] garland she doth [⇒ let her fingers] <to> weave
3 Verses 140-147 are missing.
4 [74A-89r]: See. Fig. 25. 136 ] Page indication of Pessoa's Spanish edition, written on upper left corner. Stanzas are not written in order.
5 /heart/
6 [and] torn [and]
7 me <of> [↑ hope] of <F>/uture
8 [and]
9 <[And] love you as no woman> [↑ To feel a love <as> [↑ no] woman
10 the [↑ deep] passion
11 He knoweth not who [↓ He who makes me thy □ ignores.]
12 <†> [↑ She] on her breast <she> [↑ her]
13 [← the wind] murmureth
14 This ellipsis is meant to represent Elvira’s last words. As our benchmark Spanish editions, we have not included these lines in the verse numbering.
Murió de amor la desdichada Elvira,
165 cándida rosa que agostó el dolor,
suave aroma que el viajero aspira
y en sus alas el aura arrebató.
Vaso de bendición, ricos colores
reflejó en su cristal la luz del día,
mas la tierra empañó sus resplandores,
y el hombre lo rompió con mano impía.
Una ilusión acarició su mente:
Alma celeste para amar nacida,
era el amor de su vivir la fuente,
estaba junto a su ilusión su vida.
Amada del Señor, flor venturosa,
llena de amor murió y de juventud:
Despertó alegre una alborada hermosa,
y a la tarde durmió en el ataúd.
Mas despertó también de su locura
al término postrero de su vida,
y al abrirse a sus pies la sepultura,
volvió a su mente la razón perdida.
¡La razón fría! ¡La verdad amarga!
¡El bien pasado y el dolor presente!...
¡Ella feliz! ¡que de tan dura carga
sintió el peso al morir únicamente!
Y conociendo ya su fin cercano,
su mejilla una lágrima abrasó;
y así al infiel con temblorosa mano,
190 moribunda su victima escribió:

1 Murió de amor la desdichada Elvira, Hapless Elvira how by love met death
2 cándida rosa que agostó el dolor, A candid rose that pain hath shaken
3 suave aroma que el viajero aspira And which the breeze upon its wings hath taken.
4 Vaso de bendición, ricos colores Within its crystal daylight did reflect,
5 reflejó en su cristal la luz del día, But earth did choke its splendour and delight
6 mas la tierra empañó sus resplandores, And man with impious hand its beauty wrecked.
7 Una ilusión acarició su mente: One sweet illusion did her mind caress
8 Alma celeste para amar nacida, A heavenly soul to adoration born
9 era el amor de su vivir la fuente, Love was the fountain of her livingness
10 estaba junto a su ilusión su vida. And to dream her □
11 Amada del Señor, flor venturosa, Loved of the Lord, a □ flower.
12 llena de amor murió y de juventud: She died – (alas!) – to love and youth so near
13 Despertó alegre una alborada hermosa, Gaily she woke to the sweet morning hour
14 y a la tarde durmió en el ataúd. And in the evening slept within the □ bier.
15 Mas despertó también de su locura But from her □ madness also she awoke
16 al término postrero de su vida, Upon the very ending of her □ days.
17 y al abrirse a sus pies la sepultura, And □ on the grave’s brink
18 volvió a su mente la razón perdida. Back to her mind her reason lost.
19 ¡La razón fría! ¡La verdad amarga! Cold reason! □ bitter truth
20 ¡El bien pasado y el dolor presente!... The good departed in the present pain
21 ¡Ella feliz! ¡que de tan dura carga She happy! Whom such □
22 sintió el peso al morir únicamente! She felt the weight but *with the last hours
23 Y conociendo ya su fin cercano, And knowing her end
24 su mejilla una lágrima abrasó; Her cheek did burn a tear
25 y así al infiel con temblorosa mano, And to the faithless lover with a hand
26 moribunda su victima escribió: Trembling his victim □
«Voy a morir: perdona si mi acento vuela importuno a molestar tu oído:
Él es, don Félix, el postrero lamento de la mujer que tanto te ha querido.
La mano helada de la muerte siento...
Adiós: mi amor ni compasión te pido...
Oye y perdona si al dejar el mundo, arranca un ¡ay! su angustia al moribundo.

195 ¿Ah! para siempre adiós. Por ti mi vida dichosa un tiempo resbalar sentí,
y la palabra de tu boca oída, éxtasis celestial fue para mí.
Mi mente aún goza la ilusión querida que para siempre ¡miseria! perdí...
¡Ya todo huyó, desapareció contigo!
¡Dulces horas de amor, yo las bendigo!

200 »Yo las bendigo, sí, felices horas, presentes siempre en la memoria mía,
imágenes de amor encantadoras, que aún vienen a halagarme en mi agonía. Mas ¡ay! volad, huid, engañadoras sombras, por siempre; mi postrero día ha llegado: perdón, perdón, ¡Dios mío!, si aún gozo en recordar mi desvarío.

210 »Y tú, don Félix, si te causa enojos que te recuerde yo mi desventura; piensa están hartos de llorar mis ojos.

1 if [each accent]
2 [74A-77v]: See Fig. 28.
3 It is, Don Felix/The word out written below the name suggests Pessoa wished to remove it from the verse.
4 □ wert [thyself hast been]
5 <My> [Death’s] hand already feel [I in one]
6 <and> pardon [me] if when
7 Two more incomplete variations of this verse are written down: My tears from me sigh. | From the dying wrings a sigh.
8 [74A-77v]: See Fig. 29.
9 □ <for> [through]
10 □ <mouth> from
11 <oh woe is> [I lost oh misery!]
12 things [with thee]
13 [74A-76v]: See Fig. 30. | last = stanza | Page indication in the bottom of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
14 That I should mind [Because I mind thee]
15 pardon, [I forgive] pardon me my oh [I ord]
16 And thou, Don Felix, [Should] I, D(on) Felix be thine anger reaping
17 [74A-88v]: See Fig. 31.

Pessoa Plural: IO (O./Fall 2016)
lágrimas silenciosas de amargura, 

y hoy, al tragar la tumba mis despojos, 
concede este consuelo a mi tristura; 
estos renglones compasivo mira; 
y olvida luego para siempre a Elvira. 

»Y jamás turbé mi infeliz memoria 
con amargos recuerdos tus placeres; 
goces te dé el vivir, triunfos la gloria, 
dichas el mundo, amor otras mujeres: 
Y si tal vez mi lamentable historia 
a tu memoria con dolor trajeres, 
llórame, sí; pero palpite exento 
tu pecho de roedor remordimiento.

»Adiós por siempre, adiós: un breve 
instante 
siento de vida, y en mi pecho el fuego 
aún arde de mi amor; mi vista errante 
vaga desvanecida... ¡calma luego, 
oh muerte, mi inquietud!... ¡Sola... 
expirante!... 
Ámame: no, perdona: ¡inútil ruego!

And never let of *one remember gory

To-day yielding my body to earth’s keeping

This consolation give my 
With pity on these lines awhile

Elvira then for ever do forget.

Y jamás turbé mi infeliz memoria 
con amargos recuerdos tus placeres; 
goces te dé el vivir, triunfos la gloria, 
dichas el mundo, amor otras mujeres: 
Y si tal vez mi lamentable historia 
a tu memoria con dolor trajeres, 
llórame, sí; pero palpite exento 
tu pecho de roedor remordimiento.

Y si tal vez mi lamentable historia 
a tu memoria con dolor trajeres, 
llórame, sí; pero palpite exento 
tu pecho de roedor remordimiento.

And never let of *one remember gory

To-day yielding my body to earth’s keeping

This consolation give my 
With pity on these lines awhile

Elvira then for ever do forget.

Adiós por siempre, adiós: un breve 
instante 
siento de vida, y en mi pecho el fuego 
aún arde de mi amor; mi vista errante 
vaga desvanecida... ¡calma luego, 
oh muerte, mi inquietud!... ¡Sola... 
expirante!...

Ámame: no, perdona: ¡inútil ruego!

Farewell, farewell for e’er; a moment

slight

I feel of life and of love in within my heart

Love’s fire yet burneth, and my wandering sight

Is vague and troubled... □ give rest

Unto my trouble oh death!

Love me; no, pardon me; useless request!

There is a variant of this and the next verse in manuscript [74A-88v]: May living give thee <pleasures> [↑ joys,] [and] triumphs glory | Pleasures the world, [and] other women love.

And if at times my lamentable story

 Came to thy mind a pain awhile should prove

Beat far from shred remorses’ eating smart

There is a variant of this and the next verse in manuscript [74A-88v]: May living give thee <pleasures> [↑ joys,] [and] triumphs glory | Pleasures the world, [and] other women love.

Also, the upper part of the aforementioned page corresponds to verses 625-627 of Part IV. The middle area of the manuscript, introduced by the number 139 which suggesting the page of Pessoa’s Spanish edition, consists of scratched verses that correspond to verses 236-243 of Part II: <Farewell, f. for <ever> [↑ e’er]; a moment slight | I feel of life, [and] <in my> [↑ of my] love the fire | Yet burns within me, and my wandering sight, | Is vague [and] troubled <...>... | My trouble, oh death! Alone □ | Love me, no, pardon me; useless [⇒ desire] [↑ ‘tis useless to require] | Farewell, farewell! thy heart has from me fled | – For me all [↑ things] in the □ are dead!>

There is a variant of this and the next verse in manuscript [74A-88v]: May living give thee <pleasures> [↑ joys,] [and] triumphs glory | Pleasures the world, [and] other women love.

Also, the upper part of the aforementioned page corresponds to verses 625-627 of Part IV. The middle area of the manuscript, introduced by the number 139 which suggesting the page of Pessoa’s Spanish edition, consists of scratched verses that correspond to verses 236-243 of Part II: <Farewell, f. for <ever> [↑ e’er]; a moment slight | I feel of life, [and] <in my> [↑ of my] love the fire | Yet burns within me, and my wandering sight, | Is vague [and] troubled <...>... | My trouble, oh death! Alone □ | Love me, no, pardon me; useless [⇒ desire] [↑ ‘tis useless to require] | Farewell, farewell! thy heart has from me fled | – For me all [↑ things] in the □ are dead!>

Also, the upper part of the aforementioned page corresponds to verses 625-627 of Part IV. The middle area of the manuscript, introduced by the number 139 which suggesting the page of Pessoa’s Spanish edition, consists of scratched verses that correspond to verses 236-243 of Part II: <Farewell, f. for <ever> [↑ e’er]; a moment slight | I feel of life, [and] <in my> [↑ of my] love the fire | Yet burns within me, and my wandering sight, | Is vague [and] troubled <...>... | My trouble, oh death! Alone □ | Love me, no, pardon me; useless [⇒ desire] [↑ ‘tis useless to require] | Farewell, farewell! thy heart has from me fled | – For me all [↑ things] in the □ are dead!>
¡Adiós! ¡adiós! ¡tu corazón perdí!  
«¡Todo acabó en el mundo para mí!»

Farewell, farewell! thy heart from me has fled!  
For me all things within the world¹ are dead.

Así escribió su triste despedida  
momentos antes de morir, y al pecho  
se estrechó de su madre dolorida,  
que en tanto inunda en lágrimas su lecho.

...²

Y exhaló luego su postrer aliento,  
y a su madre sus brazos se apretaron  
con nervioso y convulso movimiento,  
y sus labios un nombre murmuraron.

And her soul went unto the have³ ⁴  
The angels their sweet home sad⁵ are the flowers

brota la tierra en torno de su losa,  
That earth doth yield⁶ around her □ grave;

e el céfiro lamenta sus amores.  
The zephir mourns her love through the soft hours.

Sobre ella un sauce su ramaje inclina,  
A willow over her its leaves inclines⁷  
sonbra le presta en lánigundo desmayo,  
Giving her shade with languidness in day,⁸

y allá en la tarde, cuando el sol declina,  
And there at evening when the sun declines

baña su tumba en paz su último rayo...

Her grave is bathèd in its dying ray.

¹ that the world has [↑ within the world]  
² Verses 240-247 are missing.  
³ half [↑ have]  
⁴ [74A-73r]: See Fig. 34.  
⁵ The angels <sweet> [↑ their sweet] <house>/home\ Sad  
⁶ <+>/yield\  
⁷ [74A-73v]: See Fig. 35.  
⁸ <And given it> [↑ Giving her] shade with languidness [↑ in day,]
Cuadro dramático

Sarg. ¿Tenéis más que parar?
Franco. Paro los ojos.

Los ojos si, los ojos: que des creo
Del que los hizo para tal empleo.

Moreto. San Franco de Sena.

Personas

Don Félix de Montemar.
Don Diego de Pastrana.

Seis jugadores.

En derredor de una mesa hasta seis hombres están,
Fija la vista en los naipes,
Mientras juegan al parar;
Y en sus semblantes se pintan
El despecho y el afán:
Por perder desesperados,
Avarientos por ganar.

Reina profundo silencio,
Sin que lo rompa jamás
Otro ruido que el del oro,
O una voz para juzar.

Pálida lámpara alumbrá con trémula claridad,

---

1 [74A-92r]: See Fig. 36. The verse of this manuscript is a partial printed article on the properties of soap brand Sabão Ray.
2 [74A-108r]: See. Fig. 37. p. 96 (New Book) ] Indication corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
3 There is a variant of this and the next seven verses in manuscript [74A-103r]: And in their faces are painted | Despair [and] an eager strain | <When> [† For] losing desperate | And avaricious to gain | A profound silence doth reign | Which not a sound can *strike | Save the gold’s cloak
Or [† any] a voice to curse.
4 <† +> <Spite> <Aw> † is seen [and] spite [† are †]
5 <avaricious to gain> [† to gain eagerly †]
6 <unbroken> [† †]
7 <Except by the> [† <Un>broken <scarcely> by no noise or cry]
8 <gold or> [⇐ the gold’s] [† or a voice’s]
9 <A voice in curse or □ /†/> [† In cursing from time to time.]
10 <A> [† With a]
negras de humo las paredes de aquella estancia infernal.  
Y el misterioso bramido se escucha del huracán, que azota los vidrios frágiles con sus alas al pasar.

15  Y el misterioso bramido que azota los vidrios frágiles con sus alas al pasar.

Escena I

Jugador 1.
El caballo aún no ha salido.

Jugador 2.
¿Qué carta vino?

Jugador 1.
La sota.

Jugador 2.
Pues por poco se alborota.  

Jugador 1.
Un caudal llevo perdido: ¡Voto a Cristo!

Jugador 2.
No juréis, que aún no estás en la agonía.

Jugador 1.
No hay suerte como la mía.

Jugador 2.
¿Y como cuánto perdéis?

Jugador 1.
Mil escudos y el dinero

---

1 /The smoke-dark walls of that infernal/ 
2 /Den lost in the □ vile./ 
3 There is a variant of this stanza in manuscript [74A-108v] followed by an indication of the beginning of Scene I: And the □ howling | Are | That bashes the trembling windows | With its wings as it goes by. || Scene I
4 [74A-107v]: See Fig. 38.
5 [74A-111v]: See Fig. 39.
6 The <knave> [↑ Queen] <has> [↑ is] [⇒ *wasn’t]not <come> [↑ but]
7 <What card is it then?> [↑ Not the † then?]
8 [⇔ No.] The <Queen> [knave †]
9 a <scene>
10 This and the next verse have a variant on manuscript [133N-20v]: Do not vow | You are not you
11 There is a variant of this verse in manuscript [133N-20v]: [⇔ Don Felix,] Well, how much have you lost now?
30 que don Félix me entregó.  

Jugador 2.º  
¿Dónde anda? 

Jugador 1.º  
¡Qué sé yo!  
No tardará.  

Jugador 3.º  
Envido.  

Jugador 1.º  
Quiero.  

Escena II  

Galán de talle gentil,  
la mano izquierda apoyada  
en el pomo de la espada,  
y el aspecto varonil:  
Alta el ala del sombrero  
porque descubra la frente,  
con airoso continente  
entró luego un caballero.  

Jugador 1.º (Al que entra.)  

1 There is a variant of this verse in manuscript [74A-48r]: A thousand [and] the †. The second one is in manuscript [74A-111r]: A thousand † [and] □  
2 [133N-20v]: See Fig. 40.  
3 D[on] Felix <gave me> [† gave me]  
4 [74A-48r]: See Fig. 41. PAG 35 = 20 | Indication of what apparently is a page equivalent between two Spanish editions.  
5 [2]  
6 This and the next verse have a crossed-out variant on manuscript [74A-48r]: <Where is he?> | <How do I know?> | <How do I know?>. In the same manuscript, this verse has another variant: Who’s he?  
7 [133N-20v]: See Fig. 40.  
8 [1]  
9 [He’ll *come soon>]  
10 [74A-48r]: See Fig. 41.  
11 [3]  
12 I <of> stake this  
13 [1]  
14 [II.]  
15 <gentle †> [† well figure]  
16 □ † rested> rested  
17 <And> his <aspect> [† aspect manly]  
18 † †  
19 <well>[†gentle]man.  
20 [74A-106r]: See Fig. 42. On verse of manuscript Pessoa wrote down: 30, probably referring to the page of his Spanish version, followed by an illegible scratched word.
Don Félix, a buena hora
hábéis llegado.

Don Félix
¿Perdisteis?

Jugador 1.º
El dinero que me disteis
y esta bolsa pecadora.

Jugador 2.º
Don Félix de Montemar
debe perder. El amor
le negara su favor
cuando le viera ganar.

Don Félix (Con desdén.)
Necesito ahora dinero
y estoy hastiado de amores.
(Al corro, con altivez.)
Dos mil ducados, señores,
por esta cadena quiero.
(Quitase una cadena que lleva al pecho.)

Jugador 3.º
Alta ponéis la tarifa.

Don Félix (Con altivez.)
La pongo en lo que merece.
(Si otra duda se os ofrece,
decid.
(Al corro.)
Se vende y se rifa.

Jugador 4.º (Aparte.)
¿Y hay quién sufra tal afrenta?

Don Felix
You have lost?

Player
The money which you gave
And this very sinning purse.

Don Felix de Montemar
Is bound to lose. Love would fly him.
Love his favour would deny him
If he saw him win.

To get money is now my task
Oh love I’m tied unto pain,
Gentlemen, all for this chain
A thousand ducats I ask.

You set the price high.
I set it as ‘tis worth no more.
Say it.
‘Tis ‘will’ or it’s true

1 hour [↑ time]
2 Don Félix – You’ve lost have lost?
3 [Player]
4 Must lose. [↑ Bound to lose] Love would deny him. [↑ Love would fly him.]
5 His favour, ay! Love would fly him [↑ Love his favour would deny him]
6 Don Félix
7 [Earn] [↑ get]
8 [↑ to thee all]
9 [All]
10 [74A-48ar]: See Fig. 43. 145 ] Indication at top of page. Does not correspond to the page number of Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
11 [Don] F[elix]
12 [4º]
Entre cinco están hallados. A cuatrocientos ducados os toca, según mi cuenta.

Al as de oros. Allá va. (Va echando cartas, que toman los jugadores en silencio.)

Uno, dos...

Con vos no cuento.

Don Félix

Don Felix

Entre cinco están hallados. A cuatrocientos ducados os toca, según mi cuenta.

Al as de oros. Allá va. (Va echando cartas, que toman los jugadores en silencio.)

Uno, dos...

Con vos no cuento.

You I don't count

Jugador 1.

Por el motivo lo siento.

I am sorry that you don't.

Jugador 3.

¡El as! ¡El as! Aquí está.

The ace! the ace! it is here

Jugador 1.

Ya ganó.

He has won.

Don Félix

Suerte tenéis.

Lucky. At one throw of dice I stake a thousand ducats

tiro los dos mil ducados.

Jugador 3.

¿En un golpe?

In a throw?

Jugador 1. (A Don Félix.)

Los perdéis.

You have lost?

Don Félix

Don Felix

Suerte tenéis.

Lucky. At one throw of dice I stake a thousand ducats

tiro los dos mil ducados.

Jugador 3.

¿En un golpe?

In a throw?

Jugador 1. (A Don Félix.)

Los perdéis.

You have lost?

