

Sonnette van Shakespeare

Vertaal deur DERYCK UYS

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Besoek www.deryckuys.com vir meer oor Deryck Uys Translations.

Vir Jimmy Wilson en, in memorium, Brenda Wilson.

FOREWORD

My brother Deryck, who recently celebrated his 87th birthday, has always had a strong penchant for the literary field. In his matric year at Potchefstroom Boys High School (1943) he won the prestigious Hope Prize for Literature with an exposition on *The Ballad*. During a lonely spell as the manager of a tobacco farm in the northern area of (then) Southern Rhodesia in the 1950's, he became accustomed to having to get up at 2 a.m. every morning to trek to the tobacco barns to check on temperature, humidity etc, and this routine has stayed with him to the present time, as he is fully awake by two in the morning, and writes for the next five hours until it is time to prepare himself to start the day. He has written a great deal in the legal field, and published a book titled *The Secrets of Making your Will*, as well as being involved with the computerisation of matters legal, and lecturing to Unisa and UCT students. However, it is poetry that captured his heart, and to quote him "I have for many years thought, and perhaps even spoken, in iambic pentameter". While on the tobacco farm he memorised *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, and quite recently he has translated the 105 quatrains of iambic pentameter from the English version by Fitzgerald into Afrikaans – but that is another story, told elsewhere...

Some years ago, having lost the sight of one eye due to glaucoma, he was afflicted with macular degeneration (an irreversible condition) in the other, which has left him with but 20% vision, and, as he puts it, he was left

“without a spare wheel.” Incredibly, he has outsmarted this seemingly insurmountable obstacle, and with a 7X magnifier can read four letters of a line of poetry at a time. With his prodigious and unstoppable memory, he can assimilate and recall a stanza, or a speech from a play, construct the translation, and commit it to paper. He is also a cancer survivor, having been diagnosed with a prostatic malignancy some 10 years ago, and still receives treatment.

We turn the clock back to the early 50’s and His Majesty’s Theatre in Johannesburg. He and I attended a stage performance of Coertze’s translation of Hamlet, which left an indelible impression on Deryck: the mustard seed has grown into a great tree. When he embarked on the translation of the Shakespearean plays his first intention was to omit Hamlet, and also Twelfth Night which had been translated by Uys Krige: but the mood was upon him, and in the end he did his version of both works, while deliberately not re-reading Coertze or Krige.

An intermission and turnabout came when his long-time friend Tom Burgers published his beautiful photographic essay *Karoo Pastoral*, in which, to quote Debbie Hathway in her appreciation of the work: “Conventional captions are replaced by poetry by the likes of Jan F Cilliers and Dr Dolf van Niekerk, translated from Afrikaans into English by Uys”. Burgers says the subject matter [the Karoo] inspired him to seek text from various well-known poets and he decided to publish in both languages because of Uys’ capabilities. “I saw his translation of ‘Die Vlakte’, and that was it. Deryck has the poetic rhythm and an awareness of what the poet really felt.”

Interspersed with this achievement, Shakespeare’s works continued as an ongoing challenge. He quite modestly

started by translating the 154 sonnets into flowing, beautiful, contemporary Afrikaans. The riming [sic] proved a particular hurdle - but you will have to judge for yourself how competently this has been overcome, while keeping very close to the original mood and sentiment of each sonnet. No walk in the park: but I must say that Deryck always enjoys a walk in the park close to his home!

The completion of the sonnets left Deryck rather high and dry; but his Muse did not desert him, and he straight away embarked 'on a few of his favourite Shakespearean plays'. We thus have the conclusion, where the entire works have succumbed to his ardour, for reading or listening pleasure or live performance.

BEORN UYS

INTRODUCTION

The difficult part of this introduction is to say something meaningful about Shakespeare's works. I guess a large library could be filled with published discourses on the subject: I have read a few. I will extract some thoughts that have appealed to me, and perhaps expound on them. What I can say at the start is that Deryck has done an outstanding task of interpretation of the Master's meaning and sentiment, and transmuted these into works that can stand on their own feet as true poetry, capturing the cadence, alliteration, and above all the story, the pathos and the humour, and created works that will stand as beacons in the field of Afrikaans literature. The 37 plays are divided between comedy and tragedy, short or long duration, humour and profundity, and it is difficult to talk of one's own favourite works, or judge which will most appeal to an audience. Of the tragedies most performed and most quoted there is no doubt that Hamlet leads the field (even Shakespeare christened his son Hamnet!); but always remember the other 36, and each will repay one's attention. I have recently seen some of the BBC series "*ShakespeareRetold*" on the TV, including *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Taming of the Shrew*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, brought into the present time, and they have made very pleasurable viewing.

While one can but trust that some of the major works, in Afrikaans translation, will indeed be performed on the stage, we cannot hope to go back to the Elizabethan

age, when theatrical performance was the main form of entertainment. I must quote from Bill Bryson's brilliant book *SHAKESPEARE*, which I believe to have been most meticulously researched, and written with great insight:

The golden age of theatre lasted only about the length of a good human lifetime, but what a wondrously prolific and successful period it was. Between the opening of the Red Lion in 1567 and the closing of all the theatres by the Puritans seventy-five years later, London's playhouses are thought to have attracted fifty million paying customers, something like ten times the entire country's population in Shakespeare's day. Most companies performed at least five different plays in a week, sometimes six, and used such spare time as they could muster to learn and rehearse new ones.

Bryson also reminds us that the stage was bare, and there was not even a curtain; so the playwright at the opening had to set the scene. *No one set scenes more brilliantly and economically than Shakespeare. Consider the opening lines of Hamlet*

*Barnado: Who's there?
Francisco: Nay, answer me. Stand, and unfold
 yourself.
Barnado: Long live the King!
Francisco: Barnado?
Barnado: He.*

In five terse lines Shakespeare establishes that it is night-time and cold ('unfold yourself' means 'draw back your cloak'), that the speakers are soldiers on guard, and that there is tension in the air. With just fifteen words – eleven of them monosyllables – he has the audience's full, rapt attention.

If you are reading the plays, or listening to a production rather than viewing it on the stage, bear in mind the inherent setting, which is incorporated.

Another singularly great author, Kenneth Clark, in his book *Civilisation*, published in 1969 and based on his BBC Television series of the same title, writes [*But*] *there was one country in which, after 1570, men could live without fear of civil war or sudden revenge (unless they happened to be Jesuit priests) – England. I suppose it is debatable how far Elizabethan England can be called civilised.... It was brutal, unscrupulous and disorderly. But if the first requisites are intellectual energy, freedom of mind, a sense of beauty and a craving for immortality, then the age of Marlowe and Spenser, of Dowland and Byrd, was a kind of civilisation ... This is the background of Shakespeare. Of course I can't compress Shakespeare into the scale of these soliloquies. But I can't altogether omit him, because one of the first ways in which I would justify civilisation is that it can produce a genius on this scale. In his freedom of mind, in his power of self-identification, in his complete absence of any dogma, Shakespeare sums up and illuminates the piece of history that I have just described.*

Virginia Woolf, in her masterpiece *To The Lighthouse* (published in 1927) has this to say: ... *If Shakespeare had never existed, would the world have differed much from what it is today? Does the progress of civilisation depend upon great men? Is the lot of the average human being better now than in the time of the Pharaohs? Is the lot of the average human being, however [in fact] the criterion by which we judge the measure of civilisation?....*

One of my favourite books is the thought-provoking *The Ascent of Man*, by Josef Bronowski (BBC Series and

Publication) which among much else gives us a deep insight into the evolution of the decision-making process in each individual person, in order to accumulate enough knowledge during childhood and puberty as a preparation for the future. He expresses himself thus: *What is the major drama in the English [and now Afrikaans] language? It is Hamlet. What is Hamlet about? It is a play about a young man – a boy – who is faced with the first great decision of his life. And it is a decision beyond his reach: to kill the murderer of his father. It is pointless of the Ghost to keep on nudging him and saying ‘Revenge, Revenge.’ The fact is that Hamlet as a youth is simply not mature. Intellectually or emotionally, he is not ripe for the act he is asked to perform. And the whole play is an endless postponement of his decision while wrestling with himself ... he is simply not ready for an act of such magnitude in boyhood.*

Many have highlighted Shakespeare’s tendency to pessimism in his most profound passages, as highlighted for instance in the Hamlet soliloquies. There does not seem to be any period in history (or indeed pre-history), and indeed in our present time, when pessimism could not be said to have been prevalent and justifiable. And so Shakespeare speaks to every age, and remains ever-relevant: but he is also ever aware of the majesty and potential of Man. Consider this passage (Hamlet, in conversation with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern): *What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form, in moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.*

(It is well said that the poets and writers are more often misquoted than quoted. Hamlet is speaking in all sincerity of the nobility of man, and yet the phrase “what a piece of work” is now almost always used in an insulting and derogatory context).

My most recent acquisition anent the Bard is a fascinating volume by Catherine M S Alexander published in 2006 under the auspices of The Royal Shakespeare Company with the title: *Shakespeare The Life, The Works, The Treasures*. The timeline reaches from his birth in 1564, through the centuries into the 21st and the making of a number of films of his works. The book contains a collection of facsimiles of documents such as his Baptism Record and his Will, as well as programmes and memorabilia down the centuries. And so the fascination of the man (about whom in fact very little is known) and his work (of which a miraculous amount has survived) persists into the present day, and research and analysis continues. Perhaps it is appropriate to close off this brief story of mine with two quotations from Catherine Alexander’s own introduction to her monograph: *The playwright Ben Jonson, writing a memorial verse for his friend in the First Folio of 1623, declared that Shakespeare was ‘The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,’ but added ‘He was not of an age, but for all time.’*

Different ages have recognised different strengths and skills in Shakespeare’s work: his plays have been appreciated, in Hamlet’s words, for their capacity to ‘hold ... the mirror up to nature’ in the creation of character; many find Shakespeare’s memorable and original use of language his most remarkable skill; others have pointed to the timeless quality of the narratives, and it is the plots which have crossed cultures to transfer so successfully

into films, ballets, operas, musicals and cartoons.

Finally, a word must be said of the importance attached to music in conjunction with the production of the Shakespearean plays down the centuries. There is some evidence that even in his own lifetime some of the works were performed as musicals. Many of the plays incorporate songs (“Where the bee sucks there suck I”). Some of the facsimiles enclosed in Catherine Alexander’s book reflect how music was featured in the programmes: *a ticket (priced at one guinea) for a part of Shakespears [sic] Jubilee on 6th and 7th of September 1769 at Stratford upon Avon, organised in large part by actor-manager David Garrick, features The Oratorio, the Dedication Ode, the Ball, and Fireworks! A programme for a production of Coriolanus at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Tuesday, April 23, 1816, Being the Second Centenary of Years since the Death of Shakspeare [sic]” ... After which will be revived Garrick’s Jubilee ... The overture and music arranged and selected from the works of Handel, Arne, Arnold, and other eminent Composers ... (followed by) a Grand Pageant of the Characters of Shakspeare by the Whole of the Company.*

Deryck has written this translation from his own compulsion, and he has said that it has often felt to him that his mind and hand are guided by the Muse that has selected him for this most gratifying task. It has brought him immense satisfaction. May you feel in your perusal the same sense of excitement and gratification.

BEORN UYS

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND THANKS

For some reason beyond my understanding, I have been inspired by an unknown Power to translate from English to Afrikaans Shakespeare's 154 Sonnets. Since completing this I have also, over the past 36 months translated all 37 of Shakespeare's plays as well as the Fitzgerald translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

There are several factors, which make my being used for the above purpose, incredible. On the face of it, there could not be a worse candidate for the task: I am legally blind; I have been treated for the last 10 years for Prostate Cancer, I am 86 years old, and English-Speaking.

Shakespeare in his Sonnets refers repeatedly his Muse. He also refers frequently to the immense physical labour involved in writing.

I work with a 7x Magnifying Glass on an enlarged text, which permits me to read only 4 letters at a time.

I cannot read my own Manuscript, or look up in any dictionary or other work for reference.

However, fortunately, my manuscripts can be read by others – they now exceed 10 000 A4 pages.

It is obvious that sincere and humble thanks are due to:

The Author, to whom I have referred;

To the dedicated Medical Practitioners - Dr. Louis Botha and Dr. Charlotte Louise Enslin and Specialists – Dr. Hans Rabe – Neurologist, Dr. Raoul Scholtz - Ophthalmic Surgeon, who keep me going with quarterly injections, and preserve the remnants of my eyesight. Dr Leslie Lang for keeping my smile.

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DERYCK UYS

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'st 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.

II.

When forty winters shall beseige thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd 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.

I
Van fraaistes soek ons vermenigvuldiging,
Dat skoonheid's roos mag nooit te sterwe kom,
Die oueres bring die jongeres huldinging,
Teer erfgename van hul eiendom:
Maar u, aan u helder oë gekontrakteer,
Voed u lewensvlam met konstante stof,
Gulde oes tot braakland reduseer,
U eie vyand, teenoor uself te grof.
U is die wêreld se fynste ornament,
Alleen boodskapper tot die bontgetooide lente,
Begrawe in u bod u rendement,
Verbied die wêreld sy verdiende rente.
Begenadig die wêreld, of uit vraatsugtigheid,
Verorber wat die wêreld toekom, en word die graf se
bruid.

II
As veertig winters u gelaat beleg,
En diep vore in u landerye ploeg,
U jeug se erekleed, betrag, gevleg,
In vodderige vlarde hang, onvergenoeg.
Dan gevra waar al u skoonheid lê,
Die skatte van wellustige jeug,
In hierdie diep-gesonke oë, te sê,
Allesverorbende skande, die dood van deug.
U skoonheid is meer prysenswaardig
As u kon antwoord 'my welgeskape kind
Het ek al my deugdes uitgevaardig'
U skone erflating in hom gevind.
Dus word u nuut geskep – alreeds oud,
Om warm bloed te voel, al vloei u eie koud

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, unless 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.

IV

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 tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

III

Kyk in u glas, vertel die gesig aldaar,
Dit is hoog tyd dat dit 'n ander maak,
Want, dit versuim, loop u die gevaar,
Deur ongeseeënde moeder die wêreldshoop versaak.
Waar's die skone baarmoeder ongeoor,
U sou ontnem van u boerdery?
Wie so selfsugtig, wat in die tomb sal stoor,
Barre nageslagte aan die pen laat ry?
U is u moeders' glas, en sy daarin,
Herroep die prille April van haar jeug:
So sal u, deur eie vensters, win,
Rimpels ten spyte, die hooggety van deug.
Maar as u wil leef, sonder heugenis,
Sterf alleen, en u beeld word uitgewis.

