

ما را به راحتی در تلگرام پیدا کنید

کتابخانه تخصصی ادبیات ایران و جهان



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غزل‌های شکسپیر

ترجمه منظوم

بهنام مقدم (م.رها)



نقش و نگار

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ویلیام شکسپیر

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همه حقوق این اثر محفوظ است. تکثیر یا تولید مجدد آن کلاً و جزئاً، به هر صورت (چاپ، فتوکپی، صوت، تصویر، اجرای نمایش و انتشار الکترونیکی) بدون اجازه‌ی کتبی ناشر ممنوع و قابل پی‌گرد قانونی است.

۱۰۰۰۰ تومان

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درآمد

درباره شکسپیر و غزلهایش

شکسپیر در ۲۶ آوریل ۱۵۶۴ در استراتفورد انگلستان به دنیا آمد. پدرش به کار پوست‌فروشی می‌پرداخت و او تحصیلاتش را در مدرسه با یادگیری زبان لاتین و یونانی و آثار مورخان و شاعران اخلاق‌گرا به پایان برد و به کار پدرش پرداخت. بعد از مدتی به کار حفاظت از اسبهای یک تماشاخانه مشغول شد. اولین کمدی خود را به نام «تلاش بیهوده عشق» در حضور الیزابت اول اجرا کرد. بعد از آن با اجرای نمایشنامه‌های کمدی و تراژدی ثروت زیادی به دست آورد و در همین دوره شروع به نوشتن نمایشنامه‌ها و دیگر آثار خود کرد. نمایشنامه‌های او کمدی، تراژدی و یا ترکیبی از آن دو به شکل تاریخی هستند که موضوع آنها را از تاریخ روم باستان و کتاب پلوتارک، مورخ معروف یونانی، گرفته است. شکسپیر در سال ۱۶۱۳ نویسنده‌گی را کنار گذاشت و به زادگاهش، استراتفورد، نزد خانواده‌اش برگشت و تا آخر عمر در گمنامی زندگی کرد. وی در آوریل ۱۶۱۶ در ۵۳ سالگی درگذشت. بر روی لوحه بالای قبرش چهار خط شعر نوشته‌اند که برای مقایسه زبان و خط، عین آن را به همراه ترجمه فارسی آن در زیر ببینید:

GOOD FRENDE FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE:
BLESE BE ^EY MAN ^TY SPARES THES STONES
AND CVRST BE HE ^TY MOVES MY BONES

Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear,
to dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
and cursed be he that moves my bones.

تو ای یار خوبم به جان مسیحت قسم می‌دهم
نباشد که دست تو خاک از بر آشیانم درآرد
بر آن کس خدا رحمت آرد که دست از مزارم بدارد
و لعنت بر آن کس کند کوز جا استخوانم در آرد

غزل‌های شکسپیر

شکسپیر را بیشتر به لحاظ نمایشنامه‌ها و مخصوصاً تراژدی‌هایش می‌شناسند و اشعار و غزلیات او کمتر مورد توجه قرار گرفته‌اند و این شاید به علت موفقیت و محبوبیت زیاد نمایشنامه‌های او بوده باشد که سایه‌ای بر آثار منظوم او انداخته است. اولین آثار منظوم شکسپیر به نامهای «ونوس و آدرنیس» و «تجاوز به لوکریس» می‌باشند. بعدها شکسپیر شعر را به درون درامهای آهنگین و مسجع خود برد. با اینحال مجموعاً تعداد ۱۵۴ سانت یا غزل از شکسپیر به جا مانده است که اولین بار در سال ۱۶۰۹ به چاپ رسیده‌اند و هنوز معلوم نیست که آیا تعداد این سانت‌ها بیش از اینجا بوده است یا نه.

سنت سانت یونسی (غزل‌نویسی) در زمان شکسپیر به این صورت بوده است که غزل‌ها را از نظر موضوع و محتوای آنها به صورت متوالی و به شکل یک داستان می‌نوشتند و نمونه این کار در آن زمان مجموعه «استروفل و استلا» اثر معروف «سرفیلیپ سیدنی» می‌باشد. اما غزل‌های شکسپیر از چنین خصوصیتی برخوردار نیستند و تنها می‌توان در تعدادی از آنها این توالی معنایی را، آن هم به شکل نظری، پیدا کرد. مثلاً غزل‌های ۱ تا ۱۷ کم و بیش دارای این خصوصیت هستند و در همه آنها، سراینده غزلها، پسر نوجوان خوش‌ظاهری را که سخت دل‌باخته اوست به ازدواج و ایجاد نسل و تبار تشویق می‌کند و دوباره در غزل‌های

۱۸ تا ۱۲۶، پسر خوش چهره‌ای موضوع اصلی است که شاید همان پسر مورد بحث در غزل‌های قبلی باشد. در این ۱۰۹ غزل، شکسپیر از دوستی با این پسر احساس شادی و شغف می‌کند و می‌خواهد با غزل‌هایش نام و زیبایی او را جاودان کند. ولی گاه این پسر با ستایش از شاعران دیگر و یا با سردی رفتارش، اسباب رنجش خاطر شکسپیر را فراهم می‌کند. نقطه اوج این مجموعه وقتی است که این پسر جوان در صدد فریب همسر شاعر برمی‌آید. اما شاعر در نهایت به این نتیجه می‌رسد که عشق او نسبت به آن پسر فراتر از محبتش نسبت به همسر خود می‌باشد و از این راه آرامش می‌یابد. برخی معتقدند که غزل‌ها را می‌توان به دو مجموعه تقسیم‌بندی کرد: یعنی غزل‌های ۱ تا ۱۲۶ که به یک فرد مشخص قابل اطلاقند و غزل‌های ۱۲۷ تا ۱۵۲ (دو غزل آخری ترجمه داستان معروف دوره رنسانس در مورد کیوپید، رب‌النوع عشق می‌باشد) که عموماً به زنی سیاه چرده و مو سیاه می‌پردازند که ظاهراً هم محبوب شکسپیر بوده و هم مورد توجه آن پسر جوان و یک شاعر رقیب دیگر که هویت او معلوم نیست. رابط معنایی این دو مجموعه ذکر شده را می‌توان غزل‌های ۴۰ تا ۴۲ از یک طرف و غزل‌های ۳۳ تا ۳۶ از طرف دیگر دانست که به رخداد واحدی می‌پردازند که همان تبانی این زن و آن جوان و بی‌مهری نسبت به شاعر می‌باشد. شاید نقطه اوج این ارتباط معنایی و کلید حل ماجرای سه جانبه غزل ۱۴۴ باشد که در آن شاعر از دو عشق سخن به میان می‌آورد:

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
which like two spirits do suggest me still.

دو عشقی دارم آرامِ دل و آتش به جانم

که چون روحی به هر سو می‌کشانند از نهانم

ترکیب ظاهری غزل‌های شکسپیر از سنت انگلیسی پیروی می‌کند به این شکل که هر سانت چهارده سطری از سه قسمت چهارتایی و یک قسمت دوتایی از نظر قافیه‌بندی تشکیل شده است.