Don Félix

Don Felix

Suerte tenéis.

Lucky. At one throw of dice I stake a thousand ducats

tiro los dos mil ducados.

Jugador 3.

¿En un golpe?

In a throw?

Jugador 1. (A Don Félix.)

Los perdéis.

You have lost?

Don Félix

Don Felix

Suerte tenéis.

Lucky. At one throw of dice I stake a thousand ducats

tiro los dos mil ducados.

Jugador 3.

¿En un golpe?

In a throw?

Jugador 1. (A Don Félix.)

Los perdéis.

You have lost?

Don Félix

Don Felix

Suerte tenéis.

Lucky. At one throw of dice I stake a thousand ducats

tiro los dos mil ducados.

Jugador 3.

¿En un golpe?

In a throw?

Jugador 1. (A Don Félix.)

Los perdéis.

You have lost?

Don Félix

Don Felix

Suerte tenéis.

Lucky. At one throw of dice I stake a thousand ducats

tiro los dos mil ducados.

Jugador 3.

¿En un golpe?

In a throw?

Jugador 1. (A Don Félix.)

Los perdéis.

You have lost?

Don Félix

Don Felix

Suerte tenéis.

Lucky. At one throw of dice I stake a thousand ducats

tiro los dos mil ducados.
Perdida tengo yo el alma,
y no me importa un ardite.

Jugador 3.º
Tirad.

Don Félix
Al primer embite.

Jugador 3.º
Tirad pronto.

Don Félix
Tened calma:
Que os juego más todavía,
y en cien onzas hago el trato,
y os lleváis este retrato
con marco de pedrería.

Jugador 3.º
¿En cien onzas?

Don Félix
¿Qué dudáis?

Jugador 1.º (Tomando el retrato.)
¡Hermosa mujer!

Jugador 4.º
No es caro:

Don Félix
¿Queréis pararlas?

Jugador 3.º
Las paro.

Más ganaré.

Don Félix

1 D[on] F[elix]
2 D[on] F[elix]
3 [74A-112v]: See Fig. 46.
4 etc [ in other paper ] Note beneath the last verse.
5 [3º]
6 [Don Felix]
7 [74A-100v]: See Fig. 47. p.147. ] Page number on upper left corner corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
8 [1º]
9 [4º]
10 [Don Felix]
11 [3º]
Si ganáis (Se registra todo.)
no tengo otra joya aquí.

Jugador 1.º (Mirando el retrato.)
Si esta imagen respira...

Don Félix
A estar aquí la jugara
a ella, al retrato y a mí.

Jugador 3.º
Vengan los dados.

Don Félix
Tirad.

Jugador 2.º
85 Por don Félix, cien ducados.

Jugador 4.º
En contra van apostados.

Jugador 5.º
Cincuenta más. Esperad, no tiréis.

Jugador 2.º
Van los cincuenta.

Jugador 1.º
Yo, sin blanca, a Dios le ruego
por don Félix.

Jugador 5.º
90 Hecho el juego.

Jugador 3.º
¿Tiro?

Don Félix

---

1 [Don Felix]
2 Verse 81 is missing.
3 [1º]
4 A variant of this verse is found in manuscript [74A-96º]: This image, did breathe but woke her!
5 [74A-100º]: See Fig. 48.
6 [Don Felix]
7 [and] the portrait [and]
8 Verses 85-104 are missing.
Tirad con sesenta
de a caballo.

(Todos se agrupan con ansiedad alrededor de
la mesa. El Jugador 3.º tira los dados.)

Jugador 4.º
¿Qué ha salido?

Jugador 2.º
¡Mil demonios, que a los dos
nos lleven!

Don Félix (Con calma al 1.º)
¡Bien, vive Dios!

Vuestros ruegos me han valido.
Encomendadme otra vez,
don Juan, al diablo; no sea
que si os oye Dios, me vea
cautivo y esclavo en Fez.

Jugador 3.º
Don Félix, habéis perdido
sólo el marco, no el retrato,
que entrar la dama en el trato
vuestra intención no habrá sido.

Don Félix
¿Cuánto dierais por la dama?

Jugador 3.º
Yo, la vida.

Don Félix
No la quiero.
Mirad si me dais dinero,
y os la lleváis.

Jugador 3.º
¡Buena fama
lograréis entre las bellas
cuando descubran altivas,
que vos las hacéis cautivas,
para en seguida vendellas!

---

1 [3º]
2 [74A-105]: See Fig. 49. 149] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
3 [Don Felix]
4 [and]
5 Verses 107b-123 are missing.
Don Félix
Eso a vos no importa nada.
¿Queréis la dama? Os la vendo.

Jugador 3.º
Yo de pinturas no entiendo.

Don Félix (Con cólera.)

Vos habláis con demasiada
alteza e irreverencia
de una mujer... ¡y si no!...

Jugador 3.º
De la pintura hablé yo.

Todos
Vamos, paz; no haya pendencia.

Don Félix (Sosegado.)

Sobre mi palabra os juego
mil escudos.

Jugador 3.º
Van tirados.

Don Félix
A otra suerte de esos dados;
y al diablo les prenda fuego.

Escena III

Pálido el rostro, cejijunto el ceño,
y torva la mirada, aunque afligida,
y en ella un firme y decidido empeño
de dar la muerte o de perder la vida,
un hombre entró embozado hasta los ojos,
sobre las juntas cejas el sombrero:
Vibrále el rostro al corazón enojos,
el paso firme, el ánimo altanero.
Encubierta fatídica figura,-

Paley in his his glances although perturbed
Having in it a firm and willed intent
To give death
A man did enter cloaked unto the eyes,

Unto his face his heart makes hatred rise
His step is firm, his spirit

A maskèd figure fate
The thirst of blood did parch his soul,
His spirit poisonèd a little hate,

1 [III.]
2 [74A-113r]; See Fig. 50.
3 [upon his frowning brows] And hat pushed low
4 /hatred/
5 <f> fate
6 <soul w> [↑ spirit]
la venganza irritó su corazón. Vengeance had\(^1\) kindled his heart \(\Box\) and\(^2\) whole.
Junto a don Félix llega- y desatento He comes beside Don Felix and\(^3\) abstract
no habla a ninguno, ni aun la frente inclina; He speaks to no one nor his head he lows;
y en pie delante de él y el ojo atento, And standing in front of him \(\Box\)
con iracundo rostro le examina. He looks upon him with enraged brows.

Miró también don Félix al sombrío Don Felix also looks upon the \(\Box\)
huésped que en él los ojos enclavó, Appeared where \(\Box\) eyes on his are bent
y con sarcasmo desdeñoso y frío And with a sarcasm full \(\Box\)
fijos en él los suyos, sonrió. Fixing his upon him \(\Box\)

*Don Félix*

Buen hombre, ¿de qué tapiz
se ha escapado, -el que se tapa-
que entre el sombrero y la capa
se os ve apenas la nariz?

*Don Diego*

Bien, don Félix, cuadra en vos
esa insolencia importuna.

*Don Félix (Al Jugador 3.º sin hacer caso de Don Diego.)*

Perdisteis.

*Jugador 3.º*

Sí. La fortuna
se trocó: tiro y van dos.
*(Vuelve a tirar.)*

*Don Félix*

Gané otra vez.
*(Al embozado.)*

No he entendido
qué dijisteís, ni hice aprecio
de si hablasteís blando o recio
cuando me habéis respondido.

*Don Diego*

A solas hablar querría.

*Don Félix*

Podéis, si os place, empezar,
que por vos no he de dejar
tan honrosa compañía.

Y si Dios aquí os envía
para hacer mi conversión,

---

\(^1\) had/
\(^2\) [and]
\(^3\) [and]
\(^4\) Verses 144-165 are missing.
no despreciéis la ocasión
de convertir tanta gente,
mientras que yo humildemente
aguardo mi absolución.

Don Diego (Desembozándose con ira.)
Don Félix, ¿no conocéis
a don Diego de Pastrana?

Don Félix
A vos no, mas sí a una hermana
que imagino que tenéis.

Don Diego
¿Y no sabéis que murió?

Don Félix
Téngala Dios en su gloria.

Don Diego
Pienso que sabéis su historia,
y quién fue quien la mató.

Don Félix (Con sarcasmo.)
¡Quizá alguna calentura!

Don Diego
¡Mentís vos!

Don Félix
Calma, don Diego,
que si vos os morís luego,
es tanta mi desventura,
que aún me lo habrán de achacar,
y es en vano ese despecho,
si se murió, a lo hecho, pecho,
ya no ha de resucitar.

Don Diego
Os estoy mirando y dudo

---

1 [Don Diego]
2 [74A-93]: See Fig. 51. p.153. ] Page number on upper left corner corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
3 [Don Felix] [† Don Diego?]
4 Verses 170-178 are missing.
5 [Don Felix]
6 [74A-57]: See Fig. 52. 154 top ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
7 <Well> She
8 [Don Diego]
9 [74A-101]: See Fig. 53.
si habré de manchar mi espada
con esa sangre malvada,
185 o echaros al cuello un nudo
con mis manos, y con mengua,
en vez de desafiaros,
el corazón arrancaros
y patearos la lengua.
190 Que un alma, una vida, es
satisfacción muy ligera,
y os diera mil si pudiera
y os las quitara después.
Juego a mi labio han de dar
que toda su sangre apenas
basta mi sed a calmar.
¡Villano!

(Tira de la espada; Todos los jugadores se interponen.)

Todos
Fuera de aquí
a armar quimera.

Don Félix (Con calma, levantándose.)
Tened,
don Diego, la espada, y ved
que estoy yo muy sobre mí,
y que me contengo mucho,
no sé por qué, pues tan frío
en mi colérico brio
vuestras injurias escucho.

Don Diego (Con furor reconcentrado
y con la espada desnuda.)
Salid de aquí; que a fe mía,

---

1 This and the next three verses have a slight variant in manuscript [74A-101]: And with unmercy most brute, Setting fair challenge apart, To tear from thy breast thy heart And tread thy tongue under foot.
2 [74A-110]: See Fig. 54.
3 This verse has a partial scratched variant at the end of the page: <to tear them back>
4 life <all is †>
5 I’d give thee
6 Verses 194-198a are missing.
7 <Hold>
8 [74A-97]: See Fig. 55.
9 [Don Felix]
10 A variant of this and the next verse, with an exact “clean” version, is found in manuscript [74A-110]: Hold <‡> Your sword, Don Diego and behold
11 Don Diego [and]
12 <bo>凛 bold
13 [Don Diego]
que estoy resulto a mataros,
y no alcanzara a libraros
la misma virgen Marí.

210 Y es tan cierta mi intención,
tan resuelta está mi alma,
que hasta mi cólera calma
mi firme resolución.
Venid conmigo.

Don Félix
Allá voy;

215 pero si os mato, don Diego,
que no me venga otro luego
a pedirme cuenta. Soy
con vos al punto. Esperad
cuente el dinero... uno... dos...

(A Don Diego.)

220 Son mis ganancias; por vos
pierdo aquí una cantidad
considerable de oro
que iba a ganar... ¿y por qué?
Diez... quince... por no sé qué

cuento de amor... ¡un tesoro
perdido!... voy al momento.
Es un puro disparate
empeñarse en que yo os mate;
lo digo, como lo siento.

Don Diego
Remiso andáis y cobarde
y hablador en demasía.

230 *See Fig. 56.* Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.

1 [74A-98r]: See Fig. 56. 155 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
2 <you>[↑ thee]
3 M[ary]
4 [and]
5 Come with me, /in/
6 [74A-109r]: See Fig. 57.
7 [Don Felix]
8 D[iego]
9 square accounts. [↑ settle other accounts]
10 gold [↑ what] most
11 [and]
12 <for I know not why> [↑ all for some dry]
13 treasure [↑ heaven]
14 D[on]
15 [74A-104r]: See Fig. 58.
16 [and]
17 This verse has a variant in manuscript [133N-20r]: You are cowardly [and] <†>. There is also a variant of this and
the next three verses in manuscript [74A-102r], on top of which there is the number 156, corresponding to Pessoa’s
Don Félix
Don Diego, más sangre fría:
para reñir nunca es tarde,
y si aún fuera otro el asunto,
yo os perdonara la prisa:
pidiérais vos una misa
por la difunta, y al punto...

Don Diego
¡Mal caballero!

Don Félix
Don Diego,
mi delito no es gran cosa.
Era vuestra hermana hermosa:
la vi, me amó, creció el fuego,
se murió, no es culpa mía;
y admiro vuestro candor,
que no se mueren de amor
las mujeres de hoy en día.

Don Diego
¿Estás pronto?

Don Félix
Están contados.
Vamos andando.

Don Diego
¿Os reís?
(Con voz solemne.)
Pensad que a morir venís.

---

1 [Don] [Felix]
2 [Diego], but cold [↑ cool]
3 <an>[↑ the] other
4 [and]
5 [Don] [Diego]
6 [133N-20]: See Fig. 40.
7 [Don Felix]
8 My crime <was> [↑ is]
9 died, <and> the
10 [But no woman dies of love]
11 [Don Diego]
12 [Don Felix]
13 [Don Diego]
14 There is a variant of this verse in manuscript [133N-20]: Laugh you?
15 [74A-95]: See Fig. 59.
16 <thee> you
Barbosa

(Don Félix sale tras de él, embolsándose el dinero con indiferencia.)

Son mil trescientos ducados.  Last three one hundred in gold.¹

Escena IV  
Scene VI.²

Los jugadores.

Jugador 1.º
Este don Diego Pastrana
es un hombre decidido.
Desde Flandes ha venido
sólo a vengar a su hermana.

Jugador 2.º
¡Pues no ha hecho mal disparate!
Me da el corazón su muerte.

Jugador 3.º
¿Quién sabe? Acaso la suerte...

Jugador 4.º
Me alegraré que lo mate.

¹ [133N-20r]: See Fig. 40.
² [74A-99r]: See Fig. 60.
³ [1]
⁴ Verses 250-252 are missing.
⁵ [2]
⁶ This variant was chosen over the one in manuscript [74A-99r] due to its more well-rounded translation. The one in the aforementioned page is: His deadly heart doth □
⁷ [74A-94r]: See Fig. 61.
⁸ [3]
⁹ There is a variant of this verse in manuscript [74A-94r]: Who were □ fate.
¹⁰ [74A-99r]: See Fig. 60.
¹¹ [4]
¹² I’d gladly ▲ gladly [↑ It will please me] to /her/ [↑ know] him killed.
Salió en fin de aquel estado, para caer en el dolor más sombrío, en la más desalentada desesperación y en la mayor amargura y desconsuelo que pueden apoderarse de este pobre corazón humano, que tan positivamente choca y se quebranta con los males, como con vaguedad aspira en algunos momentos, casi siempre sin conseguirlo, a tocar los bienes ligeramente y de pasada.

MIGUEL DE LOS SANTOS ÁLVAREZ.

La protección de un sastre.

Spiritus quidem promptus est; caro vero infirma.
(S. Marc. Evang.)

Vedle, don Félix es, espada en mano, sereno el rostro, firme el corazón; también de Elvira el vengativo hermano sin piedad a sus pies muerto cayó.

5 Y con tranquil a audacia se adelanta por la calle fatal del Ataúd; y ni medrosa aparición le espanta, ni le turba la imagen de Jesús.

The dying lampl et’s ill-awaken’d light
Tremulously doth its last gleam discover
And with profoundest darkness, horrid night The street mysterious like a hood doth cover.

Mueve los pies el Montemar osado en las tinieblas con incierto giro, cuando ya un trecho de la calle andado, súbito junto a él oye un suspiro.

Resbalar por su faz sintió el aliento, He felt his breath upon his face to creep.

1 [Part IV]
2 [74B-30]: See Fig. 62. IV. 1. ] Indication suggesting the passage belongs to the first stanzas of Part IV.
3 /Nor fearful vision doth his mind doth\]
4 And \<in>\ [with]
5 hood <did> [↑ doth]
6 There is a variant of this and the following stanza in manuscript [74-95\-\], which has number 159 on top of the page, indicating the page of Pessoa’s Spanish edition: <He felt the breath over his face creeping ↑ And in <his> spite [↑ of
y a su pesar sus nervios se crisparon; And in spite of him did his nerves contract,
mas pasado el primero movimiento, But, past their first involuntary leap,
a su primera rigidez tornaron. To their own iron hardness did retract.

«¿Quién va?», pregunta con la voz serena, “Who goes?” he asks with his calm voice at length
que ni finge valor, ni muestra miedo, That feigns not courage and is not afraid,
el alma de invencible vigor llena, His soul full of indomitable strength
fiado en su tajante de Toledo. Full confident on his Toledan blade.

Palpa en torno de sí, y el impío jura, He feels around him and with impious vigour
y a mover vuelve la atrevida planta, Curses, and boldly his bold walk resumes,
cuando hacia él fatídica figura, When towards him a vague and fateful figure
envuelta en blancas ropas, se adelanta. Wrapp’d in white garments mystically comes.

Flotante y vaga, las espesas nieblas Floating and vague the clouds thick and intense
ya disipa y se anima y va creciendo It dispels, and animates itself, and grows
con apagada luz, ya en las tinieblas With an ill-wakened light and in the dense
su argentino blancor va apareciendo. Darkness its silver whiteness clearer shows.

Ya leve punto de luciente plata, A planet without a stain of clear light
astro de clara lumbre sin mancilla, The gloomy horizon waketh wide
el horizonte lóbrego dilata And in the shade afar shines bright
y allá en la sombra en lontananza brilla. That through the space of heaven is on-rolled.

Los ojos Montemar fijos en ella, His eyes upon her fixed, Montemar
con más asombro que temor la mira; With more wonder than fear her doth behold;
tal vez la juzga vagarosa estrella Perchance he thinks her a slow-moving star
que en el espacio de los cielos gira. That through the space of heaven is on-rolled.

Tal vez engaño de sus propios ojos, Haply of his own eyes a strange delusion
forma falaz que en su ilusión creó, A lying form that in his dreams he made,
o del vino ridículos antojos Or yet the wine’s ridiculous confusion
que al fin su juicio a alborotar subió. Which his reason at last hath disarrayed.

Mas el vapor del néctar jerezano But never the Sherreyan nectar had
nunca su mente a trastornar bastara,
que ya mil veces embriagarse en vano
en frenéticas orgías intentara.

«Dios presume asustarme: ¡ojalá fuera,
que entonces, vive Dios, quién soy supiera
el cornudo monarca del abismo.»

Al pronunciar tan insolente ultraje
la lámpara del Cristo se encendió:

y una mujer velada en blanco traje,
ante la imagen de rodillas vio.

Mientras él anda, al parecer se alejan
la luz, la imagen, la devota dama,
mas si él se para, de moverse dejan:
y lágrima tras lágrima, derrama

de sus ojos inmóviles la imagen.

Mas sin que el miedo ni el dolor que inspira
su planta audaz, ni su impiedad atajen,
rostro a rostro a Jesús, Montemar mira.

-La calle parece se mueve y camina,

faltarle la tierra sintió bajo el pie;
sus ojos la muerta mirada fascina
del Cristo, que intensa clavada está en él.

Y en medio el delirio que embarga
su mente,
y achaca él al vino que al fin le embriagó,
lámpara alcanza con mano insolente
del ara do alumbrá la imagen de Dios,

Sufficed his mind to alter and to stain
For full a thousand times\(^1\) in orgies mad
Himself to □ he had tried in vain.

“God wills\(^2\) to frighten me! I would it were!\(^3\)
He murmured laughing\(^4\) □ yes!
For then, of\(^5\) who I am would be aware
By God the hornèd monarch of the abyss.”\(^6\)

As he spoke this □ insult, with new light\(^7\)
And the veiled woman clad in garb of white
Before the image kneeling he descried.

“Welcome the light!” the impious student said,
“Thank God or thank the Devil”: and with bold
And firm intention, madly without dread,
Towards the veiled lady he his way doth hold.

The light, the image and the lady fair,
But if he stop their motion do their stay:
And dolorously drops tear after tear.

