essays at times recall those of Bacon. Although he professes to understand more of the chase than of *letradura*, he was a keen reader. The chronicles claim for his son, King Affonso V., the honour of having first collected a library,[1] but a document discovered at Evora gives a list of books in the possession of King Duarte. Besides the *cancioneiros* of King Affonso, King Diniz, and himself, the list includes a Chronicle of Spain, Chronicle of Portugal, Dialectics of Aristotle, *Segredos* of Aristotle, Book of the Chase compiled by King João I., Cæsar, Seneca, Cicero, *O Livro da Romayquia*, and *O acypreste de fysa* (= The Archpriest of Hita). *O Leal Conselheiro* is a delight to read both for its style[2] and the character of its author, who shows himself to have been a very loyal and noble Christian gentleman,[3] for its quaintnesses and the hundred lights it throws upon Portuguese life and character at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The chronicles attribute the King's good education to his

[1] "Foy o Prymeiro Rey destes Reynos que ajuntou boõs livros e fez uma livraria em seus paços." Ruy de Pina, *Chronica do Senhor Rey Dom Affonso V.*

[2] With the exception of a few archaic words, as *trigar* (Senhor trigate por me ajudar—Lord, haste to help me; os priguyçosos desordenadamente se trigam; Sá de Miranda uses *trigoso*) and such forms as *smollas* (alms), *strollogos* (astrologers), *celorgiaães* or *solorgiaães* (surgeons) it might well be imitated at the present day.

[3] Of charming modesty, but not without a quiet sense of humour. In the *Cancioneiro de Resende* Dyoguo Braudam speaks of him as

"o bom rrey dom duarte
q̃ foy tam perreyto e tam acabado."

In his reign the phrase *palavra de rei* (word of a king) became proverbial.

English mother,[1] daughter of John of Gaunt, and say that he was naturally eloquent, "so that by his humanity and eloquence he drew towards him the hearts of men,"[2] and that he was "endowed with so many graces that in him there was nothing to desire but a better fortune." His short and troubled reign (1433-1438) can have given him few opportunities for study, and before coming to the throne his time was equally crowded. He gives the following picture of his life at the age of twenty-two:

"Os mais dos dias bem cedo era levantado e, missas ouvidas, era na rollaçom ataa meo dia ou acerca e vinha comer. E sobre mesa dava odiencias per boo spaço, e retrayame aa camera e logo aas duas oras pos meo dia os do conselho e veedores da fazenda eram com mygo, e aturava com elles ataa ix oras da noite; e desque partiom, com os oficiaaes de minha casa estava ataa xi oras. Monte, caça, muy pouco husava; e o paaço do dicto senhor vesitava poucas vezes e aquellas por veer o que el fazia e de mym lhe dar conta."

(Most days I rose very early and, after hearing Mass, was in the courts till midday or nearly, and came to break my fast. And before rising from table I gave audiences

[1] *Chronica e Vida del Rey Dom Duarte, dos Reys de Portugal undecimo* (Lisbon, 1643): "And as the Queen Dona Philippa, his mother, besides her great virtues, was a woman of great intelligence (*de muita policia*) and brought up her sons with less luxury and a better education than do the ladies of Spain, the King Don Duarte, like all his brothers, was well taught in letters and in manners." One of his brothers was Prince Henry the Navigator, also "mui studioso das letras."

[2] *Cf.* Ruy de Pina: "He was very eloquent and was born so, for God endowed him in this with many graces." He became known as "Edward the Eloquent."

for a good while, and retired to my room, and at two o'clock after midday the councillors and the inspectors of the treasury were with me, and I worked with them till nine o'clock at night; and after they were gone I was with the officials of my household until eleven. I went to the chase very little and rarely visited the palace of the said senhor [the King, his father] and then only to see what he was doing and to make report to him).

He explains his literary studies as snatched *por folgança* during church ceremonies,[1] or during business which was not of a very special character,[2] and refers to the example of his father, King João I., who wrote a book of hours of Sancta Maria and psalms, and a book of the chase; of his brother Don Pedro's "Book of virtuous well-doing," and "of hours of confession"; and to that of Alfonso the Learned: "E aquel honrado Rey Dom Affonso estrollogo quantas multidões fez de leituras."

[1] Chapter xcvi. gives the duration of various services: Ordinary high mass, one hour; ordinary vespers, two hours; service on Christmas Eve, with matins, gospel, mass, and sermon, five hours; Ash Wednesday, four hours; Palm Sunday, blessing and distribution of palms, procession, mass, etc., six hours; Thursday in Holy Week, four hours; Good Friday, four hours; Easter Eve, six hours. That of Easter Day "depends on the length of the procession, since when that is over they only say one prayer."

[2] "E por pensar que poderiam dizer que fazendo tal leitura caya em este peccado de occiosidade, per seer obra pera mym tam pouco perteecente, respondo nom me parecer assy, consiirando a maneira que sobrello tenho, ca esto faço principalmente nos grandes oficyos da igreja que custumo douvyr acabando o que ey de rezar, ou em algũs poucos spaços que me synto fora doucupaçoões, onde filho esto por folgança como outros teem no que lhes praz; e graças a Nosso Senhor o mais do tempo me sento assy desposto que nom avendo cousas muyto speciaaes que me constrangam, como quero screver em esto, assy livremente o faço, que os outros cuydados pouco me torvam."

*O Leal Conselheiro* contains several chapters on what the King calls the "sin of sadness" as opposed to "boa ledice." Chapter xxv. treats "Do nojo, pezar, desprazer, avorrecymento e suydade," and describes *suydade*[1] at length. Chapter xxxii. deals with the sin of greed (*gulla* or *guargantoyce*). He also condemns seeking after new things (*novydades achar*), and speaking in church, and says that many spend their days *em fallas sem proveito* and "do not understand how the twenty-four hours granted to us pass."[2] Chapter xcv. gives no less than thirty rules to be observed in church (*na capeella*): The priests and singers are always to arrive early; they are not to hurry in singing or praying or in any other part

[1] = the modern *saudade*, of which the best equivalents are "wistfulness," or the Galician *morriña*, Latin *desiderium*, and German *Sehnsucht*. It originally meant solitude and was written *soidade*. A poem by King Diniz has *soydade*. In Gil Vicente it is *suidade*. So Sá de Miranda: "A suidade não se estrece" (*saudade* cannot be shaken off). Gil Vicente, writing in Spanish (in "Comedia sobre a divisa da cidade de Coimbra"), has:

"Soledad tengo de ti,
O terra donde naci."

King Duarte analyzes *saudade* with great care. It is, he says, born of the senses, not of reason, and may be pleasurable or sad, and he notes that neither Latin nor any other language has a corresponding word for it: "E a suydade . . . he huũ sentido do coraçom que vem da sensualidade e nom de razom. . . . E porem me parece este nome de suydade tam proprio que o latym nem outra linguagem que eu saiba nom he pera tal sentido semelhante. De se haver [a suidade] algumas vezes com prazer e outras com nojo ou tristeza. . . ." So a later writer, Francisco Manoel de Mello, says: "He a saudade huma mimosa paixão da alma, e por isso tão subtil que equivocamente se experimenta, deixandonos indistincta a dôr da satisfação. He hum mal de que se gosta e hum bem que se padece."

[2] Among the qualities he wishes a favourite to have is "que nom seja pallavroso."

of the service, but to do everything with leisure and quietness; no laughter or mockery is to be allowed; there must be silence; the singers must all have a thorough knowledge of what they are going to sing, and are not to attempt higher notes than they can easily attain, both in solos and for singing in unison.[1] In another chapter King Duarte says that the Portuguese are loyal and of good hearts, and the English are valiant men of arms, of great and good order in their churches and houses. He divides the inhabitants of Portugal into five estates: (1) orators—*i.e.*, priests, monks, and hermits; (2) defenders of the country, both against foreign enemies and against "the proud and malicious enemies who dwell in the land"; (3) labourers and fishermen; (4) officials (councillors, judges, etc.); (5) "those who follow certain approved arts and professions" (physicians, surgeons, merchants, players (*tangedores*), armourers, goldsmiths, etc.).

King Duarte's "Art of Riding" (*Livro de Ensinança de bem cavalgar toda sella*) is written in the same clear and idiomatic style. It tells of riding and hunting and horses; of "the malices of the beasts"; how "good and loyal beasts greatly cheer those who mount them if they have a reasonable skill in riding"; of the form of spurs and how to use them, and how "the

[1] Chapter xcix. (*Do regimento do estamago*) has the same curiously modern ring. The King, long before Gladstone, warns his readers that they should "masticate food well at meals" and drink only twice or three times at most; that eggs agree with some and not with others; that many of cream and other "milk viands" should eat little or none, of cherries, peaches, oysters, vinegar, lemons, little or none; there are to be seven or eight hours between dinner and supper, and "to go to bed at a reasonable hour and so to rise early is very good."

Irish, since they ride without stirrups, do not observe our manner of using the spur." He himself excelled in riding and the chase, but he will not have the education of books neglected:

"Os moços de boa lynhagem e criados em tal casa que se possa fazer devem seer ensynados logo de começo a leer e a screver e fallar latym, continuando boos lyvros per latym e lynguagem, de boo camynhamento per vyda virtuosa; ca posto que digam semelhante leitura nom muito conviir a homeẽs de tal stado, mynha teençom he que pois todos almas verdadeiramente somos obrigados creer que avemos, muyto principalmente nos convem trabalhar com a mercee do senhor por salvaçom dellas, o que muyto se faz com sa graça per o estudo de boos lyvros e boa conversaçam."

(Sons of good family brought up in houses where this is possible, should straightway be taught to read and write and speak Latin, continuing to read good books in Latin and romance, such as are good guides to a virtuous life; for although they may say that such reading is not very suitable to men of their station, I think that since we are all truly obliged to believe that we have souls, it behoves us very principally to work with the favour of the Lord for their salvation, which with His grace is greatly wrought through the study of good books and good conversation.)

In more than one passage of his works King Duarte unfolds an *art de live* of the fifteenth century. He advises that a good book should be read again and again, since it will ever give new pleasure, and in the preface to the "Art of Riding," as in a similar longer

passage in *O Leal Conselheiro*, he bids his readers read slowly: "Leamno de começo, pouco, passo e bem apontado, tornando algũas vezes ao que ja leerom pera o saberem melhor; ca se o leerem rijo e muyto juntamente, como livro destorias, logo desprazera, e se enfadarom del, por o nom poderem tambem entender nem remembrar."

King Duarte died at the age of forty-seven on September 9, 1438,[1] of a fever at Thomar. His death was hastened by grief at his brother Fernando's captivity in Africa, and his perplexity as to whether he should yield Ceuta to the Moors for his ransom; possibly, too, by his seven physicians. His biographer, Ruy de Pina, says that "as to the cause of his sudden death there were many opinions among his seven physicians and the Infantes there gathered together." His body was carried for burial to Batalha, with torches and crosses, "monks and priests and other noble company."

Ruy de Pina was himself no mean writer of Portuguese prose,[2] as his preface to the Chronicle of King Edward, addressed to King Manoel, proves:

"Estorea, muy excellente Rey, he assi mui liberal princesa de todo bem, que nunqua em sua louvada conversação nos recolhe que della não partamos sem em toda calidade de bondades e virtudes spirituaaes e corporaaes nos acharmos outros e sentirmos em nos hum singular melhoramento. Nem he sem causa; porque a doutrina hystorial, pelo grande provimento

[1] Born at Vizeu, 1391.

