



Rafa Xambó

*t'estimo tant  
Sonets de  
Shakespeare*

MNUO 4

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## ORIGINAL

## MODERN

## CAT

## ESP

XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see;  
For all the day they view things unrespected,  
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.

Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,  
How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made  
By looking on thee in the living day,  
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?

All days are nights to see till I see thee,  
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

43

It's when I'm most soundly asleep that my eyes best see  
because all day long they are looking at things that aren't significant;  
but when I'm asleep they see you in dreams  
and glitter brightly, directed to your bright image in the dark.

So how would you, whose very shadow  
brightens the dark, appear in daylight  
with your even brighter light,  
when your shadow shines so brightly to unseeing eyes?

How would my eyes be blessed  
by seeing you in the full daylight  
when they already look at your beautiful image  
when sleep lies heavy upon them?

Every day is a dark night until I'm able to see you  
and the nights are bright days when I see you in my dreams.

Llum a les fosques – Sonet 43

43

És amb els ulls tancats que hi veig més clar,  
després d'un dia veient coses tosques;  
quan dormo, al somni et poden contemplar,  
i com lllums fosques són llum a les fosques.

Amb tu, ombra que l'ombra fas brillar,  
on la forma de l'ombra forma un dia  
per la teva claror feliç i clar,  
brilla a l'ull que no hi veu la teva ombria.

I així em dic que als meus ulls els reconforta  
contemplar-te amb la llum del dia viu,  
imperfecta ombra bella en la nit morta  
que en el son més profund dels ulls cecs viu.

Veig fins que et veig com una nit el dia,  
dia brillant la nit si el somni et tria.

Al cerrarse mis ojos ven más claro,  
Pues el día les es indiferente,  
Ya que siempre en mis sueños te contemplan  
Y brillan con tu brillo en la penumbra.

Si iluminas las sombras con tu sombra,  
Qué dichoso espectáculo ofrecieras  
A la luz, con tu luz tanto más clara,  
Tú que así por la noche me encandilas.

Qué ventura, pienso, si mis ojos  
A viva luz del día te encontraran,  
Si de noche, entre las sombras muertas,  
Se fija tu esplendor en ojos ciegos.

Cada día es noche sin tu imagen,  
Y si en sueños te veo es día la noche.

XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put beside his part;  
Or some fierce thing, replete with too much rage,  
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
The perfect ceremony of love's right,  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might:

O let my looks be then the eloquence  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,  
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,  
More than that tongue that more hath more expressed:

O learn to read what silent love hath writ!  
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

23

Like an unrehearsed actor on the stage,  
who forgets his lines because of nervousness,  
or some angry animal overwhelmed with rage  
so that in spite of its strength it is weakened by its loss of control,

I, not trusting myself, am unable  
to articulate the love I feel,  
and the strength of my love seems to be less than it is,  
overloaded with the weight of my beloved's dominating power.

Oh, let my looks then be the speakers  
and the signals of my speaking heart,  
that begs for love and hopes for reciprocation,  
more eloquent than that tongue that more usually expresses the heart.

Oh, learn to read the volumes that my silent love has written.  
To hear with eyes is something characteristic of lovers.

L'amor silent – Sonet 23

23

Com un actor imperfecció a l'escenari  
que oblide el seu paper per la frisància,  
o la fera amb furor extraordinari  
que el propi cor amb tanta força cansa,

jo, sense confiança, oblidó dir  
la perfecció del ritu de l'amor  
i sembla el meu amor tan fort cedir  
pel propi amor i el pes del seu furor.

Que siguin els meus llibres eloquències  
i muts presagis del meu pit confés,  
que implora amor buscant correspondències  
més que cap llengua que hagi dit molt més.

Llegeix bé el que l'amor silent ha escrit.  
L'amor que escolta amb ulls és exquisit.

Cual actor imperfecto que en la escena  
Declama torpemente, intimidado,  
O cual bestia feroz, embravecida,  
Que en el propio furor el brío agota,

En mí poco confiado, olvido pronto  
Del amor la perfecta ceremonia,  
Y el brío de mi amor flaquea vencido  
Bajo la carga de su propia fuerza.

Sean pues mis libros la elocuencia,  
Mensajeros callados de mi pecho,  
E implorarán tu amor y galardones  
Más que esa lengua prodiga en lisonjas.