The image from its eyes immovable
His footsteps bold or his impiety quell
The street seems to move on and shift with strange motion
He feels underfoot the whole earth fail and swim;
His eyes the dead glance charms with mystic commotion
Of Christ that intensely is fixed upon him.

And plunged in the madness his mind that diseases –
The wine’s (so he thinks) that his reason affrights –
The lamplet with insolet boldness he seizes
From the altar where God’s holy image it lights.

\(^1\) /times a thousand and/ \([\dagger]\) full a thousand times\]
\(^2\) God <wishes> \([\dagger]\) wills\]
\(^3\) [74-95\(']\): See Fig. 64.
\(^4\) <said> \(\rightarrow\) murmured laughing\]
\(^5\) then, <by God,> \([\dagger]\) of\]
\(^6\) \([\dagger]\) By God] the hornèd monarch of the abyss[\(’\)]
\(^7\) [74B-32\(']\): See Fig. 65.
\(^8\) [74B-33\(']\): See Fig. 66. IV. 4. \] Indication suggesting the passage belongs to a fourth group of stanzas of Part IV.
y al rostro la acerca, que el cándido lino
encubre, con ánimo asaz descortés;
mas la luz apaga viento repentino,
y la blanca dama se puso de pie.

Empero un momento creyó que veía
un rostro que vagos recuerdos quizá,
y alegres memorias confusas, traía
de tiempos mejores que pasaron ya.

Un rostro de un ángel que vio en un
ensueno,
como un sentimiento que el alma halagó,
que anubla la frente con rígido ceño,
sin que lo comprenda jamás la razón.

Su forma gallarda dibuja en las sombras
el blanco ropaje que ondeante se ve,
y cual si pisara mullidas alfombras,
deslizase leve sin ruido su pie.

Tal vimos al rayo de la luna llena
fugitiva vela de lejos cruzar,
que ya la hinche en popa la brisa serena,
que ya la confunde la espuma del mar.

También la esperanza blanca y vaporosa
así ante nosotros pasa en ilusión,
y el alma conmueva con ansia medrosa
mientras la rechaza la adusta razón.

Don Félix
«¡Qué! ¿sin respuesta me deja?
¿No admitís mi compañía?
¿Será quizá alguna vieja
devota?... ¡Chasco sería!

En vano, dueña, es callar,
Lady, ‘tis vain

[1] [And] holds to her face, that by <doubt> /syncing of white/ veil hidden
[2] [74A-28*]: See Fig. 67. _The lower half of the page has crossed out numbers._
[3] [74A-28*]: See Fig. 68. 161-162 ] _Page numbers on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition._
[4] [and]
[5] [and]
[6] <never> [↑ be]
[7] [and] [↑ rapid] <light> her [↑ light]
[8] [And]
[9] [And] now /that is merged in /
[10] Verses 101-104 are missing.
[11] [74A-27*]: See Fig. 69. 162-163 ] _Page numbers on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition._
ni hacerme señas que no; Nor tell me\textsuperscript{1} by signals “No”
he resuelto que sí yo, I have resolved “yes” and\textsuperscript{2} so
y os tengo que acompañar. To follow you I am bound
Y he de saber dónde vais And I shall know where you go\textsuperscript{3}
y si sois hermosa o fea, If you be ugly or fair
quién sois y cómo os llamáis. □\textsuperscript{4}
yos tengo que acompañar. To follow you I am bound

110

Y aun cuando imposible sea, Even if it impossible were\textsuperscript{5}
y fuerais vos Satanás, And were you Satan\textsuperscript{6} 7
con sus llamas y sus cuernos, With his flames and horns well\textsuperscript{8}
hasta en los mismos infiernos, Down to the bottom of hell
vos delante y yo detrás, You in front and\textsuperscript{9} I behind
Y aunque lo estorbaria el cielo, Even were Heaven to hinder it
que yo he de cumplir mi anhelo I’ll do my pleasure □ even\textsuperscript{10}
aun a despecho de vos: □
y perdonadme, señora, □
si hay en mi empeño osadí, Boldness\textsuperscript{13} in my wish there be
mas fuera descortesía That\textsuperscript{14} it were discourtesy
dejaros sola a esta hora: So late *alone you to leave:

120

y me va en ello mi fama, I’d not wish by God I swear\textsuperscript{16}
que juro a Dios no quisier I’d not wish by God I swear\textsuperscript{16}
que no he seguido a una dama.» Any\textsuperscript{17} should think that from fear

125

Del hondo del pecho profundo gemido, Profound from her heart then\textsuperscript{18} a moan woe

130

crujido del vaso que estalla al dolor, The break of the vessel that suffering did wear,

\begin{tabular}{l}
\textsuperscript{1} <to make> [↑ tell me]
\textsuperscript{2} [and]
\textsuperscript{3} <dwell> [↑ go]
\textsuperscript{4} Pessoa wrote a variant for verses 109-111 on manuscript 74A-24 but crossed it out: “[And] I will know □ If you are ugly or fair | What your name is ↑ […] [† who you] are>.
\textsuperscript{5} There is a divisory line below this verse.
\textsuperscript{6} This stanza has a variant in manuscript 74A-27: And <we>/be/ you Satan, ev’s kind /no mind/ | With his flames [and] his horns fall | Down to the bottom of hell | You in front [and] I behind | We <will/> [↑ ‹t› shall] go <by *God we will> | Although against us were Heaven
\textsuperscript{7} [74A-23]: See Fig. 70. p. 163. ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
\textsuperscript{8} horns [[ ‹all› well]
\textsuperscript{9} [and]
\textsuperscript{10} [74A-27]: See Fig. 71.
\textsuperscript{11} There is a more incomplete variant of this and the next three verses in manuscript 74A-27: □ If in my □ there is boldness | It were uncourteous coldness | <It were> □
\textsuperscript{12} [74A-24]: See Fig. 72.
\textsuperscript{13} <If> Boldness
\textsuperscript{14} <‹t›>/That\texttextsuperscript{\textdagger}
\textsuperscript{15} [74A-27]: See Fig. 71.
\textsuperscript{16} I’d <‹t› not <‹t›>/wish \by God I swear
\textsuperscript{17} <That> Any
\textsuperscript{18} heart [↑ then]
\textsuperscript{19} [74A-22]: See Fig. 73. 163-164 (2). ] Page numbers on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
\end{tabular}
que apenas medroso lastima el oído,
pero que punzante rasga el corazón;

gemido de amargo recuerdo pasado,
de pena presente, de incierto pesar,
mortífero aliento, veneno exhalado
del que encubre el alma ponzoñoso mar;

Gemido de muerte lanzó y silenciosa
la blanca figura su pie resbaló,
cual mueve sus alas sílfide amorosa
que apenas las aguas del lago rizó.

¡Ay el que vio acaso perdida en un día
la dicha que eterna creyó el corazón,
y en noche de nieblas, y en honda agonía
en un mar sin playas muriendo quedó!...

Y solo y llevando consigo en su pecho,
compañero eterno su dolor críuel,
el mágico encanto del alma deshecho,
su pena, su amigo y amante más fiel

miró sus suspiros llevarlos el viento,
sus lágrimas tristes perderse en el mar,
sin nadie que acuda ni entienda su acento,
el cielo y el mundo a su mal...

Y ha visto la luna brillar en el cielo
serena y en calma mientras él lloró,

---

1 Which <only> [timidly only the hearing impressing]
2 [74A-22v]: See Fig. 74.
3 rests <on> [the]
4 There is a more incomplete variant of this stanza in manuscript [74A-34v]: □ | The joy that eternal his heart did believe | □ | In a sea without shores □
5 [74A-21v]: See Fig. 75.
6 The <†>/joy/
7 did [† him]
8 Alone [and] with him in his breast □ <taking> [† taken]
9 [74A-34v]: See Fig. 76.
10 This stanza is preceded by an indication that says: elsewhere.
11 [74A-21v]: See Fig. 75.
12 <His> [† The]
13 [And] no-one to come to his speaking to hearken [† his weeping had shaken]
14 *Elsewhile <sky> [† heaven]
15 There are two variants of this stanza. The first is found in manuscript [74A-34v]: He has seen the moon to shine □ in heaven | Serenely [and] calmly the while he did weep, | He has seen upon earth men pass cold [and] even |
□. The second is found in manuscript [74A-35v]: □ the moon to shine □ in heaven | Serenely [and] calmly the while pain him did burn | □ | And none at his weeping his head did turn.
16 [74A-21v]: See Fig. 77.
17 [and]
155 y ha visto los hombres pasar en el suelo  
y nadie a sus quejas los ojos volvió,  
y él mismo, la befa del mundo temblando,  
su pena en su pecho profunda escondió,  
y dentro en su alma su llanto tragando  
con falsa sonrisa su labio visitió!!!...

160 ¡Ay! quien ha contado las horas que  
forreron,  
horas otro tiempo que abrevió el placer,  
y hoy solo y llorando piensa cómo huyeron  
con ellas por siempre las dichas de ayer;  
¡Ay! del que descubre por fin la mentira,  
¡Ay! del que la triste realidad palpó,  
y aquéllos placeres, que el triste ha perdido,  
no huyeron del mundo, que en el mundo  
están,  
y él vive en el mundo do siempre ha vivido,  
y aquéllos placeres para él no son ya!!  
¡Ay! de aquel que vive solo en lo pasado...!

361 He has seen men to pass □  
And no-one the eyes to □  
Himself dreading the world’s evil scorning  
His pain in his heart □ did hide  
And deep in his soul while he fed on his mourning  
A smile on his lips he made false to abide.  
Ah he who hath counted the hours time hath  
banished  
The hours that over time joy made short in their stay  
To-day lonely weeps he thinks how have vanished  
For ever with them □ they joys of yesterday.  
Woe to him who at last □ lying  
Woe to him □ who the sad real did □  
He who the skeleton of this world descrying  
Its false greatness □  
Woe him who in the past lives only  

¡Ay! del que su alma nutre en su pesar,  To him who his soul in its pain □
las horas que huyeron llamara angustiado,  The hours that have fled he will call sad and5 lonely
las horas que huyeron jamás tornarán...  The hours that are gone and4 will never return
Quien haya sufrido tan bárbaro duelo,  □  Who nights upon nights without sleep did spend
quien noches enteras contó sin dormir  en lecho de espinas, maldiciendo al cielo,  Hours that are endless of woe without end;
horas sempiternas de ansiedad sin fin;  □

quien haya sentido quererse del pecho  saltar a pedazos roto el corazón;  [...]5
saltar a pedazos roto el corazón;  □
crecer su delirio, crecer su despecho;  □
al cuello cien nudos echarle el dolor;  □

ponzoñoso lago de punzante hielo,  A poisonous lake of ice □6
sus lágrimas tristes, que cuajó el pesar,  His tears sad7 that pain has made icy to grow
reventando ahogarle, sin hallar consuelo,  Returning to drown him, □
ni esperanza nunca, ni tregua en su afán.  No hope finding ever, nor break in his woe...

Aquel, de la blanca fantasma el gemido,  That man the white6 phantom’s sad moan
única respuesta que a don Félix dio,  The only reply that Don Felix9 □
hubiera, y su inmenso dolor, comprendido,  Would have, and10 its sorrow immense,
hubiera pesado su inmenso valor.  Its value had weighed, and had understood11.

Don Félix  
<Si buscaís algún ingrato,  If some false are □
yo me ofrezco agradecido;  I offer me14 thankful, zealous,
pero o miente ese recato,  But or that modesty’s feigned15
o vos sufrís el mal trato  Or you are worried and16 pained
de algún celoso marido.  By a husband who is jealous.
»¿Acerté? ¡Necia manía!  Said1 I true? □

1 There is a variant of this and the next stanza in manuscript [74A-39]: Woe to him who lives in his past [and] there
only 1 □ 1 The hours that are <past>|fled| he will call, fined [and] lonely 1 The hours that once fled [and] that
will not return. 1 □ 1 Who nights upon nights without sleeping did spend 1 □ 1 □ eternal of anxiety without
end.
2 [74A-38]: See Fig. 81. 165 -5- ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition (fifth
manuscript belonging to that page).
3 [and]
4 [and]
5 Verses 181-184 are missing.
6 [74A-33]: See Fig. 82. 166 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
7 tears <born of sadness> [↑ sad]
8 man <of the> [↑ the white]
9 only <response> [↑ reply] that D[on] F[elix]
10 [and]
11 /[and] had understood/
12 D[on] F[elix]
13 [74A-37]: See Fig. 83. 166 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
14 <Myself> I offer [↑ me]
15 But <either> [↑ or] that modesty’s <↓ feigned
16 [and]
Es para volverme loco, 'Tis to make me madness touch
si insistís en tal porfía; To insist on that mien;
con los mudos, reina mía, For with dull people, my queen
yo hago mucho y hablo poco.» I speak little and act much.

Segunda vez importunada en tanto, A second time importuned this wrong
una voz de suave melodía A voice of a soft melody like a dream
el estudiante oyó que parecía The student heard, a speaking that did seem
eco lejano de armonioso canto: The far-off echo of a worldless song
De amante pecho lánguido latido, The □ that love doth burn
sentimiento inefable de ternura, A feeling beyond words, of tenderness
suspiro fiel de amor correspondido, A faithful sigh of love that hath return
el primer sí de la mujer aún pura. Of a woman yet pure, the first low “yes”

«Para mí los amores acabaron: For me loves alas have ended
todo en el mundo para mí acabó: All in the world for me an end hath found
los lazos que a la tierra me ligaron, That bonds that me unto the earth blended
el cielo para siempre desató», Heaven for ever hast unboun d.

dijo su acento misterioso y tierno, So spoke her accents mystic and □
que de otros mundos la ilusión traía, Bringing the illusion of worlds we know not
eco de los que ya reposo eterno Echo of them who have endless repose
gozan en paz bajo la tumba fría. In the cold tomb □ got.

Montemar, atento sólo a su aventura, Montemar, on his adventure thinking only
que es bella la dama y aun fácil juzgó, The fair is the lady □
y la hora, la calle y la noche oscura The night and the hour a nd the night black and
lonely nuevos incentivos a su pecho son. Are better incentives □ to his breast

1 <Spoke> [↑ Said]
2 make <mad> [↑ me]
3 /But [↑ For]/ With
4 [and] /do [↑ act]/
5 importuned [↑ this /long [↓ wrong]/]
6 [74A-40f: See Fig. 84. 166.] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
7 a <voice> [↑ speaking]
8 <Of a loving breast> [↑ The] □ [↑ that love doth burn]
9 <without> [↑ beyond]
10 of [↑ love that hath return]
11 a [↑ woman] yet [↑ pure]
12 loves <their> [↑ alas have] ended <have>
13 [74A-40f: See Fig. 85.
14 <found> [↑ hath found]
15 <bond> [↑ blended]
16 <far *pure> [↑ we know not]
17 who<m> [↑ have] /eternal [↑ endless]/
18 M[ontemar]
19 [74-87f: See Fig. 86. 167 3 ] Page number on upper left corner of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
20 [and] the hour [and] the night black [and]
- Hay riesgo en seguirme. - Mirad ¡qué reparo!
- Quizá luego os pese. - Puede que por vos.
- Ofendéis al cielo. - Del diablo me amparo.
- Idos, caballero, ¡no tentéis a Dios!
- Siento me enamora más vuestro despego, y si Dios se enoja, pardiez que hará mal; véame en vuestros brazos y mátame luego.

Dejad ya, don Félix, delirios mundanos.
- ¡Hola, me conoce! - ¡Ay! ¡Temblad por vos!
- Temblad, no se truequen deleites livianos en penas eternas! - Basta de sermón, que yo para oírlos la cuaresma espero; y hablemos de amores, que es más dulce hablar; dejad ese tono solemne y severo, que os juro, señora, que os sienta muy mal; para mí no hay nunca mañana ni ayer. Si mañana muero, ¿me importa a mí?

Goce yo el presente, disfrute yo ahora, y el diablo me lleve si quiere al morir.

- ¡Cúmplase en fin tu voluntad, Dios mío! - la figura fatídica exclamó:

- There’s danger in following - evil
- Perhaps then
- But Heaven you are offending! – I stand by the Devil
- fills me.
- kill me
- Don Felix the world’s treasures
- Hello! then she knows me! Oh tremble for you
- Oh tremble lest pleasures
- To pains eternal
- For I to hear them Lent are awaiting
- Of love let us speak, ’tis sweeter
- And leave that tone severe and most solemn
- Which, lady, I swear doth fit you most bad
- But life is but life: when its brief span is ended
- In its last hour all pleasure has also its last.
- To cares most uncertain why let it be blended?
- For me there is neither nor future nor past.
- To-morrow, if dying, the hour be a bad one, Or good, as they tell me – why then, what care I?
- The present enjoying, let that be a glad one; The Devil may take me as soon as I die.

- Thy will be done, oh God, at last, the figure did exclaim

---

1. you
2. [74-87]: See Fig. 87. 167.5
3. [74A-32]: See Fig. 88. 167.6
4. There is a variant of this and the following verse in manuscript [74-88]: To listen to them | glad
5. [74-88]: See Fig. 89.
6. [74-92]: See Fig. 90.
7. doth <suit> |
8. [74-92]: See Fig. 90.
9. <her> |
10. <her> |
11. <say> |
12. [74-93]: See Fig. 91. 168
Y en tanto al pecho redoblar su brío
siente don Félix y camina en pos.

Cruzan tristes calles,
plazas solitarias,
arruinados muros,
donde sus plegarias

y falsos conjuros,
en la misteriosa
noche borrascosa,
maldecida bruja

con ronca voz canta,
y de los sepulcros
los muertos levanta.
Y suenan los ecos
de sus pasos huecos
en la soledad;

mientras en silencio
yace la ciudad,
y en lúgubre son
arrulla su sueño
bramando Aquilón.

Y una calle y otra cruzan,
y más allá y más allá:
ni tiene término el viaje,
ni nunca dejan de andar,
y atraviesan, pasan, vuelven,
cien calles quedando atrás,
y paso tras paso siguen,
y siempre adelante van;
y a confundirse ya empieza
y a perderse Montemar,
que ni sabe a dó camina,
ni acierta ya dónde está;

And in his breast redoubling all him insured
Don Felix and after her he came.\textsuperscript{2}

They cross saddened streets,\textsuperscript{3} Solitary squares,
Old and ruined walls,
Where her horrid prayers

And false demon calls,
In the weird, unbright,
Tempest-filled night,
An accursèd witch

With hoarse voice doth spread
And from their still graves
Lifeth up the dead;
And the echoes follow\textsuperscript{5}
Of their footsteps hollow
In the solitude,

All the while in silence
Doth the city hood,
And with midnight moan
Charmeth its reposing
The North-wind alone.

One street they cross and\textsuperscript{6} another\textsuperscript{7}
Still further and\textsuperscript{8} further over,
Nor has the voyage an ending
Nor cease they their midnight walk,
And crossing, passing, turning\textsuperscript{9} a hundred\textsuperscript{10}
Streets behind them they let fall,
And step after step they follow,
And always they travel on:
To fail and reason beginneth
And lose himself Montemar
Nor knows he whither he treadeth
Nor where he is\textsuperscript{11}
y otras calles, otras plazas
recorre y otra ciudad,
y ve fantásticas torres
285 de su eterno pedestal
arrancarse, y sus macizas
negras masas caminar,
apoyándose en sus ángulos
que en la tierra, en desigual,
290 perezoso tronco fijan;
y a su monótono andar,
las campanas sacudidas
misteriosos dobles dan;
mientras en danzas grotescas
295 y al estruendo funeral
en derredor cien espectros
danzan con torpe compás:
y las veletas sus frentes
bajan ante él al pasar,
300 los espectros le saluantan,
y en cien lenguas de metal,
oye su nombre en los ecos
de las campanas sonar.