IV

Verkwistige lieflikheid, waarom spandeer
Op eie self, sy oorerflikheid?
Natuur gee niks, dit leen slegs die eer,
Kieskeurig oor haar onsterflikheid.
Waarom u lieflikheid deur suinigheid,
U mildelike gawes nie aan andere gee?
Roekelose woekeraar, dit is u wanbeleid,
Bring u slegs u eie doodstraf mee.
As u alleen met uself verkeer,
Sal u soet self sy eie soete self bedrieg.
Hoedan, as natuur aandring op u wederkeer
U oudit sal u lewens-som belieg.
U ongebruikte liefde word in die tomb' verbeur,
Gebruik, word dit u eksekuteur.

V

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 cheque'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
 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 distill'd though they with winter meet,
 Lease but their show; their substance still lives
 sweet.

VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
 Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
 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-will'd, for thou art much too fair
 To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

V

Die ure deur arbeidsgenot omraam
 Die lieflikheid wat elke oog oorweldig,
 Sal die tiran speel, en dit self ontfaam,
 Dit onwaar verklaar, vergane en ongeldig.
 Want nimmer-rustend tyd lei somer aan
 Tot vieslike winter, verwar hom daar;
 Sap stol in takke, lustige lower als vergaan,
 Skoonheid oorsneeu, geen bot geen blom geen
 blaar:
 Het somers' distillasie nie oorleef,
 Likwiede gevangene in glas wande,
 Skoonheid se heugnis met skoonheid saamgeweef,
 Daarsonder verval in vergetelheid en skande.
 Gedistilleerde blomme, as hul winter ontmoet,
 Verloor slegs hulle uiterlik, binne bly hul soet.

VI

Laat dan nie winter se vlymskerp klou
 U somer ontsier, alvorens u gedistilleer
 Kon word: soetigheid alles in die hier-en-nou;
 Los die selfmoord, laat skoonheid triomfeer.
 Dit is nie verbode woekery,
 As williges die rente sou betaal;
 U gesig moet nog 'n gesig bykry,
 U tienmaal gelukkiger, as u tien sou haal.
 Tienmaal uself sal dan gelukkiger sy,
 As tien van u tienmaal gegiet:
 Wat kan Dood doen, as hy u weglei,
 In u nasate lê sy verdriet.
 Wees nie self-behep, laat nie u prag en faam,
 Dood se prooi word, en wurms u erfgenaam.

VII

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 climb'd 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,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not
gladly,
Or else receivest 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.'

VII

Kyk na die Ooste se geseënde lig
Sy brandende hoof lig voor allemans oë,
Aanbiddend sy nuut-forse aangesig,
En onderdanig buig met hul betoë.
En, eenmaal, hemel se steil bult verower,
Soos prille jeug in sy midde-jare spog,
Sal hy steeds aanbiddendes betower,
In die pasaat van goue pelgrimstog;
Maar as hy van die toppunt met moeë tuig,
Soos temerige ouderdom, hy die aftog blaas,
Die vroeër-aanbiddend oë sal elders buig
Van sy lae trajek, en elders kyk, oplaas:
So word u, na u noen, in donkerte verlei,
Tensy u vir uself 'n seun sou kry.

VIII

Luister liefderik as musiek vir u fluister,
Soetheid baklei nie met soetheid, jolyt met jolyt,
Waarom bemin wat u siel wil teister,
Of liefderik omhels die rede vir u spyt.
As die konkoord van welgestemde klanke,
In geseënde huwelik u ore aanstoot gee,
Is dit aan die simpel feit te danke,
Dat u aandag aan 'n enkel noot bestel.
Gevaar hoe een swaar, soet eggenoot vir 'n ander,
Mekaar opvolg in melodieuse rangskikking,
Soos vader, moeder, kind met mekander,
Wat almal saam 'n enkel noot sal sing.
Hul stom note eendragtig een,
Sing dit vir u – as enkeling is u geen.

IX

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest 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.
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 murderous shame commits.

X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire.
Seeking that bauteous 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.

IX

Is dit uit vrees, 'n weduwee se oog te traan,
Dat u u lewe as enkeling verslind?
Ag! maar as u kind'loos heen sou gaan,
Word u betreur soos moeder sonder kind.
Die wêreld word u weduwee, en sal ween.
Geen gietsel van uself is hul te wagte,
Maar ingetoë weduwee het die seën,
In kinders' oë haar man se nagedagte.
Kyk hoe 'n roekelose woekeraar spandeer,
En skatte strooi vir wêreld te geniet.
Skoonheids vermorsing sterf sonder eer,
En, ongebruik, gaan dit terstonds tot niet.
Geen liefde teenoor ander sal in so 'n boesem steek,
Om sulke moordadige skade aan homself te wreek.

X

O skande: ontken dat u enige bemin,
U behandel uself so onverryklik,
Gee toe dat u menige se liefde win,
Maar dat u geen bemin is klaarblyklik.
Maar u is so verlaat op moordadige haat
Dat u nie keer om teen self saam te sweer,
Dat u u fraaie dak tot verval oorlaat,
U grootste taak versuim om dit te repareer.
Kom tog tot ander insae, my ander slotsom,
Setel haat dieper as barmhartigheid.
Vertoon, soos u voorkoms, grasia opgesom,
Of, ten minste, aan uself, goe dhartigheid.
Maak dan 'n ander self om my liefdesalwe
Dat u, albei, my hart kan salwe.

XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
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.

XII

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 silver'd 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 defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XI

So vinnig soos u kwyn sal u weer groei,
In nasaat, van wat u verlaat.
U jong bloed sal in sy are vloei,
En dit toeien, as u jeug nie langer baat.
Hierin lê wysheid, skoonheid en vermenigvuldiging
Sonder die stommiteit, ouderdom en verval.
Dit sou ons wêreld tot 'n einde bring,
En sestig jaar die eindpunt van heelal.
Laat hul, nie deur Natuur gemaak vir stoor,
Bar tot hulle einde kom.
Die met brawe gawes sal die mees bekoor,
Waardeer tog die heiligdom.
Sy het u vir haar siel graveer,
Dat u andere druk, tot haar eer.

XII

As ek die klok betrag, wat tyd verkondig,
En helder dag ontaard in swarte nag,
En die viooltjie, deur verloop van tyd besondig,
En donker krulle, silwer-wit verdrag.
As ek hoë bome sien, hul blaredrag verslind,
Vergane skadu, vir kuddes saamgegaard,
Somersgroen gestroop, in gerwe vasgebind,
Gedra in lykstoet, met wit en harde baard.
En dus moet ek u skoonheid nou bevraag,
As u in tyd se wildernis moet vaar.
Skoonheid en soetheid kan dit nooit daar waag,
En sterf so vinnig as hul anders' groen gewaar.
Daar is teen tyd se sekel geen verdediging
Behalwe u eie vermenigvuldiging.

XIII

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 honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifths! Dear my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.

XIV

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.

XIII

O, was u tog u eie; maar, liefing, helaas.
Dit is slegs waar terwyl u voort sal leef.
Maak voorbereiding, voor u die aftog blaas
Met u gelykenis wat leef en beef.
U skoonheid, deur u slegs in pag gehou,
Sal dus geen einde vind – u weerga
Sal, na u oorlye, steeds ontvou,
As u soet erfgenaam u vorm sou dra.
Wie kan so 'n herehuis verslind,
As vlytigheid dit kon verstewig
Teen die teisterende winterswind
En dood se barre kil, vir ewig.
O! slegs spandabelriges – my vriend, u weet.
U had 'n vader, laat u seun u so heet.

XIV

Nie van die sterre sal ek my oordeel pluk,
Al het ek, toevallig, astronomie,
Maar nie bespiegel oor soet, of swak, geluk,
Oor plaë, nood; seisoen se anargie.
Nog kan ek die noodlot tot die minuut voorspel,
Aan elk sy donder, wind of reën toeken,
Of prinse vertel alles vaar wel,
Of deur herhaling, die hemele vaspen.
Van u oë sal ek my wysheid kry,
In hul (konstante sterre) skuil al my kuns,
In skoonheid en vaardigheid se same-sy
Uself sou stoor, die wêreld dus beguns.
Anders sal ek van u prognostikeer
Dat dood die einde bring aan prag en eer.

XV

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 cheque'd 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.

XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
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.

XV

As ek dink dat elke ding wat groei
Hou perfeksie vir geringe moment,
Dat die heelal, wat ons aandag boei,
Deur sterre bespreek word, in hul firmament.
As ek gewaar dat mens soos plante teel,
Deur hemel aangemoedig en gestuit,
Pronk as jeug se sapstoot, wat dan wegsteel,
En oorgebruik, put hul kragte uit.
Dan sal die tyd se wispelturigheid
Kwistig handel met u jeug se krag,
En debateer met verganklikheid,
U prille dag omskep in vuilste nag.
In oorlogstryd met tyd, om liefdeshalwe,
Sal ek u oorent, en vir die toekoms salwe.

XVI

Waarom nie 'n magtiger, kragtiger wal
Gooi teen tyd se indringer-horde,
En vesting bou teen u verval,
Standvastiger as my tengerige woorde.
Nou staan u op die kruin van geluksure,
En maagdelike tuine, steeds onbeset,
Wat blom sal baar vir u overture,
Veel beter gelykenis as u portret.
Nuwe lyne sal die oues repareer
Wat tyd's penseel, of my ongeskoolde pen,
Nog u innerlik, nog u uiterlik reflekteer,
En mens se aanbidding of inspirasie wen.
Deur uself te gee, word u behou,
U lewe voort, deur u deug omvou.

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven 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 touch'd earthly faces.'
So should my papers yellow'd with their age
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.

XVIII

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.

XVII

Wie sal my vers glo in die tyd wat kom
As dit in oormaat oor u deugde praat?
Maar, hemel weet, dit is maar slegs 'n tomb'
Wat beste verberg, en ongesien oorlaat.
As ek die glinster van jou oë kon beskryf,
En al u grasies uitken en oorvertel
Sal eeue sê: die digter het oordryf,
Dit behoort nie op aarde – in hemel wel.
So word my geel manuskrip vervaag,
Soos oumanstories, van minder juis as tong,
En die waarheid as digterlike drif verag,
En ou verse, deur die tyd verwrong.
Maar as u nasaat dan kan kleim,
Lewe u tweemaal – daarin, en in my rym.

XVIII

U is vir my soos skoonste somersdag,
Maar skoner tog, en meer bedoord.
Ru winde ruk die bloeisels in hul prag,
En somer se kortstondigheid, vermaard.
Somtyd brand hemelsoog te heet,
En dikwels word sy goud-gelaat verdof,
En selfs die skoonstes word vergeet,
Deur jare afgetakel, sonder lof.
Maar u soete somer sal nooit vergaan,
Of iets afstaan wat aan u behoort.
Dood sal nooit spog, u is sy onderdaan.
In hierdie reëls leef u ewig voort.
Solank as man kan asemhaal, of tong kan sien,
Solank leef u, u heerlikheid verdien.

XIX

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.

XX

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,
Much 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 pick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

XIX

Verorberende tyd, verstomp die leeu se klou,
Laat die aarde haar eie werpsel boet.
Pluk die tier se skerp tande nou,
En brand die phoenix in haar eie bloed.
Maak seisoene van jubel en van treur,
Bring alles voort, in u doen en laat,
Teister en troetel die wêreld, na willekeur,
Maar ek verbied een vreeslike misdaad.
Geen lyne aan my lieflings' voorhoof kerf,
Daar lyne trek met u antieke pen,
Laat hom sy eie prille jeug vererf,
Om die patroon vir alle mans te wen.
Maar doen u ergste, Tyd, om my lief te stonk,
In my verse bly hy altyd jonk.

XX

'n Vrou se gesig, deur Natuur geskilder,
het u, my minaar-minares.
'n Vrou se tere hart, maar nie verwilder,
Deur vrou se wispelturigheid, les bes.
Helderder oë, wat nie valslik rol,
En als wat dit betrag verguldig.
Van helderheid tot oorloeps vol,
Wat man se oog vang, en vrou se liefde huldig.
En, as n vrou, was u vir eers geskape,
Tot die Natuur op haar skepping verliefgeraak het,
En dele bygevoeg het by u make,
Wat my hoop verydel en versaak het.
Maar sy het u vir dames uitgestippel.
Ek bemin u, wyl u hulle prikkel.

XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven 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 flowers, 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 fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more than like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII

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 gavest me thine, not to give back again.

XXI

My muse is anders, word nie geïnspireer
Deur geskilderde skoonheid te gebruik,
Maar gebruik wat selfs die hemele eer,
En elke skoonheid met u vergelyk.
Maak die hemel se gelykenis,
Met son en maan, aard' en see se skat,
April se blomme, als wat skoonste is,
In die aard' se ronde ruim vervat.
Laat ek, opreg verlief, die waarheid skryf,
Glo my dan, my liefling is so skoon,
Soos elke kind, maar nie so blink van lyf
As goue kerse wat in hemel troon.
Laat my nie deur hoorse bepaal,
Die skoonheid wat uit die kerse straal.

XXII

My glas oortuig my nie van ouderdom,
Solank as u en jeugdom saam verkeer,
Maar as diep vore kom in u heiligdom,
Sal ek en dood moet samesweer.
Want u erekleed, van sagste sy,
Kom van my hart, wat u konstant hernu,
En, soos ek in u leef, leef u in my.
Hoe dan kan ek ouer wees as u?
Daarom, liefling, moet u versigtig wees,
Soos ek myself teenoor u sal bind,
Net so bedagsaam en bedees,
As oppaster met haar tere kind.
As ek vergaan moet u geen aanspraak maak,
U hart is myne, en u hoop versaak.

XXIII

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 express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is the 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 glazed with thine 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, where-through 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.

XXIII

Soos onbeholpe speler op die verhoog,
Deur vrees beroof word van sy rol,
Of ongedierte, deur oormatige woede gedoog,
Se hart, uit moegheid, dreig te stol.
So sal ek uit vrees my trou versuim,
Van liefde se seremonie en ritueel,
Sy eie krag my liefde sal ontruim,
En dus my grootste liefde sal ontruim.
O, laat my boeke dan liefde verklaar,
Stomme ambassadeurs van spraak,
Wat geloofsbriewe van liefde baar,
Meer as die tong, wat sulk' aanstaltes maak.
Leer om te lees wat stille liefde skryf,
Met horende oë, wat al' deug omlyf.

XXIV

My oog - die skilder – stel u skoonheid saam
Op tabelle van my hart, so lief.
My liggaam is die skildery se raam,
Die skilderskuns getoon in perspektief.
Te vind waar u gelykenis pas,
In my boesem se tere galery,
Wat sy vensters met u oë verglas,
En oog het deur oog sy lof gekry.
Hoe groot 'n guns het oog vir oog bewys,
Myne het 'n vorm geteken, u s'n vir my,
Soos strale, as die nuwe son sou rys,
Daardeur wel u fraaiheid te beny.
Maar die bekwame oë het hul plig versuim,
Hulle sien die uiteinde, nie u hart se ruim.

XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

XXVI

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
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 aspect
And puts apparel on my tatter'd 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.