و اما درباره ترجمه حاضر که ترجمه‌ای منظوم از غزل‌های شکسپیر است شاید بتوان گفت که کاری است جدید و ابتکاری که هم می‌تواند خوب و جالب باشد و هم کاری اشتباه. جالب از نظر اینکه غزل‌های ترجمه شده خود شعر هستند و به نظر می‌رسد که با وزن و قافیه به آنها زندگی بخشیده شده است و اشتباه از این دید که محتوا و معناهای ظریف شعری ممکن است شکسته شده باشند و یا گاهی تطابق صوری نداشته باشند. در دفاع از این نوع ترجمه می‌توان پرسید که آیا در کدام نوع ترجمه از شعر، ظرایف شعری به خوبی منتقل می‌شوند؟ آیا در ترجمه منشور اشعار، که خیلی رایج است، این ظرایف انتقال می‌یابند؟ در ترجمه غزلها سعی شده است که امانت تا حد ممکن رعایت شود و روشن است که رعایت امانت در ترجمه و در همان حال نوشتن یک شعر جدید در زبان مقصد، کاری بسیار مشکل است. با این حال مترجم این اشعار واقعاً ادعایی در ترجمه کاملاً درست و ادبی این اشعار ندارد و این کار را صرفاً کاری ذوقی به شمار می‌آورد و البته بسیار مشتاق دریافت انتقادهای و نظرات صاحب‌نظران می‌باشد.

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غزل «۲»

چهل سرما جبینت را اگر اینسان گذر کرد
 و بستان جمالت را به چینهایش هدر کرد
 جوانیت که همچون پوششی بر تن درخشد
 لباس ژنده‌ای خواهد نمود و بی‌ثمر کرد
 پس آنکه از تو گر پرسند که زیبایی کجا رفت
 کجا گنجینه ایام شادیها سفر کرد
 اگر گویی که در گودی چشمانت فرو رفت
 چنان شرمی رسد بر تو که زان هر کس حذر کرد
 پس آنکه بس ستایش لایق و سهم تو باشد
 دفاع از خود توانستی اگر همچون پدر کرد
 «که فرزندانم حسابم را دهد عذرم بخواهد»
 که زین ره لطف او خواهد جمالت مستمر کرد
 بدینسان پیر اگر گردی حیاتی نو بیایی
 و خونت را ببینی گرم اگر سرما گذر کرد

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *thy beauty, thy beauty, thy beauty, thy lusty days, thy brow, thy youth, thy blood.*

3rd Line. *Thy youth's proud livery.* Livery can mean the beauty and glow of youth gazed on with admiration by others.

8th Line. *All eating shame* refers to *the gluttony* mentioned in the first Sonnet.

Here Shakespeare tells his bosom friend that when he is in his middle age and no longer beautiful-his youth's proud livery (distinctive dress) then looked on shall be nothing but a tottered (ruinous) weed (garment) worth little and that if he is asked where his beauty has gone and where the treasure (riches) of his youth (lusty days) is and that if he replies that it is only in his eyes, it would be an all eating (consuming) shame and thriftless (extravagant) praise; but that it would be better if he could answer that he had a child and prove his beauty by leaving a successor and that by doing this his beauty would be renewed and made new when he was old.

غزل «۷»

ببین آن‌گه که از مشرق برآید مهر رخشان
 سر سوزان خود بیرون کند نرم و خرامان
 ز هر سو دیده‌ها بر نور او کرنش نمایند
 و روحانی شکوهش را کنند خدمت فراوان
 بر اوج تپه‌گردون رسد چون مهر تابان
 میانسالی توانا را ز خود آرد در اذهان
 هنوز هم دیده‌ها زیبایی‌اش را می‌ستایند
 و راه زرنگارش را شوند همراه با آن
 ولی چون از بلندای فلک پایین بغلتند
 به چرخ کهنه‌اش بنشسته همچون پیر نالان
 ز جای پست او هر دیده گردد سوی دیگر
 همان چشمی که بوده نور او را تحت فرمان
 پس ای یارم! تو که عمرت گذشت از نیمه این‌سان
 چو فرزندات نباشد طعمه‌ای هستی به نسیان

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following - *his burning head, his new appearing sight, his sacred majesty, his middle age, his beauty, his glorious pilgrimage, his low tract.*

This sonnet is addressed by Shakespeare to his friend. He writes of the sun (the gracious light) in the Orient (East) lifting up his burning head when each under eye (the eyes of people on this earth) do the homage (reverence) to the rise of the sun (his new-appearing sight) looking on the sun (his sacred majesty). That the sun high in the sky (having climbed the steep heavenly hill) and being halfway to sunset resembled a strong youth in his middle age yet mortal look (the looks of mortals - men) still adore the sun's beauty as it goes on its pilgrimage through the skies. That when the sun from midday (highmost pitch) reels from the day (sets) like feeble age - the eyes of mortals are now converted (turned away) from his low tract (the sun having set) and look elsewhere. So Shakespeare tells his friend that if he dies in his middle age (his noon) he will be forgotten (die unlooked on) unless he begets a son.

غزل «۸»

ای که آهنگِ خوشی هستی و شیرین سخنی
 پس چرا نغمهٔ خوش را تو غمین می شنوی
 چون که شادی بر شادی بود و غم بر غم
 تو چرا آنچه که شادی دهدت می فکنی
 یا اگر مایهٔ آزارِ خودت در برِ توست
 پس چرا قاعدهٔ نفرت و عشق می شکنی
 و نواهای به هم بر شدهٔ بسته به هم
 دهد آزار به گوشت گر و زان دل پگنی
 به زبانی خوش و شیرین ز تو بد می گویند
 که هماهنگ نشوی گر به فنا در فکنی
 تو یکی سیم ببین همسر سیمی دگر است
 که چنین بوسه زنند بر هم و خوش می شنوی
 و چنان یک پدر و مادر خوشحال و پسر
 بزند نغمهٔ شاد همچو یکی گشته تنی
 و چنین نغمهٔ آنها که بسی است و یکی
 به تو خواند که «اگر یگه تنی در کفنی»

Sonnet 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.'*

Note the repetitions, *we find-thou, thou, thou, thou, thou, sweets, sweets, joy, joy, one, one, one.*

7th and 8th Lines. *Confounds in singleness.* Here *confounds* appears to mean destroys, in the same way that a player would destroy the music by omitting the notes of all strings but one so Shakespeare's bosom friend would destroy the music of life by remaining single when a wife and child are necessary elements of the harmony of life.

Here speaking of music - shakespeare tells his favorite boy that if he does not care for music, the true concord of well tuned sounds by unions married, and that if they offend his ear, music will chide (rebuke) him because he confounds (defeats) by remaining single the parts (talents) which he should bear. He tells him that a father, child and mother are in harmony like the strings of a musical instrument in harmony all singing a pleasing note. And that his favorite boy, if he remains unmarried, will prove to be nothing.