[2] He uses some French words, as *remercear* (*Chronica del Rei D. Affonso V.*), and the following is a truly Sanchian "prevarication": "Em que grande parte do sol foy *cris*."

dos verdadeiros enxemplos passados que consigo teem he assi doce e conforme a toda a humanidade que atem os maaos que per lição ou per ouvida com ella partecipam torna logo boõs ou com desejo de o seer: e os boõs muyto melhores. Cuja virtuosa força he tamanha que per obras ou vontade dos fracos faz esforçados e dos escassos liberaaes e dos crũs piadosos e dos frios na Fé Catolicos e boõs Christaaõs."[1]

(History, most excellent King, is so liberal a princess of all good that we never leave its noble presence without finding ourselves changed in all manner of goodness and virtues, spiritual and corporal, and feeling in us a singular improvement. And not without reason, for the teaching of history by the great store of true examples in the past is so sweet and suitable to all men that even the wicked, who through reading or hearing have some part in it, are straightway made good or left with a desire to be so: and the good are made much better. The force of its virtue is such that either in deed or will it renders the weak strong, the mean liberal, and the cruel merciful, and turns those who are cold in the faith to Catholics and good Christians.)

In the year 1490 he was appointed "Chief Chronicler of Chronicles, and of things past, present, and that are for to come." He made use of the earlier work of the *Chronista* Fernão Lopes, and his successor, Gomes Eannes de Azurara, and in turn left an unfinished Chronicle of King Manoel which was used by Damião de Goes (1501-1572) in his Chronicle, one of the best works of Portuguese prose in the sixteenth century.

[1] *Chronica do Senhor Rey D. Duarte.* Escrita por Ruy de Pina. (*Collecção de livros ineditos de historia portugueza* dos reinados de D. João I., D. Duarte, D. Affonso V., e D. João II. Publicados de ordem da Academia Real das Sciencias de Lisboa por José Correa da Serra. Vol. i. *Lisboa*, 1790.)

# CHAPTER III

## GIL VICENTE

GIL VICENTE at the beginning of the sixteenth century introduced the drama into Portugal. Important, however, as were his services in this respect, he had few followers, and when Almeida-Garrett wrote his plays in the first half of the nineteenth century, he could be hailed as the immediate successor of Vicente. The Portuguese genius is not dramatic; even the famous play of Antonio Ferreira (1528-1569), *Inés de Castro*, is rather a play containing beautiful episodes than a beautiful play, and Gil Vicente himself really lives and fascinates by the divine gift of lyricism which was essentially his own and essentially Portuguese. He is the most spontaneous and natural poet of Portugal.

The date of his birth has been given as 1470, chiefly on the ground that the two following lines occur in his *comedia Floresta de Enganos*, acted at Evora in 1536:

> "Ya hice sesenta y seis,
> Ya mi tiempo es pasado."

(I am now sixty-six; my time is over.) These words are spoken by the Chief Justice, the *doutor Justiça Maior do Reino*, a part which, it is argued, may have been played by Vicente himself. These hypothetical

arguments are often two-edged, and it may be noted that Vicente's wife died in 1533, only three years before the *comedia* was acted, so that, had he written the *doutor's* part for himself, he would scarcely have allowed the *moça* to speak of his having a beautiful wife:

"Quem tal quer
Não havia de ter mulher
E formosa como a vossa."

It is more accurate to say that he was born about the year 1470.[1] The place of his birth is also uncertain. According to Senhor Braga, his father, Martim Vicente, was a silversmith of Guimarães, the art being hereditary in his family; and according to Christovam Alão de Moraes (whose veracity is, however, open to suspicion), Gil was an only son. The name Gil Vicente was a common one in the fifteenth century, and Senhor Braga considers that the poet was a different person from the famous silversmith of the same name, who was, he thinks, a cousin, one of four children of Martim's brother Luiz.[2]

[1] In the *Auto da Festa*, published in a miscellany of *autos* of the sixteenth century from the library of the Conde de Sabugosa, the *velha* says of

"Gil Vicente,
Que faz os Autos a El-Rei,"

that he is stout and over sixty:

"He logo mui barregudo
E mais passa dos sessenta."

The Conde de Sabugosa, in an accompanying study (*Lisbon*, 1907), attributes the play to the year 1535. In 1531 Gil Vicente spoke of himself as "near death." And this was evidently not due, as five years earlier, to illness.

[2] Theophilo Braga, *Gil Vicente e as Origens do Theatro Nacional Porto*, 1898. Other works on Vicente are — Visconde Sanches de Baena,

Guimarães was at that time a great religious centre, and while many offerings to the *Virgem da Oliveira* provided employment for workers in gold and silver, the *fêtes* and processions and the Church's love of dramatic effects may have laid the basis of Gil Vicente's art, and the popular customs and observation of the crowds coming in from the surrounding country would give to his genius that indigenous cast which is one of its chief charms.[1] As Senhor Braga says, "no poet was ever more profoundly national." About the year 1488 Vicente went to study law in the University of Lisbon, and in 1492 he was chosen to be "Master of Rhetoric" to the Duke of Beja. In the preceding year the King's only son, Affonso, had been killed at

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*Gil Vicente.* 1894. J. I. Brito Rebello, *Ementas historicas* II.: *Gil Vicente. Lisbon*, 1902. Visconde de Ouguela, *Gil Vicente. Lisbon*, 1890. Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, *Gil Vicente der Schöpfer des Portug. Dramas* (*Grundriss*, pp. 280-286). Visconde de Castilho, *A Mocidade de Gil Vicente. Lisbon*, 1897. Edgar Prestage, *The Portuguese Drama in the Sixteenth Century : Gil Vicente.* [*The Manchester Quarterly.*] 1897. J. I. Brito Rebello, *Gil Vicente* (*Grandes Vultos Portuguezes*, No. 2). *Lisbon*, 1912. In this last work General Brito Rebello prints two signatures of Gil Vicente (at an interval of twenty years) to show that the poet and silversmith were distinct. But the argument from these documents is by no means conclusive, and, in fact, rather strengthens the opposite view of Senhor Anselmo Braamcamp Freire, given in articles entitled *Gil Vicente poeta ourives*, published in the *Jornal do Commercio* (February, 1907), and again in a paper read before the Lisbon *Academia de Sciencias* in 1912 (printed in the *Diario de Noticias*, December 16, 1912). His view rests principally on vol. xlii., p. 20, of the Registers of the reign of King Manoel I., where Gil Vicente, "silversmith of the Queen," and (in a gloss) Gil Vicente, *trovador*, appear as the same person. The vexed question, raised by C. Castello Branco in 1881, awaits fresh documents for its solution.

[1] Beira Baixa has also been given as his native province, owing to the frequent allusions to it in his works. Others give Lisbon or Barcellos as his native town.

Santarem by a fall from his horse, at the age of sixteen, eight months after his marriage to Isabel, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. The chronicles and poets[1] of the time give vivid pathetic pictures of his death, and of the general grief. The Duke of Beja, brother of Queen Leonor and cousin of the King, was now heir to the throne. As King Manoel I. he married his brother's widow, but after her death in childbirth he married Maria, another daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was on the occasion of the birth (June 6, 1502) of her son, afterwards King João III., that Vicente's *Monologo do Vaqueiro* or *Visitaçam* was recited in the palace (June 8, 1502). Consisting of little over a hundred lines, and written in Spanish, this was, according to his own testimony, his first work—*a primeira cousa que o autor fez*—and he adds in a colophon that, being of a kind hitherto unknown in Portugal, it so pleased the "old Queen" that she requested the author that it should be represented at matins on Christmas Day, and because the matter was so unsuitable the author wrote a second work (*Auto*

[1] *Cf. Cancioneiro de Resende.* "De luys anrriq̃z aa morte do prinçepe dom Affonso que deos tem." The news is brought to the Queen and Princess, and

"Solas las dos se partierõ
Syn mas esperar companhas,
Desmayadas,
Corriendo quanto podierom
Las que levam sus entranhas
Lastimadas.
Llhegando com gram dolor
Começan desta manera
Gritos dando."

*Pastoril Castelhano*) in its stead.[1] From 1502 to 1536 Vicente continued to provide *autos*, *comedias*, and *farças* for the Court, either for special ceremonies or for religious festivals, such as Christmas or Epiphany. In 1512 he married Branca Bezerra, daughter of Martim Crasto, and niece of the rich Prior de Santa Maria do Castello.[2] He had four children—Martim, Luiz (1514-1594), Valeria, and Paula, who helped her father in the collection, possibly in the composition, of his works, and later became a lady-in-waiting of the Infanta Maria.[3] King Manoel died of the plague in December, 1521, and at Christmas of 1523 (*Auto Pastoril Portuguez*) we find the poet referring to himself as utterly penniless and "without a farthing":

> "Hum Gil . . .
> Hum que não tem nem ceitil,
> Que faz os aitos a elrei."

In the following year he receives from the King the sum of 12,000 *réis*, with a supplementary sum of 8,000, and in January, 1525, a present of wheat "in view of the services which I have received from Gil Vicente and of those which I hope in future to receive from him." In 1531 he took a prominent part in putting an end to a persecution of the "new Christians" at Lisbon after the earthquake of January 26. In a

1 "E por ser cousa nova em Portugal gostou tanto a Rainha velha desta representação que pedio ao autor que isto mesmo lhe representasse ás matinas do Natal, endereçado ao nascimento do Redemptor, e porque a sustança era mui desviada, em lugar disto fez a seguinte obra."

2 Th: Braga. *Gil Vicente.* 1898.

3 See Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, *A Infanta D. Maria de Portugal* (1521-1577). *Porto*, 1902.

letter to King João III., who was at Santarem, he relates the event as follows:

"SENHOR,—Os frades de cá não me contentarão nem em pulpito nem em prática sobre esta tormenta da terra que ora passou: porque não bastava o espanto da gente mas ainda elles lhe affirmavão duas cousas que os mais fazia esmorecer."

He goes on to say that the monks thus increased the panic by telling the people (1) that the earthquake was due to the great sins of Portugal; (2) that another earthquake was coming at one o'clock on the following Thursday; and that he accordingly called the monks together and made them "*hũa falla.*" He besought them to remember that preaching was not cursing (*pregar não ha de ser praguejar*); that "if in the towns and cities of Portugal, and especially Lisbon, there are many sins, there are also infinite alms and pilgrimages, many masses and prayers and processions, feasts, penitences, and an infinite number of pious works, public and private"; and that if there were still some "strangers in our faith," it was better to convert them than to persecute them "por contentar a desvairada opinião do vulgo." They all praised and accepted his advice, and, he says, he had not hoped, being now near death, to be enabled to render the King so great a service.

"*Assi visinho da morte como estou.*" In the colophon to *Floresta de Enganos* (1536) we are told that this *comedia* was "the last that Gil Vicente wrote in his time." In 1536 he perhaps retired to his *Quinta do Mosteiro*, the property near Torres Vedras given to him by King Manoel, in a country of flowered hills and crystal

streams that might remind him of his native Minho.[1] Here he occupied himself in collecting his works,[2] but died before the collection was ready for publication, in or before the year 1540.

To say that Gil Vicente was thoroughly Portuguese is not to imply that he of his own genius invented a dramatic art for Portugal. No doubt he might find the germs of drama in the dialogues of the early Portuguese *cantigas de amigo*, in the religious processions, and especially in the drama of the mass, of which secular parodies were acted in Portugal in the fifteenth century. But in the colophon to his first *auto* he implies that it was a "new thing" imported from Spain for the pleasure of the Spanish princesses at the Portuguese Court. The second play, *Auto Pastoril Castelhano*, likewise written in Spanish, was in parts directly imitated from Juan del Encina (1469?-1534), and to the influence of Encina Vicente's dramatic art must principally be attributed. There are many signs in his work of a close acquaintance with Spanish literature. When in the *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio* (1518) the Devil says to the *lavrador*,

> "E os marcos que mudavas
> Dize, porque os não tornavas
> Outra vez a seu logar?"

this is perhaps less a direct observation of life than a

[1] In the *Auto da Historia de Deos* (1527), however, he complains that the country between Cintra and Torres Vedras is all stones and thistles.

[2] "Trabalhei a copillacão dellas com muita pena de minha velhice e gloria de minha vontade" (dedicatory letter to King João III.).

reminiscence of the "*mal labrador*" in Berceo (*circa* 1200), who

"Cambiaba mojones por ganar eredat."

