

*- Com saudações do tradutor ao grande poeta.*  
*Wm Griffin*

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## ESSA NEGRA FULÔ (That Negress Fulo)

*Jorge de Lima*

(Translated by William J. Griffin)

There once came to my grandpa's plantation  
(that was a long time ago)  
a pretty little black girl  
who was called the negress Fulo.

That negress Fulo!  
That negress Fulo!

O Fulo! O Fulo!  
(It was the Mistress calling)  
—Go make my bed  
do up my hair  
come help me take off  
my clothes, Fulo!

That negress Fulo!

The little negress Fulo  
soon was the housegirl, trusted  
to look after the Mistress  
and starch the Master's shirts just so!

That negress Fulo!  
That negress Fulo!

O Fulo! O Fulo!  
(It was the Mistress calling)  
Come help me, ah Fulo,  
come fan my body  
for I'm sweaty, Fulo!  
come scratch my itch  
come catch my lice  
come swing my hammock  
come tell me a story  
so I can go to sleep, Fulo!

That negress Fulo!

“Once there was a princess  
 who lived in a castle  
 who had herself a dress  
 worked with fishes of the sea.  
 She went into a duck’s leg  
 and came out of a chick’s leg—  
 The King my Master let me know  
 I should tell five stories more.”

That negress Fulo!  
 That negress Fulo!

O Fulo! O Fulo!  
 Go and put to sleep  
 those brats of mine, Fulo!  
 “Mama combed my hair and tied my bow  
 my stepdame buried me below  
 the figs of the fig tree  
 the Sabiá relished so.”

That negress Fulo!  
 That negress Fulo!

O Fulo! O Fulo!  
 (It was the Mistress calling,  
 calling the negress Fulo)  
 Where’s my bottle of perfume  
 that your Master was pleased to bestow?  
 —Ah! ’twas you stole it, I trow!  
 Ah! ’twas you stole it, I trow!

That negress Fulo!  
 That negress Fulo!

The Master was to see the negress  
 Striped by the foreman’s lash.  
 The negress undid her garments  
 The Master cried, Fulo!  
 (His visage became as dark  
 as ever the negress Fulo.)

That negress Fulo!  
 That negress Fulo!

O Fulo! O Fulo!  
Where's my kerchief of lace  
where's my girdle, my brooch  
where's my chaplet of gold  
that your Master was pleased to bestow?  
Ah! 'twas you robbed me, I trow.  
Ah! 'twas you robbed me, I trow.

That negress Fulo!

The Master himself, alone  
was to scourge the negress Fulo.  
The negress unloosened her bodice  
and dropped away her skirt;  
all naked from top to toe  
sprang forth the negress Fulo.

That negress Fulo.

That negress Fulo.

O Fulo! O Fulo!  
Where, where is your Master  
that our Lord was pleased to bestow?  
Ah! 'twas you stole him also;  
it was you, negress Fulo!

That negress Fulo!