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, mak’st waste in
niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world’s due, by the grave
and thee.
From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty’s rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease
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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.
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, unblest some mother.
For where is she so fair whose uneared 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 shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live remembered not to be,
Die single and thine image dies with thee.
Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
Which us'd lives th' executor to be.
Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel.
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there,
Sap checked with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snowed and bareness everywhere.
Then were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

شَكْسِبِير، قَصْيَةٌ ٥

"حكم المنيّة في البرّية جارٌ
ما هذا الدنيا بدار قرار؟
يفنى الجمال فلا ربيع دائم.
ويد الخريف تعُتُب بالآزهار.
لا شيء يبقى خالداً أبداً
لا وترتكه ُبيد الأقدار.
إذا الذي أعطى خلقتة روحه
ومشى إلى الدنيا بكلّ مسار.
فالزهر إذ يفنى يخلف عطرة
لا كالذّي يفنى يغير صغار.
ما خلد الآزهار غيْر رحيقها.
لا خير فيزهر بلا إزهار.
تبقى الزهور على المدى فواحة
كالروح تخلد والجسم غوار.

مطلع قصيدة مشهورة للأبي الحسن التهامي
المطلع لموافقة تماماً ما قصدته شكسبير في هذه القصيدة الغامرة.
Then let not winter’s ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distilled.
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty’s treasure, ere it be self-killed.
That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That’s for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one.
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee.
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-willed, for thou art much too fair
To be death’s conquest and make worms thine heir.

ولا تجعلن كِفَّ الشتاءِ طليقةً
تأتي عليك وانت فردٌ عازبُ.
ماءُ الحياةِ لديك كنزٌ موِّدع.
فاحفظه في رحمٍ لأتلك ذاهب.
لا عيب في مالي إذا استثمرتة
ما دام تفرخ آخرين ويسعد.
فانسل لنفسك آخرًا أو عابرًا
واجعل حياتك فرحةً تتجدد.
لو أنت في عشرةٍ تحيا وتنثبَقٍ
أو صورةً من رؤى الأحفادّ تنطلق،
ما ذمت باقيٌ بِمن خُلِّفتَ تلبِث،
ستهرُ الموت إما جاءَ يسترِقُ.
َإِيَّاكَ أَن تحيا بنفسك معجباً
تغدو طعاماً - بعد موتها - للدّبىَّ
* الذبي: صغار النمل والجراد.
Lo, in the Orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage.
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way.
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlooked on diest unless thou get a son.
Music to hear, why hear’st thou music sadly?

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.

Why lov’st thou that which thou receiv’st not gladly,

Or else receiv’st with pleasure thine annoy?

If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

By unions married, do offend thine ear,

They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds

In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,

Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,

Resembling sire and child and happy mother,

Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing;

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,

Sings this to thee: “Thou single wilt prove none.”

سُوِيَّةٌ ٨

صوتك موسيقٌّ

فَلَمَّاذا لَا تَهْوَى الألْحَانَ؟

تَزِدَان النَّشوة بالنهوة،

والأشياء الحلوة تهوى الحلوا.

فَلَمَّاذا تُشِبِّكَ مَا لَا تُشْجِيكُ؟

مِيْلٌ للأحزان؟

لَو أن الأنغم العذبة إذ تتجانس تونيك،

فَقَهْي تلولك إن تبقى غزباً.

فَانظَرُ كيف الأوتار، تتنزاوج في أوتاز،

فَي نسق تتجاوي أوتاز العود

مثل آب يصدح أو آم نشوئ،

أو طفل مولود.

يَتَقَوَّلون بِحَن فَرْدٍ:

يَا عَنْرِبٌ إِن شَنَتْ بِلا عَقْبٍ تَخُبٌ

سْتمّوَّتْ وَلَن تَصْبَح شَيْاً.
Let not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my belovèd as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love today, tomorrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.

سُوْنیة ۱۰۵

ليس حبّي وثنيًا و حبيبي ليس يبدو صنما،
وقصيدي فيه من دون سواه، سوف يبقى سرمديًا.
خِلّي اليوم لطيفًا، وغداً يبقى لطيفًا ثابت الأخلاص في أحسن حال.
فاصطفى شعرى تليداً وطريفًا خصلة واحدة دون الخصال.
Is it for fear to wet a widow’s eye
That thou consum’st thyself in single life?
Ah, if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee like a makeless wife;

The world will be thy widow and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children’s eyes, her husband’s shape in mind.

Fair, kind, and true is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent—
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.

Fair, kind, and true have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.
Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty’s waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murd’rous shame commits.

For shame deny that thou bear’st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprouvident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov’d of many,
But that thou none lov’st is most evident;

والذي أهدرت لا شكّ باقٍ
سوف يغدو للآخرين متاعا
والجمال الذي لديك دفينٌ
انت حطمته فعاد ضياعا
فالذي اغتال نفسه بيديه
لا يرجى حبّ حقيقّ لديه

For shame deny that thou bear’st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprouvident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov’d of many,
But that thou none lov’st is most evident;

والذي أهدرت لا شكّ باقٍ
سوف يغدو للآخرين متاعا
والجمال الذي لديك دفينٌ
انت حطمته فعاد ضياعا
فالذي اغتال نفسه بيديه
لا يرجى حبّ حقيقّ لديه

سونيتة 10

For shame deny that thou bear’st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprouvident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov’d of many,
But that thou none lov’st is most evident;
For thou art so possessed with murd'rous hate

That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind.

Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?

Be as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove.

Make thee another self for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.
As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;

And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay.
If all were minded so, the times should cease,

And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,

Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish.
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the more,
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish.
    She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
    Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.
When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;

Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense

Save breed to brave him when he takes thee hence.
O that you were yourself! But, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live.
Against this coming end you should
prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other
give.
So should that beauty which you hold in
lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again after yourself’s decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form
should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honor might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter’s day
And barren rage of death’s eternal cold?
  O, none but unthrifts, dear my love you
know,
  You had a father; let your son say so.
Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find;
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom
and date.

onyme 14
ليس من التنجيم أحكامي
بالرّغم من معرفتي بالفلك
لا أدعي عِلماً بما في غِدّ
بالطقس والقحط ونّ من قد هلك

كّذاك بالطلائع لا علم لي
بالرعد والأمطار والريح
ولا أميراً قارناً بِرَجّة
او فنيّا عن عالم الروح

بل إنّ من عينتكم الهامِي
مثل النجوم الزّهر فيها عبر
الصدق والحسن ستزهو معاً
لو رّمت نساماً في الوري يذّكر
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,

Cheerèd and checked ev'n 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.

Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,

Much liker than your painted counterfeit.
So should the lines of life that life repair
Which this time’s pencil or my pupil pen
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.

To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.
Who will believe my verse in time to come
If it were filled with your most high deserts?
Though yet heav'n knows it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies—"

Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces."

So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue,

And your true rights be termed a poet's rage
And stretchèd meter of an antique song;
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice: in it and in my rhyme.

تخريَفٌ موزون
مرَّت عليه قرون
اما لو كان لديك
طفل حي بين يديك
أو ثانية في أشعاري.
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 dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature’s changing course untrimmed.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand’rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st.

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

ايتها الزمن المفني  
أصلم أظفار الليث  
واجعل هذى الأرض تلتتهم الخلق بلا ريث  
وتُيووب التمر الضاري اخلعها  
والعناق افرق دمها  
لا تثقيها.  
بفصول العام أفعل مل شنت،  
ما يحلو لك فيها  
لك كأن الدنيا  
نفرحها أو تشقيها  
لكن حاذر  
من حرم بشع حاذر:  
أن تترك في جبهة حبي أثرًا  
دعها ناصعة بضة  
وبلا خُنْش غضة.  
اترك حبي دون إذى  
نبقى مثلًا فذًا.  
يا زمنا هرما  
افعل ما عندك من شر  
فحببي بريق  
يفعل يخدل في شعري.
A woman’s face, with nature’s own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman’s gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women’s fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men’s eyes and women’s souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she pricked thee out for women’s pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love’s use their treasure.
So is it not with me as with that muse,
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heav'n itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse—
Making a couplement of proud compare
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flow'rs, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O let me, true in love but truly write,
And then believe me: my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air.

21

لي مذهبي في الشعر
لمستُ كذاك الشاعر
ويتوخى لغة طنانة
فاتن
وللهذا راخ يستجلي السماء مستعرا بعض
تشبيهاته تارة شمسا واخرى قمرا
ومن البحر صدى أبياته
باتجاه الزهور وما تجني يوما
نار في ذا الوجود
أليكيل المدخ من غير حدود

دعني أكتب عن صادق احساسي
فحببي في الحسن كباقي الناس
بُسرا عند الكيل
دون قناديل الليل
أما غيزي

سونيته

21
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time’s furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me.
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav’st me thine not to give back again.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides 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 rite,
And in mine own love’s strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.
O let my books 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.

Mine eye hath played the painter and hath steeled
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill
To find where your true image pictured lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thin eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the sun

**ORIGINAL TEXT 24**

Mine eye hath played the painter and hath steeled
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill
To find where your true image pictured lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thin eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlooked for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes’ favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun’s eye,
And in themselves their pride lies burièd,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for worth,
After a thousand victories once foilèd,
Is from the book of honor razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Then happy I that love and am belovèd
Where I may not remove nor be removed

امّا أنا فسعادتي موصولة
فان الحبّ كما أنا المحبّ باقٌ ومن الهوى يتبادلني الهوى فكانّما هي قِسّمة ونصِبّ

وجميع ما ضلّى بغير حدود

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,

Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,

But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul’s thought, all naked, will bestow it.

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspéct
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;

Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me

فان بدت لغتي عجفاء قاصرة
فطاعتني لك أغمى من عباراتي
لكنني أتوقّق فكرة تبعث من عمق فكرك تكسو عُري ذاتي
حتى إذا الحظ وافقى في نور لي

سونيتته 26

مولاي  في الحبّ إنّي التابعُ العاني
يا من شماهة صائغة ولاءاتي
هذي الرسائل أهيها معبرة
عن طاعتي لك، لا عن براعاتي

سونيتته 26

هذي الرسائل أهيها معبرة
عن طاعتي لك، لا عن براعاتي
لكنني أتوقّق فكرة تبعث
من عمق فكرك تكسو عُري ذاتي
حتى إذا الحظ وافقى في نور لي
دربي ويكسو غري أبياتي
لعلني عددها أبدو أمامكم
أني جدير بحب واحتراماتي
وربما أتباهى في محبتكم
لكنني الآن لا أبدي علاقتي