

Alexander Search

MEN OF SCIENCE

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To toil through time and hate and to consume
Far more than life in Error's hard defeat,
Seeking e'er for the true, for the complete,
Careless of faith and misery and doom

Is there a nobler task, while life doth fleet,
Than this, to strive to make light amid gloom,
And with hands bleeding to part and make room
In life for weaker and more unsure feet?

The void o'th' world must with an arch be spanned,
The ways of Nature must be read aright
That there may be a wise and friendly hand

To make this dark world better and more bright.
Oh, with what joy and love I understand
These master-souls that ache for truth and light.

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Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 104.

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