XXV

Laat dié op wie die sterre gunstig skyn
Oor publieke aansien en titel spog,
Wyl ek, deur noodlot ondermyn,
Onverwagte heil vind op my lewenstog.
Prinse se gunstelinge sprei hul blare,
Maar soos die gousblom in die son se oog,
Hulle hoogmoed word innerlik begrawe,
En slegs 'n frons sal van hul val betoog.
Die krygsman wat oor slagte kan verklap,
Na duisend seges net eenmaal verslaan,
Se naam word van die ererol geskrap,
Sy roem vergete en vergaan.
Maar ek, bemin en beminnend,
Geluksalig, en in als oorwinnend.

XXVI

Heer van my hart, my tere hartedief,
As ek as slaaf en dienskneg, steeds geduldig,
Stuur ek die skriftelike geloofsbrief,
Nie met vernuf, maar eer, u naam te huldig.
Plig so groot, met woordeskat so power,
Mag bar voorkom, en wegsak in woestyne,
Verskans nogtens die hoop om te betower,
En 'n goedgunstigheid word myne.
Totdat my ster, in sy hemelswee,
Goedgunstelik op my sal skyn,
My voddige vers met eredrag beklee,
En ek u respek sou waardig syn.
Dan mag ek oor my liefde vir u spog,
Tot dan bly dit verskans, en vergesog.

XXVII

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please them thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem
stronger.

XXVII

Uitgesloof haas ek na my bed,
Soek rus vir moeë ledemate,
Maar dan hou my gedagtes tred,
En is ek tot geen rus oorlate.
Dan sal my gedagtes, ver van u, genoop,
In opruierige pelgrimstog na u uitvaar,
My moeë ooglede bly wawyd oop,
In donker tastend, soos die blindes staar.
Behalwe dat u skadu-prag
Meteens verskyn in my blinde sig,
Hangend soos juweel in haglik' nag,
En dit ophelder met nuwe aangesig.
Bedags, my ledemate, snags my gedagte,
En dus is ek en u geen rus te wagte.

XXVIII

Hoe kan ek in saligheid terugkeer,
Van alle bate van my rus verruk,
As nog dag nog nag oppressie keer,
En dag deur nag, en nag deur dag bedruk.
En elk, vyandig teen mekaars' regering,
Sal handeskud, en oor my marteling wedywer,
Een, duur arbeid, die ander, klag se nering,
Hoe ver ek van u swoeg, steeds verder wedywer.
Om dag te behaag, vertel ek van u prag,
As hy die donker wolkemassa duld,
Dan vlei ek die swart gelaat van nag,
As sterre kwyn, sal u die hemel skild.
Dag sal met dag my verdriet verleng,
En nag vir nag my marteling volbreng.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state
And trouble deal heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXIX

As ek in skande voor mans' oë,
Ween oor my uitgeworpenheid,
En dowe Hemel pla met my betoë,
En hand-in-boesem voel ek is als kwyf.
Ek wens ek is soos hul van groter hoop,
Met sy gelaatstrekke, en sy vriende,
En word van anders' kuns en deug genoop,
Van mees geniet, minste plesier te vinde.
Tog myself amper veragtend,
Dink ek terstonds aan u, en dan,
Soos die lewerik by hemelshek afwagtend,
Soet liedere sing, soos net hy kan.
Dan bring u gedagtenis sulke seën en heil,
Dat ek weier om met konings om te ruil.

XXX

As ek, in stilte van my gedagtestroom,
Die soet swerwinge van my gedagtes streef,
Sug ek oor verydeling van 'n droom,
En ou gesanik met nuwe sug verdeel.
Dan kan ek droë oë met trane vloed
Vir dierbare vriende, agter dood's' gordyn,
En weereens ween oor geweende gemoed,
En sug op sugte, gesluk en lank verdwyn.
Dan kan ek grief, oor griewe reeds vergane,
En swaarmoedig al my klagtes oorvertel,
Die rekening verhaal van klag bo klag verhewe,
Lank reeds betaal, met nuwe munt te stel.
Maar as ek aan u dink, my lieve vriend,
Is treurnis verby, en alles teruggevind.

XXXI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

XXXI

U boesem is bemin deur alle harte,
Maar ek ontbeer die geseënde gawe,
Liefde regeer, met sy geseënde parte,
En vriende wat ek beskou het as begrawe.
Hoeveel heilige en tere trane,
Het vrome liefde van my oë gesteel,
Vir al my vriende, lank vergane,
Nou in u boesem gesetel en geseel.
Gestorwe liefde lewe in u graf,
Waar die trofeë van my liefde pryk,
Wat al my liefde nou aan u verskaf,
U het nou my deel in hul ge-erf.
Hul beeld is in u verwesenlik,
En u (deur hul) oor my geheel beskik.

XXXII

As u my welbeskore dag oorleef,
En lomperd Dood my met stof oordek,
En u per toeval aan hierdie reëls kleef,
Laat dit heug'nis van u minnaar wek.
Geen nuwe digter sal sy taak versuim,
En alleman se pen, met al sy kragte,
Onthou dan my liefde, nie my rym,
Geinspireer deur groter magte.
Laat u gedagte in liefde na my dwaal.
Het my muse nie die pas markeer,
Fyner verse kon ek dan verhaal,
En in beter regiment marsjeer.
Nou is hy dood, en beter digters lewe,
Sal ek my tot hul styl, hom vir sy liefde begewe.

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
staineth.

XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXIII

Hoe dikwels sal die môreson, in sy seisoen,
Met vurige oog die bergtoppe salueer,
Groen weivelde groet, met gulde soen,
Vaal strome goudgild, tot sy eer.
Aanstons die donker wolkemassa,
Die wêreld te beroof van al sy beste,
Hy neem van hul die hele skurke-skuld,
As hy sagvoets wentel na die weste.
Eweso het my oggendson geskyn
Met al sy rykdom, op my prille hoof;
Maar uit! Helaas! Binne 'n uur verdwyn,
Die masker-wolke het my kil beroof.
Nogtans sal my liefde hul nooit verkwalig,
Aardse sonne verdof, en hemel s'n, geluksalig.

XXXIV

Waarom het u so 'n pragtige dag beloof,
En my oorreed om sonder mantel uit te vaar,
Dat woeste wolke my oorrompel en beroof
Van u gesig, in hul vuil rook bewaar?
Dis onvoldoende dat u deur die wolke breek
Om my gesig, deur reën betas, mooi af te droog,
Goedstiglik van so 'n salf kan niemand spreek,
Wat wonde heel, maar die skande doog.
U het geen medisyne om my smart te kuur,
Bekeer u, deur die sonde steeds gepla,
Die skuldige se berou soos die asyn so suur,
Vir hom wat die misdadiger se kruis moet dra.
O, my trane word pêrels, uit liefdeskade,
Ryke losprys vir u wandade.

XXXV

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.

XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou beng mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXV

Wees tog nie gegrief oor u wandade,
Rose het dorings, fonteine modderstrome,
Wolke en veduistering berokken skade,
Aan son en maan – kanker verydel roosbotsdrome.
Alle mans maak foute, en eksel self makeer,
En gee u misdaad outoriteit,
U misdaad komprommeer, deur self daaraan te smeer,
Met meer vergifnis as u sondes kwyt.
Tot u wellustige fout sal ek samesweer
(U opponerend word dus u advokaat)
En teen myself my eie pleidooi weer,
In burgeroorlog van my liefde, en my haat.
As medepligtige, moet ek u wandaad loof,
O, soete dief, wat my so suur beroof.

XXXVI

Laat ek oor ons verwydering bieg,
Maar ons liefdes bly steeds saamgesmelt,
So sal die kladder, wat my gemoed belieg,
Sonder u hulp, alleen deur my ontgeld.
In liefde is ons lewens heilig eens
Ten spyte van apartheid se kwaad,
Maar dit steel nogtans soete ure meteens,
Waar ons mekaar kon syn, met woord en daad.
Ek mag nooit in toekoms u erken,
Uit vrees dat my jeremiad u beskaam,
En u mag niks van my publieke liefde wen,
Verhoedend skade aan u erenaam.
Maak tog nie so: ons liefde is van so 'n aard,
Ons gaan vir ewig saamgepaard.

XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXVII

Soos 'n afgesloofde vader plesier sou vind
Om te gewaar hoe sy kind baljaar,
Sou ek, lamgelê deur noodlot kwaadgesind,
My lafenis in u jeug ervaar.
Of skoonheid, adel, rykdom, vaardigheid,
Of een van hul, of al, of geen,
U dele sou bekroon met edelheid,
Sal ek myself as deel daaraan bejeen.
Ek is nie meer krank, arm, of verag,
Terwyl u skadu sulke lyf sou gee,
In u gulheid word my swaar versag,
In daarin te deel gee my lewe mee.
Alle seën sal ek op u huldig
En my geluk tienmaal vermenigvuldig.

XXXVIII

Hoe kan my muse 'n onderwerp wou vind
Terwyl u leef, en in my verse stort,
U wese aan volmaaktheid losgebind,
Wat elk vulgere rymster in sal kort.
Dit is aan u te wyte as enigiets in my
Iets wat u waardering werd is skryf,
Wie so stom wat nie kan verse wy,
As u volmaaktheid my digterskuns omlyf.
Wees die tiende muse, tienmaal die waarde,
Van die nege, al holrug gery,
Hy wat u naam noem vermag die aarde,
Verkondig reels aan ewigheid gewy.
As my tengerige muse die dag plesier;
Die pyn is myne, die roem vir u te vier.

XXXIX

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XXXIX

Hoe hoflik kan ek u eie deug besing,
As ek al my beste van u kry,
Wat kan eie lof aan eie self meebring,
Wie anders loof ek as ek aan u my lofsang wy?
Om liefdeshalwe laat ons geskeie bly,
En liefde die naam van enkeling verloor,
Dat ek daardeur my vers aan u kan wy,
Wat u toekom; alleen vir u beskoor.
O, die teistering van afwesigheid,
Die suurknol, geen soetigheid laat bly,
Die fluistering van liefde se geluid,
Wat tyd en peinsing so stilletjies verlei.
En hoe u leer om een in twee te skei,
Hom hier te loof, hou hom aan my sy.

XL

Neem al my liefde, liefling, al my roem;
Wat meer het u as weleer?
Nee, liefling, dit mag u liefde noem;
U had als tevore; nou het u meer.
As u onderling my liefde sou ontvang,
Vir sy gebruik kan ek u nie blameer;
Maar wel, as u uself in eie strik sou vang,
Dit sou proe, wat ek self ontbeer.
U rowery is vergewe, sagmoedige dief,
Hoewel u al my eiendom besteel;
Maar, liefde weet, is dit u groter grief,
Om dit te duur, as haat in sy geheel.
Wellus, wat as grasie paradeer,
Dood my; moenie as my vyand verkeer.

XL I

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightest my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou knowst I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLI

Die beuselagtige foute wat ek begaan
As ek van u hart afwesig is,
Word geoorloof vir u onderdaan,
Versoeking is die stoute alchemis.
Sagmoedig is u om te oorwin,
Skoon is u om hof gemaak te word;
As vrou sou hofmaak, moet vrou se seun besin,
En nie suurknollig haar pogings probeer inkort?
Ag so! Dat u my liefde van die hand sou wys,
U skoonheid en wispelturige jeug blameer,
Wat u in opstand neem op daardie reis
Waar u 'n dubbele waarheid moet besweer.
[Hare, deur u skoonheid haar na u te lok,
Uwe, deur u skoonheid vir my te jok.]

XLII

Dat u vir haar het, behels nie al my grief,
Tog mag dit gesê word: ek het haar seer bemin;
Dat sy vir u het, maak haar my hart se dief,
Die liefdesteleurstelling wat als oorwin.
Liefdevolle sondaars, so moet ek u verskoon:-
U het haar lief, en weet ek is ewe so;
En, om my onthalwe, het sy my onttroon,
Deur my vriend toe te laat, hou sy my nog steeds bo.
As ek vir u verloor sal my liefling baat,
My verlies, my vriend se wins inkluis;
Hul vind mekaar, ek's deur albei verlaat,
Albei, vir my onthalwe, pak op my die kruis:
Maar hierin die geluk, ek en my vriend is een;
Soete vleiery! Sy bemin vir my alleen.

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.

XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLIII

Hoe meer ek wink, hoemeer dink ek aan u,
Die daaglikse gesig word nie gerespekteer;
Maar, in my drome, besoek u liewe skadu,
En, donker-helder, donker-helder omgekeer;
Dan laat u skadu skadu's helderder skyn,
Hoe sal u skadu's vorm, gelukkige vorm toon
In helder dag, as helderder verskyn
In my onsiende oë is u beeld so skoon!
Hoe sou (sê ek) sou my oë geseen wees
Om u in lewende daglig te betrag,
As, in die nag, u vae en beskonde gees
In diepe slaap op geslote oë wag?
My dae word nagte, totdat ek u sien,
En nagte, helder dag, as u beeld vir my bedien.

XLIV

Indien my lompe vlees blits gedagte sou wees,
Sou fel verwydering nie in my pad kon staan;
Dan sou ek, in liggaam en in gees,
Van uiterste limiete, my weg na u kon baan.
Geen saak dan, as ek my voet sou plant
Op aarde, verste van u afgelee,
Want gedagte vlie oor see en land,
So vinnig as die denke van sy wee.
Maar, o wee! Ek is nie gedagte,
Om in skrede, myle lank, na u te vaar,
U is oor land en see, nog lank te wagte,
Ek moet in lengte van dae my geduld bewaar;
Om niks te onvang, oor hierdie trae bane
Maar liefdestekens, mekaar se snare-trane.

XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again and straight grow sad.

XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie--
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes--
But the defendant doth that plea deny
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impanneled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLV

Die ander twee, ontasbaar lug en purgerende vuur,
Is albei met u, waar ook al ek myself bevind;
Die eerste my gedagte, die ander wat ek begeer,
Die teenwoordig-afwesig aan mekaar gebind.
As ek die vlugtiger elemente aan u stuur,
Boodskappers van my tere liefdesgees,
My lewe, deur vier elemente steeds bestuur,
Vergaan in melankoliek, bedees;
Totdat my elemente weer saam sal smelt
Deur die boodskappers wat van u terugkeer,
En u welsyn vroom aan my sal meld
Met soete woorde, wat ek so seer begeer:
Ek lustig my daarin; dit is, helaas, kortstondig,
Ek stuur dit terug aan u, volmondig.

XLVI

My oog en hart is in 'n dodestryd gewikkel,
Hoe om die slag van u aangesig te win;
My oog volhard dat dit nie u hart moet prikkel,
My hart, inteendeel, laat nie my oog bemin.
My hart soebat om u in sy kas te kluis,
(Ewig dig teenoor my kristal-oog)
maar die verweerder bestry die eis,
Ek pleit u beeld is in hom gedoog.
Om die twis te besleg is sonder parallel.
Gedagtes, slegs aan die hart gewy;
En deur hul uitspraak word die verhaal vertel
Die oog se porsie, die hart s'n kom ook by:
Aldus; my oog bekom u buitenste beeld,
My hart, u hart se liefde, onverdeeld.

