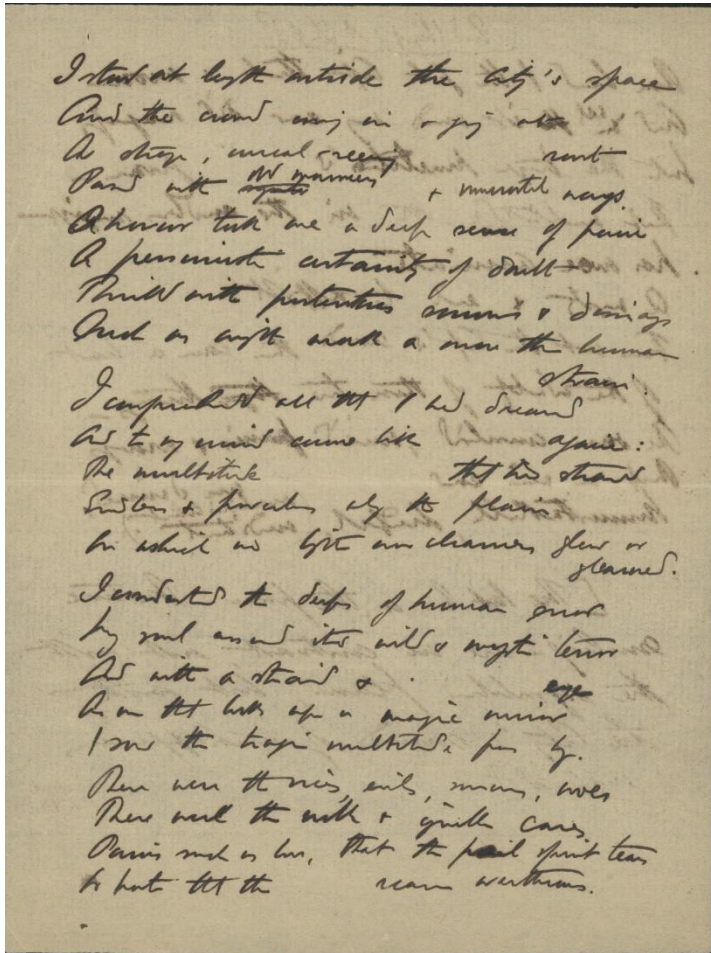


End (beginning of) of Death of God.

Then heard I the great life throb and moan
And in fle all its sound my ear did magnify
Into the † multitude's {...} groan -
That multitude that in the endless night
Has woe animate {...}
A mystery and evil to affright.
From out the life's crowd there came a hint
Of the ideality of these two throngs -
The sense crowdèd mixèd pains and wrongs
That in mine ear {...} nor dinned,
Unmistakable, dreadful, undistinct /maldidtinct\.

[The last lines in the poem - Nature smiling - are in contrast, not with the symbolic plain, but with City's sounds of unhappiness instead]

