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Prophecies and Seers

The Trovas of Bandarra

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Gonçalo Anes Bandarra

Translation (edition 1.1)

Credits

Author	Gonçalo Anes Bandarra
Date	c. 1530–1540 (1809 edition)
Original language	Portuguese
Version	Translation (edition 1.1)
Translation	Popular translation, AI machine translation from the Portuguese
Source	Project Gutenberg 20581 — Trovas do Bandarra, natural da Villa de Trancoso, nova edicção (Barcelona, 1809)
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About:

The Trovas of Bandarra are the verse prophecies of Gonçalo Anes Bandarra (c. 1500–c. 1556), a shoemaker of Trancoso in the Portuguese Beira, composed about 1530–1540.

In quatrains and five-line stanzas full of images from his trade (leather, awls, soles) and of a pastoral dream, Bandarra attacks the vices of the clergy, the judges and the nobility and announces a king who would come to save Portugal, defeat the Moors, unite the peoples in one faith and rule over the world: the Hidden One (o Encuberto).

In 1541 he was tried by the Inquisition and made to abjure at an auto-da-fé in Lisbon.

After King Sebastian vanished at the battle of Alcácer Quibir (1578), the Trovas became the book of Sebastianism: many awaited the return of the "hidden" king.

They were first printed by Dom João de Castro (Paris, 1603), reprinted at Nantes in 1644 and read at the Restoration of 1640 as a prophecy of John IV; Father António Vieira commented on them, and Fernando Pessoa called Bandarra a prophet in Mensagem.

This is the text of the "new edition" of Barcelona (1809), which follows the Nantes edition and adds the trovas "never printed": the Second Body, said to come from a copy be-

longing to Cardinal Nuno da Cunha, and the Third Body, said to have been found in 1729 in a wall of the church of Saint Peter at Trancoso.

Scholars regard these two bodies as later additions of the 17th and 18th centuries. The Portuguese keeps the spelling of the edition. The trovas are numbered as in the edition; those of the Dedication are unnumbered there.

The prologues and notes of the 1809 editor are left out; short unnumbered speeches appear with the preceding trova. The text is presented as a historical document.

Source: https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/20581

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THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION TO DOM JOÃO DE PORTUGAL, BISHOP OF GUARDA

✦

I Most Illustrious Lord,
Most perfect in virtues,
You ought to be chosen
As giver of all the laws.

II God gave you such excellence
That none is found in your land,
No higher Patriarch,
Shepherd of noble folk.

III I resolved to write down
My shoemaker's craft,
So that Your Lordship may see
What comes of my sewing.

IV For I wish to set my hand
To this work that I offer,
So that they know what I know,
And how much more I can do.

V Out of my sewing shall come
So much fancy work
That many Lords will be glad
To put it on and wear it.

VI And I wish to work in
Laces on coarse work;
Whoever has good manners
Will be glad to have it.

VII I sew with waxed silken thread,
Waxed at every stitch;
I sew fine without count,
For so the shoe requires.

VIII If some knowing man comes
To ask me for some soles,
I cut them without patterns,
And it is soon resoled.

IX I am a craftsman too:
At times I sew with a welt,
And I know well how one draws
The profit from the leather.

X If someone comes to mock,
Putting any question to me,
I will tell him how one joins
The needle and the thimble.

XI My work is very sure,
For most of it is strap leather;
If it seems ugly to anyone,
He knows nothing of sewing.

XII I make work that lasts,
And I do not stay on the surface;
I know well the hide
That suits the creature.

XIII I know how to measure and cut,
Though it may not seem so to you:
I have it all in my head,
If I should wish to use it.

XIV And whoever would gloss it,
Let him look well at my work;
He will find I still have left
Two ends to join together.

XV I am always busy
Making my work good;
If I lived in Lisbon,
I would be more esteemed.

XVI I am content and paid
To put on a single patch;
Though they keep grumbling,
Let them not touch my shoes.

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BANDARRA LAMENTS THE WICKEDNESS OF THE WORLD, AND PARTICULARLY THAT OF PORTUGAL

✦

I As in the tanneries
The hides are turned about,
So I see great upheavals
Now among the clergy.

II For they practise simony
And worship money;
The churches are ruins,
The corporals put to other uses.

III Sumac with lime
Makes the hides stiff;
Ah! how many bad novices
There are in that Episcopal Order.

IV For it goes from bad to worse,
Without order or rule;
They break the commandment,
They keep only the venial.