XLVII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art resent still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy of comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLVII

My oog en hart is ver van mekaar geskei,
Elk begunstig die ander, oor en oor:
As uitgehongerde oog sy blik wil wy,
Of hart homself in liefde wil versmoor.
Met u portret sal my oog dan vier,
En nooi my hart na skildery-banket,
En wederom sal my hart summier
My oog op liefdesgedagtes set:
U portret, of my liefde, is u wentelbaan
En, in die tog, gesentreer op my;
Dit kan nie verder as my gedagtes gaan,
Dit is die lewenskoers vir ons albei;
Of, as hul slaap, sal u portret oortuig
En oog en hart laat jubel en laat juig.

XLVIII

Hoe sorgvuldig, voor ek my pad sou kies,
Die geringste item onder slot en grendel,
Niks blootgestel aan enige verlies
Van boewe, wyl ek my wee pendel.
Maar my juwele, vir u beuselagtig,
My grootste troos, en nou my opperste grief,
My liefste lief, en van my sorg mees kragtig,
Word nou die prooi van elke vulgere dief.
Ek het u nie in kis gesluit, en toe verknou,
Behalwe in afwesigheid, toe u aanwesig voel,
Ek het u nie in sagmoedige boesem toegevou,
U vrymoedigheid bly steeds my hoogste doel;
Selfs daar word u gesteel, is ek bevrees,
Kan waarheid ooit bestand teen so 'n skatkis wees?

XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,--
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

XLIX

As teenvoeter vir die dag, indien die dag sou kom,
Dat u sou frons op my tekortkominge,
Dat u liefde bygetel het, tot die uiterste som,
En oudit roep van sy weë en strominge;
Teenoor die tyd, as u in u verbygaan,
My skaars sal groet met die son, u oog,
As liefde verandering ondergaan,
En vergesogte redes vind om dit te doog;
Teen daardie tyd verskans ek my alhier
Sekuur in my eie geregtigheid,
En lig my hand teen eie bors, summier,
As teenvoeter vir my diensplegtigheid:
As verskoning het u die reg se krag,
En ek, geen liefdespleidooi, in my onmag.

L

Hoe swaarvoetig vaar ek op my weg,
As ek my doel – die einde van my tog gewaar –
Die woorde aan my rustigheid sal heg,
‘Soveel myle van u vriend gevaar!’
My ryperd dra, met my wee, ’n dubbele las,
Ploeter loodvoetig voort, met swaar gemoed,
Instinkmatig deur my aangetas
Sy ruiter, ver van u, verlang geen spoed:
Die bloederige spoor wat teen sy borskas dreun
Wat vlae van woede in sy arme huid sal bring,
Geantwoord met sy lankmoedige kreun,
Wat dieper as die spoor in my binneste dring;
Die selfde kreun bring die gedagte by my tuis,
Vreugde lê agter; voor, my smart en kruis.

LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh--no dull flesh--in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LI

Dus kan my liefde die traë pas verskoon
 Van my dom perd, as hy sy wending neem:
 Van my hart se vesting, waar u woon,
 Tot my terugkeer is alle haas ontnem.
 Welke ekskuus het my arme ryding dan,
 As vors galop soos traë trippel vind?
 Dan sal ek spoorgee, sy traë pas verban;
 Op vleuels van wind geen mosie ondervind:
 Dan kan geen ryding met my smag tred hou;
 Want smag, as dit uit pure liefde aard,
 Sal runnik (geen tam vlees) soos die ren ontvou;
 Liefde, om liefdes' ontwil, vergewe my traë paard.
 In die heengaan was hy opsetlik traag,
 In die terugkeer mag hy alles waag.

LII

Soos die ryke, met sy geseënde sleutel
 Sy volgepropte skatkis oop kan sluit,
 Maar sal hom nie gereeld daar setel,
 Om nie skerp lem van sy plesier te stuit.
 Daarom is feeste so sedig en so selde,
 Gebeurtenisse in die loop van lange jaar,
 Soos diamante in hul dun-gesaaide velde,
 Of fyn juwele, in halssnoer saamgegaar.
 So is die tyd, wat u in skatkis hou,
 Of hangkas, wat swiere kleeed bewaar,
 Soos die geseënde oomblik wat blits-ontvou,
 As sipier gevangene vry verklaar.
 Geseënd is u, u maak geleentheid oop,
 Geluk in die vervulling, of geluk in hoop.

LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring and foison of the year;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

LIII

Wat is u substansie, waarvan is u gemaak,
Dat u miljoene vreemde skadu's gooi?
Elk persoon, een skadu wat hom raak,
Slegs u het elke skadu as prooi.
Beskryf Adonis, en sy nabootsel
Is swak op u perfek patroon gegiet;
Op Helenswang, al skoonheid daar gestel,
En u, in Griekse tye, skeep u beeld, opnuut;
Praat van die lente, en oorfloed van die jaar;
Die een verpersoonlik u skone skaduwee,
Die ander, al u mildheid saamgegaar,
En elke voorwerp bring u fraai beeld mee.
U het 'n deel in elke buitebeeld,
Maar u intieme hart bly onverdeel.

LIV

Kyk hoe skoonheid vir skoonheid sal oortref,
Deur waarheids' bygevoegde ornament!
Die roos se skoonheid word steeds opgehef
Deur die soet parfuum wat dit versend.
Die kanker-bloeisels het so diep 'n kleur
As die skoon en soet geparfumeerde roos,
Hang aan dieselfde dorings, en speel na willekeur
As somer die gemaskerde bot sal troos:
Maar hul word slegs tentoongestel,
Deur niemand hofgemaak, gerespekteer;
En sterf alleen. Rose is anders ingestel;
Deur parfuum uit hul soete dood vereer:
Aldus eendag met u, fraai jongeling,
Sal my gedistilleerde vers u lof besing.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes.

LVI

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view;
 Else call it winter, which being full of care
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LV

Nog marmer, nog vergilde monumente
 Van prinse, sal my kragtige vers oorleef;
 U verskyn helderder in die rendemente
 As vuil, wat hoërige tyd aan kleef.
 As kwistige oorloë beelde laat kantel,
 En beeldhouers' werk verpletter in die slag,
 Sal Mars se swaard, of oorlogsvuur u mantel
 Kan vernietig, of enigsins kan afbreek aan u prag.
 Teen dood en blinde vyandskap
 Sal u voortgaan; u aansien wêreldwyd,
 Vir nageslagte u geheim verklap
 Wat als uitmergel, tot die end van tyd.
 Dus sal u voortleef, tot die oordeelsdag,
 Hierin, en deur u minnaars' oë betrag.

LVI

Soete liefde, hernu u krag; dat niemand ooit kan sê,
 U lem is stomper as ons skerp aptyt,
 Vandag versadig, as ons kos weglê,
 More weer verskerp in sy intensiteit:
 Liefde, wees so; u honger oë versadig
 Met u beeld, totdat hul lede val,
 Betrag weer môre, u liefde nie versadig
 Of in gebruiklikheid verval.
 Laat die triste leemte, soos die oseaan
 Met vol gety nuutgevondes apart sal dwing
 Met terugval weer die weg sal baan,
 Mekaar van aangesig tot aangesig sal bring.
 Of noem dit winter, vol ergenis en sorg,
 Wat driemaal-geseënde somer borg.

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LVII

O! ek is u dienswillige slaaf
Van u doen en late, sonder klaag;
Geen minuut om myself te laaf
In poppedans, soos dit u behaag.
Nog verkwalik ek die eindelose uur,
Van u afwesigheid, my souverein,
Hoe suur sal ek na kloksgesig steeds tuur;
U afwesigheid is triestigheid se kruin;
Nog mag jaloesie bevraagteken
Waar u u bevind, of oor u doen-en-late,
Triestige slaaf, geen gedagte ontketen,
Van u geluk met andere, in oormate:
Liefde, getroue slaaf, betrag geen wandade
En is tot goeddunke vasberade.

LVIII

God behoewe, wat my eers u slaaf gemaak het,
Dat my denke u plesier kon kontrakteer,
Dat u hand al my plesier geraak het,
As dienskneg, vasekettering aan u eer!
Dat ek moet bly, soos dit u behaag
In gevandenisskap, kragtens u dekreet,
Onderworpe aan u bevel, my lewenshoop vertraag,
My hied en gebied, onder oktrooi so wreed.
Geen klagte maak oor als wat ek ontbeer;
U is die meester van u eie tyd;
Kom maak en breek, na willekeur,
Usself begenadig, van u sonde kwyd.
Ek moet aljimmers op u wag, al is dit hel,
Nie u plesier verkwalik, boos of goedgestel.

LIX

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked ellipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LIX

As daar niks nuut is, en alles reeds bestaan
Van oertyd, hoe is ons breine verlei,
In barensnood om nuwe weg te baan
'n Kind se tweede geboorte moet gedy.
O dat oorkondes 'n terugblik sou kon bring,
Omhelsend vyf honderd toere van die son,
U beeld in antieke boek besing,
Uit primitiewe manuskrip gewon.
Dat ek mag sien wat ou wêrelde kon sê
Oor die wonder van u volmaakte beeld;
Is u in 'n beter wieg gelê
Laat revolusie skoonheid onverdeeld?
Verseker het die oueres, meer vaardig,
Meer lof gegee aan diegene minder waardig.

LX

Soos die see golf op golf die strand bereik,
Aldus haas ons minute tot hul dood;
En elkeen opvolg as die ander wyk.
Mekaar opvolgend, uit die weg sal stoot.
As ons, na geboorte die daglig sien,
Kruip, tot volwassenheid ons bekroon,
Skewe verduisterings ons weg bedien,
En gulle tyd herroep sy loon.
Tyd kruisig jeug se prag en praal;
Kerf paralelle in wange so fraai;
Teer op rariteite, wat in natuur sou faal,
Word alles deur sy sekel afgemaai.
Maar my verse is teen tyd bestand,
U faam oorleef sy wrede hand.

LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXI

Is dit u wil: u beeld my swaar ooglede
Oophou deur die wagte van die nag?
My soete slaap is iets van die verlede
Wyl u skadu's my gesig belag.
Is dit u gees, wat u na my stuur,
Vêr van huis, om te spioeneer;
Om op my skaamtes en ydelheid te tuur,
En, uit jaloesie, daarop t'wil skou.
O nee! U liefde is tog nie so groot;
Dit is my liefde wat my oë oophou;
My ooglede wawyd stoot;
Om liefdeshalwe, as die nag ontvou.
Ek waak, terwyl u elders wakker skrik,
Met andere, veels te na aan u geskik.

LXII

Dis sonde van self-liefde wat my verteer,
In hart, en siel, en ledemate;
Geen salf wat ek op hierdie sonde smeer,
Gevestig in my hart, en daar verlate.
Niemand kan my fyn gelaat oortref,
My hartlikheid en welgeskopenheid,
Geeneen tot sulke gelaat oortref.
Die toppunt van weldadigheid.
Maar as my glas my ware self sal toon,
Gefoeter, gekap, deur ouderdom gelooi,
Dan kry self-liefde sy verdiende loon,
En kom voor as sonde uitgetooi.
Dis u (ekself) wat ek met lof bedien,
Myself skilder met wat ek daarin sien.

LXIII

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-worn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXIII

Eendag sal my geliefde, soos ek nou, verteer,
Deur tyd se harde hand erg afgetakel,
Sy bloed dreineer, op sy gelaat sal teer,
Sy forse vorm in krekels sal ontrafel
Die tog gemaak na ouderdom se nag;
En al die skatte van sy koninkryk
Geplunder, en die heengaan van sy prag
Onttroon, en ouderdom as heerser pryk.
Teen so 'n tyd sal ek nou vesting bou,
Teen die wrede mes van ouderdom,
Verhoed dat hy verwyder wat ons onthou
My lieflingsheugenis, al kom my liefling om.
In die swart reëls word eer aan hom gedoen,
Hy leef daarin, sy nagedagtenis bly groen.

LXIV

As ek gewaar hoe tyd se felle hand
Die prag van jeug in ouderdom ontsier;
Geen trotse toring teen sy beleg bestand,
En brons figuur vergaan, met al sy swier;
As ek gewaar hoe honger oseaan
Die vesting van die vasteland oorwin,
Wat op sy beurt, die breë see verslaan,
Wins word verlies en verlies, gewin;
As ek verwisseling van staat gewaar,
Of staat in vervalling stort;
In ruinasie my gedagtes saamgegaan –
Tyd sal my liefling binnekort opskort.
Die doodsgedagte laat geen keuse voor;
Betreur wat ek vrees om te verloor.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd 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 miscall'd 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.

LXV

Nog brons, nog steen, nog aarde, nog wye see,
Kan ooit sterflikheid onttroon,
Skoonheid kan geen antwoord gee,
Bros blom, te midde van die hoon.
O! Hoe hoe kan somersasem voortbestaan
Teen die beleg van die aanstormende dae,
As forse rotse in die stryd vergaan,
Staalhekke opgefrommel, en verslae?
Vreeslike meditasie! O wee!
Tyds' juweel nie in Tyds' kis bespied.
Wie so sterk, hy hou Tyds' voet tee,
Of sy bedorwing van skoonheid kan verbied?
O, niemand, tensy swart ink se wonderwerk,
My lief se beeld verhelder en versterk.

LXVI

Uitgemergel soek ek die dood se rus,-
Soos bedelaar, verdoem tot die woestyn,
Behoewend' niksnuts, in toisel uitgerus,
En vlekkelose geloof so wreed onrein,
En gilde eer, so liederlik verlei,
En maagdelike deug so skaamteloos gehoer,
En sinvolle perfeksie sinneloos mislei,
En krag deur kreupelagtigheid ontvoer,
En kuns genuilband deur outoriteit,
En gekkewerk (dokteragtig) vaardigheid beheer,
En eenvoudigheid misken as simpelheid,
En gekaapte deug vir Kaptein Boos moet eer:
Uitgemergel wil ek tot dood begewe,
Behalwe dat my lief alleen moet lewe.

LXVII

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggard'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before the bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXVII

Waarom moet hy met besmetting lewe,
Die goddeloos in sy teenwoordigheid,
Sonde deur hom tot deug verhewe,
In sy omgang en sy heerlikheid?
Waarom sou skildery op valse doek
Die werklikheid van sy aansien steel?
Waarom sou skoonheid indirek loop soek
Vir skadu-rose, want syne is reel?
Waarom sal hy lewe met Natuurbankrot,
Geen bloed te bloos, deur lewende are?
Teer op sy tesorie, haar eie verrot,
En pronk daarmee, te bewondering van die skare.
Hom het sy gebêre, as skat, so skoon,
Om aan hierdie slegte tyd te toon.