Branca Gil of *O Velho da Horta* (1512) and the *feiticeira* of the *Comedia de Rubena* (1521) were evidently drawn from the *Celestina*, of which many editions appeared during Vicente's life. The epithet "*Eza mano melibea*" (*Farça das Ciganas*, 1521) must be traced to the same source. The *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique (1440-78) he imitated in the epitaph[1] which he wrote for himself, and (their metre) in the *Auto da Alma*. Vicente was also influenced, although to a slighter degree, by the French mystery and morality plays, and the many references to France in his works prove that the mention in the *Cancioneiro de Resende* (1516) of *mil fallas de França* was no mere phrase. In the *Auto da Fé* (1510) a bed is spoken of as *chaqueada á la francesa*, and the shepherds sing "*hũa enselada que veio de França*." In the *Auto dos quatro tempos* is sung a "cantiga franceza que diz:

Ay de la noble
Villa de Paris."

The Chief Justice in *Floresta de Enganos* has taken his degree at Paris—"un doctor hecho en Sena." Lisbon's armorial ship (*Nao d'Amores*, 1527) is "worth

[1] In the Church of São Francisco at Evora:

"O grão juizo esperando
Jaço aqui nesta morada
Tambem da vida cançada
Descançando."

more than all Paris." In the *Auto da Fama* the Frenchman speaks in his own language:

"Vós estis tam bella xosa
Y xosa tam preciosa,"

Fame refusing to be his "porque não tenho rezão." Even French words, *libré*, *tafetá*, *pantufos*, are used.[1]

Vicente might imitate, but he remained essentially national, quaint, and individual; his works are like sculptured flowers of early Gothic, simple but full of charm and character. He seemed ever to belong to the pre-Manueline age, and if he lived to see the breaking up of old customs, the exchange of simplicity for pomp and display "*os extremos de pompas e vento*"[2] as gold poured in from the newly discovered colonies, it was to protest in his later plays against the disappearance of simple tastes and the increase of luxury.

"Que ninguem não se contenta
Da maneira que sohia,
Tudo vai fóra de termos."
(*Romagem de Aggravados*, 1533.)

On the death of King Manoel (1521) he represents the people longing for rest:

"Diria o povo em geral:
Bonança nos seja dada

[1] With English masks and morality plays Vicente was probably unacquainted, although, as Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos points out, his daughter Paula wrote an English grammar.

[2] "Trovas que se fizeram nas terças no tempo de D. Manoel." The same anonymous *trovas* say that

"Em Africa á fome
Morrem cavalleiros
E cá nos palheiros
O ouro se come."

Que a tormenta passada
Foi tanta e tão desigual."
(*Obras varias.*)

In 1525 he says the Portuguese people needs to be recast:

"Refundición
En la Portuguesa gente."

Already in 1513 he had inveighed against the gilt and painted chambers of the rich, and called upon the Portuguese to be Portuguese, not Saxons nor Italians:

"Não queirais ser Genoezes
Senão muito Portuguezes."

In the *Triumpho do Inverno* he laments the vanished simple pleasures, the neglect of the *gaiteiro* and song and dance:

"Em Portugal vi eu ja
Em cada casa pandeiro[1]
E gaita em cada palheiro
E de vinte annos a ca
Não ha hi gaita nem gaiteiro.
* * * *
O d'então era cantar
E bailar como ha de ser."

But in this age "Todos somos negligentes" (*Auto de Feira*, 1527).

Vicente also experienced the change of taste which delighted no longer in simple Portuguese wares but turned to classical themes and the new poetry intro-

[1] *Cf.* pandora, pandura, "a musical instrument with three strings, a kit, a croude, a rebecke." Florio, quoted by E. Weekley, *The Romance of Words*. *London*, 1912, pp. 137, 138. So bandore, banjore, banjo.

duced by Sá de Miranda after his journey to Italy in or about the years 1521-1526. Vicente's *O Clerigo da Beira* (1526) is supposed to aim in more than one passage at Sá de Miranda who, for his part, is said to have despised the *autos* as barbarous and mediæval. In December, 1532, Andrés Falcão de Resende, after seeing Vicente's *Auto da Lusitania*, records his opinion that

> "Gillo auctor et actor,
> Gillo jocis levibus doctus perstringere mores,"

would have excelled Plautus and Terence had he written in Latin and not solely in the vulgar tongue. Vicente seems to have felt that he was being outdistanced by the "new style." In the preface dedicating *Dom Duardos* (printed separately during the author's lifetime) to King João III., he speaks of his "comedies, farces, and moralities" as "low figures in which there is no fitting rhetoric to satisfy the delicate spirit of your Highness"; and similarly in the letter dedicating his collected works to the King he says: "Ancient and modern writers have left no good thing to say nor fair device or invention to discover,"[1] and speaks of "*minha ignorancia*" and of his "*malditos detractores.*" There was evidently a tendency to look down upon his small

[1] The discovery of India had brought to literature as well as to every other aspect of Portuguese life unrest and a striving after "new inventions." The new inventions of Gil Vicente, for which Garcia de Resende praised his plays

> ("representações
> De estilo mui eloquente,
> De mui novas invenciones
> E feitas per Gil Vicente:
> Elle foi o que inventou

learning[1] and his preference for simple, popular language,[2] scenes, and characters; and apparently the more erudite Court poets accused him of plagiarism. No doubt any borrowings by a poet so natural and original as Gil Vicente would be more noticeable than those of writers whose whole art and outlook were borrowed. Of the *Farça de Inez Pereira* represented before João III. "in his convent of Thomar" in 1523, the author says: "Its argument is that, inasmuch as certain men of good learning doubted whether the author himself wrote these things or stole them from other authors, they gave him this theme—namely, the common saying: 'I would rather have an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.'"[3]

With the *Farça de Inez Pereira* character drama was initiated in Portugal. Gil Vicente delineates his characters with skill, although sometimes they are made

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Isto cá e que o usou
Com mais graça e mais doutrina,
Posto que João del Enzina
O pastoril começou")

soon ceased to satisfy, and gave way before the metrical innovations of the new school. Garcia de Resende in this passage explicitly says that Vicente introduced into Portugal the *auto pastoril* invented by Juan del Encina.

[1] Even in the nineteenth century he has been barbarously accused of lack of culture.

[2] *Cf.* his "Amadis de Gaula" (1533):

"*Mabilia.* Yo, Señor, no sé latín,
*Amadis.* Ni yo oso hablar romance."

[3] "O seu argumento he que porquanto duvidarão certos homens de bom saber se o autor fazia de si mesmo estas cousas ou se as furtava de outros autores, lhe derão este thema sobre que fizesse—s. hum exemplo commum que dizem: 'Mais quero asno que me leve que cavallo que me derrube.'"

ingenuously to describe themselves; his peasants and humbler townsfolk are especially vivid, and generally wherever his native satire finds vent, the passage stands out in strong relief. Thus we have the *almocreve* (carrier) riding along on his mule with great jingling of bells and singing a *serranilha*:

> "Senhor, o almocreve he aquelle
> Que os chocalhos ouço eu;"[1]

the doctor who, after a long speech of nothings, concludes that his patient will live unless he dies:

> "De manera
> Que para dalle vida
> Es menester que no muera;"[2]

the *lisboeta* embarking for India and leaving for his wife a three years' store of corn, oil, honey, and cloth;[3] the royal page upbraiding a second page for being redolent of turnips, and having probably kept cattle in the *serra*;[4] the courtier with his slippers of velvet; the courtier-priest, Frei Paço, with his velvet cap and his gloves and gilt sword, "mincing like a very sweet courtier" (*fazendo meneios de muito doce cortezão*), and speaking softly and courteously, with great store of compliments, words borne away by the wind, *palavrinhas de ventos*;[5] the peasant who has spent all his life toiling and persecuted, a living death, ploughing the land to give bread to others;[6] the shrewd market-woman, *regateira*, selling her eggs at two *reaes*, and pouring water into the milk;[7] the serving-man receiving bread and garlic

[1] *Farça dos Almocreves.* 1526.
[2] *Farça dos Fisicos.*
[3] *Auto da India.* 1519.
[4] *O Clerigo da Beira.* 1526.
[5] *Romagem de Aggravados.* 1533.
[6] *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio.* 1518.
[7] *Ibid.*

(*migas y ajo*) for his meal;[1] the hardworking woman upbraiding her husband for living on her labour during the hot summer months:

> "No verão não ganhas nada,
> Co' a calma vens-te a mim."[2]

There is the shepherd who declares that he has never stolen anything but grapes from time to time:

> "Eu nunca matei nem furtei
> Nega[3] uvas algum' ora;"[4]

the girl with her *pot au lait* or, rather, oil, *pote de azeite*, on her head, calculating how she will sell it and buy eggs, and have from each egg a duck, and for each duck a *tostão*, and make a rich and honourable marriage, when the pot breaks;[5] the old Lisbon woman who bids the *escudeiro* go and apprentice himself to a tailor or a weaver, and not come courting and playing the guitar when he is starving:

> "Que não te fartas de pão
> E queres musiquiar;"

her daughter, who considers that work, other than painting and adorning herself, makes a girl ugly and bent;[6] the poor *escudeiro* who passes his days "fasting, singing and playing, sighing and yawning," and spends but a *tostão* in a month, or who has not a single coin of silver, but takes two hours to don his (hired) clothes, and dreams that he is a *gran señor*, and loves to tell of Roland and Hannibal and Scipio:

[1] *Comedia do Viuvo.* 1514.
[2] *Triumpho do Inverno.*
[3] = Except.
[4] *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio.*
[5] *Auto de Mofina Mendes.* 1534.
[6] *Quem tem farelos?* 1505.

"Cuenta de los Anibales,
Cepiones, Rozasvalles,
Y no matará un jarro,"[1]

or who spends his time singing and shooting sparrows, and keeps his wife shut up "like a nun of Oudivellas;"[2] his *moço* sleeps on the ground, the ceiling his only covering:

"No chão e o telho por manta,"[3]

or is slightly better off, with an old Alemtejan rug:

"Hũa manta d'Alemtejo
Que na minha cama tinha
Manta ja usadazinha,"

but is awoken at midnight to hear his master's verses:

"Esta noite eu lazerando
Sobre hũa arca e as pernas fóra
Elle acorda-me á hũa hora,
—Oh se soubesses, Fernando,
Que trova que fiz agora!
Faz-me accender o candieiro
E que lhe tenha o tinteiro,
E o seu galgo uivando
E eu em pé, renegando
Porque ao somno primeiro
Está meu senhor trovando."

This scene of the sleepy boy holding the inkstand for his master to write down his latest verses while the dog howls is but one of many vivid scenes occurring in Vicente's plays—the fair of broad harvesting hats,

[1] *Quem tem farelos?*

[2] *Cf.* the *Auto de la Sibilla:*

"*Cassandra.* Y la mujer? Sospirar;
Después, en casa reñir y gruñir
De la triste allí cautiva."

[3] *Farça de Inez Pereira.*

and little honey-jars, and shoes, and ducks, and beans from Vianna, and the market-girls coming down from the hills carrying baskets on their heads;[1] or the peasant (*villão*) bringing his son to be a priest, that he may live a life of ease;[2] or the deceit practised upon a merchant by a poor *escudeiro* dressed up as a widow;[3] or the scene in which appears a little girl shepherdess (*pastora menina*) who had frequently seen God:

[1] *Auto da Feira.*

[2] *Romagem de Aggravados:*

"*Peasant.* Por isso quero fazer
Este meu rapaz d'Igreja,
Não com devação sobeja
Mas porque possa viver
Como mais folgado seja.
Quereis-m'o, Padre, ensinar
E dar-vos-hei quanto tenho?
*Priest.* Se o elle bem tomar.
*Peasant.* Pera tudo tem engenho
E tem voz pera cantar.
*Priest.* Toma este papel na mão
E lê esses versosinhos.
*Boy.* Isto he pera cominhos
Ou hei d'ir por açafrão?
*Priest.* Ainda não sabes nada.
*Boy.* Sei onde mora a tendeira."

