

Alexander Search

## **SUB UMBRA**

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As when the moon which on a wide deep stream  
Makes every wavelet glint with silver light,  
By some black cloud, a shadow of the night  
Is but awhile obscured, yet still gleam

The waves in darkness, to no falling beam,  
And please in shade with the obscure delight  
Of a profounder motion, stilly dight  
With softened silver, like a thing of dream;

So may for e'er my song its force retain,  
And though a cloud o'er cast my weary mind  
Let that but fill the glitter of my strain

With staid sweetness, showing to mankind  
That though beneath a cloud I can sustain  
My wonted song, to hope and bliss not blind.

8-1904

**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 34.