LXVIII

Sy wang is die kaart van uitgediende dae,
Toe skoonheid leef en sterf, soos blomme, nou,
Voor die baster-tekens van ons nuwerwetse dae,
Gedurf het om aan lewende gelaat te klou;
Alvorens die goue lokke van die dode,
Summier en sonder teespraak afgeskeer is,
Op tweede hoof sal pryk, terwille van die mode,
En skoonheidsvag deur die graf ontbeer is;
In hom is alle eer gestand gedoen,
Edel, sonder ornament, en mooi,
Hy maak geen somer van 'n anders' groen,
Beroof nie bejaardes, om homself te tooi;
Hy word as legkaart deur Natuur gestoor,
Model van ongekunstelheid, tevoor.

LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXIX

U voorkoms, wat ons oë betrag
Makeer niks, wat die hart kan salwe:
Alle tonge (siele-stemme) gee vir u ontsag,
Selfs vyande gee lof, om u onthalwe.
U uiterlik word uiterlik bekroon;
Maar tonge wat u eie lof bekroon,
Verander dan in smaad en hoon,
Deur dieper as die oog te dring.
Tot in die skoonheid van u tere gees,
En vergelyk dit met u doen en late;
Dan (bitterbek) hul denke, oë voorheen so bedees,
U blommegeur as onkruidstank oorgelate:
Geen vergelyk tussen u voorkoms en u geur,
Nadat u met skorrie-morrie verkeer.

LXX

Hul smaad en hoon beklemtoon geen defek.
Laster teiken altyd deug en eer;
U skoonheids' ornament, perfek,
Hul klag 'n kraai wat in hemele verkeer.
En laster sal u deugde so betaam
Plegtig bekroon, deur tyd die hof gemaak;
Die bot sal kanker-lief beaam,
U volwassenheid bly onaangeraak.
U het die hinderlaag van jeug oorleef,
Of dit omseil, of in slag geseëvier;
Nogtans moet ons nie u lof oordreef,
Oordadig skend aan u eie heil:
As agterdog u aansien nie vermom,
Aanbid duisende u heiligdom.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Then 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.

LXXII

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXI

As ek sou sterwe, moet nie oor my ween
As u die suur somber klokslag hoor
Wat wêreldkundig maak dat ek is heen
Van vieslike wêreld, en deur wurms deurboor:
Nee, indien u hierdie vers sou lees,
Vergeet van my; ek het u so lief,
As my nagedagtenis sou treurig wees,
En dit enigsins vir u sou grief.
Indien u oog op die verse val,
As ek vereenselwig is met klei,
Vergeet tog van my arme naam, ookal;
Laat u liefde met my lewe dan gedy:
God behoeve, die wêreld koggel dan u kreun,
As ek verlate is, en lankal heen.

LXXII

As die wêreld u vra om te resiteer
Wat in my setel, om te bemin,
Na my oorlye, lief, vergeet dan van weleer,
U sal in my geen waardigheid besin;
Tensy u sinvolle leuen kan dig,
En meer lof toeken as aan my beskore,
En edelkleed op my kapstok lig,
My lof toe-eien, al is dit als verlore.
O, laat nie ware liefde as vals verskyn,
Ek sal valse lof verafsku,
Laat my naam met my in graf verdwyn,
Nie langer ons beskaam, nog my, nog u;
Ek word beskaam deur dit wat ek voortbring,
En dus u, as u my lof besing.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXIII

Die tyd van die jaar mag u in my bespeur
Wanneer geel blare, of geen, of min sal hang
Van takke wat teen koue tril en treur,
Kaal vervalte kore vervang soete voëlsang.
In my sien u die skemer van sulke dae,
Son se ondergaan, dag en nag se seel.
In swarte nag het ons maar min insae,
Doods' tweede self, wat als in rus verseel.
In my sien u so 'n vuurtjie gloei
Wat op die ashoop van sy jeug rus,
Soos op die doodskooi wat sy vonk snoei,
Deur eie vuur verteer en uitgeblus.
Dit gewaar, word u liefde so versterk,
U besef, my tyd is seer beperk.

LXXIV

Maar wees tevrede as die fel arres
Sonder borgtog my weg sal dra,
My lewe is van belang, les bes,
En my gedagtenis bly agterna.
Hersien hierdie skrywe, dan sal u hersien
Die deel van my konstant aan u gewy.
Aarde erf slegs aarde, wat hy verdien;
U erf my gees, die beter deel van my.
U verloor dan slegs oorskiet van die lewe,
Die prooi van wurms, my liggaam synde dood;
Die lafaardsmes oorwin sy strewe,
Te skurf vir nagedagtenis se nood.
Dit is opsommend van my waarde, dat
Dit alles aan u toekom, vir u saamgevat.

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd 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 better'd 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 gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXV

U voed my gedagtes, die lafenis van my lewe,
Soos soete reën sak op dorstige aarde;
Aan u vrede vestig ek my strewe,
Verknog soos 'n vrek aan al sy waarde;
Wat nou sy skat geniet en dan alweer
Twyfel of tyd dit sal wegsteel;
Soms wil ek alleen met u verkeer
En dan – u met die hele wêreld deel.
Somtyds versadig met u aansig,
En somtyds daarvoor uitgehonger;
Jag en besit genot, wispelturig,
Slegs met u toestemming, of daarsonder.
Uitgehonger en propvol dag na dag,
Aan als oorvreet, of hunkerend leeg wag.

LXXVI

Waarom is my vers so holrug gery,
Sonder variasie of vinnige verandering?
Waarom kan ek nie die eentonigheid vermy
Om iets vars en vreemd voort te bring?
Waarom so vervelig en leegmondig,
My inspirasie, in 'n bekende krui,
Dat elke woord my naam verkondig,
My lam gedagtes, en o so tamme bui?
O geliefde, wees gerusgesteld,
U is die skat wat soseer waardeer is,
Ek slaan nuwe munt uit verslete geld,
En dus spandeer ek wat alreeds spandeer is.
Soos die son skyn, daagliks oud en nuut,
So maak my ou woorde opnuut hul debuut.

LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can not contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
And found such fair assistance in my verse
As every alien pen hath got my use
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly
Have added feathers to the learned's wing
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXVII

U glas getuig hoe u skoonheid slyt,
U klok hoe elk' minuut se skat vergaan;
Lee blare sal u gedagtes buit,
Deur my boek kan u wysbegeerte baan.
U opregte glas se rimpels grief,
Bring gapende grafte tot herinnering;
Die skadu op u sonwyser sluip, 'n sagvoet-dief,
Wat deur tyd tot ewigheid deurdring.
Soek die gedagtes wat in u kas nog hang,
Vul maagdelike blad, en u sal vind
Die troetel-kindere van u brein gevang,
En u geselskap tot die toekoms bind.
En telkens, as u na my reëls kyk,
Sal dit u wordende boek verryk.

LXXVIII

Ek het u telkens as my muse ge-invokeer
En inspirasie vir my vers gevind
Soos elke vreemde pen wat u beheer
Sy verse aan u toedig, en verbind.
U oë laat stommes in sang uitbeul
En lomp onkunde laat vlieg, en hemel huldig,
Voeg nog vere by wyse s' vleuel,
En eer se majesteit vermenigvuldig.
Maar my vers betrek die hoogste peil,
Van u afkomstig, en uit u gebore,
U verbeter slegs andere se styl,
U grasie aan hul welbeskore.
Maar al my kuns word in u toegevou,
Die bron van wysheid, wat in my ontvou.

LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue and he stole that word
From thy behavior; beauty doth he give
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark inferior far to his
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXIX

Waar ek alleen op u staatgemaak het,
Was my vers versterk deur al u grasia;
Maar wat my vers onklaar gemaak het,
Gee my siek muse aan u ander spasia.
Ek gee toe, lief, dit is u goedgesind
Regverdig die barensnood van verdiensteliker pen,
Maar wat die digter van u uit kan vind
Word van u beroof, en teruggewen.
U eie deugde het hy van u gesteel
Van u gedrag; hy gee skoonheid by,
Dit setel in u wang, hy mag dit deel,
Die lof van u geroof word teruggegee.
Bedank hom nie, as sy skrywe u onthaal,
Wat hy aan u skuld, het u betaal.

LXXX

O hoe gil ek as ek van u skryf
Wetend dat 'n beter gees u naam gebruik
So loflied na die opperste skuif
En my, tong-geknoop te fnuik
Maar u waarde oorstryk die oseaan
Die nederigste en trotste siel sal baar
My stoute skip, langs syne ongedaan
Op u breë see, word ook gewaaar
U vlakste waters maak my tog vlot
hy kry op u diepste waters seil
Gestrand het my skip geen genol
Syne groot gebou, en vol heil
Dan, as hy floreer, en ek my ontklaar vind
Die ergste is – my liefde het my ontbind.

LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live--such virtue hath my pen--
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
And therefore mayst without attain't o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXI

Of ek sal lewe om u doodsberig te skryf,
Of ek word aard' se stank te wete.
U nagedagtenis is nou ingelyf,
En my elke deel word nou vergete.
U naam verskans in onvergeetlikheid,
wyl ek in toekomste sterf.
En slegs gemene graf na my afskeid,
Wyl hul u naam op 'n tombe kerf.
My sagmoedige verse is u monument,
Wat nou-ongeskape oë sal verslind,
En ongebore tonge klap op u attent
En vandag se asemhalers hul in die hemel vind.
U sal voortleef (in my kragtige pen te vonde)
In die kragtige asem van mens se monde.

LXXXII

Ek bieë: u en my muse is nie getroud,
En mag dus vrymoediglik bejeen
Skrivers se gewyde woorde, soos van oud
Wat elk fraai onderwerp, en elke boek sal sien.
U kennis en u welgeskopenheid wedywer,
U deugde oorskry met skoolpen se insae;
Daarom moet u uself beywer
'n Nuwe seel te kerf vir ons betere dae.
My lief, as hul in nuwigheid verkeer
Tot vreemde retoriek hulself sal bind,
En u, opreg, simpatiseer
Ware woorde van u ware vriend:
En hul growwe skilderye meer vanpas gebruikte
Vir bloedlose wange – vir u word dit verbode.

LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt;
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself being extant well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXIII

Ek sien geen sin in u as skildery,
Of dat u skoonheid doek sal duld;
Ek vond, of dog ek vond – u oorskry
Die barre tender van ’n digter’s skuld;
Daarom het ek u oorkonde versuim,
Wyl u, in lewende lywe, ons aandag boei
’n Moderne penveer kom te kort aan rym,
Sprakend van waarde, wyl waarde in u groei.
U het my stilte as sonde tuisgebring,
Dit is meer glorieryk, synde stom;
In stommigheid sal ek geen lied’re sing,
Andere poog om lewe, en bring ’n tomb.
In u skone oë is daar meer lewe
As in twee digters, met al hul strewe.

LXXXIV

Wie kan meer sê, wie kan meer lof ooit hê
Of hoër lof, u is uself, nie waar?
In wie se mure is die soetste stoor gelê
En waar is hy wat u kan ewenaar?
Armlastige pen wat geen roem sal wen,
Vir die onderwerp van sy storie,
Maar skryf dit is u, ja en amen
Genoegsame huldiging aan u glorie.
Laat hom slegs kopieer wat reeds geskryf is,
En nie aan Natuursperfeksie raak,
Dit sal verseker dat sy faam daar ingelyf is,
Sy styl geadmireer en vervolmaak.
Met al u skoonheid kom ’n vloek daarby,
Oordadige lof bevorder lastery.

LXXXV

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,
And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen'
To every hymn that able spirit affords
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say "'Tis so, 'tis true,'
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXV

My Muse, met haar onbeholpe tong
Het tog die skattekis van lof gevul,
Geen woord verstrengel of verwrong
Volmaakte lof van al die muses word onthul.
Ek dink slegs soet wyl andere soet sal skryf,
Soos ongeletterde klerk roep ek “Amen”
Aan elk’ gesang wat andere in sal lyf
In gepoetste verse van verfynde pen.
As ek u lofsang hoor sê ek “Dis so, dis waar”
En aan opperste lof voeg ek iets by;
Maar dit is slegs gedagtes wat na u vaar,
Op die vaandels van u ruitery.
Hul vir hul woorde moet u respekteer,
My stom gedagtes bring aan u die eer.

LXXXVI

U vers se skip wat bolseil branders groet,
In volle vaart aan u prys gemoei,
En my ryp gedagtes, in vrome stoet,
Die tomb die moederskoot waarin hul groei.
Was dit sy gees deur gees geleer te skryf,
Bomenslik, wat my die doodsteek gee?
Nee, nog hy, nog sy maters, ingelyf,
Wat my vorse verse samesmee.
By nag wag die gemoedelike gees
Om my intelligensie te verlei,
Maar hul kan nooit oorwinnaars oor my stilte wees,
Hul het geen mag of krag oor my.
Wanneer u gelaat sy lyne vul,
Word my powerheid veral onthul.

LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained,
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXVII

Vaarwel! U is te duur vir my besitting,
Vermoedelik sal u dit erken.
Die oktrooi van u waarde gee u verlossing;
My verbond met u moet ek misken.
Hoe kan ek aan u hou sonder u toetrede,
Hoe is ek dan u rykdom waardig?
Vir my gawes is daar nie volduurde rede,
My patent word dan aan my teruggevaardig.
U gee uself, u waarde onbekend,
Deur u, of my, wat dit gul ontvang,
Dit is deur mistasting aangewend,
En keer terug, in u betere belang.
Dus had ek u , soos drome ons sal vlei,
Slapend 'n koning, wakend als verby.

LXXXVIII

As u geneig is om my gering te skat
En my meriete minagtend sou betrag,
Langs u sy sal ek die wapen vat
U adel verdedig, wyl u u eed verkrag.
Met my gebreke is u welbekend,
Namens u kan ek 'n storie wel vertel
Van vele verborge foute, ongeskend,
As u my verloor, dan wen u wel.
En daarby sal ek ook kan baat,
As ek liefdesgedagtes op u sou wy,
My vernedering, as ek myself dan haat,
As dit u behaag, behaag dit tweemaal my.
So is my liefde op u saamgegaan,
Vir u reg sal ek die onreg baar.

LXXXIX

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scoped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might,
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

LXXXIX

Sê ons verhouding het deur my fout versaak,
Ek maak daarteen geen kommentaar.
Sê ek loop mank, en ek sal dadelik staak,
Ek maak teenoor u redes geen beswaar.
Dit is, liefling, teenoor my onreg,
Dat u my in u vorm wil giet,
Uit vrees vir skande moet ek u verseg,
Of verwantskap verwurg, met als tot niet;
Wees afwesig in u wandel, en op my tong
U geliefde naam nie weer vertoef,
Mits ek u naam besoedel en verwrong
En iets verklap oor gelukkigheid, bedroef.
Nou moet ek my tot self-debat oorlaat,
En geen man ooit bemin, wat u mag haat.

