

SEPARATED FROM THEE...
Fernando Pessoa

Separated from thee, treasure of my heart,
By earth despised, from sympathy free,
Yet winds may quaver and hearts may waver,
I'll never forget thee.
Soft seem the chimes of boyhood sweet
To one who is no more free,
But let winds quaver and men's hearts waver,
I'll never forget thee.
In a dim vision, from school hailing
Myself a boyish form, I see,
And winds have quavered and men's hearts wavered.
But I'll [have] not forgotten thee.
Since first thy form divine I saw,
While from school I came with glee,
Winds have quavered and men's hearts wavered,
But I've [not] forgotten thee.
Since a simple boyish passion
I entertained for thee [,]
Though winds have quavered and men's hearts wavered,
I've [not] forgotten thee.
The stars shine bright, the moon looks love,
From over the moonlit sea,
Winds have quavered and men's hearts wavered
And thou hast forgotten me.
Separated from thee, treasure of my heart,
By earth despised, from sympathy free,
Yet [winds] may quaver and hearts may waver,
But I'll never forget thee.