

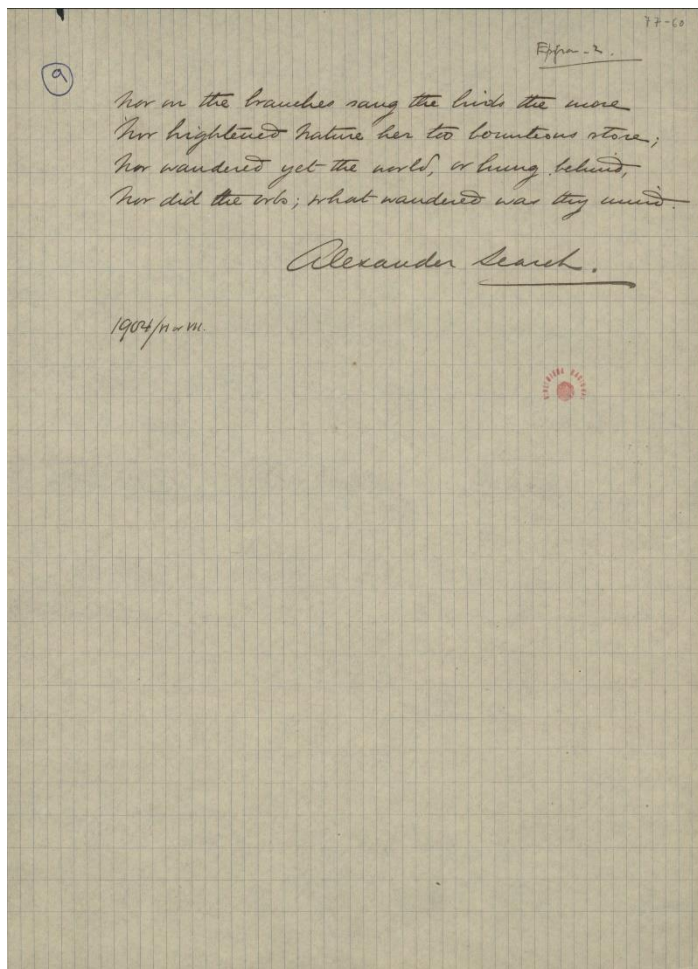
*Epigram.*

When Cynthia smiled all Nature smiled, the streams  
Glinted like diamonds in the golden beams;  
Upon the branches sang the tuneful birds,  
Amid the lowing of the grazing herds.  
When Cynthia laughed the world was reft of pain  
And varied flowers smiled on the enwilted swain;  
The very storm restrained its fitful might,  
The seas were ripples and the earth was bright.  
If Cynthia frowned the skies gave out a groan,  
The earth a shudder and the wind a moan;  
Men's heads were drooped, no youthful face was glad,  
The flowers had closed, the fields were stern and sad.  
If Cynthia railed all Nature's voice was hoarse,  
The very orbs withheld their wanted course;  
The sun was pale, the moon gave out no light,  
All night was hell, all day was like to night.

But, though I lived that day, my blinded eyes  
Such many miracles beheld not rise.  
Methought the sun preserved his wonted shine  
And that men were, as ever, undivine,  
Methought the storm went on, nor crash'd the less  
And pain also, men suffering without cease;

BNP/E3, 77 - 60<sup>o</sup>

Transcrição



Epigram - 2.

Nor on the branches sang the birds the more  
Nor brightened Nature her too bounteous store;  
Nor wandered yet the world, or hung behind,  
Nor did the orbs; what wandered was thy mind.

Alexander Search.

1904. / VI or VII

---

## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

---

O trabalho MODERNISMO - Arquivo Virtual da Geração de Orpheu de <https://modernismo.pt/> está licenciado com uma Licença [Creative Commons - Atribuição-NãoComercial-CompartilhaIgual 4.0 Internacional](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/).