

Alexander Search

ON BABY'S DEATH

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With the doleful dead man's bell
Ring, oh, ring not Baby's knell!
Let her calmly, calmly sleep,
But with the flow'rs fresh from the dell
Make thou a music wild and deep,
Such as men can but know well
 When their souls have learnt to weep.

As if Love's self had gone from earth
Oh, sing a music that has birth
In the suspension of commotion
For thus hath death made our emotion.
Sing thou a song more deep and true
Than the vague, soft song of ocean
The quiet darkness moaning through.

Sing into sad tears our distress!
Oh, let soft sorrow be thy strain!
She's gone beyond our love's caress,
Giving to life more loneliness
 And to mystery more pain.

s. d.

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 196.

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