V I am a Craftsman too,
I know a little about cork;
I do not see justice done
To all the world in general.

VI For now any man at all
They make Doctor without learning;
I see many judges
Who know neither good nor bad.

VII Buskins for wearing
Must be of Cordovan leather;
Notaries and scriveners
Have their minds on grabbing.

VIII You will see them haggling
Over a poor farthing,
And shaving you for a thousand
If they can shave you.

IX I also know something of burnishing
Any laces and fancy work:
Bachelors, Attorneys,
There goes the persecution.

X And when the litigants
Go to ask their advice,
Since they lack the coins,
They will not hear them any more.

XI The work of wide clogs
Must be well set;
The lineage of the Nobles
Is traded for money.

XII I see such confusion,
With no chief to command;
How do you want the cure to work
If the wound is festering?

XIII I have a fine awl
With which I sew very straight:
If woman gave no opening,
They would not look at her.

XIV Though she be a maiden,
Noble, chaste and devout,
She is the cause
Of whatever happens through her.

XV I also know how to sew very well
Some Cordovan buskins;
All the French fashions
Everyone now wants to wear.

XVI Those who have nothing to eat
Make very costly clothes;
They are left poor, Lazarus-like,
To make others rich.

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FIRST DREAM, TOLD IN PASTORAL FASHION

✦

XVII I see, I see; I will say, I see,
Now that I am dreaming,
The seed of King Fernando
Making a great clearing-out.

XVIII And following with great longing,
And leaving his vineyard,
And saying: this house is mine,
Now that I see myself here.

XIX The walls of the Greeks
The Latins will overrun;
The signs will be against
All the Arians.

XX The Venetians too,
With the riches that they have,
The King of Salem will come
And judge them worldly.

XXI Already the wolves are gathered
Of Alcatea on the mountain;
They have slaughtered the flocks,
And many are wolf-bitten,
Doing great deeds.

XXII The Chief Shepherd is enraged:
Already he gathers his shepherds,
And rouses his company;
With much strength and cunning
He will drive off the herdsmen.

XXIII After they are made ready,
And the mountains stormed
By very wise men,
And well-chosen shepherds,
Who know the tracks well,

XXIV They will set for them in the passes
Traps, snares of steel,
Lookouts on the roads,
And crossbows in the folds
With very swift shots.

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FIGURES OF THE DREAM

✦

XXV The Great Shepherd will come,
Who will rise first,
And Fernando the piper,
And Pedro the good dancer,
And João the good shepherd.

XXVI And then a Stranger,
And Rodoão, who was forgotten,
And the noble shepherd Garcia,
And André, most truthful:
They will enter with joy.

XXVII Chief Shepherd:
That cow that is lowing,
Why is she lowing so?

XXVIII André:
It is because she comes down from the hills,
She does not know the land well,
And so she is bellowing.

XXIX This is the cow, Fernando,
Mother of the great dark bull
That is not found in this herd;
She is right to be lowing,
For she does not know where he was cast.

XXX Chief Shepherd:
Let the cattle be gathered
Here in this green meadow,
And the sheep too,
And let each count his own,
To see who is missing stock.

XXXI Pedro:
You have counted all already;
Of the cattle we find missing
A bull without a mother,
And a dark one that was roan;
Of the sheep we know nothing.

XXXII Chief Shepherd:
Oh, what pain of heart!
Oh, what pain! Oh, what sorrow!
Oh, what great tribulation!
Let us put away our grief,
Since it cannot be recovered.

XXXIII We must raise his children,
Whom we will guard very well;
They will remain in his place;
We must give them everything
For the love we bear them.

XXXIV In honour of such a memory
Let there be no more sadness here;
Rather let us sing with glory,
So that it remains always in memory,
Approving the Scripture.

XXXV For the figure is fulfilled,
And we see it well:
Since all is now made clear,
To the Lord on high
Let us give a thousand thanks with joy.

XXXVI Let the great flute be played,
Let the whole flock gather,
And I, as your Shepherd,
With great abundance of love,
Let us go and share the gain.

XXXVII All is subject to us,
Hills, valleys and shepherds,
And let the dancers watch
That no stranger enters here.

XXXVIII Fernando, play the guitar,
You, João, the rebec;
Put down your bag and staff,
Make your face glad
In such a shepherds' dance.

XXXIX And Pedro, who is subtler,
Come in and dance with Florença;
Since she is a gracious lady,
It is very fitting she be his.

XL Let André dance with Paschoala,
And come after the first;
Before saying more,
Let this shepherdess come in and dance,
In which she is always quarrelsome.

