

**William Shakespeare (1564-1616)***Sonnet 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 grow'st:

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

Translated by Joaquín Pastor Pina

*Soneto XVIII*

¿Podría yo al estío compararte?  
Es mayor tu belleza y tu templanza.  
Viento intenso flores de mayo bate  
y el verano se acaba sin tardanza

El ojo celeste o con fulgor brilla  
o su dorada luz se desvanece;  
y lo bello en su belleza declina,  
por natura o azar desaparece.

Jamás morirá tu verano eterno,  
ni tu belleza te ha de abandonar,  
ni Muerte gala hará de ti en su seno,  
pues en mis versos has de perdurar:

Mientras haya un hombre u ojos que vean,  
vivirán mis versos que te recrean.