غزل «۱۲»

وقتی گذر عمر به تیک تاک زمان در کار است
 وقتی افق روز اسیرِ شبِ تار است
 و آنگاه که پایانِ بنفشهٔ قشنگ در راه است
 گیسوی سیه زخمی برفِ روزگار است
 وقتی که درختِ سربلندِ این زمان بی بار است
 اکنون نه چو یک سایه ده گله که یک بیمار است
 و آنگاه که بسته بسته شد حاصلِ این تابستان
 در جعبهٔ تابوت و روان به کشتزار است
 آنگاه سؤالِ تو و زیباییِ تو خواهد بود
 زیرا که وجود تو هم از جملهٔ آن بسیار است
 بر باد فنا می رود آن کو که قشنگ است
 این ذاتِ شیء و رسمِ قدیمِ روزگار است
 هرگز نتوان از دم شمشیر زمان رست
 زیرا که زمان، فاتح تام کارزار است
 در زاد و ولد کوش که زین جا چو روی تو
 فرزندی تو مایهٔ بقای پایدار است

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *when, when, when, and, and, and, and, and, and, white, white, time, time, time.*

Here Shakespeare tells his friend that when he (the Bard) sees time turning day into night, the violets dying, the trees now barren of leaves which before winter comes had sheltered the cattle from the heat of the sun and the harvest gathered; that when he thinks of these things, he questions his friend's beauty and that he in due course of time must die, since beautiful things die as fast as they see others grow and that there is no defence against death (time's scythe) except breed (offspring) to brave (defy) time when his favorite boy dies (time takes thee hence).

غزل «۱۵»

چون دیده من بیند، هر چیز رود راهی،
 تا مقصد خود جوید، در راه شکوفایی،
 وانگه نه چنان پاید، جز لحظه کوتاهی؛
 و این صحنهٔ پروسعت، کان را تو جهان خوانی،
 خود جلوه دهد چندی، با آنکه اثر گیرد،
 از جرم سماواتی، در ظاهر و پنهانی؛
 چون دیده من بیند، اینجا چون نبات انسان،
 از لطف زمین شادان، وز قهر سماء نالان،
 وز دورهٔ شادابی، بالنده به خود مغرور،
 ناگه به حسیض آید، در اوج خودش مغرور،
 از خاطره‌ها خیزد، آن فرّ و شکوه و نور؛
 فکرم ز چنین وضعی، در دیده تو را آرد،
 کاینسان که کنی تغییر، یک لحظه نمی پایی،
 آنکه که جوان هستی در فرّ و شکوفایی.
 وانگه که زوال هر دم، هر چیز دهد تغییر،
 در بحث و جدل باشد، با وقت و زمان درگیر،
 تا دور جوانی را، از دست تو پس گیرد،
 وز روز تو شب سازد، تاریک و سیه چون قیر.
 در جنگ و جدل هستم، با وقت و زمان هر دم،
 تا عشق تو را جویم، در قلب توره یابم،
 هر دم ز تو چون کاهد، از نوبه تو پیوندم.

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *you, you, you, you, youth, youth.*

14th Line. So that beauty will continue to live in him when he is young and afterwards in his children. Here we are told that the praise renews his youth which would otherwise fall in the struggle against time and decay.

Here Shakespeare is comparing plants with men. He writes that in course of time, plants grow, are perfect for a short time and then die, and that men, likewise, are happy in their youth, grow up, die and are forgotten; that time tries to make his friend's youthful days decay and die. He then writes that he is at war with time and that if time tries to destroy his bosom friend, the bard will engraft him anew.

Compare this sonnet with Sonnet No. 64, where he again refers to time, the destroyer.

غزل «۱۷»

باور شعر مرا از چه کسی باید خواست
 وقتی که پر از حُسن تو و خوبی‌هاست
 داند اما فلک این شعر من همچون گوری است
 که فقط نیمه‌ای از آنچه تو هستی، آنجاست
 می‌نوشتم من اگر لطف دو چشمانِ تو را
 می‌شمردم همهٔ حسنِ تو را بی‌کم و کاست
 نسل بعد، از من و شعرم به فسون یاد کند
 که چنین شرح بهشتی ز تو هرگز نه رواست
 دفتر شعر مرا زنگ زمان زرد می‌کرد
 عزت شعر مرا گفته مردم می‌کاست
 و چنین، شعر مرا پیرو کهن می‌خواندند
 همچو پیری که زبانش به دروغ است و نه راست
 و همه حق تو شور و شرر یک شاعر بود
 که به وزن و هنرِ شعرِ کهن پابرجاست
 و در آن وقت ز تو گر مانده بُود فرزندی
 هم در آنجا و در این شعر من او پابرجاست

Sonnet 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 scom'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.

Note the repetition of the following: *your most high deserts, your life, your parts, your eyes, your graces, your true rights.*

6th Line. *Fresh numbers* means *Sweet verse*

11th Line. *True rights* means *due praise*.

12th Line. *Stretched metre* means *Over strained poetry*.

Here Shakespeare tells his handsome young friend (presumably Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southhampton) that if his verse was filled with praises of his young friend's deserts (merits) people in the future would not believe him; but that his verse is only a tomb (a grave) hiding his favorite young man's life; that if he could express in writing the beauty and grace of him, future ages would say that he lied and that his papers (written documents) would be scorned like old men more garrulous than truthful and his friend's true rights (claims) would be considered to be only a poet's rage (ardour). But that if a child of the handsome young man was alive at that time, he would live again, both then and in Shakespeare's verses.

غزل «۱۸»

با روشنی گرم وجودت به چه مانی؟
 شاید که تو یک روز درخشنده تابستانی
 اما چه بگویم که بسی بهتر از آنی
 زیرا چو بهاری و به عشق همدم جانی
 وقتی که به تیر*، باد ستمگر رسد از راه
 از شاخ درخت تو کند غنچه تکانی
 وز آنچه ز هستی به سه ماهی شده پیدا
 با باد خزان می رود اینسان و به آنی
 وز چشم فلک گاه رسد گرمی بسیار
 اغلب شود این رنگ طلا، تیره جهانی
 از حُسن چه گویی که دگرگون شود آسان
 با بخت و به تغییر طبیعت به زیانی
 اما ز تو گویم که نشانی ز بقایی
 از چنگ فنا، لطف و صفایت برهانی
 آواره به تاریکی مرگت نتوان کرد
 وقتی که تو در شعر من همواره بمانی
 تا هستی انسان به زمین است و توان دید
 تا شعر من هست زنده به جا، تو جاودانی

* منظور تیرماه است.

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

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *summer, summer, fair, fair, fair, so long, so long, thou, thou, thou, thou.*

5th Line. *The eye of heaven* means the sun.

7th Line. This means that sooner or later everything that is fair falls away from its beauty.

8th Line. *Untrimmed* - deprived of its loveliness.

Here shakespeare tells us that his love is immortal; that she is more lovely than any summer's day, because summer only lasts a short time but that her eternal summer will never fade away; that she will never lose her beauty in spite of death and that she has life as long as men can breathe or see.