XLI She was always very ill-omened
In dancing with strangers;
And since she is so fond of singing,
Let her not be the last,
Let her come at once to dance.

XLII Much to be praised
Is this play we have here,
And whoever dances
Shall be very well paid,
And so we promise them.

XLIII Come! before more ado
Let Fernando dance, and Constança,
And since we now see everything,
For the love we bear him
Let him be the dancing master.

XLIV João, the good Shepherd,
Was always a noble Shepherd;
Let him not be counted last,
For he is equal to the first;
Let him dance with Leonor.

XLV He was always a good keeper
Of the flock entrusted to him,
A very great attacker,
And a very great chaser
Of the wolves that harried it.

XLVI So as not to leave forgotten
The noble Shepherd Garcia,
Who was always bold,
And much loved by us,
Let him dance with Mecia.

XLVII Since he is of high worth,
Let us give him another pasture,
The hill that shone,
Where he may hold the dance
And graze his flock well.

XLVIII Rodoão:
You have shared out everything,
You give away all the pastures;

I, who was loved by you,
And sorely wounded by the wolves,
Do you no longer remember me?

XLIX Chief Shepherd:
There is still more and more;
Your flocks will graze;
There remain such level lands,
The valleys and the broom fields:
I give you all, Rodoão.

L There also remain some slopes
Of very savoury grass,
From which flow some streams
That water many marshes
With clear waters.

LI Those lofty ranges
Where the noble mountain stands,
Since they were won by us
And until now lost,
Let them go to the whole company.

LII That valley beyond
Is the valley of excellence,
It is the valley of Salem,
Where I find that many have
Great virtue and valour.

LIII Garcia:

They have killed the great Shepherd,
Out of envy they killed him:
Because he was a good keeper,
A good breeder of sheep;
Out of greed they made an end of him.

LIV Fernando:

The dances are over,
Lord, let us go and dine,
For from the past labours
Many here are faint,
And it is fitting they should rest.

LV If you wish to give them anything,
We will give it to them at table,
Where he may well command,
And his flock graze well,
For so we think it good.
It falls to João's dance.

LVI Pedro:

Up there on that height too
A wolf is howling,
And in the midst of the thicket
An eagle-owl is hooting,
And a little owl is singing,
And André is sorry
Not to dance like Fernando.

LVII João:
Pedro too, for whom I plead,
Is a singular man,
Who in light and in darkness
Always danced very surely,
And must he be left with nothing?

LVIII Chief Shepherd:
Then let him go and surround him,
And they will do him great harm;
We will go and help him
Until we can subdue
The Marian horses.

LIX Around the great hut,
On those lofty hills,
In the valley called Canna,
We heard this week
Wolves that are on the run,
Raising great cries,
In great agony,
Many dead and wounded,
And others lost.
They fall to Garcia's dance.

LX Chief Shepherd:
Who brings the stranger
Here into my noble seat,

Since I defended it first,
Since my victory
Grieves him so completely?

LXI Stranger:
In what have I offended you,
That you are vexed with me?

LXII Chief Shepherd:
It is because I have summoned you,
A thousand times entreated you,
And you were always unruly:
And because you are embraced
With my rivals,
And allied with them,
You do not deserve a pasture
With these noble Shepherds.

LXIII You have been rebellious to me
Against my shepherds,
Embraced with Babel,
Faithless and cruel
Against my herdsmen.
To my sheep and rams
You kept no loyalty,
You slaughtered my lambs,
You knocked down my pens,
You denied me the truth.

LXIV André:

Go, Shepherd, and good riddance;
You will do us a great favour
If you go at once this very hour,
And after you are gone
You will have some reason.

LXV João:

You will go out this way
While the Shepherd turns around,
For afterwards you will not be able to,
And perhaps you will drag us
Into some great upheaval.

LXVI Fernando:

Do not wish to stay any longer,
Look for games and harmonies,
Where you may take some joy
Before they come back.
Oh, Lord, take pleasure,
For the great wild Boar
Is coming now of his own will
To put himself in your power
With his ports and his passage.

LXVII In the fields of Tropé
You will play your flute,
And in the fields of Godofré,
And in the lands of Thomé

All of you will dance there,
With the sons of Ulysses,
Who enjoy our playing.
No boar will grunt,
No wolf will howl
Except at your will.

