

LOPA DE VEGA

UNNAMED SONNETS

The following translations are of those that I was able to maintain the rhyming (not syllable) structure.

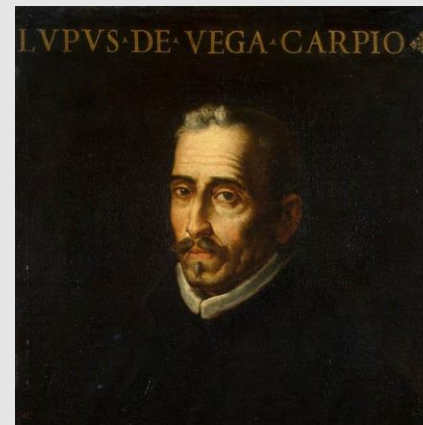
ONE

Un soneto me manda hacer Violante,
Que en mi vida me he visto en tal aprieto;
Catorce versos dicen que es soneto;
Burla burlando van los tres delante.

Yo pense que no hallara consonante,
Y estoy a la mitad de otro cuarteto
Mas si me veo en el primer terceto,
No hay cosa en los quartetos que me espante.

Por el primer terceto voy entrando,
Y aun parece que entre con pie derecho,
Pues fin con este verso le voy dando.

Ya estoy en el segundo, y aun sospecho
Que estoy los trece versos acabando
Candad si son catorce, y esta hecho.



Violante demands a sonnet for me to write,
Never in my life have I seen such straights;
Fourteen verses they say a sonnet makes;
Making fun of fun three are already in flight.

I thought no consonant would be in sight,
Yet I'm in the middle of another quartet
But if I find myself in the first tercet,
Then nothing of quartets could give me fright.

For into the first tercet I am coming in,
And though it seems I began with great effect,
Well, with this verse I pass on its end.

Now I'm in the second and yet I suspect
That on the thirteen verses I am closing in
Count them and see, if they aren't fourteen, now perfect.



TWO

Marcio, yo ame y arrepentime amando
De ver mal empleado el amor mio;
Quise olvidar y del olvido el rio
Huyome, como a Tantalo, en llegando.

Remedios vanos sin cesar probando
Vencio mi amor; crecio mi desvario;
Dos veces por aqui paso el estio
Y el sol, nunca mis lagrimas secando.

Marcio, ausenteme y en ausencia un dia
Miraronme unos ojos y mirelos;
No se si fue su estrella o fue la mia.

Azules son, sin duda son dos cielos
Que han hecho lo que un cielo no podia;
Vida me da su luz, su color celos.

Marcio, I loved and lovingly repent
On seeing my one true love badly spent;
I wanted to forget but the forgetting bent
As the river did before Tantalus's torment.

Twice I've passed the summer here
Overcome by love and spirited by incoherence;
Vain remedies without end I dispense
And still the sun will not dry my tears.

Marcio, I left and in leaving one time
eyes looked at me and I at them;
I don't know if the star was theirs or mine.

They are blue, doubtless a twin heaven
Having done what no sky could design;
Life giving me light, its jealous color spun.



THREE

Linan, el pecho noble solo estima
Bienes que el alma tiene por nobleza,
Que, como vos decis, torpe riqueza
Esta muy lejos de comprar su estima

A cual cobarde ingenio desanima
segura, honesta y liberal pobreza,
ni cual, por ver pintada la corteza,
quiere que otro senor su cuello oprima?

No ha menester fortuna el virtuoso;
La virtud no se da ni se recibe,
Ni en naufragio se pierde, ni es impropia.

Mal haya quien adula al poderoso
Aunque fortuna humilde le derribe,
Pues la virtud es premio de si propia.

Linan, the noble chest best respects
What the soul already holds as nobility,
That, which you call rich dishonesty
Is very far from buying its respect.

What clever coward would reject
Safe, honest and carefree poverty?
None of whom on seeing the painted superficies
Wants another lord oppressing his neck

The virtuous do not need fortune's pull;
For virtue neither surrenders nor receives,
Nor is lost at sea, nor ever ill advised.

Wrong are those who flatter the powerful
For simple luck unweaves them easily,
And virtue has always been its own prize.



FIVE

Yo dije siempre, y lo dire, y lo digo,
Que es la amistad el bien mayor humano;
Mas ¿que español, que griego, que romano
Nos ha de dar este perfecto amigo?

Alabo, reverencio, amo, bendigo,
Aquel a quien el cielo soberano
Dio un amigo perfecto, y no es en vano;
Que fue, confieso, liberal conmigo.

Tener un grande amigo y obligalle
Es el ultimo bien, y por querelle,
El alma, el bien y el mal communicalle;

Mas yo quiero vivir sin conocelle;
Que no quiero la gloria de ganalle
Por no tener el miedo de perdelle.

As I have always said and will unto the end
Friendship's the greatest thing about being human
But what Spaniard or even Greek or Roman
Has what it takes to make this perfect friend.

For I, who must confess, could never pretend
Not to love, revere and hold dear the men
Whom heaven with sovereign acumen
Has blessed with that perfect friend.

To have a grand companion and be compelled by him
Is the highest price of excellence, and to love him,
To let the soul, good and bad, speak through him;

But I would like to go on never meeting him;
Because I do not want the honor in winning him
So as not to ever have the fear of losing him.