Lee lo que amor escribió mudo,  
Que es ingenio de amor oír con los ojos.

## ORIGINAL

## MODERN

## CAT

## ESP

XV

15

When I consider everything that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment;  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;

When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
Cheered and checked even by the self-same sky,  
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
And wear their brave state out of memory:

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
Sets you, most rich in youth, before my sight,  
Where wasteful time debateth with decay  
To change your day of youth to sullied night:

And all in war with time for love of you  
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

When I consider that every living thing  
holds its state of perfection for only a brief moment;  
that this huge stage, the world, presents only  
sham performances, which the stars secretly influence;

when I realise that men grow like plants,  
encouraged and inhibited by the same weather,  
show off when flushed with youthful sap, then declining when full grown,  
wearing away until their youth has been forgotten;

then the consideration of this short, unpredictable life  
makes me see you as rich in Routh  
in the face of the plans of Time and Decay  
to change your day of youth to dingy night.

And, at war with Time because of my love for you,  
as he's taking from you I'm renewing you in my poetry.

Guerra amb el temps – Sonet 15

15

Quan veig que tot el que es fa gran no dura  
en perfecció ni el més breu dels moments,  
que aquest vast escenari és impostura  
sota el secret dels astres influents;

quan veig que l'home com la planta creix,  
pel cel mateix exaltat i exercat,  
i perd la saba jove, i ja decreix,  
i du vestits que tothom ha oblidat...

Llavors, concebre aquest estat que muda  
te'm mostra jove i ric a la mirada,  
on el temps erm batalla en la caiguda  
per tornar el dia jove en nit tancada.

I jo, en guerra amb el temps, t'estimo a tu  
i nou t'empelto mentre se t'endú.

Cuando pienso que cada criatura  
Es perfecta apenas un instante,  
Que cada acto de este gran tablado  
Las estrellas comentan con sigilo,

Y los hombres padecen cual plantas  
La clemencia y el rigor del mismo cielo,  
Ascendiendo esbeltos a la cumbre  
Y luego descendiendo hacia el olvido,

Por gracia de esta condición mudable  
Más valiosa es tu bella lozanía,  
donde el Tiempo y la ruina se debaten  
Por cambiar joven día en noche huraña.

Amándote, y en guerra con el Tiempo,  
De ti quiero fijar lo que él se lleva.

LXXV

75

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet seasoned showers are to the ground;  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:

Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure;

Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by clean starved for a look,  
Possessing or pursuing no delight  
Save what is had, or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or glutoning on all, or all away.

You are to me what food is to life,  
or what spring showers are to the earth,  
and to achieve peace of mind about you  
I struggle with myself as a miser struggles with his wealth.

One moment he proudly enjoys it and the next  
he's worried that the thieving age we live in will steal his treasure –  
now counting it best to keep you to myself,  
then reckoning it better if the world could see my pleasure.

At times I feel full from feasting on your looks  
but eventually absolutely starving for a glimpse of you,  
having or looking for no pleasure  
except what you give me and what I can take from you.

That's why I either waste away with hunger day after day,  
or either stuff myself with you or go without.

Tot ho devoro – Sonet 75

75

Ets al meu pensament com menjar al viure,  
com és el temps de pluges a la terra;  
igual com fan l'avar i el seu queviure,  
perquè tu tinguís pau jo faig la guerra,

ara orgullós igual que un amo, i adéss  
dubtant que els anys em prenguin el tresor;  
ara volent mostrar-me a tu i després  
volent que em vegi el món el goig del cor.

Sadollat pels teus ulls, que em són carícia,  
o afamat per un ull teu oportú,  
no posseeixo o busco cap delícia  
tret del que tinc o puc tenir de tu.

Fart dia a dia, res no em satisfà:  
mentre tot ho devoro, tot se'n va.

Nútrese de ti mi pensamiento  
Como el suelo de abril del aguacero,  
Y por tenerte en paz libro batallas  
Como el avaro frente a sus riquezas:

Ya soberbio y feliz, ya temeroso  
De que la edad taimada lo despoje,  
Ya dispuesto a estar contigo a solas,  
Ya inclinado a mostrarte a todo el mundo,

A veces ya colmado de tu vista,  
Y de pronto por ti desfalleciendo,  
Y no tengo ni quiero más delicias  
De las que tú me das o me reservas.