غزل «۱۹»

ای زمان ای که ببلعی همه را و همه چیز
 از سر پنجه شیرت بشکن ناخن تیز
 بسپار زاد زمین را به زمین تا بخورد
 ز فک بـبر درنده بـگن آن نیزه تیز
 و به خونش تو بسوز ققنس پاینده به عمر
 و بکن موسم سال شاد و غمین وقت گریز
 هر چه خواهی به سر شادی آسان گذر آر
 ای زمان، ای که چو آهو بدود گام تو تیز
 هر چه خواهی به سر گنبد گیتی تو بیار
 به رخ یار عزیزم خط و چین را تو مریز
 تا که زیبایی یارم برسد نسل دگر
 بر سر راه خودت با رخ یارم مستیز
 و بکن هر چه که خواهی ز بد و جور و ستم
 که به شعرم رخ یارم بود همواره تمیز

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *time, time, time, thy hours, thy course, thy worst, thy wrong, my love, my love.*

11th Line. *Untainted do allow* - permit to remain uninjured. Here Shakespeare addresses time which destroys most animals and implores time not to commit the crime of destroying the work of his lifetime, his love (the plays), but allow them to survive for the benefit of succeeding nations and writes that whatever time may do, his love (the plays) will live for ever young.

غزل «۲۳»

چنان بازیگری کو دست و پا گم کرده باشد
 ز ترس صحنه، لرزان نقش خود گم کرده باشد
 و یا چیزی پر از شور و شرر، درنده، وحشی
 که نیروی فزونش عمر دل کم کرده باشد
 چنان هستم که غفلت ورزم از آداب عشقم
 ز ترس آن که بر من سرزنشها کرده باشد
 و در من قوه عشقم چنان در دیده آید
 که بار عشق من از حد فزونش کرده باشد
 تو بگذار این دل سوزان من رازش بگوید
 که سرش بر ملا شعر خموشم کرده باشد
 که عشق را دائماً جویا بود سودی بخواهد
 فزونتر ز آنچه شرحی این زبانم کرده باشد
 بیاموز تا بخوانی نامه عشقِ خموشم
 که با چشمان شنیدن، هوش عشقم کرده باشد

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *love's, love's, mine own love's, mine own love's, love, love.*

Here Shakespeare tells us that strength is charged with burden of his own love's might and that though he does not speak of his love, it can be read in his verse.

What is the burden of his own love, it is the burden of his love for Apollo, his literary divinity; for Pallas Athene, the goddess of wisdom and his inspirer; for his brain child, the first folio of his plays. Shakespeare asks that his books shall tell his thoughts that they plead for his loves and he looks to them to recompense him for all his labours for the benefit of humanity. Shakespeare here asks his readers to read what he has written. He tells them to "hear with eyes". One does not hear with eyes but with ears. He means that with our eyes we can read and search for the secrets in his sonnets and the messages that he inserted in them. He tells them to read what silent love has written.

غزل «۲۴»

تا که چشمم اینچنین نقّاش رویت بوده‌است
 بر دلم نقشی ز زیبایی رویت بوده‌است
 قالبی باشد برای شکل زیبایت تنم
 بهترین کار هنر ترسیم رویت بوده‌است
 چون هنر را باید از چشم هنرمندش بدید
 تا که دریابی کجا تصویر رویت بوده‌است
 جای تصویرت بُود بر روی دیوار دلم
 آنکه برق شیشه‌هایش چشم رویت بوده‌است
 پس کنون همیاری چشم من و خود را نگر
 کاین چنین چشمم به کار رسم رویت بوده‌است
 چشم تو چون پنجره بر سینه من بوده‌است
 تا ز آنجا خیره مهر بر مهر رویت بوده‌است
 چشم ما را گر هنرها بوده لیکن این بدان
 دیده‌ها را می‌کشد غافل ز رویت بوده‌است

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *mine eyes, mine eyes, eyes, eyes, eyes, eyes, heart, heart, painter, painter, painters, thine, thine, windows, windows.*

Love's Labor's Lost, Act 5, Scene 2.

Here Shakespeare writes that his eyes have painted his favorite lad's beauty and stelled (delineated) to his heart that his body is the frame holding the picture his eyes have painted with true skill and which is hanging in his bosom; that his eyes have drawn her shape and that her eyes are like windows in his breast through which the sun peeps to gaze on her; that eyes can only draw but they see but know not the heart.

غزل «۲۶»

به لطفت بنده‌ای پاینده‌ام من
 نه باهوشم، برایت زنده‌ام من
 که در توصیف تو درمانده‌ام من
 به امید تو و آینده‌ام من
 اگر چه در هنر بازنده‌ام من
 که در امید آن تابنده‌ام من
 تو را لایق شوم تا زنده‌ام من
 ز عشقت چشمه‌ای زاینده‌ام من
 که شمعی پیش تو کاهنده‌ام من

تویی ارباب عشق و بنده‌ام من
 فرستم شاهد شعرم به سویت
 ولی با شعر ناچیزم چه گویم
 ولی شاید تو دریابی سخن را
 که در اندیشه‌ی روحت کند جا
 ستاره رهنمایم تا کند لطف
 که بر بیچاره عشقم جامه پوشد
 پس آنکه می‌کنم جرأت که گویم
 سرم بالا نگیرم تا به آن دور

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *duty, duty, my duty, my love, my wit, my moving, my totter'd, my head.*

1st and 2nd Lines. *Thy merit* (goodness) has bound me to serve you dutifully as a *vassal* (servant).

12th Line. Worthy of your regard.

This sonnet is addressed by Shakespeare to the Lord of his love, to Apollo, the Greek patron of poetry. The word *totter'd* in the 11th Line means torn. He writes that he may not show his head. Some skeptical disbelievers say, "If Shakspere wrote this, why could he not show his head?"

غزل «۲۷»

خسته از کاری شدید بر تختخوابم می‌روم
 تا به خوابی خستگی از دست و پاهایم برم
 در همین هنگامه لیکن بعد از آن کار شدید
 یک سفر با فکر من در پیش رو دارد سرم
 بعد از آن فکرم ز جایی گاستم از راهی بعید
 قصد دیدارت کند چون زائری عزم حرم
 زین جهت مژگان من کز خستگی از پا فتند
 تا سحر بازند و در شب همچو کوری بنگرم
 این خیالین چشم روحم سایه‌ات حاضر کند
 تا که بیند دیده‌کم سویم آن را در برم
 چون جواهر سایه‌ات بر این شب مرگ‌آفرین
 گردد آویزان، کند زیبا شب هول‌آورم
 پس به روز، اعضای جسمم، در شب این افکار من
 در تب و تاب تو و من می‌دوند ای یاورم

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *night, night, night, my bed, my head, my mind, my thoughts, my drooping eye - lids, my souls imaginary sight, my sightless view, my limbs, my mind, my self.*

Here Shakespeare tells us that he is lying in his bed - unable to get to sleep because of his thought of his love; that his body is far away from her but that his thoughts make a pilgrimage to her and keep him awake. That his eyes are looking on darkness but that his soul's imaginary sight presents her shadow (image) to his eyes which cannot see in the dark but that it makes night beautiful but that his mind can find no quiet in his thoughts.

He continues in the following Sonnet (No.28).

