

Fernando Pessoa

21 — SISTER CECILY

SISTER CECILY

Alas for Sister Cecily!
To whom prayeth she,
Till feet are numb and pained knees torn
 And pale lips inward driven,
Eye-lifting orisons at morn,
 Low-lidded prayers at even?

She prayeth to Mary, Mother and Queen,
Who still hath been
Who keepeth child and maid from harm,
 Our Lady with eyes of dole,
With a lily along her conscious arm
 And a virgin's aureole.

For of the Virgin it is said
That she hath bled
At seven pains for her sad son
 And therefore for us all,
Whose souls by heavenly hands are spun
 Out of the same white wool.

So to her prayeth Cecily,
That all may be
Washed pure in the perennial fount
 Where the saints meet,
And given to reach the Shining Mount
 Though with torn feet.

And though she know me not, nor pray

For me, oh! may
Her prayer for man's woe make me part
Of what she says,
So a vague rest fall on my heart
Because she prays.

s. d.

«The Mad Fiddler». in **Poesia Inglesa**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 368.

1^a publ. in **O Louco Rabequista**. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Presença, 1988.