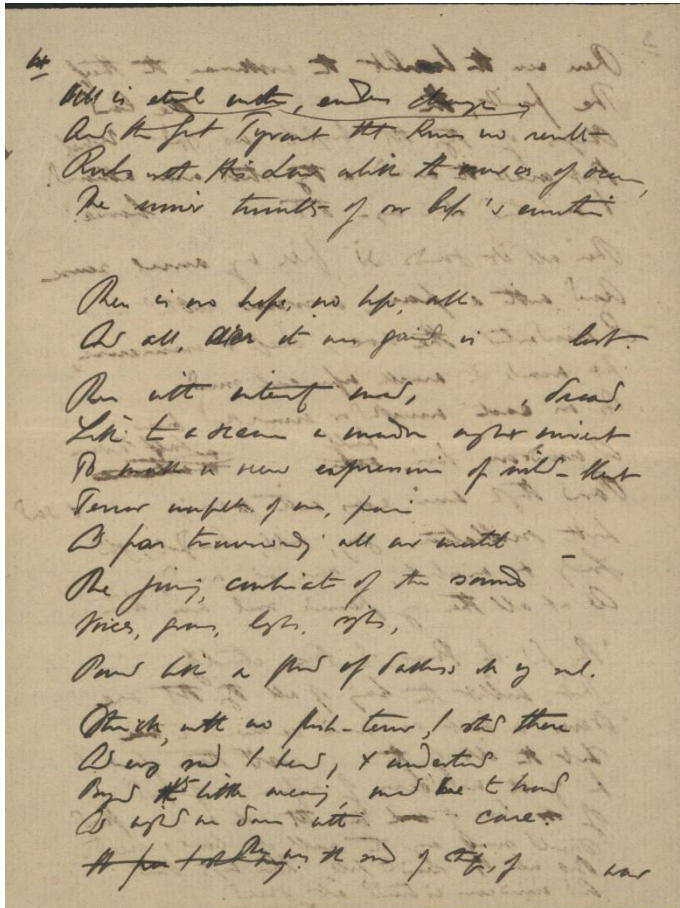


I stood at length outside the City's space
And the crowd coming in and joy at
A strange, unreal seeming {...} rout
Passed with ~~some~~ old manners and immortal ways.
A horror took me a deep sense of pain
A pessimistic certainty of doubt
Thrilled with portentous sorrows and dismays
Such as night make a move that human strain
I comprehend all that I had dreamed
And to my mind came like {...} again:
The multitude {...} that had streamed
Endless and powerless along the plain
In which no light nor clearness glew or gleamed,
I contested the deepness of human error
My soul saw assured its wild and mystic terror
And with a strained and {...} eye
As one that looks upon a magic mirror
I saw the tragic multitude pass by.
There were the vices, evils, sorrows, woes
There were the noble and ignoble cares.
Pains such as love, that the frail spirit tears
Or hate that the {...} scarce overthrows.

3
79-18
Here in the heart the witness, the thief
The fruit, the ~~the~~ the land
Days of the that light us soul-relief
Not make the end a thy still more abhorred.
I wanted it - ay - that wretched horde!
Then all its sounds did fill my aural sense
And with a pain, a sorrow rooted was
I understood the woe, deep and immense,
That made its mark upon each sound {...}
As on each wrinkled or unmarked |*brow|
A wonderous din, worn {...} and or intense half {...} half
worn
Passed through mine ears with meaning {...} and sad
With oscillation, gay, wild, dreadful, glad
Lonely and incoherent sure or mad,
As at all there of pensive soul was torn.
"Oh, God, oh Power, oh Force eternally
That willst the being of all things that are
Preserve a heart as mine contrived to see
That the ill of the {...} world thus far!
In youth, we dream of the † and of good
Of ~~se~~ love of and men that like a {...} flood
Should sweep away the walls of law and creed.
But all things rise to fall, love begets blood
And kindness is timed unto greed.

These were the harlot, the workman, the thief
The priest, the {...} the lord
Changes of things that brought no soul-relief
But made the world a thing still more abhorred.
I understood it - ay - that wretched /wretching\ horde!
Then all its sounds did fill my aural sense
And with a pain, a sorrow rooted was
I understood the woe, deep and immense,
That made its mark upon each sound {...}
As on each wrinkled or unmarked |*brow|
A wonderous din, worn {...} and or intense half {...} half
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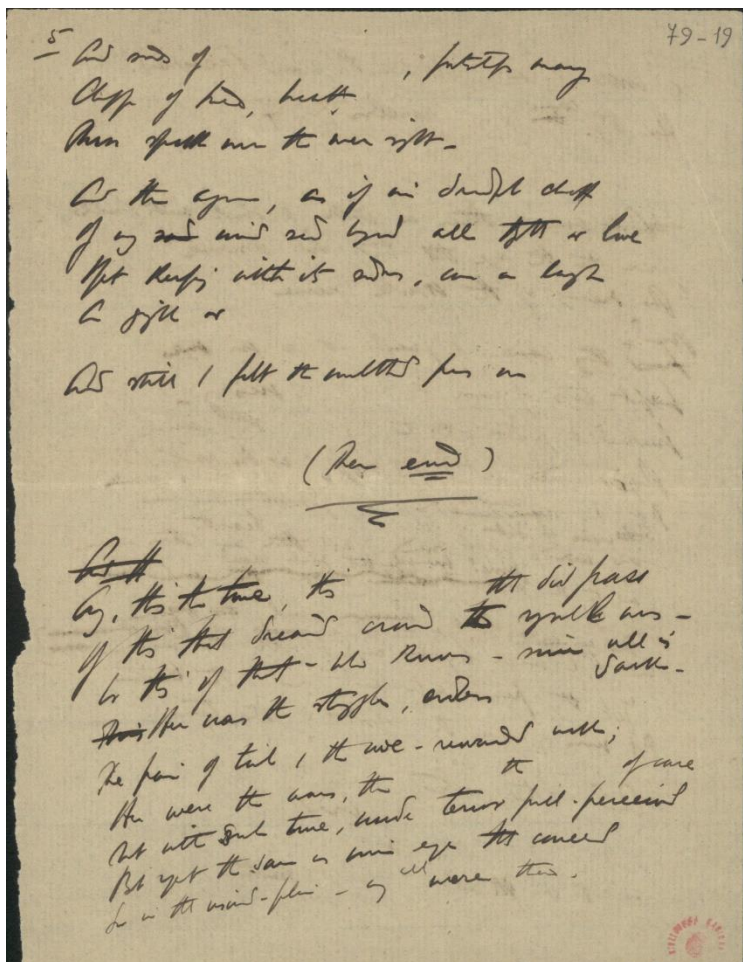


All is endless change, eternal motion
And the great Tyrant that knows no revolt
Rules not His Law alike the waves of ocean,
The inner tumults of our life's emotion