(*Peasant.* I therefore wish to make my son a priest, not indeed for the vocation, but that he may live at ease. If you, Padre, will teach him, I will give you all I have. *Priest.* Yes, if he is willing. *Peasant.* O he has talent for everything, and he has a good voice. *Priest* (*to Boy*). Take this paper in your hand and read these verses. *Boy.* Is it to buy cummin or must I go for saffron? *Priest.* You know nothing at all. *Boy.* I know where the shopwoman lives.)

[3] "*Floresta de Enganos:*

"*Viuva.* Senhor, embora estejais.
*Mercador.* Embora estejais, Senhora,
Que he o que demandais?
*V.* Eu o direi ora.
Ai coitada
Que venho ora tão cansada," etc.

" *Angel.* Conhecias tu a Deos ?
*Moça.* Muito bem, era redondo.
*A.* Esse era o mesmo dos ceos.
*M.* Mais alvinho qu'estes veos.
O vi eu vezes avondo.
Como o sino começava
Logo deitava a correr.
*A.* Que lhe dizias ?
*M.* Folgava
E toda me gloriava
Em ouvir missa e o ver.
*A.* Pastora, bom era isso.
*Diabo.* Era a môr mixeriqueira
Golosa . . .
He refalsada e mentirosa."

(*Angel.* Didst thou know God ? *Girl.* Very well. He was round. *A.* That was the very God of Heaven. *G.* Whiter than these sails. I saw Him often and often. When the bell began to ring I set off running. *A.* And what didst thou say to Him ? *G.* I rejoiced and gloried to hear Mass and to see Him. *A.* Shepherdess, that was good. *The Devil.* She was the greatest gossip ; she is all lies and deceit.[1])

Vicente might introduce all the gods of Olympus (as in the *Auto dos quatro tempos*) or an artificial echo scene (as in the *Comedia de Rubena*), but he soon falls back upon the familiar scenes and popular customs in which he so evidently delights—shepherds dancing a *chacota* to the *gaita* and *tamboril*, or the " lamentation of Maria Parda, because she saw so few branches over the taverns in the streets of Lisbon, and wine so dear, and she could not live without it," or a simple *cantiga de amigo*, such as that sung by the wife of the Jewish

[1] *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio.*

tailor of Lisbon (*Auto da Lusitania*). Her husband, who was not content with simple kid and cucumbers for dinner, but wished for carrots and beans and cummin and saffron, sang a Spanish ballad:

"Ai Valença, guai Valença,
De fogo sejas queimada,
Primeiro foste de Moiros
Que de Christanos tomada."

But his wife says: "This is the song that I would have":

"Donde vindes filha
Branca e colorida?
De lá venho madre,
De ribas de hum rio.
Achei meus amores
N'hum rosal florido.
—Florido, mha filha
Branca e colorida.
—De lá venho madre,
De ribas de hum alto.
Achei meus amores
N'hum rosal granado.
—Granado, mha filha
Branca e colorida."

(Daughter, whence come you, so white and so fair?—Mother, I come from the banks of a river. There found I my love by a rose-tree in flower.—In flower, my daughter, so white and so fair.—Mother, I come from the banks of a stream. There found I my love by a red rose-tree.—Red rose-tree, my daughter, so white and so fair.)

His plays were often written hurriedly, as the *Auto de S. Martinho*, composed for the Corpus Christi procession of 1504, of which he says that it was "ordered

very late—*Não foi mais porque foi pedido muito tarde;* or in illness, as the *Templo de Apollo* (1526): "*Os dias em que esta obra fabricou esteve enfermo de grandes febres o autor.*" That his plays won a wider appreciation than that of the Court is proved by his saying of his farce *Quem tem farelos?* (1505): "This name was given to it by the people—*Este nome poz-lh'o o vulgo.*" It is in this play that he skilfully turns a monologue into a dialogue:

"Falla a moça da janella tão passo que ninguem a ouve, e polas palavras que elle responde se póde conjeturar o que ella diz."

(The girl speaks so low from the window that no one hears her, and her words are conjectured from his answers.[1])

Similarly in the *Monologo do Vaqueiro* there are signs of dramatic action breaking through the monologue. The herdsman forces an entrance into the palace (*dí una puñada*), and he expresses his joy by leaping into the air:

[1] In the same play he introduces dogs as actors:

"*Cães.* Ham, ham, ham, ham.
*Aires.* Não ouço co' a cainçada.
Rapaz, dá-lhes hũa pedrada
Ou fart' os eramá de pão.
*Apariço.* Co' as pedras os ajude Deos.
*Cães.* Ham, ham, ham, ham."

(*Dogs.* Ham, ham, ham, ham. *Aires.* I cannot hear for this barking. Throw stones at them, boy, or give them their fill of bread. *Boy.* They must be content with stones. *Dogs.* Ham, ham, ham, ham.)

Thus the barking takes the place of the answers to his courting, although presently the old mother makes herself heard to some purpose.

"Mi fé saltar quiero yo,
Hé zagal,
Digo, dice, salté mal?"

In his satire Vicente attacks great and small impartially. In the *Auto da Barca da Gloria* (1519) Death enters successively with a Count, a Duke, a King, an Emperor, a Bishop, an Archbishop, a Cardinal, and a Pope. The Emperor, says the Devil, has already had his Paradise, and it is really unfair that he should go to it again. The Bishop has earned a passage in the Devil's boat by his "phantasies and haughtiness," the Pope by luxury, pride, and simony. In the *Triumpho do Inverno* the peasants are lashed in their turn. They are good for nothing, foolish, and malicious, and murmur without understanding:

"Que má cousa são villãos
E a gente popular,
Que não sabem desejar
Senão huns desejos vãos
Que não são terra nem mar;
De nenhum bem dizem bem
Nem o sabem conhecer,
Murmurão sem entender."

But it is above all the Church and Pope, priests and friars, that Vicente scourges with his satire—the "purple friars" (*frades vermelhos*), the "Popes asleep" (*Papas adormidos*); the village *cura* who had always omitted to pray the hours to the Virgin; the sporting priest in *O Clerigo da Beira* (1526):

("Ir á caça cada dia,
Aleluia, aleluia!");

the *priol* of Minho skilled in obtaining chickens:

"Qu' apanha as frangas mui bem";

the friar who believes love, not hell, to be the worst torment:

"Esto es lo que estudié,
Esta era mi libraria."
(*Auto das Fadas.*)

Sometimes they are less prosperous. There is the "purple German friar" to whom Maria Parda bequeaths her old cloak with holes burnt in it by fire; there is the poor chaplain who complains that he has to be up at one o'clock every morning to say mass before the chase, and has to go to market, and look after the niggers in the kitchen, and clean his master's boots, receiving in return a bare pennyworth of daily food, although his master protests that he gives him a *tostão* for every mass (*Farça dos Almocreves*, 1526).[1] In the *Cortes de Jupiter* (1519) the Lisbon canons are to accompany the Princess Beatriz on her voyage well beyond the mouth of the Tagus in the form of tunny-fish. In the *Auto da Feira* (1527) Mercury upbraids Rome for warring against all sins but her own:

"Ó Roma sempre vi lá
Que matas peccados cá
E leixas viver os teus."

In his lyricism, as in his satire, Vicente was thoroughly Portuguese. It is noticeable that he wrote his best lyrics not in Spanish but in Portuguese,[2] lyrics of a clear

[1] The author notes: "The basis of this farce is that a nobleman of very small income kept great state and had his chaplain and his silversmith and other dependents, whom he never paid." The *tostão*, which in the sixteenth century would buy a duck (p. 68) is worth fivepence (100 *réis*).

[2] The delightful praises of spring in the *Auto dos Quatro Tempos* and in the *Triumpho do Inverno* are, however, in Spanish.

joyousness and mystic simplicity which must place him among the greatest poets of all time.[1] The *Auto da Barca do Inferno* ends with a magnificent invocation of the angel to the knights who died fighting in Africa:

"Ó Cavalleiros de Deos
A vós estou esperando;
Que morrestes pelejando
Por Christo, Senhor dos Ceos.
Sois livres de todo o mal,
Sanctos por certo sem falha,
Que quem morre em tal batalha
Merece paz eternal."

(Knights of God
For you I wait,
You who fighting met your fate
For the Christ, the Lord of Heaven.
From all evil are you free,
Holy are you certainly,
Unto him who in such conflict
Dies eternal peace is given.)

The *Auto da Barca do Purgatorio* opens with the lines:

"Remando vão remadores
Barca de grande alegria;

[1] The noblest and most discerning praise of Gil Vicente is to be found in the study by Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo (1856–1912) (*Antología de líricos castellanos*, tom. 7, *prólogo*, part iii.): "Gil Vicente es uno de los grandes poetas de la Península, y entre los nacidos en Portugal nadie le lleva ventaja, excepto el épico Camoens, que vino después, que es mucho más imitador y que abarca un círculo de representaciones poéticas menos extenso. El alma del pueblo portugués no respira íntegra más que en Gil Vicente, y gran número de los elementos más populares del genio peninsular, en romances y cantares, supersticiones y refranes, están admirablemente engarzados en sus obras, que son lo más nacional del teatro anterior á Lope de Vega" (p. clxiii).

O patrão que a guiava
Filho de Deos se dizia;
Anjos eram os remeiros
Que remavam a porfia;
Estandarte d'esperança,
Ó quam bem que parecia!
O masto da fortaleza
Como cristal reluzia;
A vela, com fé cosida,
Todo o mundo esclarecia.
A ribeira mui serena
Que nenhum vento bolia."

(Rowers now are rowing
A boat of great delight;
The boatman who was steering it
The Son of God is hight;
And angels were the oarsmen,
Rowing with all their might.
Its flag the flag of hope,
O how fair a sight!
Its mast the mast of fortitude,
And as crystal bright;
The boat's sail, sewn with faith,
To all the world gave light.
Upon the waters calm
No breath of wind may light.)

The *Auto da Historia de Deos* contains the exquisite *vilancete* sung by Abel:

" Adorae, montanhas
O Deos das alturas!
Tambem as verduras.
Adorae, desertos
E serras floridas
O Deos dos secretos,
O Senhor das vidas!
Ribeiras crescidas

Louvae nas alturas
Deos das creaturas!
Louvae, arvoredos
De fruto prezado,
Digam os penedos:
Deos seja louvado!
E louve meu gado
Nestas verduras
O Deos das alturas."

(Ye mountains adore the God of the heights, and ye green places. Adore, ye deserts and flowered hills, the God of secret ways, the Lord of life. Deep streams, praise on the heights the God of living things. Praise him, ye trees of noble fruit, let the rocks say: God be praised. And let my flock praise in these green places the God of the heights.)

Fascinating, too, is the *cantiga de amigo* in the *Tragicomedia Pastoril da Serra da Estrella*:

" Hum amigo que eu havia
Mançanas d'ouro m'envia.
Garrido amor.
Hum amigo que eu amava
Mançanas d'ouro me manda.
Garrido amor."

(A friend I had sends me apples of gold. Fair is love. A friend I loved sends me apples of gold. Fair is love.)

Some of Vicente's plays were published separately during his lifetime, and the collection of his works was evidently far advanced at his death. It was, however, not until over twenty years later—on September 3, 1561—that his daughter Paula received licence to hold the copyright of the *cancioneiro* of Gil Vicente's complete works, to be sold at a price not exceeding one *cruzado* (=400 *réis*) per volume. But although other editions followed, his influence would seem to have

been greater in Spain than in his own country, and it was only after the appearance of the edition of 1834,[1] based upon a copy of the first edition in the library at Göttingen, that his works have been thoroughly studied in Portugal.