Mas luego cesa el estrépito,
y en silencio, en muda paz
todo queda, y desaparece
de súbito la ciudad:
palacios, templos, se cambian
campos de soledad,
y en un yermo y silencioso
mellancólico arenal,
sin luz, sin aire, sin cielo,
perside en la inmensidad,
tal vez piensa que camina,
310 And other streets he doth traverse,
Other squares, another city²
And he sees fantastic towers
From their lasting pedestal
To tear themselves and³ their massive
Black masses forward⁴ to move,
Leaning in their □ angles
Which unequally upon⁵

The earth □ their⁶ standing;
At their monotonous walk
The bells in the steeples shaken
With mystic tolling appal,
All the while in grotesque dances

To the noise⁷ funereal
Around him a 100 spectres⁸ ⁹
Dance with compass full of awe¹⁰:
And the □ their □
Lower □ him¹¹ as he doth pass
And in □
In the bell’s echoes to sound.

But □ the □ ceases
In¹² silence, in dead peace all
Is plunged and¹⁴ disappeareth
Suddenly □ the □ town:
Palaces temples are changed
In fields lonely □

And¹⁵ in a □ silent
□ melancholical
Without light nor air nor heavens
In immensity □ lost.
□ he thinks he is walking¹⁶

¹ <guess> [↑ where he is]
² /city/
³ [and]
⁴ /forward/
⁵ <up> unequally upon
⁶ <their> □ their
⁷ /noise/ } The original word in Spanish, estruendo, is written below, possibly as a sign of doubt upon the translation.
⁸ <spirits> [↑ /phantoms/ spectres]
⁹ [74A-5]: See Fig. 96.
¹⁰ /full of awe/
¹¹ /before> him
¹² /salute him/
¹³ <And> In
¹⁴ [and]
¹⁵ [And]
¹⁶ [74A-4]: See Fig. 97. 170-171 ] Page numbers on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
315 sin poder parar jamás,
de extraño empuje llevado
con precipitado afán;
entretanto que su guía
delante de él sin hablar,
320 sigue misterioso, y sigue
caso rápido, y ya
se remonta ante sus ojos
en alas del huracán,
visión sublime, y su frente
325 ve fosfórica brillar,
entre lívidos relámpagos
en la densa oscuridad,
sierpes de luz, luminosos
engendros del vendaval;
330 y cuando duda si duerme,
si tal vez sueña o está
locos, si es tanto prodigio,
tanto delirio verdad,
335 otra vez en Salamanca
súbito vuelves a hallar,
distingue los edificios,
reconoce en dónde está,
y en su delirante vértigo
al vino vuelve a culpar,
340 y jura, y siguen andando
da él detrás.

«¡Vive Dios!, dice entre sí,
o Satanás se chancea,
o no debo estar en mí
345 en mi cabeza aún humea.

»Sombras, fantasmas, visiones...
Dale con tocar a muerto
y en revueltas confusiones,
danzando estos torreones

---

1 /without talk/
2 <†> [† †] mysteriously [and]
3 [and]
4 /storm/
5 <Phosphor> [† Sees to]
6 [74A-4:]: See Fig. 98.
7 [and]
8 [and]
9 <he said> to himself he said
10 [74-96]: See Fig. 99. 171] Page number on upper left corner of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
11 [and]
12 *rev □
al compás de tal concierto. Dancing to this concert’s tune.

»Y el juicio voy a perder
entre tantas maravillas,
que estas torres llegué a ver,
como mulas de alquiler,
andando con campanillas.

»¿Y esta mujer quién será?
Mas si es el diablo en persona,
¿a mí qué diantre me da?
Y más que el traje en que va
en esta ocasión, le abona.

»Noble señora, imagino
que sois nueva en el lugar:
andar así es desatino;
ninguna puede hallarse en mujer,
y en que yo la he de querer
por su paso de andadura».

En tanto don Félix a tientas seguía,
delante camina la blanca visión,
triplica su espanto la noche sombría,
sus hórridos gritos redobla Aquilón.

Rechinan girando las férreas veletas,

1 [74A-8]*: See Fig. 100. 172 ] Page number on upper left corner of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
2 <That> [† <The dress>> <† [ Wearing *now]
3 [There is a variant of this and the following verse in manuscript [74A-8]*: Noble lady, I believe | You are newly in this town
4 [74-96*]: See Fig. 99.
5 <To walk in this> □
6 [There is a variant of this and the following two verses in manuscript [74A-8]*: She won’t answer me | Which is the madness most rare | That any a woman can have
7 /in/ [† any] a woman can /be/ [† have]
8 D(on) F(elix)
9 [There is a variant of this stanza in manuscript [74A-10*: □ | In front <th> □ the vision /of [† in]/ white | □ | The North-wind redoubles his howls that affright
10 [74-94*]: See Fig. 101.
11 th<e\a>
12 <Its> The
13 [And]
crujir de cadenas se escucha sonar,
las altas campanas, por el viento inquietas
pausados sonidos en las torres dan.

Ruido de pasos de gente que viene
a compás marchando con sordo rumor,
y de tiempo en tiempo su marcha detiene,
y rezar parece en confuso son.

Llegó de don Félix luego a los oídos,
y luego cien luces a lo lejos vio,
y luego en hileras largas divididos,
vio que murmuran con lúgubre voz,
enlutados bultos andando venían;
y luego más cerca con asombro ve,
que un féretro en medio y en hombros traían
y dos cuerpos muertos tendidos en él.

Las luces, la hora, la noche, profundo,
infernal arcano parece encubrirl.
Cuando en hondo sueño yace muerto el
mundo,
cuando todo anuncia que habrá de morir

al hombre, que loco la recia tormenta
corrió de la vida, del viento a merced,
cuando una voz triste las horas le cuenta,
y en lodo sus pompas convertidas ve,

forzoso es que tenga de diamante el alma
quien no sienta el pecho de horror palpitar,
quien como don Félix, con serena calma

1 There is a variant of this stanza and the first verse of the next one in manuscript [74-94r], which contains indications 172 on top of page and 173 after first stanza, both indicating the page number in Pessoa’s Spanish edition: □ riot | The clatter of chains □ | The bells upon high by the wind’s fury unquiet | □ | □ | The □
2 [74A-10r]: See Fig. 102.
3 [And]
4 There is a variant of this stanza in manuscript [74A-10r]: The sound of footsteps of people advancing | In orderly marching with □ | Who once and again their march □ | [And] seem to □ pray in □
5 [74-99r]: See Fig. 103.
6 [And]
7 D[on] F[elix]
8 [74A-10r]: See Fig. 102.
9 Verses 385-395 are missing.
10 <†> ▲ storm
11 [74-97r]: See Fig. 104. 173 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
12 <Of r> □
13 in <dot> □
ni en Dios ni en el diablo se ponga a pensar. □

Así en tardos pasos, todos murmurando,
el lúgubre entierro ya cerca llegó,
y la blanca dama devota rezando,
entrambas rodillas en tierra dobló.

Calado el sombrero y en pie, indiferente
el féretro mira don Félix pasar,
y al paso pregunta con su aire insolente
los nombres de aquellos que al sepulcro
van.

Mas ¡cuál su sorpresa, su asombro cuál
fuera,
cuando horrorizado con espanto ve
que el uno don Diego de Pastrana era,
y el otro, ¡Dios santo!, y el otro era él...

El mismo, su imagen, su misma figura,
su mismo semblante, que él mismo era
en fin:
y duda y se palpa y fría pavura
un punto en sus venas sintió discurrir.

Al fin era hombre, y un punto temblaron
los nervios del hombre, y un punto temió;
mas pronto su antigua vigor recobraron,
pronto su fieraza volvió al corazón.

-Lo que es, dijo, por Pastrana,

By Pastrana □15 16

---

1 [and]
2 /in fact/ [† indifferently]
3 <The> Don
4 <Then> Now with [† an] insolent air [† is]
5 There is a variant of this stanza and the first three verses of the following one in manuscript [74-98]: <W>/But\ what his surprise, his □ | When striken w[ith] horror astounded <he sees> [† doth see] | That one D[on] D[iego] □ | [And] the other God [and] the other was he. || The same □ his image his very figure | □ | He doubts [and]
6 [74-97]: See Fig. 105.
7 [and]
8 /error/ [† mirror]
9 <'tis> it has
10 <to flow> [↓ pass.]
11 [and] a /while/ [† moment]
12 /The nerves of the man, [and] a /while/ [↑ moment] he did fear/ [↓ The man’s nerves, a moment <that> with fear [† that] did start]
13 soon <their> [† they]
14 /And <soon> [↑ soon]/ [↓ And soon all his courage returned to his heart.]
15 There is a variant of this stanza in manuscript [74A-2], which has number 174 on top of page, corresponding to the page of Pessoa’s Spanish edition: By Pastrana, □ [↓] | □ [↓] | To bury me, □
16 [74-100]: See Fig. 106.
bien pensado está el entierro; mas es diligencia vana
enterrarme a mí, y mañana me he de quejar de este yerro.

Diga, señor enlutado,
¿a quién llevan a enterrar?
- Al estudiante endiablado
don Félix de Montemar»»,
respondió el encapuchado.

-Mientes, truhan. -No por cierto.
-Pues decídeme a mí quién soy,
si gustáis, porque no acierto cómo a un mismo tiempo estoy aquí vivo y allí muerto.

-Yo no os conozco. -Pardiez,
que si me llego a enojar,
tus burlas te haga llorar de tal modo, que otra vez conozcas ya a Montemar.

¡Villano!... mas esto es ilusión de los sentidos,
el mundo que anda al revés, los diablos entretenidos en hacerme dar traspiés.

¡El fanfarrón de don Diego!
De sus mentiras reniego,
que cuando muerto cayó, al infierno se fue luego contando que me mató.

1 is <†> [* quite]
2 [and]
3 Don Felix
4 /Replied/ [† Answered]
5 There is a variant of this and the following stanza in manuscripts [74-100r] and [74-100v]: “Rascal, you lie” - □ | □ | □ | □ | □ | □ | I know you not” - □ | If you push any rage too far | □ | □ | □ | You’ll know quite well Montemar.
6 □ <No, *tis true, ->
7 [74A-2r]: See Fig. 107. 175] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
8 - <†>
9 There is a slight variant of this verse in manuscript [74A-2r]: Villain! □
10 [74-100r]: See Fig. 108.
11 Don Felix
12 There is a slight variant of this stanza in manuscript [74A-59ar]: Don Diego, the bragging dunce! | His silly lies I renounce When he got the death he willèd me Down to hell he went at once Believing that he had killèd me.”
13 /de/[† re]nounce
Diciendo así, soltó una carcajada, [...]

Con que, en fin, ¿dónde vivís?, que se hace tarde, señora.

Esa voz con que hacéis miedo, de vos me enamora más: yo me he echado el alma atrás; juzgad si me dará un bledo de Dios ni de Satanás.

- Cada paso que avanzáis lo adelantáis a la muerte, -Tarde, aún no; de aquí a una hora lo será. -Verdad decís, será más tarde que ahora.

Esa voz con que hacéis miedo, de vos me enamora más: con que, en fin, ¿dónde vivís?, que se hace tarde, señora.

Con que, en fin, ¿dónde vivís?, que se hace tarde, señora.

Esa voz con que hacéis miedo, de vos me enamora más: yo me he echado el alma atrás; juzgad si me dará un bledo de Dios ni de Satanás.

Con eco melancólico y sombrío dijo así la mujer, y el sordo acento, sonando en torno del mancebo impío, rugió en la voz del proceloso viento.

Las piedras con las piedras se golpearon, bajo sus pies la tierra retembló, las aves de la noche se juntaron, y sus alas crujir sobre él sintió:

y en la sombra unos ojos fulgurantes

And now at last where live you?

For it gets late, you'll *allow

– Late not yet it shall be so

In an hour — That's very true

It will be later than now.

And that voice with which you frighten

Makes me love you but *the more:

My soul □

□

By *every step you are brought

Nearer to death □ bearing

Don Felix — Tremble you not

Give your heart to you no thought

That unto death you are nearing

With echo melancholical and *sad

So spoke she and *her

Roared in the voice of the tempestuous wind.

Stones against stones did strike □ and → hit

Beneath his feet earth trembled and □

The birds of night □ meet

And their wings cross over above be heard

And in the shadow eyes with a gleaming
vio en el aire vagar que espanto inspiran,  
siempre sobre él saltándose anhelantes:  
ojos de horror que sin cesar le miran.

485    Y los vio y no tembló: mano a la espada  
puso y la sombra intrépido embistió,  
y ni sombra encontró ni encontró nada;  
sólo fijos en él los ojos vio.

490    Y alzó los suyos impaciente al cielo,  
y en él creciendo el infernal anhelo,  
con voz de enojo blasfemado dijo:

495    «Seguid, señora, y adelante vamos:  
tanto mejor si sois el diablo mismo,  
y Dios y el diablo y yo nos conozcamos,  
y acábese por fin tanto embolismo.

500    sabed en fin que donde vayáis voy.  

505    Y la dama a una puerta se paró,

1 [And]
2 /in air/
3 He saw <them trembled not> [† nor trembled]: <his hand> [† *to his sword] he *brought
4 [74A-43r]: See Fig. 112.
5 There is a mark possibly indicating the continuation of the first version and the variation.
6 <Upon his sword> [† His hand] [and] <boldly did> [† against the shadow boldly went]
7 <Only those eyes fixed on him>[† <But the> Only those eyes [† he saw] upon him bent]
8 [and]
9 Not to be read as “blasphemously”.
10 [and]
11 [74A-41r]: See Fig. 113. 177 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
12 [and] I <each other> [† at *length] *my know
13 [ ← Each other] [and]
14 of <† † > [† so much] of sermon [and]
15 firm <can> [i can] □ /or scarce/ [† makes weak or scarce]
16 [and]
17 forward He /spoke/ [† speaks] [and] <follows> then
18 <He walks> Calmly <†> the
y era una puerta altísima, y se abrieron sus hojas en el punto en que llamó, que a un misterioso impulso obedecieron; y tras la dama el estudiante entró; ni pajes ni damas acudieron; y cruzaron a la luz de unas bujías fantásticas, desiertas galerías.

Y la visión como engañoso encanto, por las losas deslizase sin ruido, toda encubierta bajo el blanco manto que barre el suelo en pliegues desprendido; y por el largo corredero en tanto sigue adelante y sigue atrevido, y su temeridad raya en locura, resuelto Montemar a su aventura.

Las luces, como antorchas funerarias, lánguida luz y cárdena esparcían, y en torno en movimientos desiguales las sombras se alejaban o venían: arcos aquí ruinosos, sepulcrales, urnas allí y estatuas se veían, rotas columnas, patios mal seguros, yerbasos, tristes, húmedos y obscuros.

Todo vago, quimérico y sombrío, edificio sin base ni cimiento, ondula cual fantástico navío que anclado mueve borrascoso viento. En un silencio aterrador y frío

'Twas an enormous portal whose doors did open without dimness at her word wide throve and without dimness to a mysterious impulse did obey: after the lady went the student in: pages nor damoisels did meet their way at some dim candles' light they were fantastical, deserted galleries.

The vision then like a deceiving pleasure, over the flag-stones trod without a sound hidden under the mantle treasure which in folds glideth o'er the ground the while over the wide corridor's measure she goeth on. And the lights like torches funeral A languid light do cast, and all around the shadows rise and fall with movements unequal, wide and vast: here ruined arches dim and sepulchral, urns there and statues were seen to be placed, shattered columns, cloisters not secure, grassy and sad and humid and obscure.

And all is vague, chimical and dark, a building sans foundation, nor designed, reeeleth and rolleth like a fancied bark which anchored swayeth the tempestuous wind, in a deep silence cold and dread and stark
yace allí todo: ni rumor, ni aliento
humano nunca se escuchó; callado,
corre allí el tiempo, en sueño sepultado.

Las muertas horas a las muertas horas
siguen en el reloj de aquella vida,
sombras de horror girando aterradoras,
que allá aparecen en medrosa huida;
elas solas y tristes moradoras
de aquella negra, funeral guardada,
cual soñada fantástica quimera,
vienen a ver al que su paz altera.

Y en él enclavan los hundidos ojos
del fondo de la larga galería,
que brillan lejos, cual carbones rojos,
y espantan la misma valentía:
y muestran en su rostro sus enojos
al ver hollada su mansión sombría,
y ora en grupos delante se aparecen,
ora en la sombra allá se desvanecen.

Grandiosa, satánica figura,
alta la frente, Montemar camina,
espíritu sublime en su locura,
provocando la cólera divina:
fábrica frágil de materia impura,
el alma que la alienta y la ilumina,
con Dios le iguala, y con osado vuelo
se alza a su trono y le provoca a duelo.

All things there lie: no sound to sense defined
Nor human breath was ever heard there: deep
In silence there time runs buried in sleep.

And to dead hours do the dead hours succeed
In the inhuman clock
And shades of horror that around do speed
Of that dread dwelling dark and funeral
Like to a dreamèd shade fantastical
They troop to see him who their peace doth fall.

On him they fix their eyes deep awful stare
From the deep gallery's end in night
That like burning coals do shine afar
And courage self had stricken with affright.

A grand satanic figure crime
Erect his front, pine treadeth Montemar,
A spirit in his madness yet sublime
Frail fabric of the of time
The soul that holds it
Makes him God's equal

Verses 549-552 are missing.
Segundo Lucifer que se levanta
del rayo vengador la frente herida,
alma rebelde que el temor no espanta,
hollada sí, pero jamás vencida:
el hombre en fin que en su ansiedad
quebra
su límite a la cárcel de la vida,
y a Dios llama ante él a darle cuenta,
y descubrir su inmensidad intenta.

Y un báquico cantar tarareando,
cruza aquella quimérica morada,
con atrevida indiferencia andando,
moña en los labios, y la vista osada;
y el rumor que sus pasos van formando,
y el golpe que al andar le da la espada,
tristez ecos, siguiéndole detrás,
repiten con monótono compás.

Y aquel extraño y único ruido
que de aquella mansión los ecos llena,
en el suelo y los techos repetido,
en su profunda soledad resuena;
y expira allá cual funeral gemido
que al fin del corredor largo y oscuro
salir parece de entre el roto muro.

Y en aquel otro mundo, y otra vida,
And in that other world and life

---

1 [74A-53r]: See Fig. 121.
2 /From [↑ By]/
3 /fear [↑ terror]/
4 Verses 567-568 are missing.
5 /Mumbling with lightness song/ [↑ Carolling lightly a light drinking song]
6 [74A-47r]: See Fig. 122.
7 He <cross> [↑ traverses]
8 [and]
9 [and]
10 <a> monotonous /compass [↑ equalness]/
11 [74A-58]: See Fig. 123.
12 <f> [↑ In floor [and] ceiling re-echoed]
13 The page starts with a cross-out variation of these first three verses: <And □ foreign [and] only sound | Which of that mansion doth the echoes fill, | In the floor □, in the ceiling doth resound>
14 d<y>/i'es away like a funereal /groan [↑ moan]/
15 [And]
16 [and]
17 There are two variants of this stanza. The first one is found in manuscript [74A-58]: And in that other /life/ [and] other /world/ | World of shadows, life that is a <dream> [↑ sleep], | Life that with death made one □ | □ |
18 A> world, vague illusion □ | Of our own/ world, □. The second one is found in manuscript [74A-50], which has an upper indication, 182, that corresponds to the page number of Pessoa's Spanish edition: And in that other world [and] other life | World of shadows, life that is a sleep | Life that □ | <f> □ | World □ | Of our own world and
mundo de sombras, vida que es un sueño,
vida, que con la muerte confundida,
ciñe sus sienes con letal belén;
mundo, vaga ilusión descolorida
de nuestro mundo y vaporoso ensueño,
son aquel ruido y su locura insana,
la sola imagen de la vida humana.

Que allá su blanca misteriosa guía
de la alma dicha la ilusión parece,
que ora acaricia la esperanza impía,
orá al tocarla ya se desvanece:
blanca, flotante nube, que en la umbria
noche, en alas del céfiro se mece;
su airosa ropa, desplegada al viento,
semeja en su callado movimiento:

humo suave de quemado aroma
que al aire en ondas a perderse asciende,
rayo de luna que en la parda loma,
cual un broche su cima al éter prende;
silfa que con el alba envuelta asoma
y al nebuloso azul sus alas tiende,
de negras sombras y de luz teñidas,
entre el alba y la noche confundidas.