XC

As u my ooit gaan haat, laat dit nou wees;
Nou, terwyl die wêreld my in als teestaan,
Sluit aan by noodlot's hoop, teister my gees,
En kom nie inloer vir u eie waan.
Noudat ek oor treurnis seëvier,
Sluip dan nie in deur agterse portaal;
Winderige nag met reëndag ontsier,
Op wag te staan oor poging om my af te haal.
Moet nie tot laaste wag, en my verlaat,
Afgetakel deur beuselagtighede,
Oorweldig my van meet af met u smaad
En noodlots' ergste is iets van die verlede.
En treurnisse sal staak, en als verbeur,
As u sou heengaan sal ons regtig treur.

XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend;
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCI

Sommige spog met hul afkoms, sommige met hul vernuf,
Sommige met rykdom, sommige met liggaams-prag,
Sommige met hul kleed, nuwerwetse klug,
Sommige met jaghonde, valke, hul perd se krag;
En elk' humeur het sy adjunk-plesier,
Vreugde wat bo al die andere pryk,
Maar hierdie is nie plesiere wat ek vier;
Ek troef hul met een sonder gelyk.
Want sulk' plesiere kan nooit my maatstaf bly,
U troef hul almal, geseënder nog,
U liefde styg by adelstand verby;
En laat my in mans' oë spog:
Armsalig is ek, in dit alleen,
U neem dit weg, en laat my ween.

XCII

Maar u is hulpeloos om van my weg te kruip,
Vir lewens duur behoort u slegs aan my,
Sonder u liefde sal ek die eksamen druipe,
Dit is my lewe wat in die slag sal bly.
Dan het ek van die kwaadste niks te vrees,
Waar die minste my lewe uit sal wis.
Dan sou my toestand vele beter wees
As die wat van u humeur afhanklik is.
U raak my nie met u wispelturigheid,
Siende dat my lewe van u guns afhang.
Geluksalig in goedertierenheid,
Gelukkig in my lewe, of as dood dit sou vervang!
Maar wat is so geseën dat geen klad op rus?
Miskien is u vals, en ek is onbewus.

XCIII

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCIII

So sal ek lewe, gevestig in u trou,
Soos 'n bedriegde eggenoot: verplig
Wat as liefde voorkom, veranderd nou,
U oë op my, maar hart elders gevestig.
Geen haat kan in u oë verskanse bly;
Ek kan dus geen verandering bespied.
In menige word tekens aangedui
Wat buie, fronse, vreemde plooië bied,
Maar in u skepping was hemel se dekreet
Dat liefde uit u aangesig sou streel;
Ongeag wat hart sou voel of brein sou weet,
Dat u gelaat slegs liefde sou meedeel.
U skoonheid met Evasappel vergelyk
Indien u deugde nie daarsaam sou pryk.

XCIV

Diegene met wondingsmag, wat dit weerhou,
Wat daad ontsê wat hul die sterkste toon,
Wat andere beweeg, maar nie self ontvou,
Ongevoelig, koud, versoeking is hul ongewoon;
Hemel se regmatige erfgenaam
En sal natuur sorgvuldig bewaar;
Here en meesters van hul gul bestaan;
Andere is slegs hul dienaars saamgegaar.
Die somersroos is vir die somer soet,
Maar slegs tot eie doen en late verhef;
En as dit besmetting sou ontmoet,
Word dit deur vieslikste onkruid oortref:
Die soetste word deur wandade frank;
Verrotte lelies het die ergste stank.

XCV

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stem wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCV

Hoe soet en aanloklik is u skande
Soos kanker in ontluikende roos,
Besmet u tere naam se wande!
Waaragter sondes skuil, so skaamteloos!
Die tong wat oor u dag sal resiteer,
En u wellustige sport befaam,
Verkondig verborge eer, selfs in oneer;
Selfs sonde swyg voor noeming van u naam.
Na u herehuis het u vertrek
En daar soet heenkome gevind,
En elke vlek deur skoonheidsluier gedek,
Is alles vir ons oë goedgesind!
O harts lief, laat dit nie vir u ontduik;
Die vlymskerp lem word stomp deur sy misbruik.

XCVI

Setel u fout dan in wellustigheid,
Of is dit u adel te tere sport?
Foute verdwyn in u adelheid;
En u grasie is geensins ingeskort.
Soos op die vinger van 'n koningin
Swak juweel in hoër aansien kom,
So is u foute dan as sulks besin
As waarheid omskape en as sulks vermom.
Hoeveel lammetjies kon wolf verlei,
As hy in lamswol kon verkeer;
Hoeveel aanskouers kon u aan u wy
Met magsmisbruik van al u eer?
Maak tog nie so; my liefde van so 'n aard
Dit, en u goeie naam, gaan saamgepaard.

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCVII

Soos winter was my afwesigheid
Van u, vlugtige plesier van jaargety!
In die donker en bevrorenheid,
En ou Desember se barre kil gedy!
Maar skeiding was in soel somer mee,
En mildelike herfs, wat sy oeste dra,
Soos baarmoeder van swanger weduwee,
Geswolle met gestorwe mans' weerga.
Tog het die vrugbaarheid aan u voorkom
Wanhoop van weses, vaderloos en kil;
Somer, u toekomstige heiligdom,
In u afwesigheid word selfs die voëls stil;
Of anders, laat hul triesterige sang,
Blare verbleik, vir winter vreesbevang.

XCVIII

Ek was afwesig van u in die lente,
As pronkende April, bont saamgeflans,
Vreugde bring, met jeugdige argument,
En swaar Saturnus saam handeklap en dans,
Maar nog voëlsang, nog die geur
En kleur, van blommeskate ontbloot,
Laat my toe om somerstorie uit te beur,
Of enkele blom te pluk van natuurs' skoot.
Die spier wit lelies het ek nie bewonder,
Nog die dieprooi roos geprys;
Soetsappig, maar niks daarsonder,
Slegs op u fraai patroon inkluis.
Maar als is winter, in u afwesigheid,
Ek speel met skadus, en is alles kwyt.

XCIX

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

XCIX

Die voorbarige violet is tug verwag:
Soete dief, vanwee u soetigheid?
Van my geliefdes' asem? U purper prag
En sagte wang is hy aan u verwyf
U verkleur te kras my geliefdes' are.
Die lelie, teen u hand, sal swak afsteek,
Marjolein se bloeisels steel u hare;
Die rose vrees hul dorings gaan hul steek,
Een bloos, 'n ander wit van sy wanhoop;
'n Derde steel van albei om te bloei,
tot diefstal van u soete asem genoop;
Vir sy misdade, deur kanker uitgeroei.
Maar elke blom, in die tuin se tafereel,
Het soetigheid, of kleur, van u gesteel.

C

Waar talm u, Muse, wie het u verbied
Hom te besing, wat u kragte gee?
En dit te vermors op waardelose lied,
U lig verduister, om sotte lig te gee?
Keer terug, verstrooide Muse, en herwin
Met liefdevolle lied, verlore ure,
Sing vir die oor wat u lied bemin,
Gebruik my pen vir u soet overture.
Betrag nou my geliefde se gelaat,
Het tyd sy rimpel daar graveer;
Wis dit dan op u soet sang se maat
Wat tyd se buit sal dompel in oneer.
Laat u vers die perke van tyd oorskry;
Sy sekel verstomp, en in die slag laat bly.

CI

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
 Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say
 ‘Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix’d;
 Beauty no pencil, beauty’s truth to lay;
 But best is best, if never intermix’d?’
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so; for’t lies in thee
 To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
 And to be praised of ages yet to be.
 Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII

My love is strengthen’d, though more weak in seeming;
 I love not less, though less the show appear:
 That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
 The owner’s tongue doth publish everywhere.
 Our love was new and then but in the spring
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
 As Philomel in summer’s front doth sing
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burthens every bough
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

CI

O Muse, wat so liederlik versuim
Om hulde aan my beminde steeds te bring.
Sy opregtheid, en sy liefdevolle luim;
Met al u mag en krag te wil besing?
Antwoord my, Muse, sal u dan verkondig,
“Waarheid se kleur is standvastig en volbreng,
Schoonheid geen penseel, dit is volmondig;
Beste bly beste, en word nooit gemeng?”
Maar dit is onvoldoende verskoning.
U is dit verskudig aan sy heiligdom;
Sy lof moet styg, bo gegilde grafswoning,
En dus ophelder, al die eeue wat kom.
Kom steek by my kers op, Muse, ek sal u leer
Om hom in nageslagte te vereer.

CII

My liefde is versterk, as dit as min voorkom;
Dit is nie minder, buitebeeld ten spyte.
En liefde word as verkwanseling opgesom
Is dit aan die eenaar se tong te wyte.
In die lente van ons liefde het ek ontbied,
Dit in sagmoedige vers besing,
En, soos Philomel, haar na somerslied
Haar pype stop, om stilte af te dwing.
Maar somer se betowering is steeds beskore
Soos toe haar treurlied die nag laat ween,
Somer bly so lieflik soos tevore,
As ons soetheid te soet bejeen.
Daarom sal ek, soos sy, my tong verbied,
Ek wil u nie versadig met my lied.

CIII

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CIII

Helaas! My Muse se armlastigheid,
Wat by hierdie geleentheid haar trots kon toon,
Haar barheid het meer standvastigheid
As deur my toevoeging getoon.
Vir my dor skrywe, gee my nie die blaam!
Kyk in u glas, sien u aangesig aldaar
Wat my powere vers ontfaam,
Verstompte reëls in skande saamgegaar.
Is dit nie sonde te probeer versier,
Maar skade te berokken aan u beeld?
My verse gevestig alhier
U jeug en deugde te versinnebeeld.
En meer, veel meer, in u sal blyk
As u daarin na u aangesig kyk.

CIV

Vir my, liewe vriend, word u nooit oud,
Van ons eerste oogopslag,
Bestaan u skoonheid nog. Drie winters, koud
Het intussen somersprag verkrag,
Drie fraaie lentes word die herfs se geel
Soos die aarde om sy spil sal draai,
Hete somer het Aprils' perfuum gesteel,
Van eerste oogopslag bly u ewe fraai.
Ag, maar steeds sal skoonheid, soos 'n klok se hand,
Van sy beeld steel, geen mosie word gewaar;
So sal u kleur, in geestesoog gestand,
Verdof, terwyl my oë blind sal staar;
Luister dan, geslag nog ongebore:
Skoonheid is dood, en nie vir u beskore.

CV

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved 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 to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'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.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Had eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CV

Bestempel nie my liefde as afgodery,
Of my geliefde as 'n afgod toon,
Want my lofliedere is slegs aan hom gewy
Van een, aan een, dan hoef ek niks verskoon.
Vandag, en môre, is my liefling goedgesind,
Sy waardigheid van konstante duur;
Aldus in my verse goedgevind,
Op slegs op deugde af te stuur.
Skoon, goedgesind, opreg my argument,
Skoon, goedgesind, opreg, anders omgeskryf;
Hieraan my hele aandag aangewend,
En al die woorde in my verse ingelyf.
Skoon, goedgesind, opreg, afgesonder,
In een siel nie saamgeweef en te bewonder.

CVI

As ek, in kronieke van verspilde tyd
Beskrywings van die skoonstes sien,
Ou verse, gedwing tot tere helderheid
Skone dames, en ridders wat hul dien;
Die kroniek meld deur sy karakters begeester,
Van hand, voet, lip, oog, wenkbrou,
Al die eienskappe wat u bemeester
En ek beskrywe, in die hier en nou.
Dus, al hul lof was reeds maar profesie
Van hedendaagse tyd, het u voorspel,
Hul oë, alreeds gevul met u,
Maar vaardigheid ontbreek om u roem te stel:
En ons, wat die hedendaag betrag,
Het siende oë, maar tonge in onmag.

CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII

What's in the brain that ink may character
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must, each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CVII

Nóg my vrees nóg wat profesie vertel
Waaroor die wye wêreld angstig tuur
Kan die termyn van liefde wel voorspel,
In bose pag verdoem, wat ewig duur.
Die maan het haar verduistering oorleef,
Die waarseers koggel hul eie siening uit,
Onsekerheid se eie kroon sit skeef,
En vredesolywe word deur niks gestuit.
Ek lustig in die druppels van gesalfde tyd
Dood skryf my tere naam so stewig,
Maar hy's uitoorlê, my rym is wyd verspreid,
Wyl hy die ongeletterdes beledig:
Hierin sal steeds u monument bestaan,
Met brons en tomb' van tiran lank vergaan.

CVIII

Hoe kan die brein in inksy uiting vind
Wat u nie uitgestippel het, my gees?
Wat kan ons in die oorkonde bind,
Wat aanbidding aan u siel sou wees?
Niks, liewe seun, maar as heiligheid bejeen,
Ek moet elke dag beaam;
Niks as oud beskou, in mekaar geseën,
Soos eerste dags' eerbieding van u naam.
Sodat ewige liefde, steeds hernu
Nie ouderdom se lyding op die weegskaal plaas,
Wat tyd se rimpels verafsku,
En ouderdom as dienskneg na hom haas,
Dit is waar die ware liefde sal ontvou
As tyd, en uiterlik, dit as dood beskou.

CIX

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CIX

As vals van hart, moet my nooit verkondig,
Of tam, afwesigheid se vlam.
U siel is in my boesem, volmondig
En vind daar sy veilige inham.
Dit is my liefdestuiste; as ek sou wandel,
Soos pendelaar, sal ek weer terugkeer,
Dan sal ek met die tyd moet onderhandel,
En my naam herstel tot volle eer.
Hoewel, in my gemoed, sou seevier
Al swakhede van my seevierende bloed,
Glo nie dit sal my liefde ooit ontsier
En u verlaat, in volle liefdesgloed;
Ek soek niks, van ganse hemel-som
U is my Roos, als in u opgesom.

CX

Helaas! Dis waar, ek was hier en daar
Myself hanswors gemaak in oënskou,
Met bloedige gedagtes verkwansel als raar en waar,
Nuwe liefde as ou skande laat ontvou.
Dis waar, ek het waarheid skeefgekyk
En vreemd, maar ek is onbeskaam,
Dit het ou liefde weer as vars laat pryk,
My ergste skaam, u liefde bes beaam.
Als is verby, maar nie die eindeloos.
Nooit weer sal ek my aptyt versterk
Op nuwer vriend, die ouer troosteloos,
'n God in liefde, aan wie ek my beperk.
Verwelkom hy, naas hemel, my vors,
Binne-in u liefdevolle bors.

CXI

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue:
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXI

O, namens my sal u vir Noodlot tug,
Skuldige godin van al my kwade dade,
Wat my laat ry op Armoed se rug
Oor my publieke ontbloting vasberade.
Daardeur kom 'n brandmerk aan my naam,
En my natuur was bykans verafsku
Soos kleurders' hand sy rowwe werk beaam.
Sal u, uit barmhartigheid, my hart hernu?
En, soos soete pasiënt, sal ek dan drink
Drankies van asyn teen my sterk besmetting;
Geen bitterheid vind in wat u skink,
En duur 'n verdere skakel in my ketting.
Wees dan genadig en verseker, liewe vrind,
In u ontferming sal ek genesing vind.