Vicente had written his plays partly under Spanish influence, and his work was in turn imitated in Spain by Lope de Vega and Calderón among others. It is impossible not to connect the scene of the *escudeiro* coming in to "dine" on a crust of bread and a shrivelled turnip in *Quem tem farelos?* with Lazarillo's account of the poor Toledan *hidalgo* in *Lazarillo de Tormes*, whether the anonymous Spanish author copied from Gil Vicente, or Vicente copied from an earlier edition of *Lazarillo* than that of 1554. Perhaps, however, both copied from life, or from some earlier source.[2] His master, says the Portuguese Lazarillo,

"Vem alta noite de andar,
De dia sempre encerrado,
Porque anda mal roupado
Não ousa de se mostrar.
Vem tão ledo—sus cear!
Como se tivesse que;
E eu não tenho que lhe dar
Nem elle tem que lh' eu dê.
Toma hum pedaço de pão
E hum rabão engelhado,
E chanta nelle bocado
Como cão."

[1] *Obras de Gil Vicente.* Correctas e emendadas pelo cuidado e diligencia de José Victorino Barreto Feio e J. G. Monteiro. 3 vols. *Hamburg*, 1834.

[2] Possibly from the Archpriest of Hita, whose works were known in Portugal (see *supra*, p. 47). See J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, *Chapters on Spanish Literature* (*London: Constable*, 1908) p. 48 *ad fin.*

But however much Vicente may imitate or be imitated in the construction and characters of his plays, he nevertheless keeps his originality, and in his lyrical gift he remains inimitable. He is the only great Portuguese poet of unforced mirth and jollity:

> "Este he Maio, o Maio he este,
> Este he o Maio e florece."
>
> (May is here, for May is here,
> May is here and all a-flower.)

As a poet he ranks second only to Camões, and may perhaps without exaggeration be called the greatest original genius of Portugal.

# CHAPTER IV

## SÁ DE MIRANDA

"THICK-SET, of medium height, with very white hands and face, smooth black hair, beard long and thick, eyes green, well shaded,[1] but almost excessively large,[2] nose long and aquiline, grave and melancholy in appearance, but of easy and pleasant conversation, witty and refined, and less sparing of words than of laughter." Such is the picture of Francisco de Sá de Miranda, drawn by the anonymous biographer in the 1614 edition of his works.[3] The description tallies with the portrait reproduced by Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos as a frontispiece to

[1] This refers not to the colour of the eyes, but more probably to the length and thickness of the eyelashes.

[2] This is omitted in the quotation on p. cxxxiv of Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos' preface. On the same page, however, there is a reference to his "large eyes."

[3] *As Obras do Doctor Francisco de Saa de Miranda.* Agora de nouo impressas com a Relação de sua calidade & vida. Por Vicente Alvarez. Anno de 1614. [*Lisbon*]: Domingo Fernandez, liureiro. "Foy homem grosso de corpo; de meaã estatura, muito aluo de mãos & rostro; com pouca còr nelle; o cabello preto & corredio; a barba muito pouoada & de seu natural crescida; os olhos verdes bem assombrados, mas com algũa demasia grandes; a nariz comprida & com cauallo; graue na pessoa, melancholico na apparencia, mas facil & humano na conuersação, engraçado nella, com bom tom de falla, & menos parco em fallar que em rir."

her edition.[1] The anonymous author of the biography[2] is generally considered to be Gonçalo Coutinho. Writing some fifty years after the poet's death, he derived his account from Diogo Bernardes and other personal friends of Sá de Miranda,[3] and it remains the most important and trustworthy source of our information. According to this account, Francisco was the son of a canon of Coimbra Cathedral belonging to the ancient house of Sá, and was born in the year 1495 at Coimbra.[4] The date presents some difficulties, especially since Senhor Braga has discovered and published a document legitimizing Francisco in the year 1490.[5]

1 *Poesias de Francisco de Sâ de Miranda.* Edição feita sobre cinco manuscriptos ineditos e todas as edições impressas, acompanhada de um estudo sobre o poeta, variantes, notas, glossario e um retrato, por Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos. *Halle: Max Niemeyer*, 1885.

2 "Vida do Dovtor Francisco de Sa de Miranda, collegida de pessoas fidedignas que o conhecerão & tratarão & dos liuros das gerações deste Reyno." This brief notice was translated into English in an abridged form by O. Crawfurd: *Portugal, Old and New. London*, 1880.

3 "Diogo Bernardes (a quem seguimos em muita parte disto)."

4 So, in a letter to Jorge de Montemaior, Miranda says:

> "Vezino á aquel tu monte do has nacido
> Cogi este aire de vida i del Mondego
> Tan clara i tan sabrosa agua he bevido."

The author of the famous *Diana* was born at Montemôr o Velho in the valley of the Mondego. He early went to Spain, and on his return to Portugal was known as Montemayor. *Cf.* the first line of this letter:

> "Montemaior que á lo alto del Parnaso
> Subiste,"

and those of a letter addressed to him by Pedro de Andrade Caminha:

> "Monte Mayor cujo alto ingenho espanta
> Grandes ingenhos, e ditosamente
> A todo estilo e verso se levanta."

5 *Sá de Miranda e a Eschola italiana.* Por Theophilo Braga. *Porto*, 1896.

Senhor Braga gives the year of his birth as 1485. As, however, he was at the University of Lisbon with his future brother-in-law, Manoel Machado de Azevedo, who died about 1580 at the age of eighty, this difference in their ages is remarkable. On the other hand, in Bernardim Ribeiro's eclogue Jano (Ribeiro) and Franco (Sá de Miranda) appear to be of the same age.[1] Jano expressly says that he is twenty-one, and could the date of the poem be determined, it would bear not only on Ribeiro's age but on that of Sá de Miranda.[2] If the latter was born in 1485, he would have been fifty-one at the time of his marriage, which is in itself unlikely, although his remark on first meeting Dona Briolanja, begging her to excuse him for having delayed so long, undoubtedly was not, as sometimes interpreted, a discourteous reference to her age, but to his own. It is improbable, again, that he was thirty-six when he set out for Italy, a journey dictated apparently by no necessity or disgrace at Court, but by a very natural desire to travel and visit the Italian cities and poets. Against these improbabilities must be set the fact that thirteen poems[3] "Do Doutor Frãcisco de Saa" are included in the *Cancioneiro de Resende* (1516), a remarkable fact if Sá de Miranda was then

[1] *E.g.*, Jano says:

"Franco, comtigo
Desabafo eu em falar."

[2] Senhor Braga attributed it to 1496, but more recently gives the date of Ribeiro's birth as 1482. Dona Carolina Michaëlis de Vasconcellos in her notes believed that the eclogue refers to the plague of 1521, in which case Ribeiro would have been born in 1500.

[3] Eight *cantigas*, three *esparsas*, two *glosas*.

only twenty-one.[1] Perhaps the year 1489 or 1490 may provisionally be given as that of his birth.

In 1513 he was at the Court of Dom Manoel; in 1521, the year of King Manoel's death, he set out on his travels through Spain and Italy. "Before settling down to philosophy and a life of quietness," says the 1614 biography, "he wished to see the world (*quis peregrinar pollo mundo*), and visited Italy and the most celebrated places in Spain." He saw at his leisure (*com vagar & curiosidade*) Rome, Venice, Naples, Milan, Florence, and the best of "Cicilia."

> "Vi Roma, vi Veneza, vi Milão
> Em tempo de Espanhois e de Franceses,
> Os jardins de Valença de Aragão
> Em que o amor vive e reina."[2]

The Campagna, the "*grandes campos de Roma*," inspired him with a *cantiga* which shows him sad and weary of "foreign skies."[3] He made the acquaintance of many

[1] He took his degree in Law after first studying *literae humaniores*, in which he won distinction (*letras de humanidade en que foy insigne*).

[2] Letter of Sá de Miranda to Fernando de Menezes.

[3] "Por estes campos sem fim
Em que a vista se estende
Que verei, triste de mim,
Pois ver vos se me defende?
Todos estes campos cheos
São de dôr e de pesar
Que vem pera me matar
Debaixo de ceos alheos
Em terra estranha e mar,
Mal sem meo e mal sem fim
Dôr que ninguem não entende
Até quam longe se estende
O vosso poder em mim."

celebrated Italians,[1] including Sannazaro, to whom he alludes as "that good old man," and perhaps Ariosto (1474–1533) and Pietro Bembo (1470–1547), both probably some twenty years his seniors. When he returned to Portugal he remained for some time at the Court of João III., who had been long upon the throne (*já auia muito que reynaua*), and became "one of the most esteemed courtiers of his time." The year of his return was 1526, or possibly 1527. A few years later, perhaps in 1532, he retired definitely from the Court. The 1614 biography says that this was due to a passage of his eclogue *Aleixo*, "falsely interpreted by envy." It is thought that he may have sympathized too openly with his friend Bernardim Ribeiro,[2] who, probably owing to a love-intrigue,[3] had been banished from Court, and that he incurred the displeasure of the powerful favourite, the Conde de Castanheira. He was obviously inclined to be outspoken, although he was well aware of the drawbacks;[4] he confessed that it was difficult for a

[1] He was himself distantly connected with the family of Colonna.

[2] His sympathy is shown in several passages of the eclogue.

[3] Not, however, with the daughter of King Manoel, as ran the legend.

[4] *Cf.* "Não tenhas por amigo
Quem te anda sempre a vontade
Dissimulando contigo.
Olha aquelle dito antigo:
Que enfada muito a verdade."
(Eclogue *Basto.*)

(Think not the man your friend who deceives you according to your wishes. Consider the ancient saying that truth is irksome.)

Or, "Porque dizer a verdade
Livremente sem engano
Traz consigo tanto dano,

man of character to be a courtier,[1] and he retired voluntarily to the "segura pobreza" of the *rat des champs* and to *ares mais sãos.*

---

Que pode tanto a maldade
Que faz mal ao desengano."
(Eclogue *Montano.*)

(To tell truth freely without deceit brings with it much hurt, for wickedness has such power that it harms sincerity.)

In a letter addressed to Sá de Miranda, his brother-in-law advises him to restrain his ardour to reform the world:

"Não queirais emendar tudo
No mundo e seu desconcerto."

[1] In the famous lines of his letter to João III.:

"Homem d'um só parecer
D'um só rosto e d'ũa fe,
D'antes quebrar que torcer
Outra cousa pode ser
Mas de corte homem não é."

(A man of single mind and face and faith, who would rather break than bend, may be anything he please; but a courtier he is not.)

He himself in this letter, as in his Coimbra speech, praises the King in no measured terms, but other writers bear witness to the real popularity of João III., and to the fact that Sá de Miranda was no mere flatterer when he wrote:

"Outros reis os seus estados
Guardão de armas rodeados
Vos rodeado de amor."

(Other kings surround themselves with arms to guard their states, but you with love.)

Or,

"Ums sobre outros corremos
A morrer por vos com gosto;
Grandes testemunhas temos
Com que mãos e com que rosto
Por deus e por vos morremos."

(We run in eagerness to die for you willingly; we have great proofs of how bravely and with what deeds we die for God and for you.)

He received from the King a benefice (*commenda*) attached to the Order of the Knights of the Convent of Thomar, consisting of a small property situated on the left bank of the River Neiva, in the Archbishopric of Braga, and retired to the country-house which he possessed in the same district, a *quinta* called *A Tapada*, "leaving the comfort of the Court, the conversation of his friends, and the hope of greater favour."[1] Here he spent the remainder of his life, and here the greater part of his poems was written. The surrounding country is delightful in extreme, one of the pleasantest districts of the pleasant province of Minho, fertile fields and valleys alternating with wooded hills and crystal streams, and the green of maize and vines with the grey of granite. In the glowing heat of summer leafy shade and icily cold springs are never far distant, and in winter the mists give a new charm to the country, southern sun and northern mists combining to form an ideal land of legend, dream, and song.