Día a día me sacio y muero de hambre,  
Ya me atoro de ti, ya languidezco.

## ORIGINAL

## MODERN

## CAT

## ESP

CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutored youth  
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.

But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not t'have years told:

Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

138

When my mistress swears that she speaks nothing but the truth  
I believe her so that she will think that I'm a naïve youth,  
ignorant of the complex ways of the world –  
even though I know she's lying.

So, to satisfy my vanity, I believe that she regards me as young,  
even though she knows that my best days are behind me.  
I agree with her lies without reservation.  
And so we're both concealing the truth from each other.

But why does she insist on her lies?  
And why don't I insist that I'm old?  
Oh, it's best for lovers to pretend to trust each other;  
and older lovers don't like having their age pointed out.

So I lie with her and she lies with me,  
and both being imperfect, we flatter each other with our lies.

El meu amor em diu – Sonet 138

El meu amor em diu que m'és lleial,  
i jo la crec, sabent que això no és cert,  
perquè ella vegí en mi un noiet trivial  
que en un món fals i astut és inexpert.

Que ella em creu jove, jo m'ho crec en va,  
perquè sap que he passat la millor hora;  
simplement jo me'n crec el fals parlar  
i els dos la simple veritat fem fora.

Ella, per què ha callat que és deshonesta,  
i jo, que sóc un vell, per què he callat?  
Té per hàbit l'amant fingir que es presta  
i, estimant, més t'estimes no dir edat.

I mentint jec amb ella, i ella amb mi,  
i iejem adulats de tant mentir.

138

Si mi amada jura que es sincera  
Yo le creo aunque sé que está mintiendo,  
Y así ve en mí a un joven candoroso  
Que ignora las mundanas sutilidades.

Finjo creer que ella me cree joven,  
Cuando ella sabe que pasó mi estío;  
Doy crédito al engaño con simpleza  
Y la simple verdad los dos callamos.

¡Mas por qué ella no admite su falsía,  
Y por qué yo no admito que soy viejo?  
Oh, estas farsas al amor complacen,  
Los amantes no aman contar años.

Yo miento pues con ella, ella conmigo,  
Y mintiendo halagamos nuestras faltas.

CXLVII

147

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
Th'uncertain sickly appetite to please:

My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I, desperate, now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.

Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic mad with ever more unrest;  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
At random from the truth vainly expressed:

For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

My love is like a fever, still constantly  
desiring the thing that caused the illness;  
feeding on the thing that prolongs it,  
to please the unhealthy appetite of my body.

My reason, the doctor of my love,  
angry that I'm not following his directions,  
has abandoned me and now I find  
that I'm dying from the desire that his medicine would have cured.

I'm past cure now, and my reason doesn't care,  
and I'm frantic with increasing worry.  
My thoughts and words are like a madman's,  
randomly expressing nonsense;

because I have insisted that you are good, and bright as day,  
whereas you are as black as hell and dark as night.

La nit obscura – Sonet 147

Una febre és el meu amor, que enyora  
sempre el que sempre avida el mal sofert  
i que tot el que servia el dany devora  
per plaire'm l'apetit malalt i incert.

La raó, que és el metge de l'amor,  
molesta perquè ignoro el seu exhort,  
m'ha deixat i abatut sento el temor  
que el desig és, quan es prohibeix, la mort.

La raó ja no es cura, i ja no em curo,  
etern boig furibund sense descans.  
Són d'un boig el que penso i el que juro:  
lluny del que és cert, m'expresso en termes vancs.

T'he jurat bella i t'he cregut llum pura,  
tu que ets el negre infern, la nit obscura.

147

Mi amor es como fiebre que delira  
Por el mal que agudiza el sufrimiento,  
Nutriéndose de cuanto el mal preserva  
Por aplacar deseos enfermizos.

Mi razón, que en el trance me atendía,  
Al ver su prescripción no respetada  
Me abandonó, furiosa, y desespero  
Pues deseo es muerte sin remedio.

Soy enfermo sin cura ni cordura,  
Y presa de morbosas crispaciones.

