

Fernando Pessoa

**Sorrow no more for the faded rose,**

Sorrow no more for the faded rose,  
Nor of the yellow lily despair.  
These, as we see them, are but their shows.  
They are elsewhere.

Tis but their shadow lives in our light.  
As we see them (...)  
They live more truly in our delight  
Than in their forms.

The beauty they had was never lost,  
It moved away  
From the present hour and the form once tossed  
Into space and day.

But the undying essence of the (...)

The rose that faded from yesterday  
Is where yesterday is.  
I shall have again the flower and the day,  
The self and the bliss.

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