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THE AUTHOR FORETELLS THE EVILS OF PORTUGAL AND SINGS ITS GLORIES WITH THE ACCLAMATION OF THE HIDDEN KING

✦

LXVIII Portugal is a strong name,
A name so excellent;
He is King of the western cape,
Chief above all.
Your equal is not found,
A King of such merit:
There is none, as I feel,
From the West to the East.

LXIX Portugal is a whole name,
A male name, if you will:
The other Kingdoms are women,
Like iron without steel;
And if not, look first:
Portugal holds the frontier,
All of them change course
For fear of its watchdog.

LXX Portugal has the banner
With five Quinas in the middle,
And as I see and believe,
This is the head,
And it will set its crest
That was given it on Calvary,
And it will be King of a herd
That comes from a long road.

LXXI This King has such nobility
As I never saw in a King:
This one keeps well the law
Of justice and of greatness.
His Highness is lord
Of all ports and voyages,
For he is King of the passages
Of the Sea and its riches.

LXXII This King so excellent,
About whom I took my stand,
Is not of Goleima stock,
But cousin and kin of Kings.
He comes of very high seed
On all four sides,
All Kings of the first degrees
From the Levant to the West.

LXXIII The rival Kings will be
Four, and no more;
All four principal
From the Levant to the West.
The other Kings very glad
To see him Emperor,
And held as Lord
Not for gifts or presents.

LXXIV Commanders, Prelates,
You who devour the Churches,
You will plot and turn back
For the honour of the Three Estates,
And the rest will be taxed;
All will contribute,
And there will be great confusion
In every kind of estate.

LXXV Already the Lion is awake,
Very alert.
He has woken, he is on his way.
He will soon drive from its nest
The boar, and this is very sure.
It will flee into the desert
From the Lion and his roar;
It shows it goes wounded
By that good Hidden King.

LXXVI A door will open
In one of the African Kingdoms,
Opposed to the Arians,
That will never be shut.
The cow will receive
The new people who come,
With joy at so much good
She will pour out her milk.

LXXVII The moon will fall greatly,
According to what is seen in her,
And those who hold her law:
For the measure is ending.
That box will be opened
That until now was shut;
It will be handed over by force
Wrapped in its swaddling band.

LXXVIII A great Lion will rise
And give great roars;
His cries will be heard,
And he will astonish all;
He will run and he will bite,
And do very great harm,
And in the African Kingdoms
He will subdue all.

LXXIX He will cross and take a bite
In the Promised Land;
He will seize the old Dog
That runs so unruly.

LXXX With pardons and prayers
He will go strongly armed;
Saint James will fall upon them
On the turn he makes afterwards.

LXXXI He will enter with two banners
Among the bristly boars,
With strong arms and shields
Of his noble knights.

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THE AUTHOR POETICALLY INTRODUCES TWO JEWS WHO COME SEEKING THE CHIEF SHEPHERD, ONE CALLED FRAIM AND THE OTHER DÃO, AND FIND FERNANDO THE SHEPHERD AT THE DOOR

✦

LXXXII Fraim:
Tell us, Sir, may we
Speak with the great Shepherd?
And from here we promise him
Rich jewels that we bring,
If he will take them from us.
Fernando:
Jews, what will you give him?

LXXXIII Jews:
We will give him great treasure,
Much silver, much gold,
That we bring from overseas.
You will do us a great favour
By letting us see him.

LXXXIV Fernando:
Come in, Jews, if you wish;
You may well speak with him,
For you will find him inside.

LXXXV He will take with his power
And great knowledge
All the ports beyond,
Morocco and Tlemcen,
And Fez as well:
He will do all as he wills;
They will come to approach him
To hold him back,
For they wish to be tributaries
And wish to give him money,
Flatterers,
Which he must not accept.

LXXXVI And after the Embassy
Is declared,
Before the forty close,
The great storm will rise
Of what he intends,
And soon it will be calmed,
And they will take the road
In silence;
They will have no one to spur them on;

That night they will give them
Such a lashing
That the Faith shall be exalted.

LXXXVII Now the longed-for time
Has come,
As the firmal sets down:
Now the forty are closing
That are recorded
By a Doctor now past.
The new King is raised up,
Now he gives a shout;
Now his banner appears
Against the breeding Griffin,
The greedy one,
That has tasted such meadows.

LXXXVIII Let him come forth, let him come forth, that Infante
Of good fortune;
His name is Dom João;
Let him draw out and carry the banner
And the guidon,
Powerful and triumphant.
News will come to him in an instant
From those prized lands,
Which are declared
And affirmed
By the King from then on.