Sá de Miranda, who had a very deep and real love of nature, was keenly alive to the beauty of his surroundings, and by no means looked upon his retirement as exile. Probably his own tastes had as much to do with it as any unpleasant episode at Court. He had always disliked the life of cities.[2] From an earlier

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*Cf.* Pedro de Andrade Caminha, who in an epitaph on João III. writes:

"Gram Rey, da Patria Pay, cuja memoria
Dará sempre a seu povo pena, e gloria."

[1] "Deixando o mimo da Corte, a conuersaçam dos amigos, a esperança de mayores merces" (biography of 1614).

[2] "Ah prudente Francisco, desprezaste
Sempre as cidades vans."
(Pedro de Andrade Caminha to Sá de Miranda.)

retreat near Coimbra, about the year 1527, he wrote that he had more joyful days than sad ones:

"Tenho mais dias contado
De ledos que não de tristes,"

and that with reading and writing the hours sped:

"Co' que li, co' que escrevi
Inda me não enfadei."

So some fifteen years later he wrote to his brother, Mem de Sá, later Governor of Brazil:

"Polo qual a este abrigo
Onde me acolhi cansado
E já com assaz perigo,
A essas letras que sigo
Devo que nunca me enfado,
Devo a minha muito amada
E prezada liberdade
Que tive aos dedos jugada.
Aqui sómente é mandada
Da rezão boa e verdade.
Nas cortes não pode ser!"

(Therefore to this retreat, to which I came tired and in some danger, to these letters which I follow, I owe it that I never grow weary, and owe my much-loved, much-prized liberty, which I was within an ace of losing. Here it is only bound by good reason and truth. In Courts this cannot be.)

Of his life in this retreat it is possible to piece together a very pleasant picture. His reading was various. Homer he read in the original, even writing notes in his copy in Greek. A copy of Horace was rarely out of his hand (*parece não largaua da mão*). Dante and Petrarca in Italian, and in Spanish Garcilaso de la Vega and Boscán (*o bom Lasso, o bom Boscão*),

were among his favourites: Garcilaso, apparently, in a manuscript belonging to his friend Antonio Pereira, of Cabeceiras de Basto, who also taught him to love the "livros divinos."[1]

To music he was devoted, and himself played on the violin or viola. But he evidently led an out-of-door life. He would be up early before crimson dawns,[2] and still out with his dogs, tracking the wolf in one of those summer *calmas*[3] that are so oppressive in the rocky river valleys of Minho and Traz-os-Montes, tired and thirsty, covered with mud and dust, unable to find his way.[4] He was fond of hunting the wolf (*inclinado*

[1] Pereira advocated a translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue. Sá de Miranda writes to a friend:

"Ora aprendo
Ler por elles de giolhos
De que sei quam pouco entendo.
Mas fossem dinos meus olhos
De cegar sobre elles lendo."

(I am now learning to read them on my knees, and know how little I can understand, but would my eyes were worthy to grow blind in reading them.)

So Pedro de Andrade Caminha writes to him that in his retreat he seasons his pleasures with the reading of "divine and human histories":

"Co' as divinas historias, co' as humanas
Temperas o prazer."

[2] "De color de biva grana
Abriendo-se los cielos al oriente."

[3] "A calma
Que era grande e o sol ardia."

*Cf.* the first line of his beautiful sonnet:

"O sol é grande, caem co'a calma as aves."

[4] "Levou me um lobo apos si,
Eu como doudo corria."

(After a wolf I went and like a madman ran.)

*á caça de lobos*), and his hunting sometimes took him far afield, even as far as Cabeceiras de Basto, towards Traz-os-Montes. References to wolf-hunting and fishing are many in his works.[1] He knew well the difference between trout fresh from the stream and fish coming by carrier from the town:

> "Com dous peixinhos passarás
> Do rio, não d'almocreves,
> Que as vilhas fazem tam caras.
> Beberás nas fontes claras."

(Your fare will consist of two little fishes from the river, not those of carriers, those which are so dear in the towns; your drink will be from the clear springs.)

He knew how excellent was the water of Minho's springs, how preferable were partridges shot in the hills, and fruits gathered with one's own hands to the produce bought in the market.[2] At other times he

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> "Y ansi cansado i todo
> Aqui lleno arribé de polvo i lodo."

(And thus tired and all I arrived here full of dust and mud.)

> "Afogado da quentura
> Por terra que não sabia."

(Suffocated by the heat, in a country which I did not know.)

[1] In Eclogue 4 he refers to trout pressing up stream; in Eclogue 2 to the cruel wolves coming down from the hills:

> "Estes lobos ruins
> Que decem dos montesins."

> "Não vinha nada da praça,
> Alli da vossa cachaça,
> Alli das vossas perdizes!
> Alli das fruitas da terra
> (Que dá cada tempo a sua),
> Colhida á mão cada ũa!"

would walk far from the village in green woods, where "streams flowed gently and the birds sang," or in the granite *serras*, "free to sing aloud at will," and would watch the water rushing down between the silent rocks, the birds singing as they flew,[1] the lines of cranes and clouds of starlings,[2] the flight of doves (*voão as pombas*

---

(Nothing came from the market, but O what wine and partridges, what fruit, each in its season, gathered with our own hands!)

*Cf.* "Lembro vos as vossas fruitas!
Lembro vos as vossas truitas!
Que andão ja por vossas na agua."

(Think of your fruits, your trout, already yours, though still uncaught.)

1 "Aqui se a paixão me toma
Posso cantar voz em grito
Que me não ouça ninguem,
Sómente as aves (que tais
Duas aventagens têm
D'esses outros animais,
Voar e cantar tambem)
Ou o som da agua que cai
Rompendo polos penedos,
Dece ao fundo e ó alto sai,
Parte, e a grande pressa vai:
Elles por sempre ali quedos!"

2 "Em arenga vão os grous."
"Estorninhos com quanta
Presteza andando em vela
Se estendem como ũa manta."

Sá de Miranda shows a direct observation of nature (especially of birds), an eye for reality not to be found in the vaguer idylls of his contemporaries. Often, however, his observations are reminiscences of older poets (especially Horace). These two passages, for instance, are perhaps unconscious imitations of Dante, *Inferno*, v.:

*em bandas*) and "gentle swallows" (altas andurinhas brandas). Or he would meditate by the Neiva or by the fountain near his house, or tend his garden. Pedro de Andrade Caminha writes to him as follows:

"Louvas teu doce Neiva, as aguas sans
Da tua fonte, as fruitas que plantaste,
As aves que ouves, os teus santos ocios."

(You praise your sweet Neiva, the pure water of your fountain, the fruits that you have planted, the birds you hear, your sacred leisure.)

His hunting brought him into contact with the peasants, whom he would also meet at the village fairs and on his land (*Algums que d'alem da serra Das feiras me conhecião*).[1] His brother-in-law writes to him:

"Vos quereis com descripçõis
E com vossas letras grandes
Que em Italia, Espanha e Frandes
Vos reconheçam as naçõis.

"Eu quisera que os saloios
Vos estimassem sómente
Porque da vossa semente
Sempre colhereis mais moios."

---

"E come i gru van cantando lor lai
Facendo in aer di se lunga riga;"

and "E come gli stornei ne portan l' ali
Nel freddo tempo a schiera larga e piena."

*Cf.* Camões, *Lus.*, x. 94:

"Qual bando espesso e negro de estorninhos."

[1] (Some [shepherds] from the other side of the *serra* who knew me from seeing me at the fairs.)

(You wish with your poetry and high literature that your name should extend to the nations, to Italy, Spain, and Flanders. I could wish that the peasants only should respect you, for thus will your seed ever produce more fruit.)

"Excellent folk," he says of some shepherds whom he found taking their *sesta* in the hills when he had lost his way near Cabeceiras de Basto:

> "Vi pastores com seu gado
> Estar a sesta passando.
> Nunca vi tam boa gente."

He would share their simple fare of milk and bread (*papas mexidas*), and rustic fruits, apples, and figs black and white,[1] and while they praised their way of life, he praised his hunting:

> "Cada um suas cousas gabava,
> Eu tambem as minhas caças."

He, however, knew their love of prattling[2] and

[1] "Detiverão me consigo,
Não fallecerão mil fruitas,
A maçã branca, e o figo
Preto, branco, e outras muitas."

[2] "Inhorantes
Que fallam mais do que entendem."

"Guarda cabras
Que se vão de ponto em ponto,
Querem sós duas palavras
Que dos gados e das lavras,
Despois não têm fim nem conto."

(Wandering goatherds who would have but a word with you about their herds and crops, and then they go on without end or measure.)

complaining[1] and their tendency to idleness.[2] At the same time he evidently found many cases of real oppression and injustice to the farm-servants and peasants. "There are many apparently honest men in the villages," he says, "who live in comfort by fleecing the peasants":

"Que eu vejo nos povoados
Muitos dos salteadores
Com nome e rosto de honrados
Andar quentes e forrados
De pelles de lavradores;"

and speaks of peasants having to leave their own vines to work for a whole week in some great vineyard belonging to men more powerful than they:

"Não me forção pola geira
Pera cavar a gram vinha
Por toda a somana inteira
Quando hei de cavar a minha."

So he says that:

"O pobre do zagalejo
Não tem onde se acolher
Quando se quer defender;
O que tem mais de sobejo
Não-no consente viver.
Se alguem justiça brada

[1] Their masters "live on their labour" (vivem dos nossos suores) and eat wheaten bread while they eat oaten:

"Comem trigo e nos d'avea,
Elles bebem, homem sua,
Doi lhes pouco a dôr alhea,
Querem que nos doa a sua."

There are many similar passages.

[2] Anthony always playing *choca* [perhaps a kind of rustic hockey, like the Asturian *cachurra*], Martha always gossiping in the market-place:

"Antão nunca sai da choca,
Marta nunca sai das praças."

Que lhe roubão seu rebanho
Ou lh'o levão da manada,
Porque seja môr o dano
Ninguem lhe responde nada."

(The poor shepherd has no refuge when he wishes to defend himself; the rich do not allow him to live, and if any calls out for justice because they are robbing him of his flock, to add to the evil he is answered by silence.)

He moreover deplored the growing concentration of wealth in Lisbon:

"Não me temo de Castela
Donde guerra inda não soa,
Mas temo me de Lisboa
Que ó cheiro d'esta canela
O reino nos despovoa."

(I do not fear Castille, whence as yet comes no sound of war; but I fear Lisbon, which with the scent of its spices is unpeopling the land.)

"I fear lest we should be again slaves to riches."[1] And he warns the nobles that they are leaving the land, their mother, for Lisbon, their stepmother,[2] while the country is left defenceless, and the whole ship of State is like to sink:

"Ao reino cumpre em todo elle
Ter a quem o seu mal doa,
Não passar tudo a Lisboa,
Que é grande o peso, e com elle
Mete o barco na agua a proa."

[1] "Medo hei de novo a riqueza
Que nos torne a cativar."

[2] "Deixais esta madre antiga
Is vos apos a madrasta."

Very different is the state of France, where, he says, "they live in less modern fashion, and the peasant finds shelter in the small towns, where he has a name and property, and lives on the toil of his hands. The smith lights his forge fire at cock-crow, the cobbler bites his last, and shouts to his sluggish assistant to come from beneath his blanket. The nobles live securely in the country, and hunt the daring wolves in the wilds, keeping the plains all round their dwellings safe for the flocks, and freeing them from the evildoers who work in darkness, so that any who will may go singing to the fair after nightfall, or doze on his mule as he rides along."

("Inda hoje vemos que em França
Vivem nisto mais á antiga;
Na villa o villão se abriga
Onde tem nome e herança,
Vive i da sua fadiga.
Acende a fragoa o ferreiro
Ó tempo que o gallo canta;
Morde o couro o çapateiro,
Brada ao moço ronceiro
Que saia de baixo da manta.

