

Soneto —

Im quanto a Furia que do abysmo veio
De sibilantes viboras soucada,
Co'a parricida mão de ferro armada
Ranga da bella Europa o afflicto seio:
Tu, de Bondade e de Constancia cheio,
Briando da Virtude a excelsa estrada,
Da Natureza ante o Terror ajoelhada
Co' as tuas proprias mãos reges o freio
Larvas de sangue esqualidas e hirsutas
Afastas de seus Povos tão queridos,
Honras os Ceos, e com os Vícios lutas
Doem-te os Ais, e odes aos gemidos:
E, semelhante aos Deuses vis e escuras,
Pelos seus Olhos, pelos seus Ouvidos

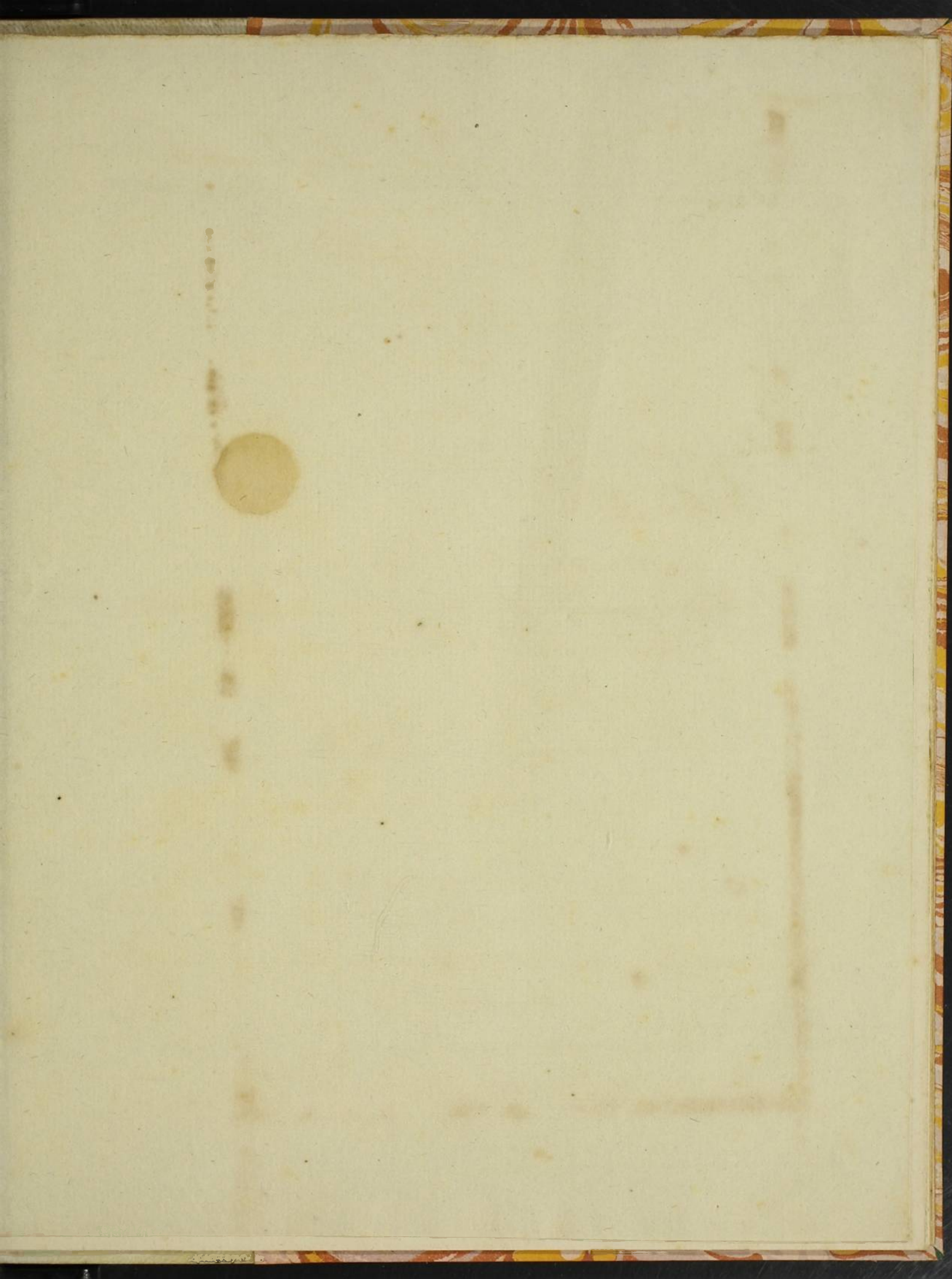
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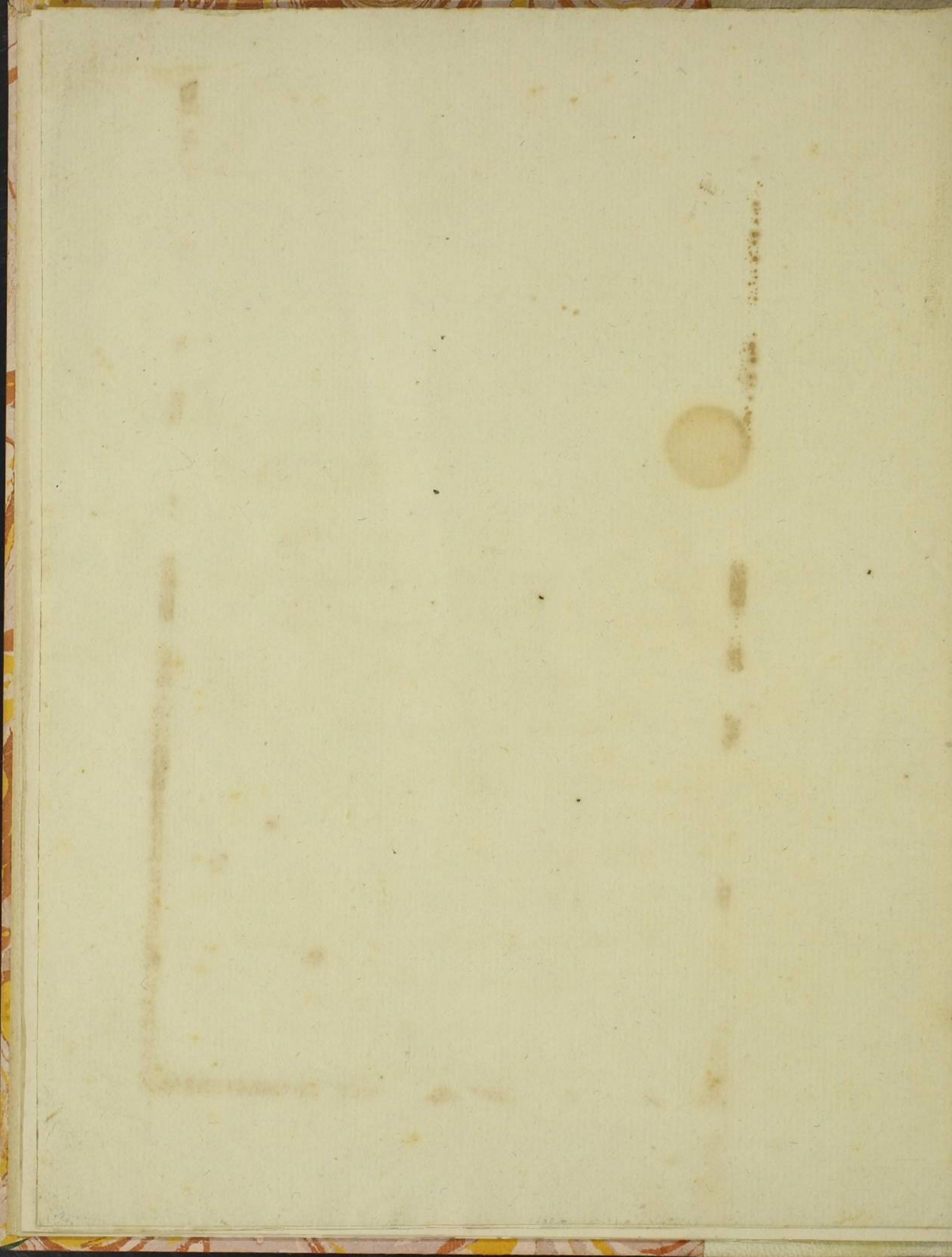
Joseph. Baileio de Sousa

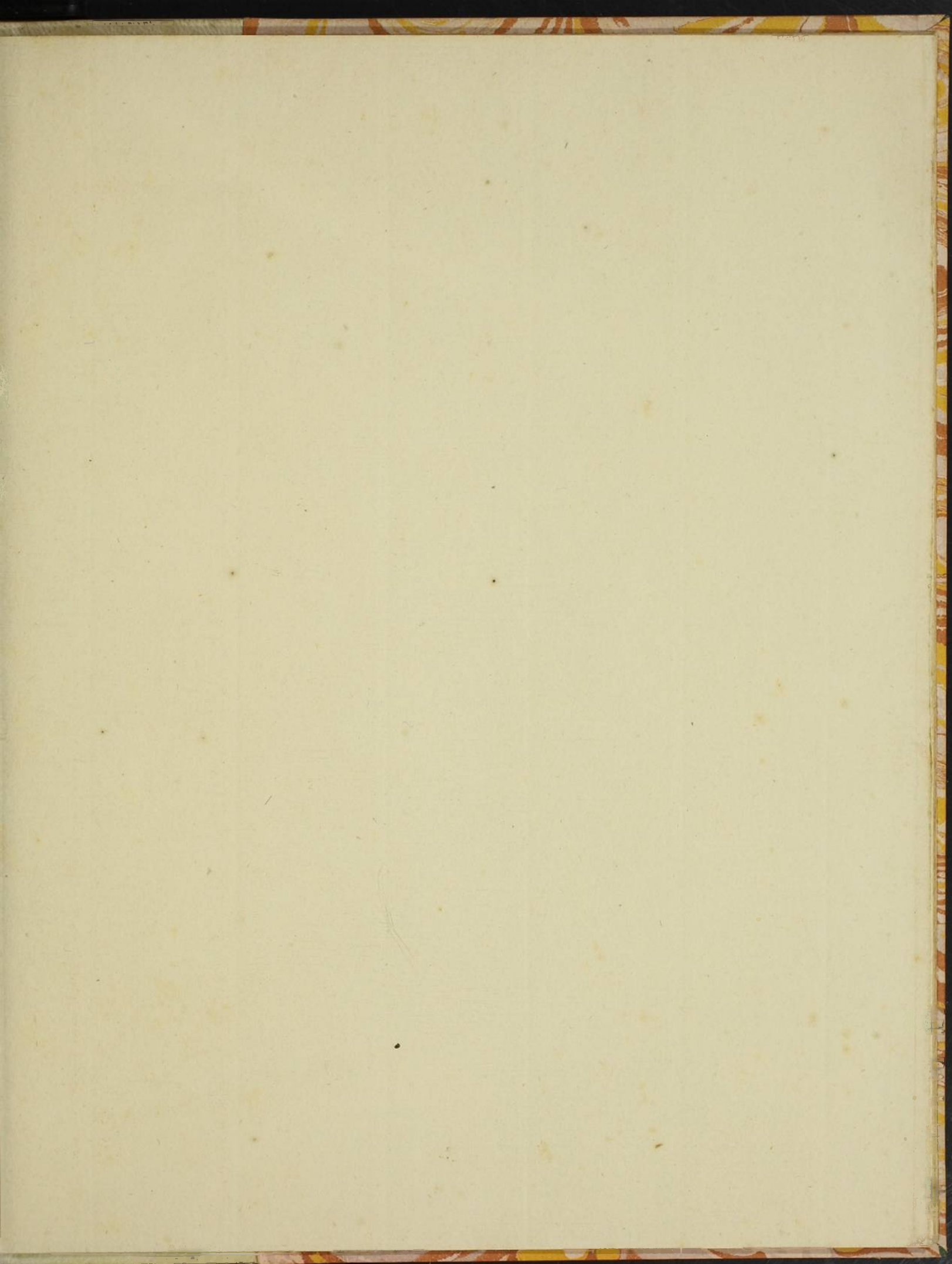