LXXXIX I do not find the sharp one
To be held back,
He being the instrument;
I do not find, as I feel,
The Excellent One
To be false in his Shield.
But I find that the Woolly One,
Very wise,
Will pluck the cat,
And make it catch the rat,
Of its gear
Leaving it all bare.

XC Let him not fear the Turk, no,
At this season,
Nor his great Moorish host,
Which received no baptism
Nor chrism;
It is a flock of confusion.
The firmal makes a declaration
On this matter;
It calls them thirsty animals
That have not the commandments
Nor the Sacraments;
They are beasts without reason.

XCI Though more and more
Of the beasts come,
By what the figure shows,
They will find the grave
Of bitterness,
Like brute animals.
For if you look well at the text
And declare it,
They will be wounded with slings,
All dead, confounded
In the infernal abysses.

XCII The wounds of the Redeemer
And Saviour
Are the arms of our King:
For he keeps the Law well,
And so the flock
Of the most high Creator.
No King or Emperor,
Nor great Lord
Ever had such a sign
As this one, being loyal,
And guardian of the peoples.

XCIII The arms and the banner
And the guidon
Were given for victory
By that high King of Glory

As a memorial
To a holy King and baron.
To King João there passed,
In possession,
Calvary for a banner;
He will bear it as his crest;
He will clear the road
Of all the land of the Dog.

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SECOND DREAM

✦

XCIV Oh, if only I had the power
To tell
The dreams that a man dreams!
But I fear it will bring me
Great shame
That they will not believe me.
I saw a great Lion running
Without stopping,
Going on his way,
Catching the wild boar
In the passage,
With nothing to defend it from him.

XCV He will take away all the escort;
There will be peace in all the world;
Of four Kings the second
Will have all the victory.

XCVI Such will be his memory,
For being guardian of the Law,
That for the Arms of this King
They will give him triumph and glory.

XCVII For thirty-two years and a half
There will be signs on the earth;
The Scripture does not err,
For here it makes the full count.

XCVIII One of the three that go in a row
Shows a great danger;
There will be scourge and punishment
On people I do not name.

XCIX Now the longed-for time
Has come,
As the firmal sets down;
Now the forty are passing
That are recorded
By a Doctor now past.
The new King has awakened,
Now he gives a shout:
Now his proclamation resounds;
Now Levi gives him his hand
Against unruly Shechem.
And as I have heard
And know well,
Now it will be fulfilled:
The dishonour of Dinah
Will be avenged,
As is promised.

C The new King is chosen
And elected;
Now he raises the banner
Against the breeding Griffin
That has eaten such pastures;
For you must note
And set down,
If it please the King of Heaven,
He will bring by both the Laws,
And in these six
You will see astonishing things.

CI The fool wants to affirm
And declare,
From six to seventy,
What is recorded
Of the King who will go to deliver.
Let us praise this Baron
From the heart,
For he is King by Right;
God made him all perfect,
Endowed with perfection.

CII This King has a Brother,
A good Captain.
Is the brotherhood not known?

He is all noble in goodness;
And in truth
He will come forth with the banner.

CIII Many are longing
And arguing
Whether my word will be true,
Whether from afar or from near?
And talking about this.
That great Patriarch
Shows it to us, and is speaking,
And declares the great Monarch
To be of the lands and region,
The seed of King Fernando.

CIV This King of great excellence,
With fury,
Will cross the salt sea
On a bridled horse,
And not saddled,
With men of great valour.

CV This one, it says, will help
And deliver
Those who are in sorrow.
Of him the Scripture tells
That he will clear the field.
The esteemed Nobles,
And the despised,

Who until now are shamed,
With him will be raised up,
And much loved,
And esteemed by the Kings.

CVI If you read the Prophecies
Of Jeremiah,
They will go from the ends of the earth
To take the Valleys and the Hills,
Making war,
And to take away the heresies,
To pull down the Monarchies,
And fancies
Will be well marked,
They will all be pulled down,
Disconsolate,
Out of their lodgings.

CVII Still prophesying more,
And declaring:
Their little ones of the herds
Will pull down their dwellings,
Well entered,
And so he goes on showing it.
Now the Lion goes roaring,
And longing

To chase the wild boar,
And he will catch it in the passage,
So he goes on declaring.

CVIII Many may answer
And say:
With what proof does the shoemaker
Make this true,
Or how can this be?
I wish to answer at once
Without delay:
If you read the Prophecies
Of Daniel and Jeremiah,
Through Ezra you can see it.

