

Here and There.

Here is the same as there, my friend,
All places in this world are like.
If doomed thy life in grief to spend,
What change can then thy fate amend,
What from thy soul the pain can strike?

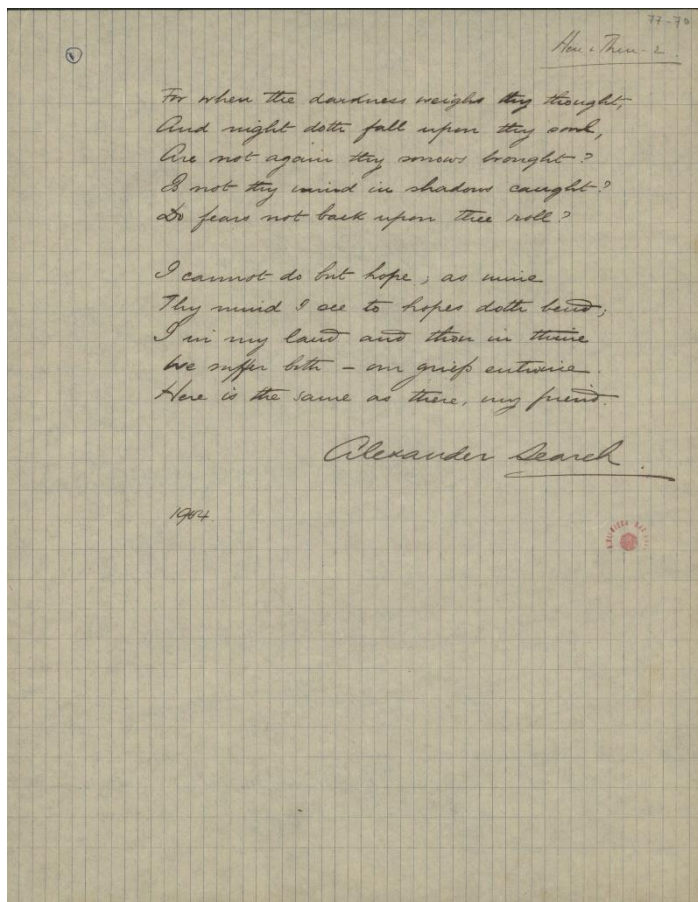
When pain doth wound the tired heart
And grief doth tire the fevered eye,
Some joy indeed the world's great art
May to thy pained soul impart -
What's this if joy in thee not lie?

When on my restless couch I lie
And count the throbbing of my breath,
I see the joy of earth and sky
Yet hate it all; why should not I
So keep my coward mind from death?

True joy comes not from outward show
But in our deepest soul doth rest.
What matter if the sun can glow
And stars at night look sweetly so
When hearts are by their grief opprest?

BNP/E3, 77 - 70^o

Transcrição



Here and There - 2.

For when the darkness weighs thy thought,
And night doth fall upon thy soul,
Are not again thy sorrows brought?
Is not thy mind in shadows caught?
Do fears not back upon thee roll?

I cannot do but hope; as mine
Thy mind I see to hopes doth bend;
I in my land and thou in thine
We suffer both - our griefs entwine.
Here is the same as there, my friend.

Alexander Search.

1904.

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