There is no hope, no hope, all {...}
And all, e'en it was |*grimed| is {...} lost.
Then with intensity mad, {...}, dread,
Like to a dream a madness aught invent
To make a new expression of wild-blent
Terror unfelt of woe, pain {...}
And far transversally all our mortal {...}
The joining, combination of the sounds
Voices, groans, laughs, sighs, {...}
Pound like a flood of darkness oh my soul.
Stricken, with no flesh-terror, I stood there
And every sound I heard, and understood
Beyond the /its\ little meaning, made me to hand
As weighed me down with {...} care.
~~If fo I shall my~~ There was the sound of strife, of {...} war

BNP/E3, 79 - 19^o

Transcrição



And sounds of {...}, footsteps many
Clapping of hands, breathing
These spoke over the new sight -
And then again, as if in dreadful chaff
Of my sad mind sad beyond all thought or love
Yet keeping with its sadness, came a laugh
A giggle or {...]

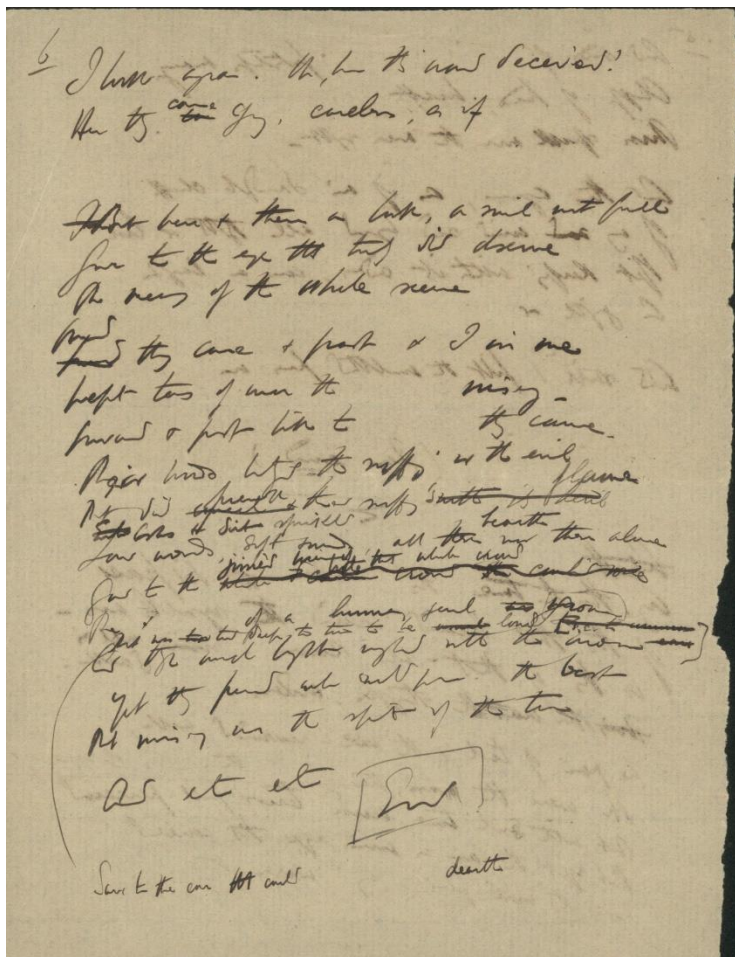
And still I felt the wretched fear on {...]

(The end)

And the

Ay, this the true, this [...] that did pass
If this that dreamèd crowd the symbol was -
Or this of that - who knows - since all is dark -
This Her was the struggle, endless [...]
The pain of toil, the owe-rewarded |*will|
Her were the wars, the [...] the [...] of care
Not with such true, nude terror full-perceived
But yet the same as mine eyes that conceived
So in the visioned-plain - my [...] all were their.

BNP/E3, 79 - 19v



Transcrição

I look again. Oh, how this crowd deceived!
How they ~~to~~ came gay, careless, as if {...}

~~In~~ But here and there a look, a smile not full
Gave to the eye that truly did observe
The meaning of the whole scene
~~Inward~~ Onward they came and past and I in me
Wept tears of woe the {...} misery -
Forward and past like to {...} they came -
Their words lighted the suffering or the evil
That did ~~conceal and~~ preserve their suffering's ~~with its devil~~
{...} flame

~~Ent~~ Also it dirt sprinkled {...} heart
Low words, soft sound, all these now these alone
Gone to the ~~whole crowd crowd the could voice~~ joined immense
that whole crowd

The {...} of a human |*gender| {...} ~~was~~ groan
That was ~~too~~ too deep too true to be ~~usual~~ loved ~~p.e. to common~~
~~ears~~

Save to the ear that could {...} dearth
And though much beyond unglad with the moan
Yet they found each could |*form| the best
Not musing on the spirit of the time
And etc etc

End

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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