CXII

U liefde en u deernis gee vulgeres buit,
Hul slinger laster teen my brose hoof;
Dit traak my nie, opgehemel of uitgekryt,
As u my kwaad oorgroen, en deugdes loof?
U is my wêreld-in-een, en ek moet streef
Om my skandes en my lof van u te hoor;
Geen skuldverkwyt aan enigeen wat leef,
Gestaaalde sintuie deur geen mens deurboor.
In so 'n afgrond sal ek my sondes gooi
Dat ek, adderlik, altyd doof sal bly
Uitjouers en vleiers word nie uitgenooi.
As my versuim hul in die wiele ry:
U is in die wieg gelê vir al my nood,
Benewens u is die wêreld dood.

CXIII

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird or flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch:
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

CXIV

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXIII

Verwyder van u, bly my oog in my gedagte,
Die wat my heen-en-weer regeer
Is gedeeltelik blind, soos te verwagte,
Sien-skynde, nie meer soos weleer;
Want dit leen geen vorm aan die hart
Van voël, van blom, fatsoen wat dit op val.
Die vlugtige vorms, wat sy siel uittart,
En die verlore beelde, sonder tal;
As dit die krasste, of sagste, voorwerp sien,
Die skepsel, fraai gevorm, of mismaak,
As dit berg of see of dag of nag bedien,
Die kraai, die duif, alles in u vorm gemaak.
Onkapabel, versadig met u beeld,
My siel tussen skim en waarheid verdeeld.

CXIV

Of my gedagte nou deur u bekroon,
Drink van die gif van konings, vleiery?
Of stel dit waarheid aan my oog ten toon,
Of van liefde se alkemis verkry,
Om van monsters en onbeholpenes te maak,
Sulke gerubyn in u soete beeld,
Wangeskapenes met u towerstok te raak
Met welgeskapenheid versinnebeeld?
O, dit is die eerste vleiery, onbeboet,
My koninklike gedagte slurp dit op.
My oog weet wel wat hom daarbuite groet,
En, na my smaak, maak hy die soete sop.
As dit vergif is, is dit die minste sonde
My oog is lank alreeds daaraan gebonde.

CXV

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI

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 wandering 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 proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXV

My vorige verse het my gemoed belieg,
Selfs die wat sê “ek kan u nie meer bemin.”
My rede moet voor onkunde bieg
My vlam het nie sy volle krag gewin.
Maar, met sy miljoene ongelukke
Fnuik bedoelings selfs koning se dekreet,
Looi goddelikke skoonheid, los die jukke,
Selfs sterkes se volharding word vergeet.
Helaas, uit vrees vir die tiran van tyd,
Mag ek nie sê “vandag bemin ek beste,”
En ek is seker oor onsekerheid,
Die huidige bekroon, twyfel oor die reste?
Liefde is ’n suigeling, dit is my nie beskore,
Om nou alreeds te praat oor die dag van môre.

CXVI

Laat my geen hindernis erken
Tot die huwelik van ware geeste
Ware liefde word tog moet misken
Trotseer verandering, gee altyd meeste:
O nee, dit is ’n ewigdierend peil
En storms totseer, stemvastig op die aarde.
Dit is die sier vir elke skip wat sal
Met hoogte vasgestel, maar onbepaalde waarde.
Liefs die tyd se nar, met rooi lip en wang
Deur sy skerp sekel uitgevis
Word nie deur dae en weke vervang
Volhard tot die randjie van verdoemenis.
As dit onjuis is, en op my besin
Het ek nooit geskryf of man bemin.

CXVII

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds
And given to time your own dear-purchased right
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseased ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured
And brought to medicine a healthful state
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXVII

Verkoon my: ek het liederlik versuim
Om my verskuldigheid aan u te ken,
Vergeet om op u goedertierenheid te kleim,
Of die bande wat my aan u sy sal wen;
Ek het my gedagtes aan vreemdes meegedeel,
En u duurgekogte reg aan tyd gegee;
My seil gespan en wilde wind gesteel
Wat my die vêrste van u sy wegvee.
U mag my kras misdaad te boeke stel,
En u bedenkinge met feite staaf;
U uitspraak op my misdade vel,
Maar skiet tog nie u dienswillige slaaf;
Die volgende is my appel
Dat ek u liefde op die proef wou stel.

CXVIII

Soos ons aptyt sou wou verskerp
Ons op vreemde mengelmoes teer,
En ongesiene kwale in die slag wil werp,
Siekte baklei met siekte, as ons purgeer;
Eweso, met u vars soetigheid versadig,
Het ek my aan wrange sous gewy;
Siek van sukses, my welvaart self beskadig
En voorbarige siekte self gedy.
En liefde moet dus nie antisipeer as syne
Onbegane foute word griewe, ingegrawe,
Fors gesondheid gedwing tot medisyne,
En welsyn word dus siekte se oorgawe.
Die les wat ek geleer het is so vanpas,
Dwelms teister hom, deur u liefde aangetas.

CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd 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 ruin'd 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.

CXX

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble slave which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXIX

Ek het gedrink aan kelk van siren-trane
Van hel se wrange vrug gedistileer,
Hoop en wanhoop, onderlinge onderdane,
Ek self verloor, wyl ek op sege teer!
Wat se kras fout het my hart begaan,
Onder wanindruk van seen verheer!
My oë uit hul huisvesting ontraam
Kantel koorsagtig heen-en-weer!
O baat van bose: nou vind ek dit waar
Dat beter deur euwel steeds beter skyn;
En vermorselde liefde styg van die altaar,
Fraaier, sterker, heiliger verskyn.
En dus, getug, sal ek nou terugkeer,
Met driemaal meer as wat ek spandeer.

CXX

Deur u onvriendelikheid word ek bevriend,
En my triestigheid daardeur bepaal
Deur te bieg, my vergifnis vind,
Tensy my senuwees van brons of staal.
Was u, beurtelings, deur my onmin geteister,
Soos ek deur u, ondervind u tyd se hel,
En ek, tiran, sal geen minuut verduister
Met bepeinsing oor u wandaad, so fel.
O, dat ons nie die droefheid moet onthou
Hoe wreed dit tref: ons vergeet alles behalwe,
Sou, onderling, vergifnis ontvou
Om 'n gewonde boesem te besalwe!
As ek u oortreding met fooi bevry;
Betaal ek u losprys, en u doen dit vir my.

CXXI

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling but by others' seeing:
For why should others false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXI

Liewer vieslik, as vieslikheid versinnebeeld
Omseil dit, en wen die wêreld se misnoe,
Verm y plesier, te wyte aan die beeld
Ons gevoelens muilband deur ander se vertoe.
Waarom sou anders' oë, vol owerspel
My sportiewe bloed kom kondoneer?
Of swakkes my swakhede oorvertel,
Of alles wat ek eer wil kondomneer?
Nee – ek is wat ek is, en hul wat vinger wys
Na my, wys drie na hul eie self;
Ek is reguit, maar hul is slangsgewys.
Laat hul wrang gedagtes die onderspit delf,
As alle mans die kwaad veralgemeen:
Is hul, en hul gedagtes, na die duiwel heen.

CXXII

U gawes, en u gasvryheid
Is in my brein vir ewig gegraveer,
En triomfeer oor u adelheid
Dit is u onverganklike eer;
Of, ten minste, solank as brein en hart
Die gawes van natuur sal duur,
Of uitwissing van hul plesier, en smart
U oorkonde oorleef die vlugtige uur.
Die powere heugnis kan dit nie onthou,
Ek hoef nie soetlief aan my kerfstok kerf.
Daarom het ek in manuskrip omvou,
Die tabelle waarin u rykdom erf.
Om enige bykomstigheid te heet
Impliseer dat ek u sou vergeet.

CXXIII

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd'
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXIII

Nee, Tyd, spog nie met my verandering.
Met nuwe piramides wat u nou oprig
Is niks nuuts, of vreemd, wat ek besing;
Maar slegs namaaksels van 'n ouer sig.
Ons dae is getel, en dus sal ons bewonder
Oudhede, wat u op ons wil afsmeer,
Hul word as ons eie uitgesonder
Liewer as ou stories van weleer.
U, en u register, daag ek uit,
Ek wonder nie oor hede of verlede;
U oorkonde sal die waarheid stuit,
Oorhaastig neergelê, deur u rasse skrede.
Ek sweer nou, aan waarheid is ek getrou:
Ten spyte van u, of u sekels' knou.

CXXIV

Was my liefde die weeskind van die staat,
Noodlot se vaderlose baster,
Onderdaan aan Tyd se liefde, of sy haat,
Blom tussen blomme, of onkruid saamgelaster.
Nee, dit was vêr van ongeluk gebou;
En glimlaggende prag en praal
Of sal in slaafse ontevredenheid ontvou,
Nuwerwets uitgenooi, en onthaal.
Dit is nie ketter se vreesbevang,
Wat werk op kortstondige huur,
Maar dit staan trots, en wilde eerste rang,
En sal die holte, en die reën verduur.
As getuies roep ek die narre van ons Tyd,
Wat heilig sterf, en lewe in ons misdaad slyt.

CXXV

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXV

Vir wat dit werd is het ek die baldakyn gehou,
Met uiterlik die uiterlik ge-eer,
En fondament vir ewigheid gebou,
Kortstondiger as verspilde tyd verweer?
Diegene aan gunstes en gawes onderhewig
Verloor alles deur hul buitensporig' huur,
Met vergesogde dis hul tam aptyt verstewig,
Hul arme welvarenheid van korte duur?
Nee, laat ek vir u hart dienskneg bly,
Neem my huldeblyk, arm maar opreg,
Ongekunsteld, prag en praal verby,
Onderling, getrou, aan mekaar geheg.
Weg, omgekoopte verklikker! 'n siel se eer
Hoe krasser aangekla, hoe swakker beheer.

CXXVI

O, skone seun, u hou in u mag
Tyd se uurglas en sy sekel, hou in pag,
Met verval sal u groei, dit sal verskyn
Hoe u aanwas, wyl u minnaars kwyn;
As Natuur verganklikheid verruk,
En, op u lewensrit u terug sou pluk,
Met die doel dat haar vaardigheid
Tyd onteer met haar onverganklikheid.
Maar vrees haar, speelding van haar plesier;
Sy bewaar u, maar nie vir lange duur.
Haar oudit, uitgestel,
Bly fataal deur haar dekreet gevel.

CXXVII

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

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

CXXVII

In vervloë dae was swart nie as skoon gefaam,
Of het nie met skoonheids' naam gepryk.
Maar nou word dit skoonheid se erfgenaam,
Skoonheid beswadder, verbaster sy koninkryk;
Elke hand het krag toege-eien,
Om vieslik fraai te skilder, en benaam,
Fraaiheid se naam en heiligheid verdwyn,
Ontrein, ontheilig, en beskaam.
My minares se oë is so swart,
As roubekleers vir haar huid,
Wie welgeskape, skoonheid dan uittart,
En skepping belaster met gekunstelheid:
Maar hul is in hul rouklag so bedees,
Tonge verklaar dat skoonheid so moet wees.

CXXVIII

Hoe dikwels, as u my musiek sou speel
Op die geseënde hout, en so besonder
As u met tere vingers die snare streef
En soet klanke wek, wat my oor bewonder,
Dan beny ek die penne, wat loslit spring
Om die geseënde holte van u hand te soen,
Wyl my dor lippe hul misnoë besing,
Oor die vrypostige hout se doen.
Om so geprikkel te word, sou hul verander
Na die dansende sleutels van hout
Waarop u vingers lig loop, na mekander,
My lippe minder lewe toon as hout, verstout.
Laat die vrypostige sleutels dans in hul wellus,
Gee hul u vingers, my, u lippe om te kus.

CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd 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.

CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXIX

Die gees vergaan in oseaan van skaam
Wellus in aksie, tot aksie, verknou
Vol meened, moord, bloed en blaam,
Wreed, ekstreem, bars, nie te vertrou;
Onmiddelik geniet, onmiddelike ongeluk;
Gejag by rede verby, en geoorloof,
Gehaat by rede verby, soos aas gesluk
Aspris gemaak om gebruiker van sinne te beroof;
Mal in die jag, en in besit ook so;
Gehad, gesog, versoek. Sonder skroom;
Geseën in beproewing, en daarna in rou,
Tevore 'n gesogte doel, daarna 'n droom.
Die wêreld is wel bewus hiervan, maar nie so wel
Om die hemel te vermy, wat lei na hel.

CXXX

My minares se oë is glad nie soos die son;
Koraal is rooier as haar lipperooi;
As sneeu wit is, is haar borste bruin gewon;
As hare draad is, is hare swart uitgetooi.
Ek het rose gesien, damask rooi en wit,
Maar ek sien geen rose in haar wang,
En meer genot sal in parfumr sit
As in haar asem, suur en wrang.
Ek lief haar spraak, met woorde vol van deug
Maar musiek se klank is beter afgerond.
Ek het geen godin sien beweeg;
My minares trap ferm op die grond.
Maar sy bly steeds my hart se wieg
Haar rare skoonheid, wat andere belieg.

CXXXI

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXI

U is net so tirannies, om my liefde uit te tart,
As die so skoon, en so wreedaardig;
Want u weet wel, my liefdevolle hart
Sy kostelose juweel sou begenadig.
Maar sommiges sê, wat u aanskou,
U gelaat sal liefde nooit laat kreun;
Ek dra nie sulke laster op my mou,
Maar erken dit vir myself, alleen.
Om waarheid te vertel, ek sweer dit, sowaar,
Ek duisendmaal kreun, as ek dink aan u gesig,
Opvolgend op mekaar se nek sou vaar
U swart is skoonste, in my eie lig.
U is geensins swart, behalwe in u dade,
Daarom my laster, oor my valse gade.

CXXXII

Ek bemin u oë, en hul bejammer my,
Wetend van u minagtend hart,
Swart geklee, in rouklag gedy,
En tere lafenis bring aan my gewyde smart.
En, waaragtig, nie die prille môreson
Sal beter die oggend se vaal wang versier,
Nog avondster op Wes se horison
Sal sy sober skemer so versier
Soos u oë u gesig met rou beklee.
O, laat hul dan u hart ook so instel
Vir my te rou, met al sy deernis mee,
En sy dekreet van barmhartigheid te fel.
Dan sal ek skoonheid as swart besweer,
En almal vieslik, wat dit ontbeer.

CXXXIII

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigor in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free

CXXXIII

Vervloek die hart wat my hart laat kreun
Vir die diep wonde aan my vriend en my.
Waarom martel nie vir my alleen,
Waarom word hy slaaf aan slawerny?
U wrede oog het my van myself ontnem,
En my ander self wreed mishandel.
Van hom, van self, en van u vervreem;
Driemaal, driemaal, geteister in my wandel.
Sluit liefs my hart in u sel van staal,
Maar los my vriend, en hou my as sy borg;
Vir my sipier sal ek my vriend onthaal;
Dan moet u sagmoedig vir my sorg.
U sal dit noodgedwonge doen, ek is in u gesluit,
U het my hele lewe en my hart gebuit.