Vive a nobreza por fora
Segura, despovoados
Corre cos lobos ousados,
Por d'arredor donde mora
Mantem livre o campo aos gados,
Da má gente aventureira
Que ás escuras traz seu trato,
Que possa livre quem queira
Cantando ir de noite á feira,
Ou dormindo no mulato.")

Sá de Miranda, however, was by no means relegated

to the society of peasants. His melancholy disposition did not prevent him from relishing the "divine suppers"[1] at the house of his friends Antonio and Nunalvarez Pereira at Cabeceiras de Basto,[2] after a whole day spent in the chase, nor from attending with pleasure the splendid entertainments given at the ancestral house of Crasto (Castro), a half-hour's walk from his own *Quinta da Tapada*. The Lord of Crasto, Sá de Miranda's old friend Manoel Machado de Azevedo,[3] belonged to the principal nobility of Portugal, and at one of these entertainments the Infantes Luiz and Henrique were present. Sá de Miranda had married his sister Briolanja in 1536. King João III. is said to have made the formal demand for her hand on behalf of the poet. She had, apparently, neither good looks nor great possessions, but "Love," says Sá de Miranda, "made his presence clearly known: I heard the sound of his quiver and arrows";[4] and they had a happy married life of nearly twenty years. Sá de Miranda himself gladly entertained his friends at the *Quinta da Tapada*

[1] "Oh ceas do paraiso
Que nunca o tempo vos vença!"

[2] Cabeceiras is a small Minhoto village near Traz-os-Montes which, with its convent and circle of houses round a tree-planted common, can have changed but little since the sixteenth century. To these brothers Pereira several eclogues and letters of Sá de Miranda are directed, including the famous eclogue *Basto* (=Cabeceiras de Basto), dedicated to Nunalvarez.

[3] His life was written in the seventeenth century by his descendant, Felix Machado da Silva Castro e Vasconcellos, Marquez de Montebello.

[4] "Amor deu
Claro sinal que era ali;
Eu o som do coldre, eu
O som das setas ouvi."

with a certain lavishness. The poet Diogo Bernardes, among others, would leave his beloved Lima (some twenty miles north of Braga) in order to visit him. Sá de Miranda, says the 1614 biography, was "so devoted to music that, although he was not very rich, he kept at his house expensive masters of music to teach his son Hieronymo de Sá, who is said to have excelled in that art, and Diogo Bernardes (whom we follow in much of what is here stated) said that when he lived at Ponte do Lima, his birthplace, and went over to see him, Sá de Miranda would bid his son play upon various instruments, and sometimes correct him if he made a mistake. He was sober and austere towards himself, and generous even to excess towards his guests, whom he entertained freely, with excellent taste, being wont to say that conversation with them freed him from himself." Moreover, his fame had spread far and wide, and all the foremost of the younger poets of Portugal hailed him as their guide and master, sent him their works to be corrected, or corresponded with him in verse. Diogo Bernardes hails him as "Light of the Muses, brighter than the sun," and confesses that he imitates his "doce estilo."[1] Dom Manoel de Portugal (1520-1605), probably his first follower, calls him "Rarissimo Francisco excellente." Jorge de Montemayor, in a long letter, seeks his "protection and favour." Antonio Ferreira addresses him as "Master of the Muses." To Pedro Andrade de Caminha he is a "rarissimo ingenho." The Infante João, heir to the throne, sought his advice

1 "O doce estilo teu tomo por guia."

in literary and other matters.[1] Writing to João Rodrigues de Sá de Menezes, Andrade de Caminha says that the great Sá de Miranda showed clearly, by the marvels he wrote, that he did not find his retreat tedious, that he had won high fame, and that, while at the Court he could not have been happy for a month, in Minho he lived in contentment all the year.[2] Diogo Bernardes similarly says that the whole world wondered at Sá de Miranda's song,[3] and after his death all Portugal, at least, mourned him. Diogo Bernardes came to lament his friend by the banks of the Neiva,[4]

[1] "Pois teus raros conselhos o guiavam." (Elegy by P. Andrade de Caminha, addressed to Sá de Miranda on the death of the Prince —*Na Morte do Principe que Deos tem.*)

[2] "O grande Sá de Miranda
Bem entendeu a verdade
D'este mal que entre nós anda ;
Lançouse lá d'essa banda,
Seguro que nom se enfade.
Bem se vê que nom se enfada
Nas maravilhas que escreve,
Que alta fama tem ganhada.

* * * *

Nom fora cá ledo um mes,
É lá todo anno contente."

[3] "Espanto
Recebe o mundo tudo do que cantas."

[4] In the fine sonnet beginning :

"É este o Neiva do nosso Sá Miranda
Inda que tam pequeno, tam cantado ?
É este o monte que foi ás Musas dado
Em quanto nelle andou quem nos ceos anda ?"

(Is this the Neiva of our Sá de Miranda, a stream so small and yet so famous ? Is this the hill devoted to the Muses when he who is now in heaven sojourned here ?)

Ferreira wrote an elegy, Andrade de Caminha his epitaph.[1]

The biographer of 1614 more than once insists on Sá de Miranda's deep melancholy, and in spite of his joy in the chase and his love of Nature, he often sings in sadness, and, like Heraclitus,[2] is said to have been frequently in tears:

> "Ves que pressa os dias
> Levão sem cansar,
> Nunca hão de tornar."
>
> (See how swift the days
> Pass in endless chain,
> Never to come again.)

So the song of birds is to him half lamentation:

> "Sube una avezilla,
> No sé ni si es cantar, no sé si es llanto";

and one of his *vilancetes* (in Spanish) is a frail crystal mist of tears:

> "Los mis tristes ojos,
> Tan tristes, tan tristes,
> Vistes mis enojos,
> Un plazer no vistes.

[1] Ending with the lines:

> "A morte desfaz tudo, mas Miranda
> Vivo é no ceo e vivo na terra anda."

(All yields to death, but Miranda lives in the sky and lives upon the earth.)

[2] Of whom Sá de Miranda himself writes:

> "Como de casa saia
> Sempre dos seus olhos agua
> A Heraclito corria
> Polo que ouvia e que via,
> De que tudo tinha magoa."

"Vistes añadida
A mi pena pena,
I en tan luenga vida
Nunca una ora buena;

"Si á la suerte mia
Pluguiese, pluguiese
Que viese ora el dia
Con que mas no viese!'

(Eyes sad beyond relief,
Alas! sad eyes mine,
You have seen all my grief,
But ne'er saw joy shine.

You have seen woe to woe
Added at leisure,
Ne'er in the long years' flow
One hour of pleasure;

O that 'twere given me
—Vain my endeavour—
Now my last day to see
Close you for ever!)

Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos, in her edition of Sá de Miranda's poems, gives a variant of this poem in five verses.

Towards the close of his life sorrows fell thick upon him. In 1553 his eldest son, Gonçalo Mendes de Sá, was killed at the age of sixteen in Africa, with many others of the Portuguese nobility (at Ceuta). Had Sá de Miranda read the works of Gil Vicente with sympathy, he would have derived greater consolation from the last lines of one of his *autos*[1] than from all the long letter in verse addressed to him on this occasion by Antonio Ferreira. His deep grief is shown plainly

[1] See p. 76.

in his answering letter.[1] In the following year the heir to the throne, Prince João (1537-1554) died at the same age, a few days before the birth of his son, the future King Sebastian. This was a heavy blow to Sá de Miranda. Although he might at times look back with regret to the "masks and balls begun at midnight"[2] of King Manoel's splendour-loving age, the promise of the coming reign had hitherto been a full recompense. The Prince had even in extreme youth shown himself an enlightened patron of letters. At his request Sá de Miranda himself had thrice sent him a collection of his works, each with a dedicatory sonnet, and he had encouraged other poets of the new style.[3] These expectations were now shattered, and there remained little chance of protection for the younger poets of Sá de Miranda's school. Of one of the youngest of them, Camões, he apparently never heard.

When Sá de Miranda died the hopes of a long

[1] "When I sent my son at such an age to die for the faith, if it must be"

(Quando mandei meu filho em tal idade
A morrer pola fe, se assi cumprisse.)

"It is I who should have died," he cries—

Eu sou que devera ir! quem nos trocou?—

and thinks Don Rodrigo Manrique happy, whose son survived to sing his praises (in the famous *Coplas*).

[2] "Os momos, os serões de Portugal
Tam fallados no mundo onde são idos?
E as graças temperadas de seu sal?"

[3] Andrade de Caminha, in his elegy on Prince João, says:

"Devemse a ti engenhos excellentes
Porque com teu favor os levantaste,
Largo Mecenas eras aos prudentes."

Manueline age of greatness had passed away like a splendid dream. Gil Vicente had deplored the destruction of simpler tastes; now the vanity and hollowness of the pomp that succeeded them were becoming more and more apparent. The gold of the colonies had been spent on luxuries for the capital, while the provinces became even more depopulated and poverty-stricken, and Vicente's poor *escudeiro*, or his *fidalgo*, maintaining great estate on a small income, abounded in the land. It had been vain for King Manoel to pass sumptuary laws while his own love of show and magnificence encouraged reckless expenditure, and the price of bread rose.[1] Now Portugal was left to look abroad with eternal *saudade* to her crumbling empire, while at home misery and distress deepened. Sá de Miranda protested continually against the "mimos indianos"[2] and luxury of Lisbon, with its gambling, its many slaves to riches,[3] its delicate viands, perfumed lamps and beds and tables.

Two years after the death of his eldest son Sá de

[1] Damião de Goes. *Chronica do felicissimo Rey Dom Emanuel* (*Lisbon*, 1619): "In order to prevent the great expense made in his kingdom both by the nobles and those of the people in cloth and dresses of silk, he prohibited them, reserving to the nobility the privilege to wear silk caps, shoes, belts, and ornaments of their swords, mules and horses."

[2] "Estes mimos indianos
Hei gram medo a Portugal
Que venhão fazer os danos
Que Capua fez a Anibal,
Vencedor de tantos anos."

(I fear greatly lest this Indian luxury should come fraught with as much injury for Portugal as Capua did to Hannibal after his many years of victory.)

[3] "Escravos mais que os escravos."

Miranda's wife died (1555), and from this loss he never recovered, so that in his private grief and his sorrow[1] for the misfortunes of Portugal the death of King João III. and the departure of his brother, to whom he was devoted, for Brazil (as Governor) in 1557 seem to have passed all but unnoticed. "After his wife's death," says his earliest biographer, "he too began to die to all the things pertaining to his pleasure and former pursuits."[2] He only wrote one poem, a sonnet, on the death of his wife, beginning:

"Aquelle spirito já tam bem pagado,"

and is said never to have left his house except to attend the services of the Church.[3] "Especially he was pious[4] and a Catholic Christian, very devoted to the Virgin," in whose honour he wrote more than one *cantiga*. He died in the year 1558, and was buried in the church of the little village São Martinho de Carrazedo, where a Latin inscription marks his tomb.

Sá de Miranda occupies one of the most important places in Portuguese literature, partly owing to the intrinsic merits of his poetry, partly because, like

[1] "A magoa do que lhe reuelaua o spirito dos infortunios da sua terra."

[2] "Com o q̃ elle começou a morrer logo tambem pera todas as cousas de seu gosto & antigos exercicios."

[3] "Senão pera ouuir os Officios Diuinos."

[4] In one passage, however (in his famous letter to King João III.), he speaks of the village priests in the vein of Vicente, as fat and prosperous and absolved of all their sins:

"Mas eu vejo ca na aldea
Nos enterros abastados
Quanto padre que passea,
Emfim ventre e bolsa chea
E asoltos de seus pecados."

Boscán in Spain, he introduced the new metres from Italy,[1] and thus paved the way for the greater poetry of Camões.[2] Had his innovations merely stood for the decay of the national poetry, the poetry of Gil Vicente, there would be reason to doubt whether Portugal owes him any great debt of gratitude; but his real influence was very different. The national poetry had already received its death-blow from the pomp and luxury introduced into Portugal after the discovery of India, and it was not against the development of the national poetry but against the tendency of the age to become wholly materialistic[3] that Sá de Miranda strove.