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THIRD DREAM

✦

CIX Oh, if only I could tell
The dreams that a man dreams!
But I feel great shame
That they will not believe me.

CX I dreamt with great joy
That the dead were rising again,
And all were getting up,
And being born again.

CXI And that I saw those who are
Hidden beyond the rivers;
I dreamt that they had come out
Of that prison.

CXII I saw the Tribe of Dan
With teeth bared,
And many torn to pieces
By the Serpent and the Dragon.

CXIII And I also saw Reuben
With a great shout of many people,
Who came very joyfully
Singing: Jerusalem!

CXIV Oh, if one could see Bethlehem now,
And that mount of Zion,
And see the River Jordan
To wash oneself very well!

CXV I saw Simeon too,
Who surrounded every side
With banners and standards,
Naphtali and Zebulun.

CXVI Gad came as Captain
Of these people I tell you of;
All came on horseback,
Without a single man on foot.

CXVII I, to make more sure,
And to see whether I was awake,
Saw an old man most honourable
Who came to ask me:

CXVIII Tell me, are you of Hagar,
Or, by your speech, a Canaanite?
Or are you perhaps a Hebrew
Of those we have come to seek?

CXIX All that you ask me
(I answered, as one asleep),
Sir, I am not of that people,
Nor do I know such folk.

CXX But according to the signs
You are of the shut-in people
Who they say are gathered
In those Eastern parts.

CXXI Many are longing
For the peoples to be gathered:
Many others, forewarned,
Are fearing it.

CXXII They fear there will come in the band
That Giant Goliath,
But at seeing Enoch and Elijah
On the other hand they rejoice.

CXXIII Tell me, noble Baron,
I ask, if you are content
To tell me your seed:
Is it of the house of Abraham?

CXXIV For I am of that generation;
I came from the Tribe of Levi,
A priest like Eli;
My name is Aaron.

CXXV I would have liked to answer him
And touch on the Law,
But at this I woke up,
And took great pleasure.

CXXVI And after I awoke
I went to look at the Scriptures,
And found many pictures
And the dream figured there.

CXXVII In Ezra I saw it painted,
And I also saw Isaiah,
Who shows us in these days
The shut-in people coming forth.

CXXVIII Which at once I went to seek
In Gog, Magog and Ezekiel;
The Weeks of Daniel
I started to look at;
And I found in their song,
According to what it represents,
And so Gad, as Hagar,
That all is to end,
Saying: Close the seventy.

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BANDARRA'S ANSWER TO SOME QUESTIONS PUT TO HIM, FROM WHICH ONE CAN TELL WHAT THEY WERE

✦

CXXIX The times that are now seen,
Why, Sir, do you ask?
They hold a very great secret,
For many say Amen,
But keep more and more silent.

CXXX Most of it is yet to be fulfilled,
What my reckoning sums up:
For from departing to coming
The text must be fulfilled
First, Sir, in Rome.

CXXXI And in these three hundred days,
Sir, that we now count,
Are contained the Prophecies
Of Daniel and Jeremiah,
Into which we now enter.

CXXXII And after they have entered
All will then be known;
Those who reach the six

Will have all they desire,
And one God alone will be known.

CXXXIII I speak these things with you
As with a great scholar;
Some of them are dangerous,
And others doubtful,
They have not yet begun.

CXXXIV Before these things come to be,
In this era we speak of,
We shall see very great things,
Such as those who lived never saw,
Nor have we seen, nor shall we hear.

CXXXV The prisoner will come forth
From the new people who come,
From that Tribe of Reuben,
Son of Jacob, the first,
With all else that he has.

CXXXVI The little owl is whistling,
Saying and calling oxen,
And for fear of afterwards
Everything is afraid.

CXXXVII The two oxen are lowing
To pull it out of the gully,
So that into its den
The hooting Owl may not enter.

CXXXVIII I find in the Prophecies
That the earth will tremble
And will ring like a vault
When it makes harmonies.

CXXXIX They say that in the last days,
When these things shall be,
In the twenty-fourth they will find
This saying of Isaiah.

CXL I see the wolves eating
The slaughtered sheep,
The dead cows mounted
And the lambs moaning.

CXLI The earth ought not to tremble
But sink without delay,
Since those who govern
Will not defend them.

CXLII I see the world in danger,
I see peoples against peoples;
Now the earth gives no seed,
Only basil for wheat.

CXLIII Now there is no friend,
No one has a sound belly;
We are now an east wind
That has no shelter.

CXLIV I see the year forty-one
By the course of the comet,
By the striking of the planet
That shows great harm.

