

Fernando Pessoa

37 — SONG

SONG

Lilies cast and roses throw
In the way that she must go
Whom the singing planets hymn,
Sister of the seraphim!

Shifting motes of early sun
In the morning freshness spun
To light dresses for the breeze —
Clothe her coming such as these!

Shadows purple, fountain breaths,
Low mists such as dawning wreathes
Round the tree-tops — these be made
Hers, for whom spring's feast is laid!

She to us from heaven descended
That dreams might with earth seem blended,
And unquietness more blest
Mingle with our life's unrest.

These the chosen offerings
From what earthly deep joy sings —
These to her we daily bear
Lest she pine for heaven here.

10-11-1916

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 394.