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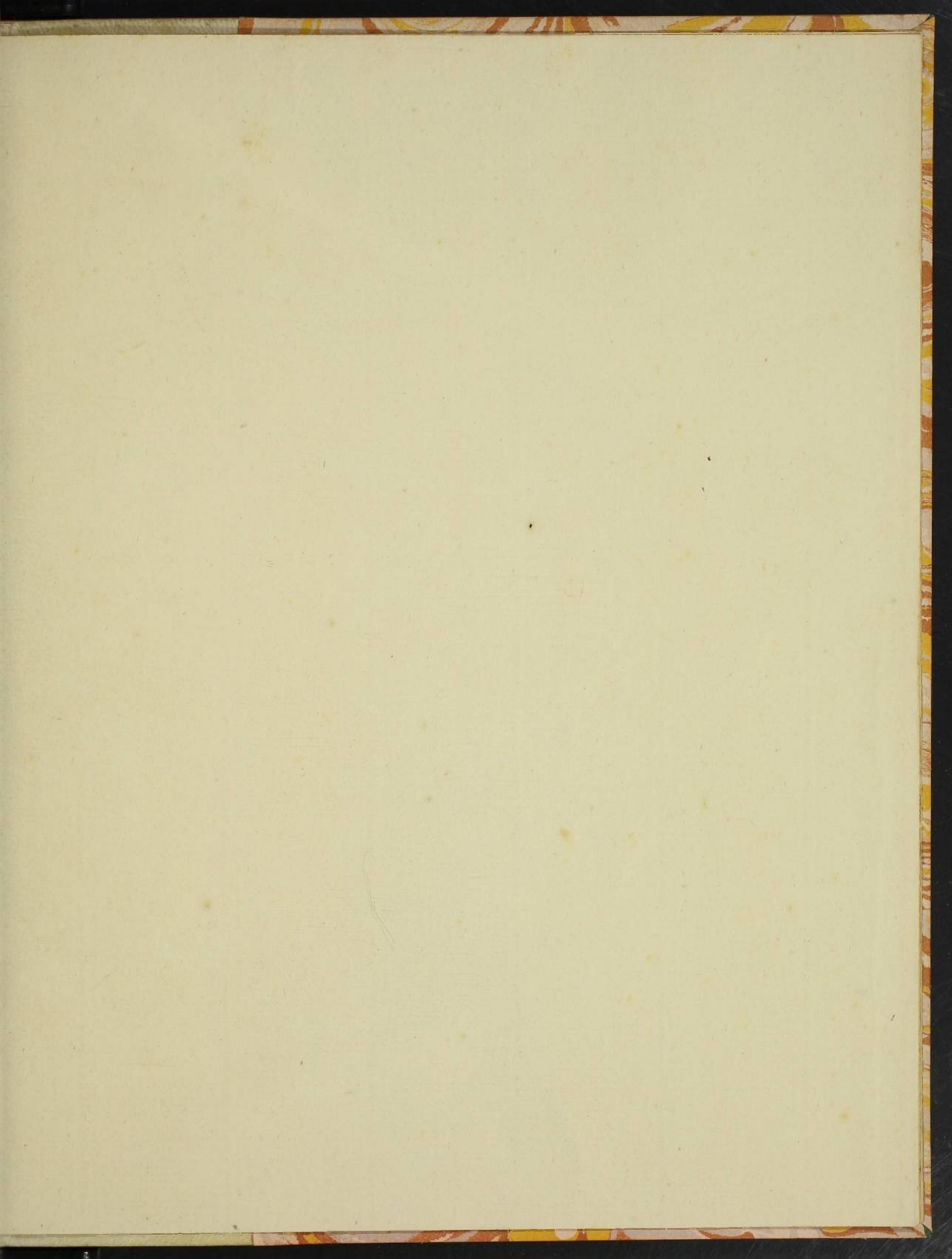
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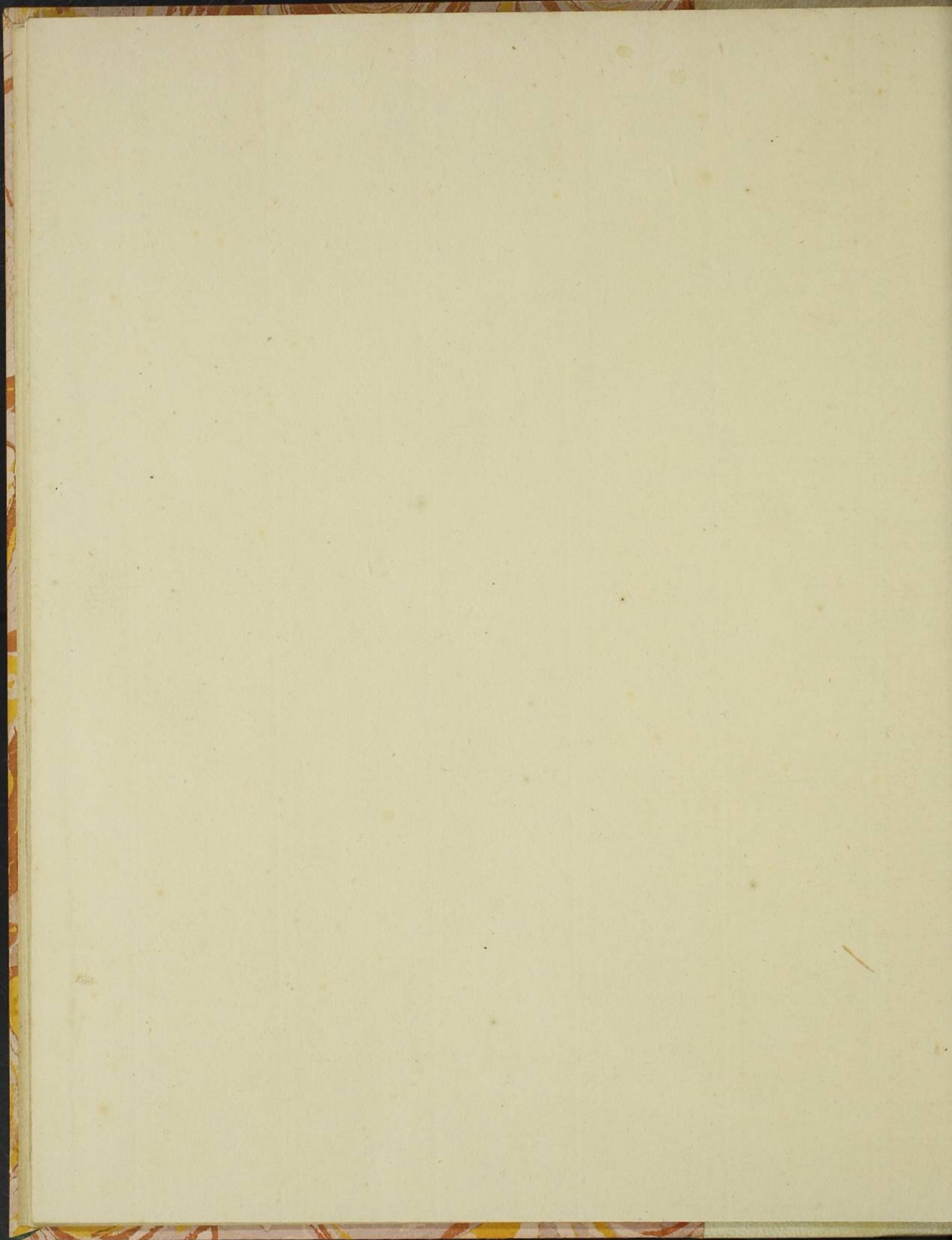