غزل «۲۸»

چگونه می‌توانم روز شادم را بیابم
 که دور افتاده خوشبختی و آرامش ز حال
 به هنگامی که در شب ظلم روز کاهش نیابد
 و بینم ظلم شب تا روز و روز تا شب، بنالم
 و گرچه روز و شب در کار هم کینه بورزند
 به همیاری هم ضربه زنند بر حال زارم
 یکی با کار سخت و دیگری هم با شکایت
 چگونه بی تو این کار توان فرسا توانم؟
 چو حمله می‌کند ابری سیه‌دل، گویم ای روز
 تو نورش می‌رسانی تا که خوشحالش بسازم
 به شب گویم نمی‌بیند اگر چشمک‌زنی را
 به تو گوید «بزن رنگ طلا بر آسمانم»
 چه سازم محنتم افزون کند هر روز و هر روز
 و شب شدت دهد هر شب، فغان و ناله‌هایم

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *night, night, night, night, night, toil, toil, heaven, heaven, day, day, day, day, day.*

6th Line. *Shake hands* - combine.

7th Line. *To complain* - causing me to complain.

11th Line. *Swart* - black.

Here Shakespeare asks his love how he can return happily to her when he gets no rest where he is; as sleep does not ease his day's oppression and day and night have joined together to torture him through his absence from her. She being far off, he tells the day she is bright even when the day is cloudy and that at night, even though the stars do not peer (twire) through the sky, she still makes the evening golden, that his sorrows grow longer day by day and his grief stronger night by night.

غزل «۲۹»

آنکه که شوم تحقیر، در چشم تو و تقدیر،
 می‌گیرم و می‌نالم، از غربت و از حالم،
 وز ناله و فریادم، زحمت دهم و ماتم، گوش گر این عالم،
 آنکه نگرم در خود، بینم خود و این زنجیر، لعنت کنم این تقدیر،
 خواهم چو کسی باشم، فارغ ز غم و ماتم،
 در دور و برم باشد، بسیار ز هر آدم.
 عشقِ هنری جویم، از حُسن کسی گویم،
 لذت برم از هر چیز، زان دل نشده لبریز،
 اما به همین حال، در وضع بد و زارم،
 ناگه به تو اندیشم، تغییر دهم خویشم،
 چون مرغ سحرخیزی،
 از خاک سیه خیزم،
 بذر شعف خود را،
 بر درب فلک ریزم.

یاد تو اگر خیزد، در جان و تنم ریزد؛ عشق تو بهاران را، سرسبزی و باران را
 هرگز نکنم تعویض، وضع خود و شاهان را.

Sonnet XXIX

*When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewEEP 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.*

Note the repetition of the following - *my outcast state, my bootless cries, myself, my fate, myself, my state, my state.*

Again some doubting Thomas assert that this sonnet contains conclusive evidence that it was not written by Will Shakspeare. Shakspeare, they posit, never once in his lifetime had any reason to bewEEP his outcast state or to curse his fate. He had every reason to be satisfied with his life and never suffered any misfortune so far as we know, living a peaceful life at Stratford from the time he returned from London up to the date of his death. The poet tells us that when he is inclined to despise himself, he thinks of his poetic muse and when he remembers this, the love of his muse, it brings him contentment and he has no desire to change his state.

غزل « ۳۰ »

وقتی که در اندیشه شیرین خودم غرقه شوم من
 در یاد همه آنچه گذشت بر سر من، رفته شوم من
 از آنچه ز بسیار نجستم، کشم آهی ز ته دل
 با محنت همواره‌ام از عمر گران کنده شوم من
 آنکه بکنم دیده خود غرقه به دریای سرشکم
 غمگین ز غم مرگ عزیزان به شب خفته شوم من
 پس گریم و گریم غم دیرین و فراموش شده عشق
 کز محنت فقدان همه شور و تبم، رسته شوم من
 محزون شوم از شکوه بگذشته خود، ناله کنم سخت
 انسان که غم تازه شود، گریه پیوسته شوم من
 اما به زمانی که در اندیشه تو غرقه شوم من
 آرامم و در چشمه عشق تو ز غم شسته شوم من

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following, we find - *I summon, I sigh, I sought, I drown, I grieve, I new pay, I think, woes, woe, woe.*

6th Line. *Dateless* means endless.

Once again some skeptical critics believe that no man with any common sense could believe that this sonnet was the work of Will Shakspeare. It is quite clear, as they assert, that the man who wrote this sonnet had suffered great hardships in his past life and writes of his grievances. Shakspeare never had any grievances and nothing to bemoan; no losses and no sorrows. This sonnet, they claim, was written by Francis Bacon after he had completed his life's work and is addressed to his *dear friend*, his poetic muse, who had helped him to produce the "Shakespeare" plays, so that at long last all his losses and sorrows had come to an end. (Although a little bit non compos mentis and preposterous, but this is exactly what some say)

غزل «۳۲»

آن روز دل‌انگیز که تو هستی و من مرده به جایی
 بر اسکلتم مرگِ بد از گرد و غبار، کرده ردایی
 وز روی قضا، چشم تو گر شعرک ناچیز مرا دید
 با خوبترین شعر زمان، سنجش غائی تو نمایی
 گر شعر مرا نیست میان دگرانش راهی
 در عرصهٔ وزن و هنرِ شعرِ زمانش جایی
 تو عشق مرا بجو به شعرم و نه در قافیه و وزن
 در قافیه و وزن نبُود شعر مرا رنگ و جلایی
 ای یار بزرگوار من از روی صفا خاطر خود آر
 تا شاد شود روح من از هدیهٔ قلب پرصفایی
 با رشد زمان و عصر اگر ذوق رفیق من به جا بود
 می‌گفت به عشق برترش شعر وزین و پُربهایی
 یارم به فنا رفت و بیامد چه بسا شاعر محبوب
 تا سبک جدیدی ز خود آورده بسازد او بنایی
 شعر همه را بهر فنون و سبک آنان خوانم
 شعر یارم را ولی از بهر عشق و شور و شیدایی

Sonnet 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.'*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *loss, loss, loss, lose, lose, my friend, my friend, my friend, both, both, her, her, her, her, her, her, love, love, love, loves, loves.*

Here Shakespeare, addressing his sweetie - pie and turtledove, tells her that if she survives him and re - surveys (examine again) the rude (unskilled) lines(verses) of his (her deceased lover) and compares them with better lines written by persons then alive and reserves (preserve) them because of his love for her and not because they are his verses which are exceeded (surpassed) by the height (excellence) of others, vouchsafe (be graciously willing) to give him the following loving thought: "Had my friend's (Shakespeare's) muse (poetry) grown (advanced) with the present (growing) age his love had brought a right to march in the ranks of poets better equipped but that since he has died, she will read their work which may be better but that she will read his poetry because of his love for her.

غزل «۳۳»

به هنگامی که دامن می‌کشد بیرون شبِ تار
 فلک می‌گردد از فرّ و شکوهی زنده سرشار
 نگاهش چون عقابی روی هر کوهی نشیند
 طلای چهره‌اش را می‌زند بر هر چمنزار
 به علم کیمیای آسمانی می‌کند رنگ
 رخ بی‌رنگ آبِ چشمه را رنگی طلاوار
 سپس در لحظه‌ای ابری سیه می‌آید از ره
 رخ زرد سحر را می‌زند رنگِ شبِ تار
 چو پنهان می‌شود روی سحر در زیر آن ابر
 به دزدی می‌کشاند سوی غرب با خفت و خوار
 به صبحی دلنشین، خورشیدِ من از شب برآمد
 به شادی نور خود بر چشم من بارید و رخسار
 چه سود امّا، صد افسوس، نورِ آن دیری نپایید
 سیه ابری محلی برده از من بخت دیدار
 به سُخره ننگرد مهرِ مرا، عشقِ من هرگز
 که گر ننگش رسد، ننگین شود خورشیدِ بسیار

Sonnet 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.*

This sonnet begins with *the sun with sovereign eye*. (Note that Shakespeare repeatedly figures royalty with the sun). The Bard in this sonnet says that the sun of royalty did at one time shine upon him, but clouds of disgrace arose and hid him from the sun.

