

Alexander Search

THE LAST OF THINGS

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Weep for the last of things,
For the farewell that they give
As if with a glance alone
To the things that remain and live.

Weep for the noble minds
That have past like froth away;
Weep for the bodies fair
Now less than dust or day.

Weep for the smallest trifles
Of our life, that is made of them;
Weep for each unaccomplished,
Each dream known at last a dream.

Weep for nations and kingdoms
That are dreams within the past,
For creeds and for religions,
For idols dim down-cast.

Though their glory were a vile one
And a blessing their decay,
Yet they are things that have been,
Have been and gone away.

Weep for all joys departed,
For many a departed pain:
The heart one day shall desire
That they could come back again.

Weep for all things that are gone
And for those that are not past,
For the heart that sees them knows
That they also shall not last.

To all that passes pertaineth
A shred of our sympathy,
A tear for all things departed,
For departing things a sigh.

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 138.