Y ágil, veloz, aérea y vaporosa,
que apenas toca con los pies el suelo, cruza aquella morada tenebrosa
la mágica visión del blanco velo:
imagen fiel de la ilusión dichosa
que acaso el hombre encontrará en el cielo.

Pensamiento sin fórmula y sin nombre,
que hace rezar y blasfemar al hombre.

Y al fin del largo corredor llegando,
Montemar sigue su callada guía,
y una de mármol negro va bajando
de caracol torcida gradería,
larga, estrecha y revuelta, y que girando
en torno de él y sin cesar veía
suspendida en el aire y con violento,
veloz, vertiginoso movimiento.

Y en eterna espiral y en remolino
ingruto prolongase y se extiende,
y el juicio pone en loco desatino
a Montemar que en tumbos mil descende.
Y, envuelto en el violento torbellino,
al aire se imagina, y se desprende,
y sin que el raudo movimiento ceda,
mil vueltas dando, a los abismos rueda:
y de escalón en escalón cayendo,
blasfema y jura con lenguaje inmundo,
y su furioso vértigo creciendo,
y despeñado rápido al profundo,
los silbos ya del huracán oyendo,

Y en eterna espiral y en remolino
ninguato prolongase y se extiende,
y el juicio pone en loco desatino
a Montemar que en tumbos mil descende.
Y, envuelto en el violento torbellino,
al aire se imagina, y se desprende,
y sin que el raudo movimiento ceda,
mil vueltas dando, a los abismos rueda:
y de escalón en escalón cayendo,
blasfema y jura con lenguaje inmundo,
y su furioso vértigo creciendo,
y despeñado rápido al profundo,
los silbos ya del huracán oyendo,

1 [74A-55r]: See Fig. 127. 181
2 /With its feet scarcely touching/ [↑ The floor with its]
3 /The faithful [↑ True/]
4 [and]
5 /mouth [↓ lips]/ [and]
6 Verses 617-624 are missing.
7 [and]
8 [74A-88v]: See Fig. 128.
9 [and]
10 Verses 629-630 are missing.
11 The number 7 appears at the end of the verse, an indication that this is the seventh verse of a stanza that Pessoa did not fully translate in this manuscript.
12 [74A-50r]: See Fig. 129. 182 – 1 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa's Spanish edition.
13 The number 8 appears at the end of the verse, an indication that this is the eighth verse of a stanza that Pessoa did not fully translate in this manuscript. This verse is followed by a page indication of Pessoa's original Spanish edition: 182 2.
14 step <by *trembles> falling <going>
15 [and]
16 And [♀ growing in] his furious whirl <growing> [↑ appalling]
17 <And hurled> [↑ And to a] □ <a deep> [↑ hurled]
18 /howling/
ya ante él pasando en confusión el mundo, 
ya oyendo gritos, voces y palmadas,
y aplausos y brutales carcajadas;

llantos y ayes, quejas y gemidos, 
omofas, sarcasmos, risas y denuestos,
y en mil grupos acá y allá reunidos,
viendo debajo de él, sobre él enhiestos,
hombres, mujeres, todos confundidos,
con sandía pena, con alegres gestos,
que con asombro estúpido le miran
y en el perpetuo remolino giran.

Siente, por fin, que de repente para,
y un punto sin sentido se quedó;
mas luego valeroso se repara,
abrió los ojos y de pie se alzó;
y fue el primer objeto en que pensara
la blanca dama, y alrededor miro,
y al pie de un triste monumento hallóla,
sentada en medio de la estancia, sola.

Era un negro solemne monumento
que en medio de la estancia se elevaba,
y a un tiempo a Montemar, ¡raro portento!,
una tumba y un lecho semejaba:

Y pronto, recobrada su osadía,

1 [74A-49]: See Fig. 130. p. 182-183 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
2 [ε] That with
3 There is a variant of the first six verses of this stanza in manuscript [74A-49]: He feels at last □ | □ | But □ | His eyes he opened [and] his feet he found: | And the first object upon which he thought | Was the white lady, and he looked around,
4 that <suddenly he stops> [† to a stop is brought]
5 [74A-46]: See Fig. 131. 182-183 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
6 And <without sense a while did he> for a while he /was/ [† is] brought swound
7 But <after> soon
8 <Opened> His eyes [† he opened] [and]
9 [and]
10 <Her [and] †> [† Middle of]
11 [and]
12 [74A-59a]: See Fig. 117.
13 the □
14 <To> [† [And]] Montemar [ε at one time]
15 did [† it]
y a terminar resuelto su aventura,  Resolved □ adventure □ end
al cielo y al infierno desafía  Heaven and hell □ defies
con firme pecho y decisión segura:  With a firm heart and3 will that doth not bend.
a la blanca visión su planta guía,  And to the vision white his way he hies

670  y a descubrirse el rostro la conjura,  And Montemar as a seat he did seek
y a sus pies Montemar tomando asiento,  At her feet, thus with accents brave did speak:
asi la habló con animoso acento:  Thus at her feet, with accents brave did speak:

«Diablo, mujer o visión,  “Devil,5 woman or illusion6
que, a juzgar por el camino  Because, to judge by the way
675  que conduce a esta mansión,  That to this mansion doth stray
eres puro desatino  You’re pure madness, a delusion
o diabólica invención:  Devil’s invention

»Siquier de parte de Dios,  Whether by7 God’s bidding8
siquier de parte del diablo,  Or by9 the Devil’s
680  ¿quién nos trajo aquí a los dos?  Who brought us hither10 □ the two?
Decidme, en fin, ¿quién sois vos?  Tell me in fine: who thou art11
y sepa yo con quién hablo:  Let me know to whom I speak:

»Que más que nunca palpita  For more than ever my breast12
resuelto mi corazón,  Resolvèd and firm doth beat13
685  cuando en tanta confusión,  When in a14 maze so complete
y en tanto arcano que irrita,  In so angering a □
me descubre mi razón.  My reason shows15 me

»Que un poder aquí supremo,  That a power, supreme here
invisible se ha mezclado,  Invisible its being 16 doth bend
690  poder que siento y no temo,  A power I feel yet not fear,17
a llevar determinado  Determined unto1 the end

1 There is a variant of the first five verses of this stanza in manuscript [74A-46r]: But □ | And firm to see his adven[ture] to the end | Hell [and] heaven □ he doth defy | With a firm heart [and] with decision sure: | Towards the white vision □
2 [74A-49r]: See Fig. 132.
3 [and]
4 <And> □
5 “Devil <or>,
6 There is a variant of this and the next four verses in manuscript [74A-45r]: <†> [† Devil], woman <or thing> of evil, [† dream.], । That to judge by the road । That to this mansion <doth> [† we] travel । Thou art madness pure । [and] broad । Or invention of the Devil
7 <If from>[† Whether by]
8 [74A-45r]: See Fig. 133.
9 <If from>[† <Whether> Or by]
10 us <here>[† hither]
11 /are you [† thou art]/
12 <That>[† For] more than ever <† beat>[† my breast]
13 [and] firm <my heart>[† doth beat]
14 When <among>[† in a]
15 reason <†> shows
16 Invisible <is mixed>[† its being]
17 [† A] power I feel [and] do not/[† without] [† yet not] fear
esta aventura al extremo.

Fúnebre
llanto

695
de amor,
óyese
en tanto
en son

flébil, blando,
cual quejido
dolorido
que del alma
se arrancó;
cual profundo

700
¡ay! que exhala
moribundo
corazón.

Música triste,
lánguida y vaga,
que a par lastima
y el alma halaga;
dulce armonía
que inspira al pecho
melancolía,

710
como el murmullo
de algún recuerdo
de antiguo amor,
a un tiempo arrullo
y amarga pena

del corazón.

Mágico embeleso,
cántico ideal,

This my adventure to bear.

Mournful
Singing

Love-found
Is heard there
Upspringing
A sound

Soft and feeble
Like the wailing
Unavailing
That the spirit
Hath drowned
Like the sighing
That is loose
Of the dying
Heart's wound.

Sad music vague
Languid in motion
Plugging the spirit
In a deep ocean
Harmony holy
Breathing in us
Sweet melancholy,
Like the awaking
Of some remembrance
Of love grown old
Both love's soft speaking
And bitter sorrow

The heart doth hold.
Magical
And ideal chaunt

1 Determined <to> unto
2 This [↑ my] adventure to /bear/
3 <Funeral> [↑ <Funereal> Mournful]
4 [74A-30r]: See Fig. 134.
5 <Song> *Singing
6 <The †> Upspringing
7 A <no> sound
8 <Weak> [↑ Soft] and [→ feeble]
9 /drowned/
10 /Profound> [↑ That is loose]
11 /Paining yet making/ [↑ /Plugging the spirit/]
12 The soul her [↑ /In a deep/] ocean
13 There is a variant of this and the following verse in manuscript [74A-17r]: Magical □ l <And ideal chaunt> [↑ ideal]
□,
14 [74A-30v]: See Fig. 135.
que en los aires vaga
y en sonoras ráfagas
725 aumentando va:
sublime y oscuro,
rumor prodigioso,
sordo acento lúgubre,
eco sepulcral,
músicas lejanas,
de enlutado parche
redoble monótono,
cercano huracán,
que apenas la copa
del árbol menea
y bramando está:
olas alteradas
de la mar bravía,
en noche sombría
740 los vientos en paz,
y cuyo rugido
se mezcla al gemido
del muro que trémulo
las siente llegar:
745 pavoroso estrépito,
inalfible présago
de la tempestad.

Y en rápido crescedo,
los lúgubres sonidos
750 más cerca vanse oyendo
y en ronco rebramar;
cual trueno en las montañas
que retumbando va,
cual rujen las entrañas de horrisono volcán.

Y algazara y gritería, crujir de afilados huesos, rechinamiento de dientes y retumbar los cimientos, y en pavoroso estallido las losas del pavimento separando sus junturas irse poco a poco abriendo, siente Montemar, y el ruido más cerca crece, y a un tiempo escucha chocarse cráneos, ya descarnados y secos, temblar en torno la tierra, bramar combatidos vientos, rugir las airadas olas, estallar el ronco trueno, exhalar tristes quejidos y prorrumpir en lamentos: todo en furiosa armonía, todo en frenético estruendo, todo en confuso trastorno, todo mezclado y diverso.

Y luego el estrépito crece confuso y mezclado en un son, que ronco en las bóvedas hondas tronando furioso zumbó; y un eco que agudo parece del ángel del juicio la voz, en triple, punzante alarido, medroso y sonoro se alzó; sintió, removidas las tumbas, crujir a sus pies con fragor

Or as the shak’n earth under A volcano’s dread force.

□ and shouting
Of □ bones the shocking
□ of teeth gnashing
And the foundations rocking
□ and
And in a fearful □
The ground’s stones up-
Their juntures, and then □ gaping
And slowly slowly unlocking
Montemar hears and the noise
Nearer, nearer grows and now
□ skulls the bumping
Already fleshless and □
And □ the earth to tremble
Of clashing winds the □
The □ waves to roar
□ thunder
□ sad
But lamentations □
All in a harmony furious
All in a phrenetical □
All in confusèd trouble
All mingled and diverse.

And sudden the □ growth
Confusèd and mixed in a sound
Which hoarse in □ deepness
With furious thundering did bound;
An echo that □ seemeth
Of th’angel of judgment the tone
In a □
Sonorous and fearful uprose
He felt □ tomb-stones removèd
To stroke at his feet

---

1 A <vulca> [↑ volcano’s] [↩ dread]
2 [and]
3 [and]
4 [and]
5 [74A-18‘]: See Fig. 139.
6 [and]
7 □ <of> skulls the /crashing/ [↑ bumping]
8 Already <dry> [↑ fleshless] [and]
9 [and]
10 [74A-19‘]: See Fig. 140. 187 Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
11 [and]
12 □ [⇒ deepness]
13 [and] fearful [⇒ uprose]
14 □ [⇒ tomb-stones removèd]
chocar en las piedras los cráneos  
con rabia y ahínco feroz,

790 romper intentando la losa,
y huir de su eterna mansión, 
los muertos, de súbito oyendo 
el alto mandato de Dios.

Y de pronto en horrendo estampido  
desquiciarse la estancia sintió,
y al tremendo tartáreo ruido  
cien espectros alzarse miró:

de sus ojos los huecos fijaron  
y sus dedos enjutos en él;

800 y después entre sí se miraron,  
y a mostrarle tornaron después;
y enlazadas las manos siniestras,  
con dudoso, espantado ademán  
contemplando, y tendidas sus diestras  
con asombro al osado mortal,

se acercaron despacio y la seca  
calavera, mostrando temor,  
con inmóvil, irónica mueca  
inclinaron, formando enredor.

810 Y entonces la visión del blanco velo  
al fiero Montemar tendió una mano,  
y era su tacto de crispante hielo,  
y resistirlo audaz intentó en vano:

galvánica, cruel, nerviosa y fría,

histérica y horrible sensación,

---

1. <Be> To
2. /clatter/
3. [and] [→ fierce]
4. <The dead> /[And] fly\  
5. [74A-19]: See Fig. 141.
6. <The> □
7. left <hands> hands  
8. /extending/ [/ outstretching]
9. <With> ↓ To the mortal most ↓ bold]
10. [and] the <yellow> □
11. There is a variant of this and the following verse in manuscript [74A-10]: In front □ <th> □ the vision /of [↓ in]/ white ↓ The △ and △ its hands that △
12. [74A-20]: See Fig. 142.
13. To ↓ [the] bold Montemar /its/ [↑ one]
14. [and]
15. <tried in vain> ↓ avoid its reach
toda la sangre coagulada envía
tagolpada y helada al corazón...

That the whole blood icy and chill did\(^1\) hold
And to the heart with horror\(^2\) doth compel.

Y a su despecho y maldiciendo al cielo,
dela apartó su mano Montemar,
y temerario alzándola a su velo,
tirando de él la descubrió la faz.

From her did take his hand Montemar
Taking it from her he her face laid bare

¡Es su esposo!, los ecos retumbaron,
¡La esposa al fin que su consorte halló!
Los espectros con júbilo gritaron:

'Tis her husband! the echoes \(^3\) out
The wife at last her husband hath trove
The spectres then with gladness \(^3\) did shout
It is the husband of her endless love!!

Y ella entonces gritó: ¡Mi esposo! Y era
(desengaño fatal!, ¡triste verdad!)
una sórdida, horrible calavera,
la blanca dama del gallardo andar...

She cried then My husband \(^\square\)
Fatal\(^4\) disillusion \(^\square\)
A sordid and\(^5\) horrible skeleton

Luego un caballero de espuela dorada,
airoso, aunque el rostro con mortal color,
traspasado el pecho de fiera estocada,
aún brotando sangre de su corazón,

And then a \(^6\) wearing\(^7\)
Good \(†\) though his face with the colour of\(^8\) death
His breast \(\square\) bearing
\(\square\) yet.

se acerca y le dice, su diestra tendida,
que impávido estrecha también Montemar:
-Al fin la palabra que disteis, cumplida;
doña Elvira, vedla, vuestra esposa es ya.

Approaches and\(^9\) says his right hand extended
Which fearless doth shake Montemar
At last the promise you gave \(\square\)
Doña Elvira \(\square\)

-Mi muerte os perdono. Por cierto, don Diego,
repuso don Félix tranquilo a su vez,
me alegro de veros con tanto sosiego,
que a fe no esperaba volveros a ver.

My death I do pardon: Don Diego\(^{10}\) for certain\(^{11}\)
Don Felix replied. \(\square\)
I’m glad that I see you \(\square\)
For truly I hoped not to see you again.

En cuanto a ese espectro que decís mi esposa,
raro casamiento venísme a ofrecer:

And as to the spectre, my wife, in your saying
The marriage you offer is rare and\(^{12}\) \(\square\)
Her face to be sure is neither pretty nor \(\square\)

\(^1\) icy \(\rightarrow\) [and] chill \(\rightarrow\) [and] /\(\rightarrow\) did
\(^2\) heart \(\downarrow\) with horror
\(^3\) [74A-20v]: See Fig. 143. 189 \(\uparrow\) Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
\(^4\) <\(\rightarrow\)> \(\uparrow\) Fatal \(\rightarrow\) There is a mark at the beginning of the verse, possibly indicating doubt regarding the translation.
\(^5\) [and]
\(^6\) \(\downarrow\) <with spurs golden> \(\uparrow\) wearing
\(^7\) [74A-25v]: See Fig. 144. 189. \(\uparrow\) Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
\(^8\) \(\leftarrow\) Good \(†\) though \(\leftarrow\) her \(\uparrow\) his face \(\leftarrow\) with the colour of
\(^9\) [and]
\(^{10}\) D[on] D[iego]
\(^{11}\) [74A-25v]: See Fig. 145.
\(^{12}\) [and]
hermosa,
845 mas no se os figure que os quiera ofender. But don't you believe that I wish to offend.

Por mujer la tomo, porque es cosa cierta, For my wife I take her, because
y espero no salga fallido mi plan, [...]
que en caso tan raro y mi esposa muerta,
tanto como viva no me cansará.

Mas antes decidme si Dios o el demonio But tell me before if God or the Devil
me trajo a este sitio, que quisiera ver Brought me to this place, for to see
al uno o al otro, y en mi matrimonio Or one or the other, and at my marriage revel
tener por padrino siquiera a Luzbel:

Cualquiera o entrambos con su corte toda, Or either or both with the court
I these noble spectres all here
no perdiera mucho viniendo a mi boda... Would not lose much by attending my wedding
Hermano don Diego, ¿no pensáis así? Don Diego my brother do you not think so?

Tal dijo don Félix con fruncido ceño, So speaking Don Felix with brows reining
en torno arrojando con fiero admán Around him did fling with fierce countenance
miradas audaces de altivo desdeño, Bold glances of haughty counterfeit and disdain
al Dios por quien jura capaz de arrostrar.

El carïado, lívido esqueleto, The skeleton livid
los fríos, largos y asquerosos brazos, With its arms cold, and large and loathsome traces
le enreda en tanto en apretados lazos, □ then in with awful closening embraces
y ávido le acaricia en su ansiedad: And lust
y con su boca cavernosa busca And with its cavernous mouth seeketh
la boca a Montemar, y a su mejilla Montemar's mouth, and to his cheek its fellow
la árida, descarnada y amarilla Arid and fleshless, without warmth and yellow
junta y refriea repugnante faz.

Y él, envuelto en sus secas coyunturas, And he

---

1 For <my> [† my] wife I <take> [† take]
2 Verses 847-849 are missing.
3 before [† this]
4 [74A-26]: See Fig. 146. Page begins with crossed-out illegible words.
5 place, <to> for
6 [and]
7 /for/ [† as]
8 D[on] D[iego] my brother do <not>/you
9 D[on] F[elix]
10 [74A-26]: See Fig. 147.
11 with [¢ fierce]
12 [and]
13 [74A-3]: See Fig. 148.
14 [and]
15 <Enfold him> then
16 [and]
17 /Arid/ and fleshless, without warmth [and]
aún más sus nudos que se aprieta siente, □
baña un mar de sudor su ardida frente □
y crece en su impotencia su furor; □
pugna con ansia a desasirse en vano, □
y cuanto más airado forcejea, □
tanto más se le junta y le desea □
el rudo espectro que le inspira horror. □

He fights in qualmcy in vain to release air
And the more angrily the fight doth tire
The more doth □ and the more doth desire him
The horrid phantom that doth make him fear.

And in furious, □ whirling
In" aërial phantastical dancing
† the vision of man4 hath no chancing
In its horrible course to attain5
The spectres their □ commencèd
As the wind in circles wide motion
□ commotion
And7 dead leaves □

Y elevando sus áridas manos,
resonando cual lúgubre eco,
levantóse con su cóncavo hueco
semejante a un aullido una voz:

And their □ uplifting
□ hollow
□

Verses 891-893 are missing.

Cantemos, dijeron sus gritos,
la gloria, el amor de la esposa,
que enlaza en sus brazos dichosa,
por siempre al esposo que amó:

“Oh! sing did they say9 in their shouting10
The brides’ love and glory and11 blisses
For e’er12 in her arms that caresses
The husband her heart that13 did more
Her mouth to his mouth □ be joined
And sealed their pleasure unending14
By this □ blending15
And languid kiss16 of love.

