

Antonio Gonçalves Dias (1823-1864, Brazil)

Poet, dramaturge, and essayist, Dias was a prominent figure in Brazilian Romantic poetry. Orphaned at a young age, he had dual interests in both literary and scientific subjects. In the end, his writing efforts were influenced by his scientific work as ethnographer, linguist, and historian. The theme of the Brazilian native is prevalent in his writing, as is the humanistic nature of the characters of his plays. In addition to his writing career, Dias was a member of the Instituto Histórico y Geográfico Brasileiro. PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Primeiros cantos* (1846), *Últimos cantos* (1850), *Brasil e Oceania* (1852)

Song of Exile / Canção do exílio

Odile Cisneros, trans.

My land has swaying palms
Where the *sabiá* bird sings;
The song of birds in this land
Is a very different thing.

Our fields have lovelier flowers,
Our skies have more stars above,
Our forests are more full of life,
Our lives are more full of love.

If alone at night I ponder,
More delights my country brings;
My land has swaying palms
Where the *sabiá* bird sings.

My land is full of charm;
Of which I find nothing here;
If alone at night I ponder,
More delights my country brings;
My land has swaying palms
Where the *sabiá* bird sings

May the Lord forbid I die
And allow me to return
And allow me enjoy the charms
Of which I find nothing here;
May I sight the swaying palms
Where the *sabiá* bird sings.

Minha terra tem palmeiras, / Onde canta o Sabiá; / As aves, que aqui
gorjeiam, / Não gorjeiam como lá. // Nosso céu tem mais estrelas, / Nossas
várzeas têm mais flores, / Nossos bosques têm mais vida, / Nossa vida mais

amores. // Em cismar, sozinho à noite, / Mais prazer encontro eu lá; / Minha
terra tem palmeiras, / Onde canta o Sabiá. // Minha terra tem primores, /
Que tais não encontro eu cá; / Em cismar—sozinho, à noite— / Mais prazer
encontro eu lá; / Minha terra tem palmeiras, / Onde canta o Sabiá. // Não
permita Deus que eu morra, / Sem que eu volte para lá; / Sem que desfrute os
primores / Que não encontro por cá; / Sem qu'inda aviste as palmeiras, / Onde
canta o Sabiá.

Manuel Antonio Álvares de Azevedo (1831-1852, Brazil)

By the age of seventeen, Azevedo had mastered English, French, and Latin; written a version of the fifth act of *Othello*; and translated a great deal of poetry. Both poet and short-story writer, he attained deep levels of intimacy by using obscure and hidden images to convey hope, pain, melancholy, disillusion, and anguish and to explore love, death, dreams, and religion. Azevedo also demonstrated his cleverness and versatility by using satire, caricatures, and self-parody. He died at the age of twenty-one. PRINCIPAL WORKS: *Poemas maldicos* (?), *Lira dos vinte annos* (1853), *Noites na taverna* (1855)

~~Excerpt from Intimate Ideas / Idéias íntimas~~

Mark A. Lokensgard, trans.

~~I
Ossian the bard is sad like the shadow
That his songs inhabit. My Lamartine
Is monotonous and beautiful like the night,
Like the moon on the ocean and the sound of the waves . . .
But it waits an eternal monody,
The genius's lyre has only a single string,
A fiber of love and God that a breath makes sound:
If it faints of love it turns to God
If it cries to God it sighs with love.
Enough of Shakespeare. Now come,
Fantastic German, ardent poet
Who illuminates the radiance of pale drops
Of noble Johannesburg! In your novels
My heart finds delight . . . Nevertheless
It seems I have begun to lose my taste,
I am becoming blasé, I pass the days
Up and down my hallway, without company.
Without reading, or poetizing. I smoke incessantly.~~