Desvarío en palabra y pensamiento  
Y en vano la verdad me habla al oído,  
Pues te he jurado bella, y mi luz clara,  
Y negro infierno eres, noche oscura.

## ORIGINAL

## MODERN

## CAT

## ESP

CXXIX

Th'expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjured, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;

Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,  
Past reason hated as a swallowed bait,  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;

Mad in pursuit, and in possession so,  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;  
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows, yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

129

Squandering vital energy in a wasteland of moral decay  
is what satisfying one's lust amounts to. And in the anticipation of it lust  
makes one dishonest, murderous, violent, blameworthy,  
savage, extreme, rude, cruel and not to be trusted.

As soon as its goal has been achieved one despises it.  
It's hunted beyond reason and as soon as it's had  
it's hated beyond reason, like an irresistible bait put  
in front of one on purpose to make the taker mad.

One is crazy in the pursuit of sex, and during sex too:  
having had it, having it and hunting for it one goes to extremes.  
It's blissful while it's happening and a true sorrow afterwards –  
before an anticipated joy, afterwards nothing but a dream.

Everyone knows this very well, yet no-one knows it well enough  
to avoid the heaven that leads men to this hell.

La luxúria – Sonet 129

129

És desgast d'esperit, erma vergonya,  
la luxúria en acció; abans, la luxúria  
és culpa i sang i perjuri i carronya,  
i extrema i ruda i cruel i falsa i fúria,

i primer joia, i menyspreu tot seguit,  
raó enllà perseguida i quan ja passa,  
raó enllà odiada com l'ham engolit,  
forjat per embogir qui se l'empassa,

boja en la cerca i en la possessió;  
tenint, tinguda i per tenir, l'excés;  
delit provar-la, i provada, dolor;  
joia oferta primer, somni després.

Tothom ho sap, però no sap ningú  
fugir del cel que a aquest infern ens du.

En cúmulo de afrentas afán vano  
Es activo el deseo, que inactivo  
Ya es perjurio, malvado y ultrajante,  
Pérfido, salvaje, cruel y extremo.

Apenas has gozado lo desprecias;  
Primer, a la razón se lo prefiere  
Y más que la razón es luego odiado,  
Señuelo que arrastra a la locura.

Es locura el asedio y la conquista,  
Los trabajos del antes y el durante,  
Es júbilo deseado y triunfo amargo,  
Alegria primero, después sueño.

Y sabiéndolo todos nadie sabe  
Sortear el cielo que nos da ese infierno.

CXIX

What potions have I drunk of siren tears  
Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win?

What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never?  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted  
In the distraction of this madding fever?

O benefit of ill: now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better,  
And ruined love when it is built anew  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater:

So I return rebuked to my content,  
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

119

What seductive potions I have drunk  
– sweet but distilled in reality from substances foul as hell –  
applying doubt to my hopes and hope to my doubts,  
ever losing just as I think myself to be on the brink of victory!

What wretched mistakes my heart made  
at a time when I felt I had never been so blessed!  
How my eyes have popped out of their sockets  
in the throes of this maddening fever!

But oh, the benefits of evil! Now I can see it's true  
that good things can be made better by evil  
and that ruined love can become even better  
when it's rebuilt – stronger and far greater.

And so I return, chastened, to the one who makes me happy  
and, because of the evils I've committed, I get back three times what I've spent.

Les sirenes – Sonet 119

119

Les sirenes m'han fet beure el seu plor  
destil·lat d'alambins, com l'infern brut,  
aplicant por a la fe i més fe a la por,  
creient guanyar quan ja havia perdut.

I amb el meu cor mesquí he comès pecats  
mentre em pensava més felíç que mai.  
I he mirat amb els ulls desorbitats,  
embogits per la febre i el desmai.

Benefici malalt! Ara ja sé  
que el millor és molt millor a través del mal.  
L'amor en ruïnes, si es refà sencer,  
creix encara més bell, més fort, més alt.

I, submís, torno a la felicitat:  
amb mals guanyo molt més del que he gastat.

¿Bebí poción de llanto de sirenas  
Destilado de horribles alambiques  
Que confundo el temor y la esperanza  
Y pierdo cuando creo haber ganado?

