

**SEVENTY SONNETS OF
CAMOENS. PORTUGUESE
TEXT AND TRANSLATION.
WITH ORIGINAL POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649000463

Seventy sonnets of Camoens. Portuguese text and translation. With original poems by J. J. Aubertin

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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J. J. AUBERTIN

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Scorn not the Sonnet ;

With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief.

—*Wordsworth.*

Poetas por poetas sejam lidos ;

Sejam só por poetas explicadas

Suas obras divinas.

—*Manoel Corrêa.*

Let Poets be by Poets read ;

By Poets be interpreted

Their works divine.

Est quædam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.

—*Hor. Epis. I. Lib. I.*

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Handwritten signature or scribble

SEVENTY SONNETS
OF CAMOENS.

PORTUGUESE TEXT AND TRANSLATION.

WITH ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY

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LONDON:

C. KEGAN PAUL & Co., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

1881.

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DEDICATORY LETTER.

MY DEAR BURTON,—My present little volume being now ready for publication, I come, in pursuance of an often declared intention, to dedicate its pages to you; for so far as their chief contents are concerned—Translations from the “RIMAS” of our now common friend, Luiz de Camoens—I may apply to you the well-known title of

THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF THESE INSVING SONNETS.

But for you, I never should have undertaken the task of selecting and translating the Seventy of the entire collection, which I now, through your name, offer to an indulgent public.

Although my more arduous undertaking of translating the “Lusiads” had been so favourably received by our literary world, and although one

of my most generous critics of that work—yet one of those who must be really pleased before he will praise—expressed a hope that I “might be induced to give a complete translation of Camoens’ minor works,” not even this flattering invitation would have moved me to as much as my present effort, had it not been that, while sojourning with you last winter at Cairo, you had engaged me to daily afternoon readings with you of your first sketches of Translations of all the CCCLII Sonnets as published by our friend, the Visconde de Juromenha; not only the whole of which, but also those of the *Cañcoes*, *Sextinas*, *Odes*, and *Oitavas* besides, it is your intention some day to give to the world.

Such a work as this, for more reasons than one, I never could attempt. I need not repeat to you what we have so often discussed in conversation, all my grounds for holding (so far, at all events, as my own art is concerned) that the great majority of these compositions, as well as of the sonnets, are entirely beyond the reach of rhythmic translation. This essential reason, however, I may mention: that without the music of the particular language in which so many of them are written—the music being sometimes more cared for than

the ideas it chants—I could not reproduce, to my own satisfaction, either the feeling of the poet, or a pleasant poem in English, or one that could be read by the side of the original. These objections neither you nor I have found to exist in translating the great Epic ; some parts of which, and even in some few studied descriptions, we both know to be somewhat unmusical, but the whole of which, particularly when rendered in corresponding rhyme and metre, is fairly within the scope of our language. Nor have I found them to exist in regard to any of the seventy sonnets that I have now selected and translated.

I should be bold, perhaps, in hoping for these the same amount of favour that attended my “*Lusiads* ;” yet to my own mind they do not appear to have been less successfully treated ; and certainly I have not bestowed less care upon them ; for if the task has been less arduous, it has required much careful manipulation. In their case, moreover, I have had the advantage of our reading them over and discussing them together ; an advantage of which I could not avail myself for my translation of the “*Lusiads*,” the whole of which (with the exception of receiving some very few occasional suggestions from friends) I was called on to carry through entirely alone.

* I must not, however, omit to mention that your own determination to complete a translation of this work (now lately published, with your Commentary to follow), and your encouragement to me not to be deterred by the mere fact that such a production could never be generally popular, considerably contributed to the final accomplishment of my labours. The task of my present translations has been, as were the "*Lusiads*," a constant source of interest and occupation; often a refuge in times of vacancy or bad weather; and for the sake of pleasant recollections of my own, I have noted at the bottom of each sonnet where it was composed; realising in this respect the well-known phrase of Cicero: "*Hæc studia . . . delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur.*"

It is not worth while to crowd this volume with too much introductory matter, but I may further remark that as neither you nor I would have undertaken to translate the "*Lusiads*" had we thought that work already fairly done, so we may say the same as regards the Sonnets. I cannot accept, and I am sure you cannot, the two or three that have fallen from the several pens of Southey, Adamson, and Hayley. Especially I cannot accept