

# Traducción

## Sonetos de Shakespeare

JESÚS SAAVEDRA

AO ÚNICO INSPIRADOR  
DESTES SONETOS QUE SEGUEN,  
Sr. W.H., TODA A FELICIDADE  
E AQUELA ETERNIDADE  
PROMETIDA  
POLO  
NOSO SEMPRE-VIVO POETA  
DESÉXALLE  
QUEN COS MELLORES DESEXOS  
SE AVENTURA A  
SACALOS  
Á LUZ

T. T.

### *Sonnet 1*

*From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the riper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:*

*But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.*

*Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content  
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.*

*Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.*

### **Soneto 1**

Do más fermoso ansiamos o incremento,  
que a rosa da beleza xamais morra,  
e, así que ao más maduro venza o tempo,  
o tenro herdeiro o garde na memoria.

Mais ti, que cos teus ollos sós te casas,  
o teu lume alimentas co teu ser,  
e fame causas onde está a abundancia,  
de ti inimigo, co teu ser cruel.

Ti, que es do mundo agora o fresco adorno  
e da brillante primavera heraldo,  
o teu contido enterras no teu gomo,  
e malgastas co aforro, tenro avaro.

Apiádate do mundo, ou con fartura  
come o que lle debedes ti e a tumba.

**Sonnet 3**

*Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest  
Now is the time that face should form another;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother;*

*For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?*

*Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:  
So thou through windows of thine age shall see  
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.*

*But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.*

**Sonnet 15**

*When I consider every thing 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.*

**Soneto 3**

Mira no teu espello e dille á face  
que ves: é tempo de formares outra,  
porque ao non renovares esa imaxe  
o mundo enganas e unha nai malogras.

Pois onde a ha haber tan bela que o seu ventre  
virxe desdeñe o teu nupcial cultivo?  
Ou quen tan fachendoso que soterre  
na tumba do amor propio o seu destino?

Da túa nai ti es o espello, nel  
lembra o precioso abril dos anos mozos;  
polas fiestras da idade igual ti has ver,  
malia as engurrias, outra idade de ouro.

Mais se vivires sen deixar lembranza,  
morre só, e contigo a túa estampa.

**Soneto 15**

Cando penso que todo canto medra  
dura na perfección un só momento,  
que só unha farsa ofrece a vasta escena  
que as estrelas comentan en secreto;

e ao ver que o home crece como as plantas,  
polo ceo animado e censurado,  
que presume no seu verdor, devala,  
e tira da memoria o seu encanto;

entón a idea desta incerta vida  
por novo te encarece ante os meus ollos,  
en que loitan o Tempo e a Ruína  
pra facer noite dos teus días mozos.

E, en guerra polo teu amor co Tempo,  
cando el che quita, en ti de novo enxerto.

**Sonnet 18**

*Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:*

*Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course  
untrimm'd;*

*But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:*

*So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.*

**Soneto 18**

Hei compararte a un día de verán?  
Eu áchote más belo e más sereno:  
leva os botóns de maio o vendaval,  
e vence axiña o estival arrendo;

abrasa ás veces o celeste ollo,  
mais logo anubra a súa pel dourada,  
e a grazá perde ás veces o gracioso,  
por accidente ou natural mudanza.

Que nunca o teu eterno estío apague  
nin perda a fermosura que posúe;  
da súa sombra a Morte non se gabe  
se en liñas immortais ao Tempo te unes:

en tanto alente un home e teña vista,  
así estas vivirán, dándoche a vida.

**Sonnet 19**

*Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;*

*Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:*

*O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.*

*Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.*

**Soneto 19**

Tempo voraz, cega ao león as poutas  
e fai que a terra trague as súas crías,  
sácalle ao tigre o cairo cruel da boca  
e a fénix ancestral reduce a cinzas;

fai –ao escapar– horas de pranto ou riso,  
e o que che pete fai, Tempo lixeiro,  
co mundo e cos seus doces fuxidíos,  
pois só che impido un crime más noxento:

non lle graves a fronte ao meu amor,  
nin risques nela con antiga pluma;  
intacto, no teu curso ha ser patrón,  
pra os homes que virán, de fermosura.

Ou fai o mal que poidas, Tempo vello,  
que o meu amor é novo nos meus versos.

**Sonnet 35**

*No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud,  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.*

*All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,  
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;*

*For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense —  
Thy adverse party is thy advocate —  
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.  
Such civil war is in my love and hate*

*That I an accessory needs must be  
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.*

**Soneto 35**

Non te lamentes más do que fixeches:  
ten lama a fonte, ten a rosa espiñas;  
nubes e eclipses sol e lúa empecen,  
e no gomo más doce o cancro habita.

Todos os homes erran; eu tamén,  
que te eximo con símiles do agravio,  
e me corrompo por librarte del  
desculpando en exceso o teu pecado.

Dou sentido ao teu erro sensual;  
sendo o teu avogado e denunciante,  
comigo mesmo empezo a litigar.  
No meu odio e amor hai tal combate

que cómplice me volvo do ladrón  
doce que amargamente me roubou.