

Alexander Search

SONG OF THE DREAM-SPIRITS TO FANNY

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From the beach and from the billow
 Rapturously loud,
From the zephyr that doth pillow
 All his softness on a cloud;
From the murmur of the river,
From the leaves that rustle ever,
 Joyously we come.

We are bright and we are many
 As the early drops of dew,
And we come to little Fanny
 As the day to you;
From the keenness of the mountain,
From the sparkle of the fountain,
 Joyously we come.

From the hill and from the valley,
 From the mountain and the vale;
From the evening melancholy
Where all hath a tale;
 From the sweetness of the meadow,
From the coolness of the shadow,
 Joyously we come.

In the sadness of the willow,
 In the homely nest
We have dwelt and had a pillow
 In the poet's breast;
And from all things dimly moving

Human souls to bliss and loving
Joyously we come.

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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