

Fernando Pessoa

Mother, my cheeks are wet.

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Let down my hair and kiss
My brow. I seem to forget
Even if I think of this.

Lullaby to me, mother,

Lullaby to me.

I loved and was not loved, mother.

Kiss me and let me be.

Let me sleep as of old, thy hand

On my brow, so calm and so deep,
That I feel't on my soul, my soul fanned
By thy breath on the face of my sleep.

I am but a little ship, mother,

Lost out in the sea.

Lullaby to me, mother,

Lullaby to me.

s. d.

Pessoa Inédito. Fernando Pessoa. (Orientação, coordenação e prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes).
Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1993: 86.