غزل «۳۵»

که هر چشمه گلی دارد و گل، خار
 ز ابر تیره و هر سایه تار
 اگر شیرین بود همچون شکرپار
 ز من حتی در این امر و در این کار
 خطایت را نمایم حق، به تکرار
 ببخشایم گناهان تو بسیار
 شوم چون دشمنی بر تو طرفدار
 شکایت می‌کنم از خود به اصرار
 میان عشق و نفرت گشته پیکار
 که با تلخی رباید از من زار

ز آنچه کرده‌ای غمگین مشو یار
 سیه گردد رخ خورشید و هم ماه
 به غنچه می‌کند ماوا هر آفت
 خطا سر میزند از جمله افراد
 که خود را بد کنم در گفت و کردار
 گذارم مرهمی بر اشتباهت
 چرا که بر گناهم علت آرم
 بیارم ضدّ خود برهان و علت
 چنان جنگی درونی در درونم
 که باید چون شریکی باشم او را

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *thy trespass, thy amiss, thy sensual fault, thy adverse party, thy advocate.*

Here Shakespeare tells the King not to be grieved at that which he had done; that all men make faults and that he himself had done so by authorising the King's trespass (injury to himself) and that he corrupted (debased) himself by salving the King's amiss (fault) and the King's sensual fault (cowardice). He understands (bring in sense) that the King's adverse party (opponent) is his advocate; that he brings against himself a lawful plea (excuse); that his love (for his King as his master) and his hate (for his King as a man) is at war and that he should be an accessory (aiding in a crime) to the man who had sourly robbed him of his reputation.

غزل «۳۸»

به هنگامی که شعرم از تو و شیرینی‌ات گردیده سرشار
 چگونه ذوق شعرم در ره ابداع شود بیکار و بیمار
 چگونه هر نوشته می‌تواند از تو و عشقت نویسد
 چو در پیش جمالت می‌شود هر شعر نغزی چون شب تار
 ز لطف و حُسن تو باشد اگر شعرم به چشمت خوش در آید
 چه کس باشد چنان گنگی کزو شعری ز تو ناید پدیدار
 اله شعر و الهامی تو ای روشنگر هر آفرینش
 و از هر نُه اله شعر و الهام برتری در گفت و کردار
 تو بگذار هر کسی کاو بر تو خواند سر دل را از نیازش
 سراید شعر جاویدی برایت بی‌گزند از دور و اعصار
 چو این ایام سخت از شعر ناچیزم شود خوشحال و شادان
 ستایش آن تو باشد دلم را سهمی از اندوه سرشار

Sonnet 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.*

5thLine. *Aught in me* - anything written by me.

12th Line. *Date* - duration.

This sonnet is addressed to Pallas Athene, the goddess of wisdom, who Shakespeare refers to as the tenth muse who, he writes, is worth ten times more than the old nine muses. Shakespeare writes that so long as Pallas is alive, there is much for him to invent (contrive) for which he gives due thanks and that Pallas gives him the faculty or power of contriving and bringing forth eternal numbers (ciphers) which will live for ever (outlive longdate) and that the pain (trouble) of producing his work is his but that Pallas shall have the praise.

غزل «۳۹»

سراییدنت را به حرف کهن کی توانم
 که هستی تو از بهترین بخش روح و روانم
 چه سود آردم گر ستایش کنم خویشان را
 چه باشد تو را گر ستایش کنم، غیر جانم
 بیا تا که از عشقمان نام واحد بگیریم
 بدین سان جدا از تو باشم کنارت نمانم
 که با این جدایی دهم آنچه شایسته هستی
 که تنها تو باشی ستایش شوی من نمانم
 و تو ای جدایی عذابی شوی بر روانم
 اگر تلخیت فکر عشقم بگیرد ز جانم
 که این فکر شیرین دهد طعم شیرین زمان را
 که عشق، خوش فریبد هم آن فکر و هم این زمانم
 تو او را در اینجا که حاضر نباشد ستایی
 و یادم دهی یک چگونه شود دو بدانم

Sonnet 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!*

1st Line. *with manners* - it is not mannerly modest to praise one self.
Compare this sonnet with Sonnet No.50.

غزل «۴۰»

ای عشق من، ای هست من،
 عشقم بگیر از دست من،
 آنکه بین در مشت تو،
 بیشت چه ماند از کشت من.
 عشقی نباشد، «بیش» تو،
 لایق شود بر خویش تو،
 آن تو بوده عشق من،
 بعد آمده این «بیش» تو.
 پس گر تو خواهی عشق من، نه در رهی جز عشق من؛
 عذرت موجه می شود، سود آر بری از عشق من.
 اما گنه کاری هنوز، گر تو فریبم می دهی،
 خود می چشی از روی عمد، آنچه دریغم می دهی.
 می بخشمت غارتگری، گر دزدی و افسونگری؛
 هر آنچه در وسعم بود، نرم و لطیفش می بری.
 می داند عشق اما هنوز،
 از عشق با مکر بهتر است،
 نفرت که پیدا است چو روز.
 ای شهوت شیرین من، گشته عجین با اهرمن؛
 با کینه کشتی گرمرا، دشمن نباشم با تو من

Sonnet 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 refusest.
 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *my loves, my love, my love, my love, my love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, thou, thou, thou, thou, thou, thou.*

Here Shakespeare tells his precious and treasure that she has all his love of every description and that she has always had it. He cannot blame her for using his love but he blames her if she deceives herself by wilfully (intentionally) tasting (enjoying) that which she had refused (declined) to accept. He forgives her for being a thief and stealing from him his poverty (necessity). That it is harder to bear loves wrong than the injuries of hate. That lascivious (wanton) grace (favour) which shows ill kills him with spites (grudges) yet they must not be enemies.

