

Fernando Pessoa

## V — Now will her grave of untorn maidenhood

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Now will her grave of untorn maidenhood  
Be dug in her small blood.  
Assemble ye at that glad funeral  
And weave her scarlet pall,  
O pinings for the flesh of man that often  
Did her secret hours soften  
And take her willing and unwilling hand  
Where pleasure starteth up.  
Come forth, ye moted gnomes, unruly band,  
That come so quick ye spill your brimming cup;  
Ye that make youth young and flesh nice  
And the glad spring and summer sun arise;  
Ye by whose secret presence the trees grow  
Green, and the flowers bud, and birds sing free,  
When with the fury of a trembling glow  
The bull climbs on the heifer mightily!

1913

«Epithalamium». in **Poemas Ingleses**. Fernando Pessoa. (Edição bilingue, com prefácio, traduções, variantes e notas de Jorge de Sena e traduções também de Adolfo Casais Monteiro e José Blanc de Portugal.) Lisboa: Ática, 1974: 132.

1<sup>a</sup> ed. in **English Poems III**. Fernando Pessoa. Lisbon: Olisipo, 1921.