1 [74A-6]: See Fig. 149.
2 □ /<desire> him/ ↓ [and] the more doth desire him
3 /<The> [↑ In]
4 /mind/ [↑ vision] /of man/
5 /To follow where’er it doth tend,> [↓ In its horrible course to attend]
6 /The spectres their> [↓ The spectres their □ commencèd]
7 [And]
8 Verses 891-893 are missing.
9 they <cry> [↑ say]
10 [74A-12]: See Fig. 150. 192 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
11 [and] glory [and]
12 /With joy/ [↑ For e’er]
13 <For ever the> [↑ The husband] her heart <↑> that
14 [← pleasure] <pleasure> [↑ unending]
15 Of> <A> By <a> this □ <the ↑> [↑ blending]
16 languid [← kiss]
«Y en mutuos abrazos unidos,
y en blando y eterno reposo,
la esposa enlazada al esposo
por siempre descansen en paz:
y en blando y eterno reposo,
sus bodas fatídica tea,
es brinde deleites y sea
a tumba su lecho nupcial.»

905  «And held by mutual embraces¹
In soft and² eternal reposing
The wife □
For ever in peace may³ they rest
And⁴ □
Their bridal a torch □
鸾
For ever in peace may³ they rest
And⁴ □
The grave □

910  Mientras, la ronda frenética
que en raudo giro se agita,
más cada vez precipita
su vértigo sin ceder;
más cada vez se atropella,
más cada vez se arrebata,
y en círculos se desata
violentos más cada vez:

Meanwhile □⁵
☐
☐ enhances
This whirl without end
More every time
More every time it is whirl
Itself in circles unfurling
More violent every time.

915  y escapa en rueda quimérica,
y negro punto parece
que en torno se desvanece
a la fantástica luz,
y sus lúgubres aullidos
que pavorosos se extienden,
los aires rápidos hienden
más prolongados aún.

And a black dot⁶ it appeareth⁷
That around disappeareth
In the fantastical light
And its funeral howlings
☐
The air ruffle are tearing⁸
More prolonged still.⁹

920  Y a tan continuo vértigo,
a tan funesto encanto,
a tan horrible canto,
a tan tremenda lid;
entre los brazos líbricos
que aprémiante sujeto,
del hórrido esqueleto,
entre caricias mil:

To so □¹⁰
To a death’s¹¹ charm so haunting
To such horrible chaunting
To □
In the embraces lubric¹²
Where with □ presses¹³
Mid¹⁴ a 1000 caresses
Of¹ the dread skeleton:

¹ [74A-12]: See Fig. 151. 192 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
² [and]
³ peace <†> may
⁴ <And in □ □ □ And]
⁵ [74A-13]: See Fig. 152. 192. :2: ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
⁶ black [† dot]
⁷ [74A-13]: See Fig. 153.
⁸ <While> [ † "The air † are tearing]
⁹ More <long> prolonged [⇒ still.]
¹⁰ [74A-16]: See Fig. 154. 193 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition.
¹¹ a [† death’s]
¹² etc ] Word written below the last verse. This last verse is repeated, with no variations, in manuscript [74A-6].
¹³ [74A-6]: See Fig. 155.
¹⁴ <In> [† Mid]
Jamás vencido el ánimo,
su cuerpo ya rendido,
sintió desfallecido
faltarle, Montemar;
y a par que más su espíritu
desmiente su miseria
la flaca, vil materia
comienza a desmayar.

Y siente un confuso,
loco devaneo,
languidez, marea
y angustioso afán:
y sombras y luces
la estancia que gira,
y espíritus mira
que vienen y van.

Y luego a lo lejos,
flébil en su oído,
eco dolorido
lánguido sonó,
cual la melodía
que el aura amorosa,
y el aura armoniosa
de noche formó:

y siente luego
su pecho ahogado

| Jamás vencido el ánimo, | His mind ever\(^2\) unconquered\(^3\)  
| su cuerpo ya rendido,   | His frame quailing already\(^5\)   
| sintió desfallecido     | □ unsteady\(^6\)                  
| faltarle, Montemar;     | Felt Montemar to quail,\(^7\)     
| y a par que más su espíritu | And the more that\(^6\) his spirit   
| desmiente su miseria    | Against\(^9\) misery was rebel   
| la flaca, vil materia   | Matter weak and\(^10\) feeble      
| comienza a desmayar.    | Beginneth to fail.\(^11\)         

| Y siente un confuso,   | He feels a confused\(^12\)       
| loco devaneo,         | A wild □ emotion                  
| languidez, marea      | Calms and\(^13\) deep commotion   
| y angustioso afán:    | And a bitter woe:               
| y sombras y luces     | He sees lights and\(^14\) shadows 
| la estancia que gira, | The whole mansion reeling        
| y espíritus mira      | And dim spirits wheeling         
| que vienen y van.     | Which do come and\(^15\) go.      

| Y luego a lo lejos,   | And soon at a distance          
| flébil en su oído,   | Feeble in his hearing,          
| eco dolorido         | An echo woe – hearing           
| lánguido sonó,       | Languidly did sound,            
| cual la melodía      | Like the melody                 
| que el aura amorosa, | Which the soft wind blowing\(^16\) 
| y el aura armoniosa  | With love-music glowing\(^17\)   
| de noche formó:      | In\(^18\) the night doth found,  

| y siente luego | And he feels drownèd\(^20\)       
| su pecho ahogado | His weak breast ailing          

---

\(^1\) [↩ Of] 
\(^2\) mind <never> [↑ † †] [† ever] 
\(^3\) There is a variant of this and the next five verses in manuscript [74A-6\(^5\): His spirit ne’er conquered | His frame □ quailing | □ failing | And all the while his spirit | □ | Matter □   
\(^4\) [74A-15\(^7\): See Fig. 156. 193 ] Page number on top of the page corresponding to Pessoa’s Spanish edition. 
\(^5\) His <body now> [↑ frame /already/] quailing [⇒ already]  
\(^6\) <He felt> □ <failing> unsteady 
\(^7\) <To lack Montemar> [↑ Felt Montemar to quail,] 
\(^8\) more [↑ that] 
\(^9\) <†> [† Against] 
\(^10\) <The> Matter weak [and]  
\(^11\) faint. [↓ <fail> fail.] 
\(^12\) [74A-7\(^5\): See Fig. 157. 
\(^13\) [and]  
\(^14\) [and]  
\(^15\) [and]  
\(^16\) Which <the amorous morning> [↑ the /night/ [↑ soft] wind blowing] 
\(^17\) <With dim music loving> [↑ With love-music glowing]  
\(^18\) <On> [↓ In] 
\(^19\) Below this verse there is an unidentifiable incomplete verse: □ otherwhere  
\(^20\) [74A-6\(^5\): See Fig. 155. 

---
y desmayado,  And feebly failing,  
turbios sus ojos,  His eyes in dimness,  
sus graves párpados  His with □ eyelids  
   flojos caer:  Fall with the *taint:  
la frente inclina  His front he bendeth  
sobre su pecho,  
y a su despecho,  □  
siente sus brazos  
lánguidos, débiles,  
desfallecer.

Y vio luego  And a flame4  
una llama  That was kindled  
que se inflama  And5 that dwindled  
y murió;  He descried;  
y perdido,  And soon gone6  
oyó el eco  Heard the echo  
de un gemido  Of a moan  
que expiró.  □ died.

Tal, dulce  So sweetly  
suspira □

la lira  
que hirió,  
en blando  
concepto,  
del viento  
las altas torres al naciente dia;  The □ the □ day  
En tanto en nubes de carmín y grana  And then in clouds of carmine and8 of red9  
su luz el alba arrebolada envía,  Its light10 the □ morn did □ gay  
y alegre regocija y engalana  And with its gladness □ adorn  
leve,  
brave  
son.
sereno el cielo, calma la mañana,  
blanda la brisa, trasparente y fría,  
viete a la tierra el sol con su hermosura  
rayos de paz y celestial ventura.

Y huyó la noche y con la noche huían  
sus sombras y quiméricas mujeres,  
y a su silencio y calma sucedían  
el bullicio y rumor de los talleres;  
y a su trabajo y a su afán volvían  
los hombres y a sus frívolos placeres,  
algunos hoy volviendo a su faena  
de zozobra y temor el alma llena:

¡Que era pública voz, que llanto arranca  
del pecho pecador y empedernido,  
que en forma de mujer y en una blanca  
túnica misteriosa revestido,  
aquella noche el diablo a Salamanca  
había en fin por Montemar venido!

Y si, lector, dijérdes ser comentario,  
como me lo contaron, te lo cuento.

---

1 [and]  
2 [And] the sun <poureth> [† on earth]  
3 of <light> peace [and]  
4 [and] w ith the night <h ave fled> [† were going]  
5 [74A-14]: See Fig. 160.  
6 [and]  
7 [And] to its silence, to its calm <succeeded> [† were succeeding]  
8 The <turmoil> [† turmoil] [and]  
9 [And] to the work [and] <†> [† toil]  
10 Men [† /Did/] [and]  
11 the <task> [† task]  
12 [and] fear <the> [† within]  
13 [74A-29]: See Fig. 161.  
14 [and]  
15 [and]  
16 Devil [† at last] had come for Montemar <at last>
Annex of Related Documents

Editorial Plans and To-Do Lists

[144N-14r]

21.
June 8th: Keats: Odes and other poems.
Laing: “Modern Science and Modern Thought.”
Weber: “History of European philosophy” – up to Protagoras.
Espronceda: “Estudiante de Salamanca.”
June 10th: Keats. Espronceda.
June 11th: Espronceda.

[48B-129r]

“Da Necessidade e do método da Revolução.”
“The Voyage.” – Poem
“Dictionary of the English Language.”
“Marino” – A Tragedy.
“Principles of Ontology.”
The World as Power.”
“The Death of God.” – Book of poems.
“On Sensation.”
“The Realist.”
“The Case of the Science Master.”
“The Narrative of a Stranger.”
“Edgar Allan Poe.”
“Genera in Literature.”
“On Art and Morality.”
“Rational Graphology.”
“The Voice of the Unknown.”
“Jacob Dermot.”

[48B-129v]

“The Circle of Life.”

1 See Fig. 162. This manuscript is part of a “Reading Diary” that ranges from [144N-13] to [144N-17r], and includes readings from April to August 26 of the same year. These pages were previously published in Escritos sobre Gênio e Loucura, 2006, pp. 618-620; as well as in Cadernos, ed. Jerónimo Pizarro, Lisbon: INCM, 2009, pp. 217-218.
2 [and]
“The Black Spider.”
“Mandinke.”
“Percy Bysshe Shelley.”
“On the Nose.”
“Essay on Free-Will.”
“Creation ex nihilo.”
“Essay on Impulse.”
“On the Infinite.”

Reading during the month of May.

No note taken before the 6th.
6th Abel Botelho: “O Barão de Lavos”.
7th finished the above.
8th A. Quental: “Odes Modernas”.
Gomes Leal: “Claridades do Sul”.
António: “Despedidas”.
9th Cazotte: “Diable Amoureux”.
10th Poe: “Arthur Gordon Pym”.
11th Hollander: “Scientific Phrenology” (begun).
Shakespeare: “Merchant of Venice”.
12th Hollander (continued).
13th Finished Eça de Queiroz: “O Crime do Padre Amaro”.
Guerra Junqueiro: “Morte de D. João”.
14th Hollander (continued).
15th António: Só (half).
16th Wurtz: Article on Lavoisier
Haeckel: “Anthropogénie” ch. 1.
Tennyson: Early Poems.
18th Addison and Steele: “Spectator”: 17 papers.
19th □
20th Haeckel: “Anthropogénie” (lessons 2, 3, 4, 5).
A. Nobre: Só (finished)

Work done

1 See Fig. 164.
2 See Fig. 165. List dated from c. 1907. This diary was published in Escritos sobre Gênio e Loucura, 2006, pp. 622-623.
3 Ant[ónio]
4 Sh[akespeare]
5 Ant[ónio]
6 See Fig. 166.
9th May: Almost finished 1st part “Student¹ of Salamanca.”
10th May: continued same work.
13th May: continued.
14th no work done.
16th: about 600 words of “Very Original² Dinner.”

   5 figure code.
   Ten code.
   Elementary Code.
2. Tratado de Pronuncia Ingleza.
3. Gamage, or another, or elseways:
   Table-football.
   Table-cricket⁴.
   Strategy.
   Opposition.
   Aspects⁵
   Lomelino’s game.
4. Lista de palavras hespanholas
5. Compendio de Astrologia
6. Anthologia sensacionista
7. Livro em casa do Jayme.
8. M. Nunes da Silva:
   Conta a pagar + 1000.
   Gramophone e discos.
   Bath, crockery, etc.
   Manuel Gouveia de Sousa.
10. Livros que ainda tem
    Da Cunha Dias.
    Victor⁶ Hugo Nunes.

[133M-96⁷] 11. Tradução lettra romanzas (Victoriano⁸ Braga)

---
¹ St[udent]
² V[ery] O[riginal]
³ See Fig. 167. This makes part of a list with 65 books and projects that also includes manuscripts [133M-97] and [133M-98]. It is dated from c. 3 August 1907, and was published in Sensacionismo e Outros Ismos, ed. Jerónimo Pizarro, Lisboa: INCM, 2009, pp. 434-438.
⁴ Table-cricket/
⁵ /Aspects/
⁶ V[ictor]
⁷ See. Fig. 168.
⁸ Trad[uçao] lettra romanzas (V[ictoriano]

13. Cosmopolis (ver¹ Caderno azul)

   Larger [book on Shakespeare³ - Bacon.]

15. Anthologia Portugueza

16. “All about Portugal” – a compilation (with⁴ possible articles from specialists)

17. Contos Quaresma – em livro ou folhetos.

18. Trad. Sonetos de Camões (inglez)
   Poemas de Poe (Port)
   Poemas⁵ em prosa de Wilde (Port.)

19. War poems, in English and in French.

20. M’s rimes Sengo has. But examine.


22. Trad. “Estudiante de Salamanca”

[133F-53v]⁷  Work for the 3rd September,

   At least 500 words in the “Door.”
   Type up to page 50, at the least, “Very Original Dinner⁸.”
   Finish reading “Religio Medici”
   Finish reading first part “Sartor

¹ v[er]
² Sh[akespeare]
³ Sh[akespeare]
⁴ w[i]th
⁵ [Poemas]
⁶ w[i]th adv[ertisemen]ts
⁷ See. Fig. 169. To-do list dated from 1907 and previously published in Escritos sobre Gênio e Loucura, 2006, p. 491.
²⁸ V[ery] O[riginal] D[inner]
Type, finishing, the first canto of Espronceda.
Send off poem.¹

Books
The Portuguese Regicide and the Political Situation in Portugal.
(June-October.)

“The Mental Disorder of Jesus” – a Critique of Dr. Binet-Sanglé’s La Folie de Jésus. (for Rationalist Press Association - ?)³

Espronceda. The Student of Salamanca.
Mors Dei: To be published in Lisbon

The Meaning of Rationalism.
(for Rationalist Press Association⁴)

Le Cas d’Exhibitionnisme

Fear of Death – Poe.

Notes regarding the publication of poems.

1. The first book of poems to be published is the translation of Espronceda.
2. After this an original book of poems; this is to be formed of the poems in parts 2 and 3 of “Delirium” (as called on the sheets), namely those called “Meaning” and “Delirium” proper.
3. Then a book composed of the poems in the first part of “Delirium” (sheets) and called there “Oddities.”
4. After this a book made up of the poems in the 5th part of “Delirium” (sheets) – “Agony.”
5. Subsequently a book composed of the poems in part 4 of “Delirium” (sheets).

¹ This line is followed by two unrelated verses: There is a bed to shake | A toy [↑ joy] for *infants [and] for negroes.
⁵ See Fig. 171. List dated from c. January – March 1908, and previously published in Poemas Ingleses Tomo II, ed. João Dionísio, Lisboa: INCM, p. 223.
6. After this a book of Songs, more lyrical, from the sheet-cover called “Lyrical Poems.”
7. About this time a book of poems called “Nonsense;” see cover so named.
8. After all these, the “Death of God.”
10. Then a book containing other longer poems, such as “Vincenzo,” “Voyage,” etc.
11. Another volume: “Sonnets in Many Woods.” (When to publish?)

[48B-31]

Traduções – Universal Anthology.

Espronceda –

A Oligarchia das Bestas - Decline and Fall.
O Triunfo do Radicalismo
Fim de Outomno.

Portugal etc.

Francis Bacon

The Duke of Parma

[48B-53]

Volumes da Collecção Portugueza não de vivos

Camões: Obras completes – 1 vol.
Anthero de Quental – 1 vol.
João de Deus – 1 vol.

---

1 After [↑ all] these
2 Abbreviation on lower right indicates text continues on the back side.
3 See Fig. 172. This list could be dated from c. 1913, based on the similarity with the lists published in Obras de Jean Seul de Méluret (2006).
4 Univ[ersal]
5 Oli[garchia] das B[estas]
6 Rad[icalismo]
7 See Fig. 173.
8 [→ não de vivos]
9 v[ol]
10 Anth[ero] de Quental – 1 v[ol]
Gil Vicente – 1 vol².
Cancioneiros – 1 vol³.

______________________
Espronceda – 1 vol⁴.
______________________
Almeida Garrett – 1 vol⁵. (poesia) - ?
Alexandre Herculano (Historia⁶ de Portugal). ?
- (other things)
______________________
Gama Barros ? .

[48B-120r]⁷  { Pela Republica.
       A Egreja
Translation Espronceda.
“Logical Basis of Anarchy.”
“Death of God.”
“Dictionary of the English Language.”
“Narrative of the voyage of Beoldus, native.”⁸
“Papers of the Nameless Club.”⁹?
“Metaphysics.”
“Essays.”
“Nothing.” (Formerly “Sub Umbra”)
“On Will.”

Publicar talvez uma edição completa de Espronceda, Campoamor (?),
etc.¹¹

[48I-10r]¹ Translations:

---
¹ vol
² vol
³ vol
⁴ vol
⁵ vol
⁶ Alex[andre] Herculano (Hist[oria]
⁷ See Fig. 174.
⁸ native[.”]
⁹ Club[.”]
¹⁰ See Fig. 175. List previously published in Escritos sobre Gênio e Loucura, 2006.
¹¹ The rest of this manuscript contains lists of other projects.
Estudiante de Salamanca.
Sonnets of Camoens.
Songs from the old Portuguese Song-Books.
Spanish and Portuguese Sonnets. (Brazilian?)
Portuguese Proverbs.
Portuguese Folk Verse.

*Articles (Thomas Crosse):*

The Birthplace of Columbus.
The Origin of the Discoveries.
A Pre-Romantic (José Anastacio da Cunha).
The Myth of King Sebastian.

[144D-7]*2

-B.-
1. “Translated Verse.” (chiefly for the Portuguese*3)
2. “Translations.”
3. “The Student of Salamanca.”
4. Anthero de Quental: “Sonnets.”

[144D-6]*4

-C.-
1. “The Portuguese School of Poets.”
2. “The Detective Story.”
3. “History of a Dictatorship.”
4. “History of Portuguese Literature.”
5. “Forms of Fiction.”

-D-

[144E-8]*6

Espronceda: “The Student of Salamanca.”

---

2 See Fig. 177.
3 P[ortuguese
4 See Fig. 178.
5 [ Bedlam
6 See Fig. 179.
Anthero de Quental: “Sonnets.”

[144T-51r]¹ Typewriter Shifter.
Commercial Code.
Shorthand.
Cipher – advertise
(to be printed)
Stamps.
Gold. with² proof etc. (Sell for H³v)³
Very Original⁴ Dinner
Espronceda.
Other Tales.
Delirium.
Study. Psychology and⁵ Science.
Tit-Bits⁶ etc Anecdote.

