

Charles Robert Anon

**RONDEAU — I swore my love should never fall**

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I swore my love should never fall  
For her, the one entrancing she;  
I promised marriage, I recall,  
And said none was more dear to me.  
But soon this love began to fall,  
And all her joy was turned to gall;  
Till from the beak there came a call  
To mind me that in times of glee  
I swore.

At court all men she did enthrall,  
Myself was left no room to crawl;  
She won the case. When I did see  
Five thousand was the hellish fee,  
Why — hang it — *then*, confound it all,  
I swore.

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**Pessoa Inédito.** Fernando Pessoa. (Orientação, coordenação e prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes).  
Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1993: 56.