

I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the ripper 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 mak'st waste in niggarding.
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be—
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

I

Que es propaguin les belles criatures
 perquè la rosa de l'encant no mori,
 i, quan el temps mustigui les madures,
 siguin els tendres fills recordatori.
 Però tu, dels teus ulls enamorat,
 nodrint la teva llum amb el teu foc
 i mudant l'abundor en escassetat,
 amb tu ets cruel, i dir enemic és poc.
 Tu, que ets ara del món el fresc ornat
 i anunci de l'alegre primavera,
 el goig al teu capoll has enterrat
 i, avar, la teva bossa es desdinerà.
 Compadeix-te del món! Que, si ets voraç,
 junt amb la tomba el món et cruspiràs.

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tottered weed of small worth held.
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies—
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days—
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer, «This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse»—
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
 This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

II

Quan t'assetgin quaranta hiverns el front
al camp de la bellesa solcs llaurant,
el teu jove vestit, orgull del món,
serà un parrac que tots desdenyaran.
I si et pregunten pels encants passats
i el tresor dels teus dies d'esplendor,
dir que resten al fons dels ulls cansats
vana lloa serà i greu deshonor.
Tant de bo que poguessis asserir:
«Aquest fill tan bonic, aquest infant,
em redimeix, d'excusa em pot servir»;
i el noi mostrés el paternal encant.
 Tu et sentiries nou, malgrat ser vell,
 la sang bullint-te amb un escalf novell.

III

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 unearned 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 other's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
 But if thou live rememb'ered not to be,
 Die single and thine image dies with thee.

III

Digues al rostre que en el mirall trobes
que és temps de repetir el rostre que tens,
que si la fresca imatge no renoves
prives l'orbe i les mares dels teus béns.
¿Quin ventre virginal rebutjaria
ser roturat per marital conreu?
¿Qui seria tan boig que enterraria
el propi amor per evitar un hereu?
Retrat ets de ta mare, i palès fas
l'abril d'ella en l'abril que et dona vida.
De forma igual, amb ulls de vell veuràs,
malgrat els anys, la teva edat florida.
 Però si vius per no deixar record,
 mor-te fadrí, i amb tu tot haurà mort.