CXLV I see a great humane King
Raise his banner;
I see, as through a sieve,
The Griffin die in the pipe.

CXLVI I see the hungry wolf
In league with the watchdogs:
The shepherds and the herdsmen
Are of one consent.

CXLVII I find here in the deed
That an accountant will come
To call the shepherd to account,
And he will pay one per cent.

CXLVIII I turned over my notebook
About this strong baron;
I find no fault in him;
I have much to say of him.

CXLIX I see a lofty device
On a triumphant wheel;
I see an Infante climbing
To the top of all the wood.

CL I see a great King rise,
Wholly blessed,
And he will be so prospered
That he will defend the flock.

CLI This one will guard the Law
From all the heresies;
He will pull down the fancies
Of those who keep what I know not.

CLII I see a frontiersman come forth
From the Kingdom behind the hills,
Eager to make war,
A valiant knight.

CLIII This one will be the first
To set his banner
On the head of the Dragon;
He will pull it down completely.

CLIV I find that afterwards
A shepherd will come to the sheep,
Very gentle and a good keeper,
Who will reform the flock.

CLV This shepherd will give them
Very wholesome grass to eat,
And with their sheep and wool
He will clothe God himself.

CLVI All will have one love,
Gentiles as well as pagans;
The Jews will be Christians,
Without ever any error.

CLVII They will serve one Lord only,
Jesus Christ, whom I name;
All will believe that he has come,
The Anointed Saviour.

CLVIII All that is said here,
Let them look well at the Prophecies
Of Daniel and Jeremiah,
Let them weigh them from the root.

CLIX They will find that in these days
There will be great novelties,
New laws and changes,
A thousand quarrels and disputes.

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SECOND BODY OF BANDARRA'S TROVAS

✦

I I got up very early,
I sat on my three-legged stool,
And from far off begins
A roaring that brings fear.

II They all go like forced men,
They cross ranges and more hills.
Rivers and springs dry up,
All for our sins.

III I pierce with my awl,
I put in silk, I put in thread:
When there is snow and cold,
There is no one who can bear it.

IV I see the land deserted,
And walls raised up:
I go on giving four blows
To the sole when it tightens.

V I see war in peace,
And many dying in the ditch:
The horse and the boy flee
After the soldier lies dead.

VI Among very high hills
There is a holy house:
I no longer want to see anything more,
And I go on tapping my heels.

VII Does the cat scratch me? Shoo!
I look again from the slope;
The cord is thrown on the ground,
I find no way to escape.

VIII With the knife I trim the sole,
Boring the welt with the drill:
This is what my liking aspires to,
For I see the game of ball.

IX There are many poles set up
That are seen from far off;
Whoever does not like it,
Let him lose his trade and take up herding.

X With the wax I wax the thread;
I pull the leather with the pincers;
All the treasure is spent
To open a new road.

XI When I fail my customers
They are left barefoot and sad:
The reals are not for the water
That was poured over the cattle.

XII I see all the people set
To work without eating:
I see the dead running,
And the living only lying down.

XIII Every fool works,
And the noble serves too;
In the pan the meat boils
For Moor and Jew.

XIV The poor dying of want;
Others have their chests full;
It rains on the square and on the sand
Like water from a syringe.

XV I go on putting on my patch
While the Lord gets dressed;
A land rough enough.
I am watching among the hills.

XVI The name has nine letters,
Two are of the same kind:
Let each look how he spends it
So as not to die of hunger.

XVII In the era of two and three,
Then after three count more,
There will be fatal things
Seen at no other time.

XVIII There will be so many troubles,
Shouts, beatings, uproars,
But already I hear the footsteps
Over toward the side of the mallets.

XIX The people sigh and roar
Beneath their hats;
Nothing is seen but the Sky
When the snow pours down.

XX I see between two ends
The leather that I am sewing;
Now after others I see
Many fierce seamen.

XXI Already in the first course
The Royal banner enters;
Ah! Portugal! Portugal!
There goes your weariness.

XXII The serpent will give such a cry
From the nest where it lies, and keeps,
When it sees another coming
To take the staff from its vineyard.

XXIII It leaves its children in great haste,
And another keeps and raises them;
It goes on its way without a guide;
It lets the crown fall from its head.

XXIV I climb up to my terrace;
I no longer hear any uproar;
The land is left quiet,
The Hidden One declared.

XXV The door of the Temple opens,
The faithful lamb enters,
Puts on the house's coarse habit,
Gives all a great example.