Kuhne Book

[167-170r]⁷ 1. “Portugal”.
2. “Livro do Desasoecego”.
3. “Cancioneiro” (Livro I ou mais).
4. “A Tormenta”.
5. (qualquer cousa em prosa).

-----------------------------
1. “Mrs. Harris”.
2. “Erostratus”.
3. “The Mouth of Hell”.
4. Little Book of Poems.
5. “The Student of Salamanca” (ahead).

-----------------------------
1. Caeiro.
2. Edições Sá-Carneiro.


¹ See Fig. 180.
² w[ith]
³ [→ (Sell for H³v)]
⁴ V[ery] O[riginal]
⁵ Psych[ology] [and]
⁶ T[it]-Bits
⁷ See Fig. 181.
“English Sonnets, Book I.” Fernando Pessoa.
“English Sonnets, Book II.” Fernando Pessoa.
“Theory of Political Suffrage.” Fernando Pessoa.
“Prometheus Revinctus – A Dramatic Poem.” Fernando Pessoa.
“Sonnets of Camoens.” Trad. Fernando Pessoa.
“Sonnets of Quental.” Trad. Fernando Pessoa.
“Songs” (Antonio Botto). Trad.
“Songs from the Old Portuguese Song-Books”. Trad. Fernando Pessoa.
“All About Portugal”. Ed. Fernando Pessoa (special).
“The Southern Review” (quarterly or half-yearly).

Idea of the Vocabulary, or Vocabularies.
The Code, completed.
Shorthand system, to be devised fully yet.
Code\[4\] Prod. Port. in some fit and appropriate system.
Games, the ones invented.
Condensing Code, apart from the one mentioned above.
Will, etc. Course, or something of the sort.
Espronceda (rather strange for the Propaganda\[5\] side).
The Great Anthology.
The Propaganda Review, a proposition in itself.
(The pamphlet containing the dictionary\[6\] articles).
(Cambridge Literary Agency).
Such prominent agencies (and simple ones) as one thought of, either in England or near.

---

\[1\] See Fig. 182. List dated from c. 1921. It corresponds to the editorial plan of Olisipo.
\[2\] Poem[.”]
\[3\] See Fig. 183. List dated from c. 1924-1925, which belongs to a series of film-related projects (in the era of silent films), previously published in Argumentos para Filmes, ed. Patricio Ferrari and Claudia Fischer, Lisbon: Babel, 2011, pp. 97-98.
\[4\] C[ode]
\[5\] Prop[aganda]
\[6\] dict[ionary]
English Poems.
Journalistic free-lance work, of several sorts (one basis being work on
Spanish & Portuguese elements).
(The Directory as made here for abroad – here before leaving).
--- The proposition\(^1\) basis other than first thought of: not the bureau,
but an intellectual property\(^2\) thus conducted on a private and
individual basis. --- £30 a month and, perhaps, an initial £100, would
do quite well.

Films (completing the one begun\(^3\)).

[133M-30\(^4\)] \(^5\) Commercial Code.
Typewriter Fixings.
Song-writing.
System of Shorthand.
Espronceda.
Stamps to Foreign Countries.
Ill. Post Cards.
(Advertise for Cipher Agency – America).\(^6\)
Tales and Sketches\(^7\).
Anecdotes (Portuguese).
Stamps here.
Portuguese peculiar stories.

1. System of Shorthands.
2. Look for door - in instead of out.

[167-181\(^8\)] Espronceda.
Three Pessimists.
Tempest.
Jekyll and Hyde.\(^9\)

(one from each author)

\(^1\) prop[osition]
\(^2\) intell[lectual] prop[erty]
\(^3\) <be> *begun
\(^4\) See Fig. 184.
\(^5\) Commercial Code. [⇒ <Machine ↑>]
\(^6\) This line is surrounded by a square.
\(^7\) Ske[t]ches
\(^8\) See Fig. 185. List dated from c. 1931, and previously published in A Educação do Stoico, ed. Jerónimo
Thomas¹ Russell.
Felix Arvers.
Blanco White.
Camillo² Pessanha.
Angelo de Lima.
Francis Thompson³
Frei Fortunato de São Boaventura.⁴

Some are not celebrated outside the language they were written in, but it is enough that they were celebrated there.

Observations about “The Student of Salamanca”

Poems like Student⁵ of Salamanca indifferent⁶ morally, neither good nor bad. Yet they must make an effect on the moral man. Such is *to us good, because⁷ it elevates. A man reads it and⁸ admires purely, is *abdicated from himself. It is an *elevating and therefore⁹ a moral work. The sublime is always pure. It is as impossible for the sublime to be coarse as for gold¹⁰ to resemble mud.

The generation that followed the glory in life of Byron was □ by the admiration of the “romantic” character. I refer not only to the “romantic” character in books, but also and¹¹ principally to what is¹² called the “romantic” character in life and¹³ habit. The word “romantic” means little¹⁴ more than kindred expressions for a kindred use as that unhappy term “fin de siècle” so □ by Nordau.¹⁵

---

¹ Tho[ma]s
² C[amil]lo
³ Fr[ancis] Thom[ps]on
⁵ See Fig. 186.
⁶ St[udent]
⁷ indif[feren]t
⁸ [because]
⁹ [and]
¹⁰ [and therefore]
¹¹ for /water/ [↑ gold]
¹² See Fig. 187.
¹³ [and]
¹⁴ what <many> is
¹⁵ [and]
¹⁶ means <no> [↑ little]
¹⁷ [↓ as that † term “fin de siècle” so □ by Nordau.]
Preliminary essay to translation of Espronceda.

Envelope Indication

[133H-63v]¹ Espronceda (D. José de):
Obras poéticas.
Paris, 1876.
XIX-448.
enc.

¹ See Fig. 188.
"The Student of Salamanca"

Fig. 1. BNP / E3, [74A-64r]
The Student of Salamanca.

Part the First.

To bring the scene to a close
The fruit of his heart,

Once more than the hour of midnight:
In the midst of a moment
When all in sleep, vast in silence,
Thrice the living man, but dead men
Lead the dead time, pierce the night.
It was then, when sunrise
Over bright, clear water
Shone, and the north wind hung better
In the still and darker, colder
And the other, colder day
On the blue mount, darker
With passing, stately
Then deep, the still ascending
Mount, she stood, shrank;
Fainting, fell, unsteady.

Fig. 2. BNP / E3, [74A-65']

Of such and of solemnity:
That a Saturday, dost commen.
The watch'rs to their round draw.
The sky was marmer, and stately
And not at the close, but glowing.
The most tender beauty
And peace in their distant.

Fig. 3. BNP / E3, [74A-66']
Fig. 6. BNP / E3, [74A-69']

Fig. 7. BNP / E3, [74A-69a']
The night is serene & quiet.
A Crown of the stars in the heavens,
Unhidden the blue of heaven,
Like unto transparent lawn.

The moon is in the velvety
Crown of the hill; her milky moon
Shining, her smile

And the hungry chimneys,
And the white night,

Embrace and become, 

AHI

To the moon's shining,

Between

Chimneys of emeralds,

And the hour of hours,

And in the hour of heaven,

Keep the hares, and sleeping.
As her eyes met mine, they
sunk into my soul.
They were white, like snow,
and at once, a chill,
and a sense of purity,
swept through her veins.

The eyes, white as snow,
that danced in the
shadows of Eden.

A woman... to be benumbed,
A night, white and white,
when the ray of the moon,
shone upon her

Leaf after leaf, the flower,
that was her

Fig. 13. BNP / E5, [74A-90°]
Fig. 14. BNP / E3, [74A-75r]
Fig. 15. BNP / E3, [74A-75v]
White cloud of moon
Edged with dark cloud.
The rising light-dotted dawn
Forewarn of morning
133-155

But, alas! how soon is
Not your virgin purity,
Your charm, the air hale and me
Here the ideal
doomed never, yet never

Leans that from the tree have fallen
Are the playthings of the wind's art;
Our classroom lost;
Oh, they are leaves that have fell
From the home tree of the heart.
Oh, for the heart without love
A sad

Fig. 17. BNP / E3, [74A-91']
The heart, tender, everything!
A sad plain, all covers, not
But the law of suffering.
A desert of heart, broken,
Shores frozen with the snow.

Bitter
After a hour would to swim
The poor mice on the new states
Not broken on the beach.
From a vast dirt, name
And far after a volve,
Dy with the wind reach.

In the glow of light,
In a phantastic scene
August 1st, 5.4, in August,
Wind with 5k, the campaign.
The journey in sweet confusion

Man then art a head lift
Transport of loneliness
In the three, for the sight
Man in the form of crystal's delight.
Write about of morning:

Write

Rising light the cloth adorn
Precisely
Of the morning sweet & clear.

Page 182 end.

Breathe of! Elvira sleeping

In your very sadness
For even in human sadness
When they bend their breast
Doth right thee they dampen
Madness.

Fig. 19. BNP / E3, [74A-82']
Fig. 20. BNP / E3, [74A-80']

Fig. 21. BNP / E3, [74A-87']

Fig. 22. BNP / E3, [74A-74']
Fig. 23. BNP / E3, [74A-74']

Fig. 24. BNP / E3, [74A-72']
Fig. 25. BNP / E3, [74A-89]
A candle that pure heart, shallown,
A tender scent that the chamber,
And which the breeze upon its impatience

Vessel of benediction; column bright
Within its crystal dayfght did reflect.
But earth did shone
And man with unexpected hand
In heart wreathed.
One sweet illusion did her mind caress,
A heaven, and to love her
For was the manifold of her loveliness
And near to dream her

Lords of the land, a flower.
She dead; and I, (or) full of love, of year.
She wore not pleasure in the winning,
And in the even, sleep without care.

Yet, her mother, who the make
Upon the 23rd of May, doth
A car's brisk
Back to her and her her.
Coléman! Letter home
The son departed in the present

She dearly! There and now
She felt the very heart

And away she said
Her cheeks did her in tears
And to the fourth hour with a band
Trenty thousand

Fig. 27. BNP / E3, [74A-84*]
I am dying; pardon me if each accent

Flèüit, infortuné à entendre, tiens en

It is, en Félix, the last funeral

Of her, when herself has been so dear

My hand already felt your heart

Farewell: I ask, no love, nor pitiful tears

distin; pardon me, when I die

tears from one, a rip

from the dying

Fig. 28. BNP / E3, [74A-77v]

Farewell, farewell forever. In the stream

Wich fell love softly once for thee

And the memory, from the rip, that came

My heart is lifted in the dream

That ever my love with thee

All things are gone with thee, all joy is past

And here of love, the last is yet!

Fig. 29. BNP / E3, [74A-77v]

Pessoa Plural: 10 (O./Fall 2016)
Fig. 30. BNP / E3, [74A-76']

Fig. 31. BNP / E3, [74A-88']
And never let us remember the bitter, bitter memory of
the men who lived to see the play this story
from the end of all other human love.

Of all time, by lament the story.

Come to the end and find

breath for breath and heart

Breath - for for new remember.
Fig. 33. BNP / E3, [74A-78']

Fig. 34. BNP / E3, [74A-73']
Fig. 35. BNP / E3, [74A-73*]
Setting them round a table
We make one dream's
Here gilt for the feet
but neither to play it while.

And in their face companions
Sleeping bird is seen of folks

My boy, really daring
To gain spurs high.
And another to Agrasen.

A profound silence, sometimes
Composed spirit, of my
Save by the glass or a piece

I am on course of a Thing
In living from time to time.

A further lamp, it illume
The air, with smaller flutters
Of wind enflamed.

The moon, dark wall of the world
See of Hunman...
And the mystery shines
6 layers of the time outside
while looks, the heavy wonder
like it rages or it goes.
Fig. 39. BNP / E3, [74A-111']

I.

Queen 1

What comes of them?

For the rest, on a dream

A sleep of joy, the best

I am t. Christ.

Your end, the end yet.

When once in love he once

Tell him much to do best

A thousand quiet...
Fig. 40. BNP / E3, [133N-20']
Fig. 41. BNP / E3, [74A-48]
Fig. 42. BNP / E3, [74A-106']
Fig. 43. BNP / E3, [74A-48a']
Yes, but if you don’t count
I am sorry that you don’t.
He has one.

At a single throw
A thousand ducats.

In a thing?

My heart, but —?
There but — my soul
Are not in it.

Keep cool.

Fig. 44. BNP / E3, [74A-112*]
You are most dearly, with all love and grace
I shall in mind recall
You know lost.

A little bit does not matter

I'll play you further. A hundred times, I will.
I'll tell you the whole.
Let's hope for the best.

It's the perfect.
Fig. 47. BNP / E3, [74A-100r]

Fig. 48. BNP / E3, [74A-100v]
My life
That ain't do
Just give me money, you
May turn it.
Fig. 50. BNP / E3, [74A-113']

Pessoa Plural: 10 (O./Fall 2016) 441

Barbosa

The Student of Salamanca

P. 161

Fell in his

his glance's electric current

hungry as a foun' in mile's extent

to join death

A man did enter clashes with the eye,

And last words love upon li's purs' hands:

into his face his heart makes hatred rise

this step in pain, his spirit

A mark's figure fate

the twisting of blood shed passed his soul

his quid last year of hate

penitence has rains his heart - he while

He comes beside Don Felici, by abstract

He glances to me are her his hand be long

And standing at feet of heaven

He lay upon him with enrage harm.

Don Felici also look upon him.

Appeared where eyes in his one bent

and with a scarce soul

feeling his upon him.
Fig. 51. BNP / E3, [74A-93]

Fig. 52. BNP / E3, [74A-57]
Fig. 53. BNP / E3, [74A-101r]

Fig. 54. BNP / E3, [74A-110r]
Fig. 55. BNP / E3, [74A-97]

Fig. 56. BNP / E3, [74A-98]
Come with me. 

Bnt. Do. if you dos 

don't want en 3 

to quire accounts.

But you in a minute, but in

Can't they know-

There are my many-

I lose here a quarter.

Considerable of gold, more-

Proucty? 10000. "de 4. my?

Take of be. 1 a please lost.

Your act is call only

to rise the char. let I kill you

I tell you will, as I feel it.
Fig. 58. BNP / E3, [74A-104']

Fig. 59. BNP / E3, [74A-95']
Fig. 60. BNP / E3, [74A-99]

Fig. 61. BNP / E3, [74A-94*]
Behold, Don Felix with his sword in hand,  
Dame his countenance and his heart well,  
Dionisio’s brother, who had vengeance planned,  
Dead at his feet and without pity fell.

He with a tranquil boldness doth advance  
Along the fatal street del Citadão,  
Nor fearful vision doth his mind entrance,  
Nor Jesus’ image doth perturb his mood.

The dying lamplet’s ill-awakening light  
Flamboyantly doth its last gleam discover  
And the profoundest darkness round swift.  
The street—mysterious like a hood that cover.

Montemar moveth his undaunted feet  
Within the darkness with uncertainty  
When having trodden part of the long street.  
Suddenly hearken to him he hears a sigh.

He fells the breath upon his face to creep  
And in spite of him did his noose contract—  
But part their first undulant loop,  
To their own iron hardness did retract.
"Who goes?" he asks with his calm voice at length.
That figure not cowardice and is not afraid.
His soul full of indomitable strength.
Full confident in his Toledo blade.

He feels around him and with vigorous vigour
Crouces, and boldly his bold walk resumes.
When towards him a vague and faithfull figure
Knapp'd in white garments mysteriously comes.

Floating and vague the clouds thick and intense
It dispels and annihilates itself and grows
With an ill-wedded light and in the dense
Farness its silver likeness clearer shows.

His eyes upon her fixed, Montemar.
With more wonder than fear her dote behold;
Perchance he thinks her a slow-moving star.
That through the space of heaven is on-rolled.
Fig. 64. BNP / E3, [74-95']
Reply of his own eyes a strange delusion
A lying form that in his dreams he made,
Or yet the wine's ridiculous illusion confusion
Which his reason at last hath disarranged.

But never the cheruean nectar had
Induced his mind to alter and to stain
For times a thousand and in ages mad
Himself to he had tried in vain.

As he spoke this melt, with new light
And a veiled woman clad in garb of white
Before the image kneeling he descried.

"Welcome the light," the rapturous student said,
"Thank God or thank the devil and with bold
And firm intention madly without dread
Towards the veiled lady he his way doth hold."
And while he walks, in seeming move away
The light, the image and the lady fair,
But if he stop, their motion do their stay:
And dolorously drops tear after tear

The image from its eyes immovable.

His footsteps bold or his mispriset quell.

The street seems to move on and shift with strange motor
He feels underfoot the whole earth fall and swim,
His eyes the dead glance charm with mystic communion
Of Christ that intensely is fixed upon him.

And plunged into the madness his mind that disease
The lane's (so he thinks) that his reason affrights
The lamped with insolent brightness he sees
From the altar where God's holy image it lights.
Fig. 67. BNP / E3, [74A-28v]

Fig. 68. BNP / E3, [74A-28r]
Fig. 69. BNP / E3, [74A-27']
Fig. 70. BNP / E3, [74A-23]

Fig. 71. BNP / E3, [74A-27]
Fig. 72. BNP / E3, [74A-24']

Profound from his heart—a moan was expressing
The break of the vessel that—suffering
did wear,
which transiently only the hearing impressing
But that the heart
A moan of a bitter remembrance
departed
Of pain that is present of trouble
ill-known

Fig. 73. BNP / E3, [74A-22']
A moan as of dying she cast, in silence.
The figure of white moves in its feel.
As a butterfly moves, it sings with silence.
That scarcely as touch in the lace nurse’s sheet.

Fig. 74. BNP / E3, [74A-22v]

not to hear who barely one day departed the joy which etched his heart did believe and we wrote all of cloudy hearts bidden hearts with a pen under storms did dying return.

Fig. 75. BNP / E3, [74A-21v]
Fig. 76. BNP / E3, [74A-34']

Fig. 77. BNP / E3, [74A-21']
Fig. 78. BNP / E3, [74A-35']

Fig. 79. BNP / E3, [74A-36']
Fig. 80. BNP / E3, [74A-31]

Fig. 81. BNP / E3, [74A-38]
Fig. 82. BNP / E3, [74A-33']

Fig. 83. BNP / E3, [74A-37']
A second tune unfortunated
A voice of a soft melody, like her dream
The student heard, it was not her
The far-off echo of a endless song
Of a long heart beat long, evermore
A feeling without words, of tenderness
A faithful sigh of love that failed
Return
Of a love known yet, the first love yes.

Fig. 84. BNP / E3, [74A-40']

For me
also have
loves thou and dam
All in the world, for no end what time
That binds that we unit the
earth bound
Hymen for ever hate unbound.

Fig. 85. BNP / E3, [74A-40']
Fig. 86. BNP / E3, [74-87']

Fig. 87. BNP / E3, [74-87']
Fig. 88. BNP / E3, [74A-32']

Fig. 89. BNP / E3, [74-88']
But life is but life: when its brief span is ended
in her last hour all pleasure has also its last.

To cares most uncertain why let her be blended.

For me there is neither new future nor past.

To men, as if dying the hour be a bad one
or good, as they say—why then, what care I?
The present enjoying, let that be a glad one.
The Devil may take me as soon as I die.

Thy will be done, oh S, at last of the series
fatal and mighty of exclaim
And in his heart—oh all his sins
I fell and after him he fell.
They cross saddened streets,
Solitary squares,
Old and ruined walls,
Where her hand prayers
And false demon-calls
In the world, unright
Tempest-felled night.
An accused witch
With human voice doth spread
And from their still graves
Lifts up the dead.

And the echoes follow
Of their footsteps hollow
In the solitude,
All the while in silence
With the city brooded
And with midnight moon
Chamnete its sleeping
The North-wind alone.