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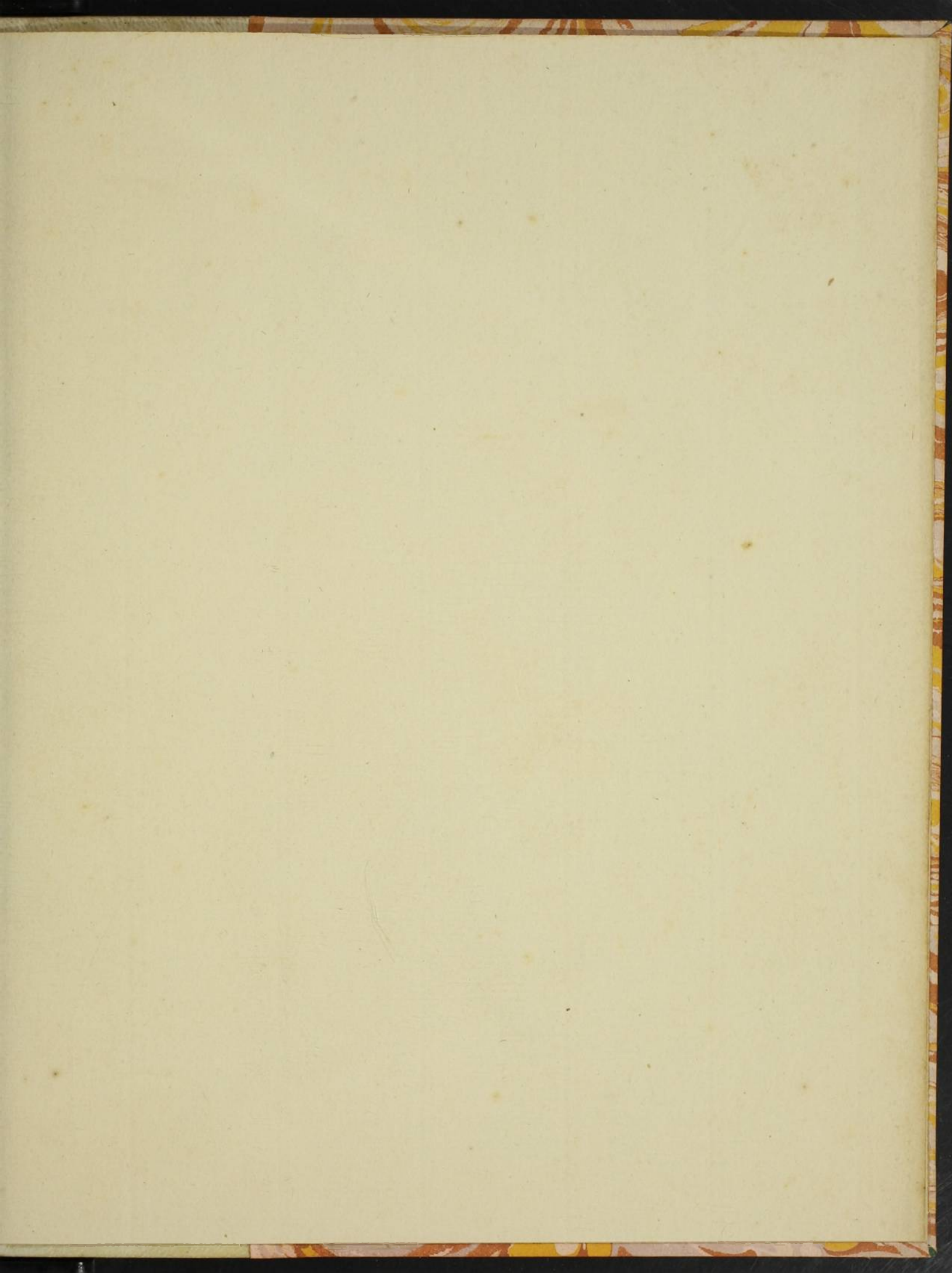












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