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THIRD BODY: INTRODUCTION

✦

I In you, who are to be fifth
After the second is dead,
I found my Prophecies
With these letters that I paint here.

II The trunk is still to come,
Already I see you a lofty cedar:
It is little from Pedro to Pedro
If the branch measures the trunk.

III I made Trovas of iron and silver,
Worthy of any treasure;
Today all I make is gold
That ends, Lord, in you.

IV I do not tell of shoemaking
That I dreamt in other times;
What I shall now tell
Are higher Prophecies.

V The broom does not bend,
The sargasso is very bitter:
All that I now make
Are mouthfuls of sweet herb.

VI I make very whole Trovas,
Verses very well measured,
That are to be fulfilled
In the last ages.

VII I compose, but I do not put
The little letters on the paper,
For the devout Gabriel
Goes on writing down all I dream.

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THIRD BODY: FIRST DREAM

✦

VIII I see, but I do not know if I see;
What is certain is that I sense
That there comes to honour me in Beira
A Great One from beside the Tagus.

IX Lasts, handles and awls
Finely wrought
You will order made, Lord;
Many will be glad to see them.

X But alas! already I see coming
The chief Presbyter
To put at risk all the excellence
That is to rise again.

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THIRD BODY: SECOND DREAM

✦

XI Take note, peoples to come,
That the King who is to go from here
Is to come back to you
When thirty scissors have passed.

XII The little Shepherd on the hill
Shouts to them to take care,
For the flock is being lost
However much he bellows shouting.

XIII I see a queen bee
Forsake the hive;
The others, much ashamed,
Have no wings for that.

XIV Times of misery will go,
Times of plenty will come;
The friars will be sad
For going to help the nuns.

XV This dream that I dreamt
Is a very certain truth:
That from the hidden Island
This King is to come to you.

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THIRD BODY: THIRD DREAM

✦

XVI I dreamt that I was dreaming
That, when a hundred Januaries have passed,
The first Portuguese
Will rise up in a band.

XVII The Imperial eagle rises
With its young at its tail,
And with its claws on the cape
It makes its nest in Portugal.

XVIII Turn an A upside down,
Take away its middle stroke,
And set it close behind it:
You will know whom I name to you.

XIX I have it all in my head,
The past and the future,
And whoever is a mature man
Must give me full faith.

XX I see without opening my eyes
As well far off as near;
From the hidden world will come
One who will kill the eagle's chicks.

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THIRD BODY: FOURTH DREAM

✦

XXI Over toward the parts of the North
I see, as through a sieve,
A cloud of dust rising
That threatens us with death.

XXII Your great Captain,
O erring and perverse people,
Is already marching with the regiment,
And you asleep on the ground?

XXIII In the era I shall name
Heresy will come to an end;
You will see the Prophecy true
If you know well how to count.

XXIV Set three open scissors,
Before them a straight thread;
You will count six times five,
And one more, and it is complete.

XXV The wind beats very hard
On the wall of the Church;
Someone wishes it fallen;
In raising it lies the skill.

XXVI But alas! the shoe work
Soon demands its wage;
But there is not much left over
Unless the bell tower tolls.

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THIRD BODY: FIFTH DREAM

✦

XXVII I see, I see, I say I see
The earth go round about;
And the whirlwind with grief
Stirs up one sex and the other.

XXVIII The bell's sow was roaring,
The bell was not ringing,
The weathervane was spinning,
And the bell stood upright.

XXIX I put the awl into the welts,
And see through the hole
The bones of Pedro Jaco
On the rock of lies.

XXX How beautifully they sound,
The true Prophecies!
After they are fulfilled
They will see that they people the earth.

XXXI The learned and the foolish know,
By the turning of the stars,
Pure and very lovely truths
That even the Jews do not deserve.

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THIRD BODY: SIXTH DREAM

✦

XXXII When the dream is true
A very clear law is given:
I dream now that a rod
Is giving light to a hill.

XXXIII The hill is Portugal,
And the rod is Castilian;
From my poor hut
I see this Royal rod.

XXXIV It will bear fruit in all that is holy;
No one will dare deny it;
Weeping will be a delight,
And lament will be sweet.

XXXV I well believe that it is near,
The end of these Prophecies;
Three hundred days will pass
After I am discovered.

XXXVI In two places you will find me,
By ill luck or by good fortune:
My bones in the grave,
And my soul in these papers.

XXXVII There will be no stone upon stone
When I am found here,
And the little letters of the Scholar
Have stayed three hundred years.

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