غزل « ۴۱ »

ز آزادی خطای کوچکی گر می‌زند سر
 به هنگامی که غایب هستم از قلبت سراسر
 به سن و سال و زیباییِ تو خوش زبید این کار
 چرا که وسوسه هر جا تو باشی می‌زند پیر
 تو چون هستی لطیف و مهربان، بازنده هستی
 چو زیبایی، هجومت آورند آنجا به یکسر
 کدامین زادهٔ انسان به تلخی می‌کند ترک
 زنی را کو نماید عشوه از راهش بَرَد در
 و وای من، نکن کار خطا در خانهٔ من
 و زیبایی و لطفت را جلوگیر از بد و شر
 که آنجا هم کشاندت به راه شورش و شر
 بدانجایی که پیمانی دو سو از سر کنی دَر
 همان پیمانِ با زن را که سویت می‌کشانی
 و پیمان خودت را کاین چنین گردیده بی‌بَر

Sonnet XLI

*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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *thy beauty, thy beauty, thy beauty, thy beauty, woman, woman, thou art, thou art, thou art.*

Note lines 5 and 6 and compare with 1 Henry VI, Act 5, Scene 3. *She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd, She's a woman - therefore to be won.*

This sonnet is addressed by Shakespeare to his beloved where he tells her the petty wrongs that liberty (freedom from restraint) commits (becomes guilty of) when he is away from her. Her beauty and her years (youth) full well befits but temptation (enticement to evil) follows her wherever she is. He tells her that she is gentle and therefore to be won, beautiful and therefore likely to be assailed (attacked); that when a woman woos (grieves) no man would leave her till he had prevailed (gained the victory); that she might forbear (avoid voluntarily) his fear and chide (rebuke) her beauty and her straying (wandering away from control) youth which led her in their riot (debauchery) everywhere and that she was forced to break a two-fold truth, temptation and falsehood.

غزل «۴۲»

همه دردم نباشد این که یارم در بَرَم نیست
 هنوزم می توان گفت غیر عشقش در سرم نیست
 شکایت دارم از عشقی که یارم بر تو ورزد
 بر این جرمان که جانم را بسوزد باورم نیست
 شما را، دشمنان عشق، می بخشم بدینسان
 تو را که عاشقی بر او و دانی دل برم نیست
 و او را هم که یارم را ز راهش می کند در
 بدیها می کند با من که گوید یاورم نیست
 به سود دلبرم باشد ز دستت می دهم گر
 گر از دستش دهم یارم بَرَد سودش، ثمر نیست
 وصال یکدگر یابند و از دستم گریزند
 عذابی می رسد بر من که هرگز خاطرم نیست
 ولی شادی در این باشد یکی هستیم من و یار
 مرا عاشق بود تنها و جز این باورم نیست

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *loss, loss, loss, lose, lose, my friend, my friend, my friend, both, both, her, her, her, her, her, her, love, love, love, loves, loves.*

Shakespeare calls his beloved and stripling loving offenders; but says that he (Shakespeare) will excuse (forgive) them; that thou his laddie dost love his sweetheart because he knows that I (Shakespeare) also loves her and for his sake she suffers (allows) Shakespeare's friend (presumably Henry Wriothesley) to approve of her. That if he (Shakespeare) lose thee (his beloved) his loss is his lad's gain and losing her his lad has found that loss, that both (his stripling and honey) find each other and the Bard loses both but the joy is that my laddie and I (Shakespeare) are one and the same so that she loves Shakespeare alone.

غزل «۴۳»

دیدِ چشمانم شود بهتر چو بر هم می‌نهم چشمان خود
 چون نیارزد آنچه از صبح تا به شب بیند بر چشمان خود
 در زمان خواب من اما دو چشمانم نگاهت می‌کنند
 تا که در تاریکی و ظلمت کنم رخشان چو مهر، چشمان خود
 پس تو هستی این که روشن می‌کنی هر سایه‌ای با سایه‌ات
 سایه‌ی روشنتر از روزت بسین با گردش چشمان خود
 همچو خورشیدی درخشان چون نشیند سایه‌ات بر چشم کور
 خود نگر این جلوه‌های شاد و پرنورش تو با چشمان خود
 با نگاهی بر تو من چشمان خود غرق سعادت می‌کنم
 شرح این خوشبختیم را چون دهم من با لب چشمان خود
 چون بسینم در شب خاموش و مرده سایه‌ی زیبای تو
 در میان خواب سنگینم کنم روشن رخ و چشمان خود
 تا که رویت را بسینم روز روشن می‌شود چون شام تار
 شب شود چون روز روشن گر نشانم می‌دهی چشمان خود

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *mine eyes, mine eyes, eyes, eyes, see, see, see, day, day, days, days, bright, bright, bright, shade, shade, night, nights, nights, dreams, dreams, shadow, shadows, shadows.*

1st Line. *Wink* - close my eyes, sleep.

2nd Line. *Unrespected* - unnoticed.

11th Line. *Imperfect* - because it is only the shadow of what is perfect.

Here Shakespeare, addressing his dearest, writes that when he is asleep he dreams that his eyes look on thee. A shadow which shadows make bright as in a clear day and shine to unseeing eyes and his eyes are blessed by looking on her in daylight. But in the dead of night her fair imperfect shade stays with him, though his eyes are sightless; because he is asleep and that all days are nights until he can see the bright days when his dreams show him her once more.

غزل «۴۴»

از جنس خیال ار بُود این ماده سنگین وجودم
 از دوری و هجران تو من زخمی و پرکینه نبودم
 زیرا که به پرواز سبکبال خودم راحت و آسان
 تا پیش تو می آمدم از راه دراز و می غنودم
 آنکه چه غم از جای تو در دورترین نقطه ز من بود
 من با پرشی نرم و سبک در همه جا پیش تو بودم
 در زجر مدامم من از این فکر که چرا فکر نباشم
 تا راه درازی روم آنکه که تو گویی بدرودم
 اما چه کنم ماده سنگین وجودم چوبه کار است
 در خلوت خود اشک بریزم، کنم هر ناله سرودم
 هرگز نرسد سودم از اجزای تن کند و ثقیلم
 جز اشک روان از همه اجزای تن آن سان که چورودم

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of a certain word, we find - *thought, thoughts, thought, thought*.

2nd Line. Says that *injurious distance* shall not stop his thought (which is quick).

4th Line. *Where* - to the place where.

11th Line. *Wrought* - composed of.

Here the Bard tells his darling that although fate had decided that he must leave her, his thoughts can take him back to the place where she is and can leap across space to her, wherever she might be.

غزل «۴۶»

میان چشم و قلبم جنگ خونین برقرار است
 که هر یک را چقدر از سهم دیدار تو یار است
 چرا که چشم من دل را ز دیدارت کند منع
 و چشم از سوی دل از حق آزادی کنار است
 دلم گوید همیشه جای تو بر دامن اوست
 چنان جایی که از چشم بلورین برکنار است
 ولی چشمم کند این ادعا را رد و گوید
 رُخ زیبای تو در دیده هر دم آشکار است
 ز افکار هیأتی جمعند و ساکن در دل من
 که تصمیمی بگیرند حق کدامین را قرار است
 صدور حکمشان گردد که نیم حق چشم است
 و نیم دیگرش حق با دل پراعتبار است
 بدینسان ظاهر بیرون تو در ملک چشم است
 و قلبم مالک عشق درون بی قرار است

Sonnet 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 imparneled
 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *my heart, my heart, my heart, my heart, heart, heart, heart, hearts, hearts, mine eye, mine eye, mine eye, sight, sight.*

Some critics say this sonnet must have been written by a lawyer, not a layman; since it bristles with legal terms - *bar, right, plead, defendant, plea, deny, appearance, side* (decide), *title, imparneled - quest* (a jury of inquest), *tenants, verdict - moiety - due*. As Lord Justice Campbell wrote: "This sonnet is so intensely legal in its language and imagery that, without a considerable knowledge of English forensic procedure it cannot be fully understood." (Again a little apocryphal and far-fetched an impression.)