¿Qué error mi corazón ha cometido  
Si antes tanta dicha lo colmaba?  
¿Por qué desorbitados son mis ojos  
En arrebatos de maligna fiebre?

Oh feliz desventura: ahora descubro  
Lo bueno por el mal perfeccionado,  
Y la casa de amor, reconstruida,  
Es más bella, más fuerte y espaciosa.

Vuelvo castigado a mi contento,  
La dicha triplicada por mis males.

## ORIGINAL

## MODERN

## CAT

## ESP

CXLIV

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
Which, like two spirits, do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.

To win me soon to hell my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride;

And whether that my angel be turned fiend  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But being both from me both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell.

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

144

I love two people: one brings me comfort, the other despair.  
Like two angels, they're always suggesting things to me.  
The good angel is a fair-haired man;  
the bad one is a dark complexioned woman.

To take me swiftly into hell, my evil female  
tempts my good angel away from me,  
trying to turn him into a devil,  
corrupting him with her evil self-assurance.

And whether that angel has indeed turned into a fiend  
is something I suspect but can't be sure about.  
But since they are both away from me and friends with each other  
I'm guessing that one angel is inside the other's hell.

I'll never know, though, and I'll live in doubt  
until my bad angel shoots my good one out of hell.

Tinc dos amors – Sonet 144

Tinc dos amors, consol i desgavell,  
dos esperits suggestius sense atura:  
és el meu àngel bo un home molt bell  
i l'esperit pitjor una dona obscura.

Per dur-me inferns, el dimoni femella  
l'àngel bo tempta lluny del meu costat;  
corrupta, vol diable el sant, com ella,  
que adula el pur amb tot l'orgull malvat.

Que ja el meu àngel é s àngel caigut,  
ho sospito, però segur no ho dic.  
Lluny de mi els dos, si els dos s'han coneugut,  
ja em temo dins l'infern l'àngel amic.

Sempre doubtós, mai no ho sabré, això,  
fins que l'àngel dolent expulsi el bo.

144

Dos amores, consuelo y sufrimiento,  
Me rondan como espíritus tenaces:  
Ángel bondadoso un varón rubio,  
Espíritu del mal una hembra oscura.

Por lanzarme al infierno, mi demonio  
A mi custodio aleja, tentadora,  
Y ansiendo convertir al santo en diablo  
Su pureza corteja procazmente.

Si mi ángel en diablo se ha trocado  
No puedo asegurar, aunque sospecho,  
Los dos lejos de mí, los dos amigos,  
Que uno conoció el infierno de otro.

Mas sólo lo sabré con certidumbre  
Si el ángel es purgado por el fuego.

LXVI

Tired with all these for restful death I cry:  
As to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that to die I leave my love alone.

66

Exhausted with the following things I cry out for releasing death:  
for example, seeing a deserving person who has been born into poverty;  
and an undeserving one dressed in the finest clothes;  
and someone who shows trustworthiness wretchedly betrayed;

and public honour shamefully bestowed on the unfit;  
and unblemished goodness forced into bad ways;  
and genuine perfection unjustly disgraced;  
and conviction crippled by corruption;

and skill suppressed by those with the power to do it;  
and stupidity restraining the advance of knowledge;  
and simple truth being dismissed as simplistic;  
and good taking orders from evil.

Exhausted with all these things I want to escape,  
except that by dying I would be abandoning my love.

Cansat de tot – Sonet 66

Cansat de tot, pretenc la pau dels morts.  
He vist néixer captaires amb talent,  
i un qualsevol vestint-se de confort,  
i la fe pura exclosa tristament,

i l'alt honor humiliment vetat,  
i la verge atroçment prostituïda,  
i el just i excels injustament vexat,  
i la força per coixes lleis ferida,

i l'art fet llengua que el govern té presa,  
i el boig, doctor, que sobre el llest preval,  
i la simple raó de nom simplesa,  
i el sa captiu del capità malalt.

Cansat de tot, de res no puc fugir  
si deixa sol l'amor la meva fi.

66

Ya harto. el descanso de la muerte  
Pediría, viendo al mérito mendigo,  
Y lo nulo e indigno engalanado,  
Y la pura confianza defraudada,

Y la honra adjudicada erróneamente,  
Y la casta virtud prostituida,  
Y lo digno y perfecto envilecido,  
Y la fuerza vejada por deformes,

Y el arte injustamente amordazado,  
Y al necio doctoral juez del talento,  
Y la simple verdad vuelta simpleza,  
Y el bien del prepotente mal cautivo.

