

Fernando Pessoa

## **Wake with the Sun, wake with the morn**

Wake with the Sun, wake with the morn  
Wake with the coming day,  
Be with the dew and the flush new born,  
But, unlike them, stay!

Mists fall of from what thou art  
They are what we see.  
Come and enter into our heart  
And let life be.

The morn belongs to the empty world  
Men are later here.  
Come and let life be slowly unfurled  
Off thee like fear.

And in thy terrible being but thou  
Sans body nor soul  
Pour all thy balm on my saddened brow,  
And make my hope whole!

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**Poesia Inglesa.** Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 490.

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