CXXXIV

So, nou bieg ek dat hy aan u behoort
En ek is self in pand teenoor u wil,
Myself verbeur, my ander self leef voort
Gee hom terug, om my troos ontwil.
Maar nog u, nog hy, sal vry verkeer,
U is baatsugtig, hy is goedgesind;
Hy het, soos borg, namens my ge-eer
Onder die verband wat hom aan my verbind.
U sal die statute van u skoonheid neem,
U woekeraar wat alles sal gebruik,
My vriend, om my onthalwe, dagvaar en vervreem;
En ek verloor hom, deur u gefnuik.
Hom het ek verloor, u het beide hom en my;
Hy betaal die ganse skuld, en tog is ek nie vry.

CXXXV

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea all water, yet receives rain still
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI

If thy soul cheque thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovest me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXV

Sy het tog haar wens, u het u Wil,
En Wil daarby, oordadig bygevoeg;
nog Wil daarby, as ek u wens vervul,
aan u soet wil word myne bygevoeg.
Sal u, met wil so ruim en groot,
My wil in u omhels, tot u reklame?
My wil word nie deur andere verstoot,
En ons word daardeur geseën, tesame?
Die see, vol water, word deur reën gevul
En, tot oorfloed voeg nog oorfloed by;
En u, so ryk aan Wil, kry nog 'n Wil
En Wil se perke word dus ruim oorskry.
Maak die betogers en die bedelaars stil;
U het vir my, en my naam is Wil.

CXXXVI

As u siel besweer dat ek so na kan kom,
Sweer aan u blinde siel ek is u Wil,
En wil, u siel weet, mag daar inkom;
En aldaar hofmaak, en sy liefde kan vervul.
Will wil u liefdes-skat vervolmaak,
Beslis dit vervul met wil meervoudig.
In meervoud sien niemand enkeling raak
Laat my in die kasarm verdwyn, eenvoudig.
Dus bly ek in die meervoud ongetel,
Maar opgeskryf in u milde stoor;
Beskou my as van geen waarde vasgestel
Maar dat my nietigheid u nogtans kan bekoor.
Bemin slegs my naam, om my naams' ontwil,
Dan het u my tog lief, my naam is Wil.

CXXXVII

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

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 untutor'd 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 suppress'd.
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 to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXVII

O Liefde, blinde nar, wat tas u aan my oë
Dat hul betrag en nie sien wat hul sien?
Hul ken skoonheid maar ag dit met misnoë,
En swakste vir die beste selfs aansien.
En oë word deur voortrek gekorrupteer,
Vasgeanker in alleman se baai,
En oë met verkeerde ankers same sweer,
En oordeel aan valse vlae vasgenaai?
Waarom my hart, bewus van sameswering,
En weet dit is oral algemeen?
Waarom my oë gekant teen hierdie nering,
U vieslike gelaat as vroom bejeen?
In ware eer het my hart en oë fouteer,
Word deur hierdie valse plaag nou vassekeer.

CXXXVIII

As liefde sweer dat sy waarheid vereenselwig,
Glo ek haar, alwetend dat sy lieg,
Dat my kamma-stomheid haar oorweldig,
En ek oor my onkunde steeds bieglig.
Sy weet my beste dae is verby,
Maar ek geloofwaardig haar valse tong,
Van beide kante word waarheid dus oorskry,
Waarom nie erken sy is verwrong?
Maar waarom nie oor haar onreg bieglig?
Waarom nie verklik ek is afgeleef?
Liefdes' krag, om waarheid te belieg,
En ouderdom sy jeug wil herbeleef.
Daarom lieg ek vir haar, en sy vir my,
En deur ons foute en ons leuens word ons gevlei.

CXXXIX

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue;
Use power with power and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defense can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

CXL

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be,
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide

CXXXIX

U grief aan my het geen regverdiging
Wat u wreedheid op my hart kom lê;
My nie met oog, maar met u tong verdring;
Wend krag tot krag, laat slinksheid links gaan lê.
Bemin elders, maar binne my gesig,
Liefing, moet nie u oë skeef wil trek;
Geen nood vir slinksheid, met u magsoorwig
U het als van my in u bestek.
U is verskoon, my liefing, u weet wel
Haar skoonheid was teen my getooi,
Sy laat my vyande se oë elders hel,
Hul spiese in 'n ander rigting gooi.
Maar ek is reeds so diep gewond, my nood,
Deur u fel oë, my genadedood.

CXL

Wees so wys, soos wreed; moet my nie druk
My onbeholpe tong te ondermyn,
Dat ek woorde uit my grief sou pluk
En uiting gee aan al my smart en pyn.
As ek vrypostig vir u wysheid leer,
Om nie bestaande liefde te vekondig;
Soos sterwende, van sy geneesheer,
Net heil wil hoor, en dit, volmondig.
Want malheid kan tot dolheid lei,
En dus u naam beswadder, onder tot bo.
Die kwaadwillige wêreld word, as sulks, mislei
Malle laster deur mal ore geglo.
Verhoed dat ek, al-rasend, u belieg,
Kyk my reguit, al wil u trotse hart nie bieg.

CXLI

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLI

My oë bemin waaragtig nie u prag,
Wat duisend foute aan hul sal verklik;
My hart bemin wat my oë verag,
En veronagsaam u uiterlik.
Nog is my ore geprikkel deur u tong,
En teer gevoelens wil nie aanraak voel,
En smaak, of reuk, word nie verwrong
Wellustige fees met u is nie hul doel.
Nog my verstand, nog my vyf sintuie
Kan my dienswillige hart teen u oorreed,
Onaangeraak, soos u gelykenis aan mans vorm beduie,
My hart is oorgegee aan slawerny, so wreed.
Slegs van die plaag, het ek die wins gemaak,
Dat sy wat my laat sondig, my die pyn laat smaak.

CXLII

Liefde is my sonde en u deugde, haat,
Haat, wat spruit uit liefdessonde.
O, maar slinger teen my liefde geen smaad,
En bly steeds aan my hart gebonde,
Of anders, laat dit nie van u lippe kom,
Hul skarlaken ornament ontheilig
Die rooi seël van liefde in vervalsing laat verval,
Anders' beddens beroof, en huurgeld nie beveilig.
Mag ek u bemin, soos u vir hul bemin
Waar u oë vry, soos myne na u vry.
Wortel deernis in u hart, en besin,
Dat u deernis self deernis sal kry.
As u hunker na wat u verduister,
Word dit ontnem, en u word seer geteister.

CXLIII

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes a swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy 'Will,'
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

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 colour'd 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 turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, but 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.

CXLIII

Gewaar! Soos 'n vlytige huisvrou in haar nood
Gedroste pluimvee agterna sal sit,
Selfs haar baba opsy sal stoot
Om haar besittings te probeer trugwin;
Wyl haar verwaarloosde kind, in skok,
Met powere pogings agterna sal huil
Die wapperende vlag van ma se rok,
In die verte verdwyn, en skuil:
So hardloop u agter vlugtende prooi,
Wyl ek, u baba, ver agter ween;
Maar, as u prettige prys ontdooi
Keer trug, en met soentjies my bejeen.
Dus sal ek bid dat u u Wil sal kry,
As u sou terugkeer om genadig te wees aan my.

CXLIV

Twee liefdes het ek, van troos en van wanhoop,
Twee geeste wat my troos en my teister;
Die beter engel, 'n man so soet soos stroop,
Die kwade gees, 'n vrou met hart so duister.
My wyfie-duiwel wil my hel toe keer
My beter engel van my sy verlei,
My sint tot duiwel korrupteer,
Sy reinheid met haar vuilheid te gedy.
As ek my engel as monster sou bevind
Mag ek vermoed, maar nie oorvertel;
Elkeen van my afkomstig, vrind tot vrind,
Ek skat – een engel in 'n ander se hel.
Maar my onsekerheid moet ek bedwing,
Totdat die bose die goeie sal verdring.

CXLV

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate'
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet:
'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[] these rebel powers that thee array;
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then

CXLV

Die lippe, deur liefdes' eie hand gemaak
Laat val die woorde "ek haat"
En laat my liefde, kwynend en versaak.
Maar, aan my droefheid oorgelaat,
Onmiddelik was daar barmhartigheid,
Het sy die soete tong betig
Wat dan verkondig aan my aandagtigheid,
En dit leer, opnuut in ewewig:
"Ek haat" kry toe woorde aangelas
Wat dit gevolg het soos die daeraad
Die nag opvolg, wat met sy bose las,
Die hemel vir die hel verlaat.
"Ek haat" het sy verwerp, my lewe hernu,
toe sy die woorde byvoeg, "maar nie vir u" .

CXLVI

Arme siel, die kern van my sonde,
Gedwarsboom deur die rebelse mag,
Waarom sou ly, aan armoede verbonde,
U buiteware skilder met soveel prag?
Waarom so gul, met huurtermyn so kort,
Op afgesloofde herehuis spandeer?
Die wurms sal baljaar in lewe ingekort,
U vrag verorber? Is dit u liggaams' eer?
Leef voort, siel, op u dienaar se verlies,
Ter aanvulling van u karige stoor;
Verkwansel ledige ure, vir heiligheid gekies;
Nie uiterlik, maar innerlike rykdom word beskoor:
U en Dood wed op mekaar, onderling genoop,
As Dood eenmaal dood is, word al sy mag gestroop.

CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The 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 evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'No.'
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLVII

My liefde verlang steeds koorsagtig
Vir alles wat die siekte steeds sal voed,
Verorber alles wat die koors sal magtig,
Aptyt se argelose sekel te verhoed.
My liefde se geneesheer, my verstand,
Kwaadwoedig oor voorskrifte nie vervul,
Het my verlaat, geen raad lê voor die hand
Wellus beteken dood – waarheid onthul.
Geen kuur vir my, en rede sorg verby,
En rasend mal, met voortslepende onrus;
Geen sin in woorde of gedagtes te verkry,
Afgesonder van die waarheid, salig onbewus:
Ek het u as skoon gesweer, alles helder,
Maar u is donker soos die nag, en hel se kelder.

CXLVIII

O my, watse oë het liefde in my hoof geplaas,
Wat niks met nare sig te make het!
Of, andersom, waar is my verstand oplaas,
En valse sensuur by sulke sake het?
As my valse oë op skoonheid val,
Hoe durf die wêreld dit anders aanspreek?
Of anders, het liefde se waarheid verval
En waarheid word in mans' oë versteek.
Hoe kan dit? Kan liefdesoog waar wees,
Met sy sig, en deur trane geteister?
Geen wonder my sig is so bedees;
Selfs die son kan niks sien in die duister.
O, geslepe liefde, u trane hou my blind,
Siende oë sou u kras foute vind.

CXLIX

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

CL

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantize of skill
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CXLIX

Kan u, O Wreedard, my van onmin verwyf,
As ek my, willens, met u liefde salwe?
Dink ek nie aan u as ek, myself ten spyt
Tiran speel teen myself, om u onthalwe?
Wie haat u dat ek my vriend sal noem?
Teen wie frons u, en ek witbroodjies bak?
En as u my met u frons verdoem
Sal ek nie wraak teen myself uitpak?
Wat kan ek in myself respekteer
Wat, uit hoogmoed, diens aan u verag,
As my beste deel u swakheid eer,
Beveel slegs deur u oë se mag?
Maar liefde, haat voort, ek het u gevind;
Ander kan sien u bemin, en ek is blind.

CL

Van welke kragbron kry u oormatige mag
Dat u so maklik my hart oorrumpel?
Dat ek my eie waarneming verkrag
En helder dag in donkerte sou dompel?
Vanwaar u mag, om kwade te versier
Dat die uitskot en vullis van u dade
En u vaardigheid sal hoogty vier
U swakste troef die beste, vasberade?
Vanwaar kom dit dat ek u meer bemin,
Hoe meer daar rede is om u te haat?
Bemin ek wat andere se haat oorwin,
Haat nie met andere my vertrapte staat:
As u onwaardigheid liefde wek in my,
Hoe waardig ek, om u liefde te verkry.

CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee
And all my honest faith in thee is lost,
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLI

Liefde is te jonk vir bewussyn van gewete,
Dat gewete van liefde kom is wêreldkundig.
Sagmoedige bedriener, laat my nie in my onwete,
En om u soet onthalwe sondig.
Ter wille van my verloening sal ek verloen
My edel prysgee vir liggaam se verraad;
My siel vertel my liggaam mag dit doen
Te seevier in liefde is sy doen en laat,
U naam genoem, sal hy op aandag staan,
U aandag as sy beloning. Hoog in hoogmoed se geval,
Hy is u dienswillige onderdaan,
In u diens pronk te staan, en langs u sy te val.
Ek noem haar liefde, sal gewete op haar pak
Namens haar sal ek aljimmers styg, en sak.

CLII

U te bemin, het ek my eed gebreek,
Maar u tweemaal so: liefde aan my te sweer;
In daad – u bed-eed in die skande steek
En haat verklaar, wat op ou liefde teer.
Maar waarom u tweemaal aankla,
As ek twintig ede breek? My meined onbeskore,
Liefdesbetogings in ede omskep, weldra,
Al my opreg' geloof in u verlore;
Ek het u goedgunstigheidsbe-edig,
Ede oor u liefde, waardigheid en trou;
En die waarheid van my oë se sig beledig,
En hul laat sweer teen wat voor hul ontvou;
Om u skoonheid te sweer, is om te lieg,
En die waarheid liederlik te bedrieg.

CLIII

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire--my mistress' eyes.

CLIV

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

CLIII

Cupido lê langs sy fakkelvuur en slaap.
Dianas' diensmeisie vind hom daar, aldus oorrompel,
Sy het 'n stukkie brandhout van die vuur gekoop
En dit in koue bergfontein gedompel;
Dit het ontleen van die heilige vlam
Tydlose hitte wat koue water verslind,
'n Sidderende bad waar mens, uitgeput en tam,
Balsem vir allerhande siektes vind.
Maar, nuut-ontketen deur my minares se oë,
Het die seun opnuut sy vlam geblaas;
En ek het, deur my siekte oorbewoë,
Vir genesing na die bad gehaas,
Maar geen kuur gevind. Die enigste bad wat les,
Cupido se nuwe vuur – die oë van my minares.

CLIV

Die klein liefdesgod lê, tot slaap beskore
Langs hom die vuur wat legioene harte brand,
Wyl nimfe, tot hul kuisheidseed geswore
Verby trippel, maar in haar maagde-hand
Die fraaiste aanbidders, onverstorend van sy rus,
Neem die vuur, wat talle harte brand;
So is die generaal van vurige wellus
Ontwapen deur 'n skone maagd se hand.
Sy blus die vlam in koue put naby,
Dit ontketen in 'n warmbron, wat siektes laaf,
Van gekwete mans, in hul rasery,
Ek wend my daar, my minares se slaaf,
Dit het ek beproef, en alleman sal voel:
Liefde verhit water, word nie daardeur verkoel.