Ya harto de pesares, partiría,  
Mas si muero a mi amor dejaré solo.

## ORIGINAL

## MODERN

## CAT

## ESP

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it, for I love you so  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay;

Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

71

When I'm dead don't mourn for me any longer  
than you can hear the surly sullen bell  
telling the world that I've fled  
this vile world to live with the even more vile worms.

No, if you read this line, don't remember  
the hand that wrote it because I love you so much  
that I would like you to forget me rather than that,  
thinking about me, such thoughts would make you sad.

Oh, I insist that if you read this poem  
when I'm, perhaps, mixed with clay,  
you must not even utter my poor name  
but let your love die with me

in case the world, in its wisdom, should look closely  
at your mourning and mock you about me once I've gone.

T'estimo tant – Sonet 71

No ploris més per mi quan sigui mort,  
quan sentís la campana amb tocs virils  
dient al món que sóc tan sols record  
d'aquest món vil i visc amb cucs més vils.

Ni recordis, si veus aquest escrit,  
la mà que el va crear: t'estimo tant  
que vull que el teu enyor es torni oblit  
perquè no m'hagis d'enyorar plorant.

O si potser em llegeixes quan només  
el meu cos sigui fang mesclat amb fang,  
no evoquis el meu pobre nom i fes  
que es podreixi l'amor dins de la sang,

no fos que el savi món al morir jo  
rigués mentre despulla el teu dolor.

71

No llores por mi cuando haya muerto  
Y oigas las lúgubres campanas  
Anunciar al mundo que he partido  
Del vil mundo a morar con vil gusano.

Si lees esta línea, no recuerdes  
Qué mano la escribió. Tanto te amo  
Que prefiero me entregues al olvido  
A que sufras dolor por recordarme.

Si miraras, acaso, estos versos  
Cuando yo en la arcilla esté disuelto,  
Olvida el eco humilde de mi nombre  
Y deja que tu amor también se pudra.

No vea el sabio mundo tu congoja  
y se burle de ti por culpa mía.

CXXVIII

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,

Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap,  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand?

To be so tickled they would change their state  
And situation with those dancing chips,  
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
Making dead wood more blessed than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

128

How often – when you, my joy, make music  
on those wooden keys whose movement responds  
to your sweet fingers, and stuns  
my ears with the harmony of the strings –

do I envy those keys that leap nimbly up and down  
to kiss the tender palms of your hands  
while my poor lips, that should be doing the kissing,  
look on, blushing at the boldness of the keys!

To be tickled like that my lips would willingly be transformed  
into wood and change places with those dancing chips  
over which your fingers walk with gentle steps,  
making dead wood more blessed than living lips.

Since those cheeky keys are so happy doing this,  
give them your fingers and me your lips to kiss.

Tu, música meva – Sonet-128

Quan fas música, tu, música meva,  
quan sona aquesta fusta beneïda,  
que amb dits gentils i dolços et fas teva,  
i amb cordes i amb acords confons l'oïda,

envejo els salts dels martellets lleugers  
besant les palmes tendres de les mans  
i els pobres llavis, que no en cullen res,  
me'ls enrogeixen fustes arrogants.

Prendrien a les tecles lloc i estat,  
dansa que entre carícies tant conforta,  
allà on gentils els dits han venerat,  
més que uns llavis vivents, la fusta morta.

Si la teca insolent s'alegra així,  
dóna-li a ella els dits, i el llavi a mi.

128

Cuando pulsas, mi música, el teclado  
Con la danza aleteante de tus dedos  
Y le arrancas con grácil movimiento

Acordes que seducen mis oídos,  
Envidio a los listones que dan brincos  
Por besarte la palma de la mano,  
Y la audacia de la madera inerte  
A mis tímidos labios ruboriza.

Por esa sensación se trocarían  
En las teclas que rozas con dulzura,  
Dando airosamente al leño muerto  
Lo que a labios vivientes has negado.

Si tus dedos los hacen tan dichosos,  
Dáselos, y a mí dame tus labios.