Fig. 92. BNP / E3, [74-91']

Fig. 93. BNP / E3, [74-91']
The streets were red:
Military squares,
As and ruined walls,
Were the buried prayers
And armed demons' calls
In the world unlight;
Temples fell might.
An accused witch
With horns rose in the air,
And from there still came
Shadows up to the dead.
And the silence followed
Through the deeps hollow
In the solitude,
All the while en silence
Down the clear levels,
And with unfathomed moon;
In among chantilly
The North wind alone.
One street they cross, another
With fruit of fruit, and
How has the voyage an ending?
No cease the their midnight start.
And money, passing through a hundred
street-behind them, they let fall,
and step after step they follow,
and always they travel in;
To fade as soon as beginneth
And love himself, his reason
Nor knows he whether he treadeth
Nor
did other streets he doth leave,
Other squares, another
And he sees fantastic lovers,
For them lasting pleasure
To lead themselves they increase
Black masses forward to more,
heaving in their angles,
Which not inequally upon
The earth's their standing;
At their arms turns in walk
The hills in the sleepless shaken
With mystic, vdning appeal
All the while as a grotesque dance
To the

Fig. 95. BNP / E3, [74A-9']
Around him a 100-

sweat and impure full of awe.

And let

dowers before him or he will pass

And the spectre "salute him"

And ni

in the bell's echo be sound.

But

the cease.

Sound in silence, in dark peace all

to plagues and misfortune.

Sudden

Palace, temple, are changed

the fields, lovely

in a melancholic

but et burn and are very heavy,

in burning.
he thinks he is walking
but it-ever
as a stage face
his present at
and in front of him not talk
fleming
hit the right stuff
now

him to sing it the done

his melody, she paraphernalia
hit his lightly
in the dense
serpents fight, coming
out of the
and then be out of the sheep
if picnic be dream or
Fig. 98. BNP / E3, [74A-4']
By far he said to himself he said
"See yourself"
"By heart"
"The Malaga yet don't come"
"Chasing phrasing August's"
"Then will desbel to tell"
"And to our companions"
"These twelve I was delirious"
"Now Esther's concert's tunes"

Fig. 99. BNP / E3, [74-96]
And this woman does it too?

But it's the very drink that the devil? It with me?

Shall we then that I see

Thou hast comprehended, make it live.

Little boy, I believe

You are very of the time

The world is known me

Which is the woman most rare

That in woman can be found.
Meanwhile that F

in front of us climbed the mine while
his hand held the bell that rang

The bell was as well, his head, their eyes

The clatter of chains
The bells upon the sun the wind's song

The
Fig. 102. BNP / E3, [74A-10°]
Fig. 103. BNP / E3, [74-99]
Fig. 104. BNP / E3, [74-97']
when study withdrew he sit see

There are
and it's a path to the other...

The same, it is true,
The same circumstance, the same that it was

And while he was, he fell to press

The man's nerve a while of trouble

The nerve of the... a value to signify

The men's nerve... a moment that will pay God

And soon all his courage returns to his heart
But the trouble is great
To bring me, I'll complain
To-morrow

"Tell me, sir, what dress do sad
Whom is
you fear?

"The student"

Reply: he who mourning had.

"Rascal, you be!"
Can you move my cap too far for you?
In such way
You'll know quite well Monte-

Recall, you be - too, the time
Tell me then who I'm
If you please
How I am at the same time.
"I know you not."

If you push my rage to far

You’ll know quite well Montemar.

"Villain!"

An illusion of the senses

The words

And the devil

"Am I the happy one?"

His only lie, I demure.

When he felt the death he ails

Torn to hell be sent at once

Believe that he has killed me."

Fig. 108. BNP / E3, [74-100']
It'll be late, but I'll allow it. That's very true. It will be later than now.
Fig. 110. BNP / E3, [74A-1']

Every step you are bright
Dreamer and death, beauty
Tremble you not
Find your best to your thought
That not death, you are
coming, meaning?

That once with that you
Near the love you but at home,
My soul
Fig. 111. BNP / E3, [74A-43']

Fig. 112. BNP / E3, [74A-43']
Fig. 113. BNP / E3, [74A-41']
Before a portal opened to the lady there
Two iron wines parted her dress

With all his ways, he tried to
To a mysterious indeterminate destiny
After the lady went, the student
In pages new, diamonds did meet
There was

He bore down, candles light they
Fancifully depicted galleries

Thus the moon, like deceiving promise
Over the flag, stones lived without

Hidden beneath the mantle terrors
Which in old tumult did it
The whole over the corridor's measures
The swift on

The light, like passages funeral
be lingers kept a
it cannot
The yellow walls and windows in fall
Half movement, unequal she vast
Were ruined arches steep and perilous
Then there and statues were seen
To be placed

Shattered columns,
not secure
Inamy and mid burned
and dim

Fig. 114. BNP / E3, [74A-59']
And the pale lights like torches funeral
A languid light
does cast.
And all around the shadows rise and fall
With movements unequal, wide and vast.
Here ruined arches dim and sepulchral,
Here there and there and statues were seen to
be placed.
Shattered columns, cloisters not secure,
Grassy and sad and humid and obscure.

And all is vague, chemical and dark,
A building sans foundation we de-
sign.
Roletto and roletto like a fancied bark
Which anchored wayette the tempests
triumphed
In a deep silence cold and dread and
dark.
All things there lie; no sound nor sense
defined
Nor human heath was ever heard there:
depth
In silence there time runs brisked at
sleep.
It was a black, motionless, in the middle of the rose.

And it [change to patient]

in blood and blood but

dissipate

And [with hands bent]

That the time

And

And to dead men do the dead

in the crimson dusk

And flowers of honor that never do you

live to a dreamer made

fantastical

They know to the blood that peace dott

fall.
Dead hours, dead hours.

In the

Forms of hours that around
do spread

of that dead dwelling dark

 punitive

Fig. 118. BNP / E3, [74A-51']
Fig. 119. BNP / E3, [74A-59’]
Fig. 120. BNP / E3, [74A-54']
a second chance that didn’t
from the angry snarl the rounds
A whir and that—foam and
not make
but more confound
The man in pain that—vi sí
The limit to life’s
Carrying lightly a Sprout-
Imbuing wth Liptopt-


With life indifference tends


He come on hai lips, with
demul tus pose:

And the hai hai
fortuna have along
had the


And echoes, following on the


Fig. 122. BNP / E3, [74A-47']
And he that other life a other word
With all of shades life that is a sleep
Life that with death made one
To build vague illusion
Of one and one.
Fig. 124. BNP / E3, [74A-42]
Fig. 125. BNP / E3, [74A-59a']
In these last white guises of mysticism,
seems the illusion of the happy God
which was the innocent hope
now too near to touching it.
A white, a floating cloud that, in the dark
dwelt in the wings of the self-willed deity.

And graceful dress abandoned to the wind
like a light

A ray of moonlight that, in the sky,
like a bough, its top to another bough, like

A nymph that to men
flying to the clouds, where its wings extended.
Fig. 127. BNP / E3, [74A-55]

Fig. 128. BNP / E3, [74A-88]
And we that other world? other life:

lives of shadows, life that is a sleep
diseases that
arrive in our own world and

And while the
new begins

And from step on to step 

He dreams and vows with
And his反过来 renewed appealing

He was always the storm's howling

Ah, away!
writings and tears and complaints
and moans and laughter.

And in a thousand groups
he saw beneath him
and men and women
with stupid sadness, with glad gestures
that

But
this eye he opened; his feet he found:
And the first object upon which he thought,
was the white lady, and he looked around.
Fig. 131. BNP / E3, [74A-46']
And

Kesherad adventure and

Heaven and hell and

Hath a firm heart and will that does not bend.

And to the win she will go be

Good.

And wert he as a leaf I did reach

At her feet then with heart have speak.

Friend of woman or illusion

Because to judge by the way

That to this woman she says

You're pure woman, a devil in

God's invention.

Fig. 132. BNP / E3, [74A-49*]
Fig. 133. BNP / E3, [74A-45']
Fig. 134. BNP / E3, [74A-30']
Magical

consider glass ideal.

That we are not
can be.

As i just assume

must make more

adult & sincere

no difference

Department Eds

never of course

imperfections (self-tasting)

shall it not

if the door open

and have

have in common

be this other dream

be in sight of

may we all

Fig. 136. BNP / E3, [74A-17]
Fig. 137. BNP / E3, [74A-17']
Fig. 138. BNP / E3, [74A-18]
Monteuer bera, a mar.
Maru, bera, fios, ó mundo, ó mar, ó mar, ó mar?
Already forgotten...

And looks to trouble of glory, of glory.

Lambeth
All is a heavenly frame,
All is phrenetic.
All is exalted.
All should be divine.

Fig. 139. BNP / E3, [74A-18']
Conceived in 1877 in a sound deepness

While honest in fact and in song as bound,

An echo that seems to

Of the age of justice the tone

In a

Sonnet, firm the phrase

He felt

To strike at his fear

The mind's in the path to challenge

But new and fierce

To see

The dreams of the past to shatter

The men of fire

The heat, melting head

The

Fig. 140. BNP / E3, [74A-19]
and a humble crumbly

Fig. 141. BNP / E3, [74A-19']
Barbosa

The Student of Salamanca

Fig. 142. BNP / E3, [74A-20']

Fig. 143. BNP / E3, [74A-20']
Fig. 144. BNP / E3, [74A-25']

Fig. 145. BNP / E3, [74A-25']
Fig. 146. BNP / E3, [74A-26']

Fig. 147. BNP / E3, [74A-26']
The skeleton
bent its arms and legs and turned back
unhappy than in useful coming embrace
and
and with its cavernous mouth
seized
Monteiro’s mouth & his check
its fellow
and problems, with
its jaws and only
Fig. 149. BNP/E3 [74A-6]
Fig. 150. BNP / E3, [74A-12']

Fig. 151. BNP / E3, [74A-12']
Meanwhile

Enhance

It is not that I am

more any time

more any time it is what

itself in itself in itself

have viewed—every time.

And a rank of it appears

That now appears

in its fantastic light—

and its fantastic beauty;

and a rank of it appears

that now appears

in its fantastic light—

and its fantastic beauty,

and a rank of it appears

that now appears

in its fantastic light—

and its fantastic beauty.

Fig. 152. BNP / E3, [74A-13’]

Fig. 153. BNP / E3, [74A-13’]
To so
To a charm so haunting
To me, humble charity
To
In the embrace, love,
etc.
And he fell down
His weak heart aching
And fully failing
His eyes no dimness,
The spirit of his eyelids
Fall not to lair;
His head be bendeth.

His name be bendeth
Lamented: the public
Weary to print.

In the embraces intimate
Be his with pressed
By a 1000 caresses
Of the dread Meliton.

His spirit no conquered
His name failing
And all the while his spirit
Matter

Fig. 155. BNP / E3, [74A-6']
Fig. 156. BNP / E3, [74A-15']

This manuscript fragment suggests a narrative that already, the fell failing unsteady, to catch Montemor = guail, as the wind's spirit.

And misery was rebel and matter weak = fells. Beginneth to faint.

[Signature]
Fig. 157. BNP / E3, [74A-7]
And a flame
That was kindled
And soon one
He descried
And soon one
He descried,
And soon one
He descried
And soon one

No sweetly
Fig. 159. BNP / E3, [74A-14']

Fig. 160. BNP / E3, [74A-14']
Fig. 161. BNP / E3, [74A-29']

To Salamanca in the very night,
The devil had come down from earth
And under, if then say it is
At they have done it will I like it you.

'Twas a report, tenfully to
The morning heart
Fig. 162. BNP / E3, [144N-14']
"Da Necessidade e do Método da Revolução."
"The Voyage." - Poem.
"Dictionary of the English Language."
"Prometheus Rebound." - Dramatic poem.
"Marino." - A Tragedy.
"Principles of Ontology."
"The World as Power."
"On Sensation."
"The Realist."
"The Case of the Science Master."
"The Narrative of a Stranger."
"Edgar Allan Poe."
"The Successors of Poe."
"Genera in Literature."
"On Art and Morality."
"Rational Graphology."
"The Voice of the Unknown."
"Jacobi Dermet."
"The Circle of life."
"The Black Spider."
"Esperide - The Student of Salamanca - Translation."
"Mandarinke."
"Percy Bysshe Shelley."
"On the Rose."
"Essay on Free Will."
"Creation ex nihilo."
"Essay on Impulse."
"On the Infinite."

Fig. 164. BNP / E3, [48B-129v]
Reading during the month of May
No note taken before the 6th.
7th. finished the above.
8th. A. Cimiental: "Odes Modernas."
Gomes Reis: "Clássicos do sul."
Ant. Nobre: "Despedidas."
9th. Cazotte: "Triple Amoríeuse."
Notas: "Arthur Gordon Prynne."
11th. Hollanders: "Scientific Thunhy."
Sh. "Merchant of Venice."
12th. Hollanders (continued).
13th. finished "Cia de Bombas" "O Bege do Padre Amare.
Gomes Franqueses: "Morte e D. João.
Hollanders (continued).
16th. Wurtz: Article on Lavínea.
Haeckel: "Anthropogeim" ch. 1,
Tennyson: "Early Poems."
18th. Addison: "Spectator": 17 papers,
& Steele.
19th.
20th. Haeckel: Anthropogeim (lessons 2, 3, 4, &)
R. Nobre: 20’ (finished).

Fig. 165. BNP / E3, [28A-1']
Work done

9th May: Almost finished 1st part of "St. of Salamanca."

10th May: Continued same work.

13th May: Continued.

14th May: No work done.

18th about 600 words of "V. O. Tinner."

Fig. 166. BNP / E3, [28A-1*]
Fig. 167. BNP / E3, [133M-96']
11. Trad. O livro dos sábios (L. Leonardo)

12. Monografia

13. Cosmopolis (r. Caderno azul)

14. Small book on the Bacon

days

15. Anthologia Portuguesa

16. "All about Portugal" - a

compilation (by famous

artist, from specialist)

17. Contos Avarema - em livro

a format

18. Trad. Sonetos de Camões (Cortos)

Poeiro de Poe (Bat)

um poema de Wiles (Bat)

19. I have poems, in English and

in French

20. I will write: say, do, but

examine

21. Ricardo de Camões

Boã (perhaps is abort)

22. Trad. "Estudante de Salo

manca"

Fig. 168. BNP / E3, [133M-96°]
Work for the 3rd September,

At least 500 words in the "Door."

Type up to page 50, at the least,

"V. O. D."

Finish reading "Religio Medici"

Finish reading first part "Sartor

Type, finishing, the first canto

of Espronceda.

Send off poem.
Books.

The Portuguese Republic and the Political Situation in Portugal.


Pessoa Plural: 10 (O. Fall 2016) 534

Fig. 170. BNP / E3, [49C-48']
Notes regarding the publication of poems:

1. The first book of poems to be published is the translation of "Inferno." 
2. After this an original book of poems, this is to be formed of the poems in Parts 2 and 3 of "Delirium" (as called in the sheet), namely, those called "Meaning" and "Delirium" proper. 
3. Then a book composed of the poems in the first part of "Delirium" (sheet) and called these "heli-
ties." 
4. After this a book made up of the poems in the fifth part of "Delirium" (sheet) - "Heli-
ties." 
5. Subsequently a book composed of the poems in Part 4 of "Delirium" (sheet). 
6. After this a book of songs, more lyrical, from the sheet ever called "Lyrical poems."  
7. And thus, this a book of poems called "Voyage," 
8. After this, the "Death of God." 
10. Then a book containing other longer poems, such as "Voyage," etc. 
11. Another volume: "Annals in Brazil" (when it publish?)
Fig. 172. BNP / E3, [48B-31]
Fig. 173. BNP / E3, [48B-53']
Translation Expresses the Logical Basis of Anarchy.

Death of God.

Dictionary of the English Language.

Narrative of the Voyage of Baudelou, Native.

Papers of the Nameless Club.

Metaphysics.

Essays.

Nothing: (formerly 'the link').

On Will.
Publica talvez uma edição completa de Espirado Campomanes, etc.

Consider it a good thing to join in a name.

Do not forget translation of Rep. order - good to begin with.

Order: Jose Anastacio,
A. J. de Silva,
Ruyshu Aventador,
Guilherme Borges,
H. A. L. de L. L. de
P. Alencar

Garrett: Riveria Complete
Anthem - can that be copyright?

Marinello
Casino Vale - Complete.
Translations:

- Estudante de Salamanca.
- Sonnets of Camoens.
- Songs from the old Portuguese Song-Books.
- Spanish and Portuguese Sonnets. (Brazilian?)
- Portuguese Proverbs.
- Portuguese Folk Verse.

Articles (Thomas Crease):

- The Birthplace of Columbus.
- The Origin of the Discoveries.
- A Pre-Romantic José Anastácio da Cunha.
- The Myth of King Sebastian.

Fig. 176. BNP / E3, [481-10']

Fig. 177. BNP / E3, [144D-7']
Fig. 178. BNP / E3, [144D-6']
Fig. 179. BNP / E3, [144E-8]
Fig. 180. BNP / E3, [144T-51']
1. "Portugal".
2. "Livro do Desamego".
3. "Cancioneiro" (Livro I ou mais).
4. "A Tormenta".
5. (qualquer coisa em prosa).

1. "Mrs. Harris".
2. "Hroistratus".
3. "The Mouth of Hell".
4. Little Book of Poems.
5. "The Student of Salamanca" (ahead).

1. Caírro.
2. Edições Ed-Carmeiro.

Fig. 181. BNP / E3, [167-170]


"English Poems, V." (Elegy). Fernando Pessoa.

"English Sonnets, Book I." Fernando Pessoa.

"English Sonnets, Book II." Fernando Pessoa.

"Theory of Political Suffrage." Fernando Pessoa.

"Prometheus Vinctus - A Dramatic Poem" Fernando Pessoa.


"The Student of Salamanca". (Reprorceda). Trad. Fernando Pessoa.


"Sonnets of Quental." Trad. Fernando Pessoa.

"Complete Poems of Alberto Caeiro". Trad. Thomas Crosse.

"Sons" (Antonio Botta). Trad.

"Songs from the Old Portuguese Song-Books". Trad. Fernando Pessoa.

"The Duke of Parm - A Tragedy". Fernando Pessoa.

"All About Portugal". Ed. Fernando Pessoa (special).

"The Southern Review" (quarterly or half-yearly).
Idea of the Vocabulary, or Vocabularies.
The Code, completed.
Shorthand system, to be devised fully yet.
C. Prod. Port. in some fit and appropriate system.
Types, the ones invented.
Condensing code, apart from the one mentioned above.
Will, etc. Course, or something of the sort.
Epiphenomena (rather strange for the Prop. side).
The Great Anthology.
The Propaganda Review, a proposition in itself.

(The pamphlet containing the dist. articles).
(Cambridge Literary Agency).

Such prominent agencies (and simple ones) as once thought of, either in England or near.

English Poems.
Journalistic free-lance work, of various sorts (one basis being work on Spanish & Portuguese elements).
(The Directory as made here for abroad - here before leaving).

--- The prop. basis other than first thought of: not the bureau, but an intell. prop. thus conducted on a private and individual basis. --- £50 a month and, perhaps, an initial £100, would do quite well.

Tibby (completing the one year begun).
Commercial Code.
Typewriter Fixings.
Song-writing.
System of Shorthand.
Esprônceda.
Stamps to Foreign Countries.
Ill. Post Cards.
(Advertise for Cipher Agency - America).
Tales and Skitches.
Anecdotes (Portuguese).
Stamps here.
Portuguese peculiar stories.

1. System of Shorthand.
2. Look for 800 - 80 instead of 80.
Cancioneiro, Liv. I a V.

Poemas completos de Alberto Caeiro.
Livro do Desassossego.

Theoria do Suffragio Politico.

\{ The Beauty of the Earth \}
\{ The Deity Issue \}

Espronceda.

The Pessimists.

The Great Sorrows of the World.

Th. Russell.
Filé Arbes.
Blanca White.
C. Pessamite.
Angelo Rami.

Edgar Poe.
Tempura.

Some are not celebrated outside the language they were written in, but it is enough that they were celebrated then.
Fig. 186. BNP / E3, [14°-58°]
The generation that followed the story in life of Byron was by the admiration of the "romantic" character. I refer not only to the "romantic" character in books, but also principally to that which is called the "romantic" character in life or habit. The term "romantic" means too much than kindness expressed for a kindred use.

Preliminary essay to translation of Espronceda.
Fig. 188. BNP / E3, [133H-63’]