[1] *I.e.*, *versos de arte maior*, or *da medida nova* (hendecasyllabics, the sonnet, Petrarcan *canzoni*, the *terza rima*, copied from Dante, the *octava rima*, copied from Ariosto).

[2] Between Sá de Miranda and Boscán (? 1490-1542) there are some striking similarities, although the former is without doubt the greater poet. They were born perhaps in the same year. They both visited Italy. Boscán began writing in Italian hendecasyllabics in 1526, probably the very year in which Sá de Miranda introduced the new style into Portugal on his return from Italy. Both employed Spanish, an alien tongue (for Boscán was a Catalan), and both wrote in their borrowed metres with an awkwardness and harshness which contrasted with the infinitely more melodious verse of their younger contemporaries, Garcilaso de la Vega and Camões.

[3] He speaks of the rich *parvenus*:

> "Podem cheirar ao alho
> Ricoshomens e infançõis;"

of the old nobility yielding to the new wealth:

> "Dinheiro, oficios, privanças
> A nobreza nos desterra;"

of the general greed for gold spoiling and degrading thousands and thousands of minds:

> "Lançou nos a perder engenhos mil
> E mil este interesse que haja mal
> Que ludo o mais fez vil, sendo elle vil;"

In a passage of the *Fabula do Mondego*,[1] written when both poets were still at Court, Sá de Miranda appears to refer slightingly to the work of Vicente; but another passage lamenting the decay of poetry was written at a time when Vicente's work was nearing its end.[2] Sá de Miranda and Vicente retired from Lisbon within a few years of one another, leaving to the Court poets their narrow outlook and trivial themes. The *Cancioneiro* of the poet Garcia de Resende is a typical collection of such poems; its dreariness has been often noticed,[3] and it is supposed to have disgusted Sá de Miranda with the Portuguese poetry of his age. A poem to a sea-sick baron, or the complaint of a courtier in the country that he finds only cheap grapes and no

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of full coffers and poor hearts:

"Que os coraçõis hão de ser
Ricos, que os cofres não."

*Cf.* Antonio Ferreira:

"Ouro, despois virtude: ouro honra dá."

1 "I viendo que bajais vuestros oidos
Por esa tan humana mansidumbre
Al canto pastoril ia hecho osado,
Quiza moveré mas hazia la cumbre
De aquel alto Parnaso, por olvido
I malos tiempos ia medio olvidado."

2 In the eclogue *Celia*:

"Como se perdieron
Entre nos el cantar, como el tañer
Que tanto nombre a los pasados dieron?"

3 By Wolf (*Studien*, 1859): "Gleichformigkeit bis zur Monotonie, Aüsserlichkeit bis zur Flachheit, Beobachtung des Herkömmlichen bis zur Banalität"; by Menéndez y Pelayo (*Antología*, tom. 7, 1898): "Nunca se vió tan estéril abundancia de versificadores y tanta penuria de poesía. El lector de buen gusto camina por aquel interminable arenal sin encontrar apenas un hilo de agua con que mitigar la sed."

gloves[1]—these, it must be confessed, are not very inspiring subjects. And there is also a vulgarity and coarseness never found in Sá de Miranda. But the collection contains some noble poetry, as the verses by Luis Anriquez on the death of Prince Affonso, and the *Trovas á morte de Dona Ines de Castro*,[2] by Garcia de

[1] "Val rredea duuas
A çynco na praça
Mas nam ha hy luuas
Nem que volas faça."

For Sá de Miranda this would not have even the slight interest which time has given it. He himself, however, wrote a very similar *esparsa* to Pero Carvalho, with a present of gloves:

"Mandar por tais calmas luuas
Serviço era elle escusado!
Outra cousa forão uvas
Outra vinagre rosado!"

Some of his slighter poems are not without charm—*e.g.*, the following *esparsa* in the *Cancioneiro de Resende*:

"Cerra a serpente os ouvidos
A voz do encantador;
Eu não, e agora com dôr
Quero perder meus sentidos.
Os que mais sabem do mar
Fogem d'ouvir as sereas;
Eu não me soube guardar:
Fui vos ouvir nomear,
Fiz minha alma e vida alheas."

(To charmer's voice is deaf
The adder: not so I,
And now alas I lie
Half-senseless in my grief.
'Tis the skilled mariner's part
To shun the Sirens' song,
But I had not this art:
Your name heard, life and heart
No more to me belong.)

[2] *Trouas q̄ garçia de rresende fez a morte d dōa ynes de castro que el rrey dō*

Resende, which are on a level with some of the best poetry of Sá de Miranda, and are full of individuality and charm. Sá de Miranda's efforts to introduce the new style[1] were apparently not very successful at first, but gradually won universal recognition. Opposition is implied in a passage of his letter to Antonio Ferreira:

> "Um vilancete brando, ou seja um chiste,
> Letras ás invençõis, motes ás damas,
> Ũa pregunta escura, esparsa triste!
> Tudo bom! quem o nega? Mas porque,
> Se alguem descobre mais, se lhe resiste?"

He hails Dom Manoel de Portugal as his follower with evident delight: "I thought Portugal was only bent on gold and silver, and you have sought me out in my retreat":

> "Cuidei que só buscava prata e ouro!
> Buscastesme no meu escondedouro!"

The dates of Sá de Miranda's works are fully discussed by Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos in the notes to her edition. Probably in 1527 he wrote his

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*Afonso o quarto d Portugal matou ẽ Coimbra por o prinçipe seu filho a ter como mulher & polo q̃ lhe queria nam queria casar.*

[1] Although some doubts have been cast on his originality in this respect, it seems certain that the 1614 biographer is right: *Foy o primeiro que compos versos grandes neste Reyno;* and that Sá de Miranda's claim is justified:

> "Ja que fiz
> Aberta aos bons cantares peregrinos"
> (to Dom Manoel de Portugal);
> "Estas nuestras zampoñas, las primeras
> Que por aqui cantaran, bien o mal
> Como pudieran, rimas estranjeras"

(letter to Antonio Pereira); unless we are to regard the thirteenth-century poets, writing in the Provençal manner, as his precursors.

first prose *comedia*, *Os Estrangeiros* (the first in Portugal),[1] and then, in rivalry with Vicente, the *Fabula do Mondego*, in Petrarcan stanzas (1528 or 1529), and, two or three years after this, his first eclogue, *Aleixo*, and a *canção* to the Virgin. Most of his other works, eclogues, letters, elegies, sonnets, were written in the leisure of green and rainy Minho. About the year 1535 (in the eclogue *Celia*) he writes:

> "Poco aca, mas com fé, mas com poca arte,
> Cantan pastores al modo estranjero.
> Corren lagrimas justas sin parar
> Mientras Neiva tambien corre á la mar,"

and calls on "ciertos zagales del Estremadura" (*i.e.*, Lisbon poets) to sing in honour of the new "blandas musas de Parnaso." Although he was apparently no friend of Gil Vicente, he certainly did not despise his poetry for being simple and national. He himself strove persistently to give his imported metres a Portuguese dress,[2] although difficulty of adapting them and his love of Garcilaso drove him to write frequently in Spanish.[3] To Garcilaso he acknowledges his debt, and the pleasure derived from a copy of his poems (in manuscript) sent to him by his friend Antonio Pereira:

[1] The second, *Os Vilhalpandos*, in 1538. Both are conventional in subject and manner.

[2] To Antonio Ferreira, who had written to him in Spanish (an eclogue in the new style, *de versos estrangeiros variada*), he answers with a letter in Portuguese.

[3] With a Portuguese word or idiom here and there. The Portuguese infinitive appears more than once—*e.g.*:

> "Sin ser*en* de tempestad inturbiados."

"Enviaste me el buen Laso,
Iré pascando asi mi paso a paso.
Al qual gran don io quanto
Devo, sabreis."[1]

But, curiously, Sá de Miranda's best and most famous poetry[2] is written in the old national octosyllabic metre,[3] and while in the new style he is only a forerunner—often a rough and halting forerunner—of Diogo Bernardes and Camões, in his satirical letters and in the eclogues written in the old Portuguese metre he may almost be called a great poet. He has been described as the Chaucer of Portugal, but a fairer description would be to say that he is a Portuguese combination of Horace and La Fontaine. He has, indeed, little of the latter's clearness of expression, but how enchantingly he tells the story of Psyche and Eros,[4] or the fable of the *rat de ville* and the *rat des champs*,[5] and with what spontaneous delight he sings the praises of earth and sky, at times recalling the simple charm of Vicente:

[1] Preface to the eclogue *Nemoroso*, written (with great artifice of rhyme and metre) for the first anniversary of Garcilaso's tragic death at Fréjus.

[2] Few, probably, will agree with O. Crawfurd (*Portugal Old and New*) that Miranda's Portuguese writings are "singularly inferior to his Spanish writings, upon which his fame chiefly rests." His Portuguese writings may be often crabbed and difficult, but they are full of life and character. *Cf.* Garrett's verdict that "the purity, correction, naturalness, and sublime simplicity of the *redondilhas* in his letters are now his greatest, almost his only, title to fame." Garrett calls him "the true father of our poetry."

[3] *I.e.*, *versos de arte menor*, *da medida velha*, *redondilhas* written in verses of five, six, seven, eight, nine, or ten lines.

[4] Eclogue *Encantamento*, ll. 336-503.

[5] Letter IV., to his brother, Mem de Sá, ll. 191-300.

"Deixa-me ver este ceo
E o sol em que vai tal lume
Que a vista nunca sofreu
Aquilo é uso e costume,
Que tantos tempos correu!
Que claridade tamanha
Que fogo nelle aparece!
Quanto raio o acompanha!
Dize se que o mar d'Espanha
Ferve quando nelle dece.

"Des i cobre se d'estrellas
Tudo quanto arriba vemos,
Poem se d'ellas, nacem d'ellas,
Té que d'outra parte as vemos,
E a lũa fermosa entre ellas
Que se renova e reveza,
Ora um fio, ora crecente,
Ora em sua redondeza,
Cada mes com que certeza!
Semelha a da nossa gente."

(But let me look upon
This sky and light of the sun,
Such that no mortal sight
May suffer it, the light
Of many an age bygone.
What wondrous brilliancy,
What fires with it begin,
What rays accompany!
'Tis said the Spanish sea
Boils when it sinks therein.

It sinks and then we see
Stars throng heaven's canopy,
Some of them set, some rise,
We see them cross the skies,

And in their company
The moon returning fair
Grows from mere thread in the sky
To a crescent, till she wear
Her full beauty everywhere,
Each month unerringly.)

This whole eclogue (*Basto*) is written in a homely style, concise and pungent, with many a dry, rustic phrase and proverb, and delights by its flavour of the soil, a flavour as it were of popular *chacotas* or *solaos*.[1] He writes with sententious brevity, often a little clumsily or obscurely, and his Portuguese is so idiomatic that it is sometimes far more difficult to understand than the verses of King Diniz, two centuries earlier. One or two vivid lines often throw a scene into clear relief, till the peasants and the country live for us.

Sá de Miranda persevered *com fé*, if sometimes *com poca arte*, hammering at his verse, and imprinting it with his character. Of the eclogue *Basto* Senhora Michaëlis de Vasconcellos says that no less than fourteen versions exist (a proof that he realized its worth), and he himself, in one of his dedicatory sonnets to Prince João, writes that he goes on erasing year after year, in battle with his papers:

"Eu risco e risco, vou me de anno em anno"
"Ando cos meus papeis em differenças!"

Before Prince João requested him to send him his works, they were, he says, given over to dust and spiders' webs in his village:

[1] *Solao* has been variously explained as a song of solitude, sunshine, solace; but its derivation remains uncertain.