

Fernando Pessoa

**ODE IN CONSOLATION FOR MISFORTUNE**

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He that would conquer must a soldier be.  
He that a soldier will be must be made  
To bear all the hard preface of his trade,  
    All the rough training must he bear  
Whereby he shall the conqueror

.....

All pain, all failure and all woe  
These are but training we must undergo  
Ere those heights of ourselves we full can reach  
    Whence God has things to teach  
And the discarnate fate that girds us round  
    Still more to teach and more to wound.

With patience and with fortitude  
    Bear thou thy training rude,  
Support with grace thy masters that are days  
    Made of pain and amaze,  
Thy potion take, even it that potion look  
That Socrates for his divinity took.

To Aesculape the cock immolate,  
    To the Masters of thy fate  
Abandon life, thyself strong above all  
    Thy power to let things thee appall,  
By the sole virtue of thy power set far  
    Over thy power to feel fate's war.

The rest, that thing that shall remain of thee

When land and sky and sea  
Alike are mist in thy unseeing eyes,  
This shall nowise  
Mater, nor all when all is thine abode,  
Nor God himself when all is God.

20-10-1916

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 482.