

Soneto 116

de W Shakespeare

No permitan que a la unión de almas fieles
Admita impedimento. No es amor
Si cambia con los cambios que aparecen
O agacha la cabeza al segur.
Oh, no! Es señal fijada para siempre
Que enfrenta a la borrasca bien erguida;
Es la estrella del navío que se pierde
De valor desconocido aunque medida.

Juguete no es del tiempo, aunque labios
Y mejillas rosas tentarán;
Ni hora ni semana impondrá cambios:
Hasta el borde del abismo aguantará.

Si esto es falso y fuera probado
Yo no escribí nunca y nadie ha amado.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Soneto 66

de W Shakespeare

Harto, invoco el descanso de la muerte
Viendo al mendigo desertado
Y nadería de alegría festoneada
Y la fe más pura, traicionada
Y medallas vergonzosamente dadas
Y la virtud del casto, prostituida
Y celestiales perfecciones humilladas
Y a los fuertes, por débiles coartados
Y al poder, tener al arte amordazado
Y tontos cultos a los sabios controlados,
Y la verdad con simpleza confundida
Y al bien cautivo del capitán malvado.
Cansado, abandonar quisiera todo
Mas al morir, dejo a mi amor solo.

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 honor 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