غزل «۴۷»

میان چشم و قلبم عهد و پیمان برقرار است
 که هر یک دیگری را در همه احوال یار است
 به هنگامی که چشمم بی قرار یک نگاه است
 و یا با آه خود این قلب عاشق بی قرار است
 پس آنکه چشم من با عکس تو جشنی بگیرد
 برای قلبم از تصویر تو سوری به کار است
 و در وقتی دگر چشمم بُود مهمان قلبم
 و از شیرینی افکار عشقش کامکار است
 و با تصویر رویت یا که با عشقم بدینسان
 اگر دوری خودت از من، خیالت در کنار است
 ز افکار و خیالاتم فراتر کی روی تو
 هنوز همراه آنها هستم، عشقت ماندگار است
 و یا خوابند اگر، تصویر تو در پیش چشمم
 برای شادی چشم و دلم، در انتظار است

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *picture, thy picture, thy picture, mine eye, mine eye, mine eye, my love, my love, love, love, love, my heart, my heart, my heart, heart, heart* (see Nos. 24, 46 and 48).

1st Line. *A league* means "a truce"

3rd Line. Compare with "Comedy of Errors", Act 2, Scene 1: "*While I at home starve for a merry look*".

6th Line. *Bids* means "invites".

Here we have another reference to Shakespeare's honey's picture and a play on the words "eye and heart" which are in league (alliance) with each other to show her picture; that though she herself is far away, her picture and his love bring her to his mind but if his thoughts sleep, her picture in his mind awakes his heart.

غزل «۴۸»

به ره وقتی فتادم دقتم از حد فزون بود
 که هر چیزی به زندانی نکو در اندرون بود
 میان صندوقی محکم، ز دست حيله‌ها دور
 که تا روزی که خود سودی برم از آن، درون بود
 ولی یارم، تو که زره‌ای من پیشت چو خاکند
 تو که آرام من بودی و عشقت بی خزون بود
 هم اکنون بر دلم باری گران هستی ز اندوه
 همان یاری که چون مهر و مه‌ام در آسمون بود
 رهاگردیده‌ای صیدت کند هر دزد بدکار
 چنین قلب من از اندوه تو کی گشته خون بود
 تو را در صندوقی زنجیر و قفلی من نکردم
 به جز در صندوق قلبم که نرم و بی فسون بود
 که زانجا هر زمان خواهی برون آیی به نرمی
 اگر چه تاکنون دُرّ وجودت زان برون بود
 ولی ترسم ز آنجا هم بدزدندت عزیزم
 که گر حق دیده بود دُرّ تو را، دزد و زبون بود

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *thou, thou, thou, thou, thou, thou, my way, my use, my jewels, my greatest grief, my breast*(see 24 and 47).

6th Line. *My greatest grief* - because absent.

7th Line. *Vulgar* means "Common".

11th Line. *Closure* - enclosure.

12th Line. *Part* means "depart".

14th Line. *Truth* - honesty itself.

Here the Bard tells us that each trifle which he also calls his jewels (i.e. his dramatic plays) and most worthy comfort and his only care are left the prey of every vulgar thief; because in the first folio he cannot openly claim to be the author for the reason he has stated in Sonnet No. 36 where he tells us: "I may not ever more acknowledge thee lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame". If he openly claimed the authorship, he feared that his tarnished reputation might harm his dramatic plays, so he could not prevent them from being pirated. As Shakespeare states in his own work: "opportunity makes the thief".

غزل « ۵۰ »

من بسی خسته و سنگین ز رهم می‌گذرم
 و به مقصود خود و آخر ره می‌نگرم
 و همین آخر ره درس سعادت دهم
 که من از یار خودم دورم و بس بی‌خبرم
 اسبم از ناله و سنگینی من می‌نالد
 و چه آهسته و سنگین به رهم در سفرم
 گویی این مرکب من از ته دل می‌داند
 که من از سرعت و از دوری تو برحذر
 و ندارد اثر این سیخ به خون رنگ شده
 که به گهگاه و به خشم بر بدنش می‌فشرم
 که به سنگینی و ناله دهم پاسخ آن
 ناله‌ای تیزتر از سیخ بر همسفرم
 چون همان ناله به ناگه دهم این خبرم
 که غم و غصه به پیش است و خوشی پشت سرم

Sonnet 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.*

Here Shakespeare leaving his love is ruminating that every step that his horse makes is taking him away from her; that his horse by instinct knows this and does not hurry although his rider uses the spur. His horse groans when spurred and sharper than a spur Shakespeare remembers that he has left his love behind and that his grief lies in the future.

غزل «۵۳»

تو را هر سایه‌ای خدمتگزار است
 ولی از آن تو بس بی‌شمار است
 ز تو تقلید صرف و بی‌گذار است
 ولی از آن تو بس نونوار است
 سخن‌گر بر سر محصول و بار است
 ز آن دیگر سخن از جود یار است
 وجودت نیک و خیر در شمار است
 نظیرت در وفا، یک در هزار است

کدامین ماده در جسمت به کار است
 چرا که هر کسی یک سایه دارد
 «آدونیس»^{*} را اگر وصفی کنندش
 «هلن»^{**} را چهره‌ای زیبا شمارند
 بهاران را اگر در صحبت آرند
 یکی زیبایی رویت نماید
 و اینسان می‌شناسیم آنچه هستی
 نصیبی برده‌ای از هر چه زیباست

* آدونیس (Adonis) در اساطیر یونان، نام جوان زیبارویی است اهل بیلوس که ونوس سخت عاشق وی بود.

** هلن (Helen of Troy) بنابر اساطیر یونان باستان، دختر ژوپیترا، خدای خدایان، و دارای زیبایی خیره‌کننده بود.

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, one, one, one, one, one, shadows, shadow, shadow.*

5th Line. *Counterfeit* - picture.

6th Line. *Poorly imitated* - not so beautiful.

9th Line. *Foison* - abundance of harvest.

This sonnet is addressed to Apollo, the Greek God and patron of the art of poetry; because in the 8th line of this sonnet we read "*You in Grecian tires*".

غزل «۵۴»

اگر با زیور حق گردد همدم
و زیباتر چو بوید خوش دمادم
که خوشبو رُز زند بر چشم آدم
چه بازیها کند بی محنت و غم
به هنگامی که تابستان زند دم
نباشد عاقبت جز مرگ و ماتم
شود از مرگشان عطری فراهم
شوی عطر خوشی با متن شعرم

بسی «زیبا» شود زیباتر هر دم
لطیف آید به چشم زیبا گل رُز
گل آفت‌زده رنگش همان است
و آویزان به خار همچون گل رُز
نقاب غنچه‌اش را پس زند باد
ولی چون حُسن او در ظاهر اوست
ولی گلهای رُز آنکه که مردند
و اینسان ای جوان، وقتی که پیری

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *rose, roses, roses, beauteous, beauteous, odour, odours*.

2nd Line. *Truth* - constancy.

5th Line. *Canker blooms* - the dog roses, which are red but scentless, they die unwoo'd.

This sonnet appears to be addressed to Adonis. The poet writes that when roses die, sweetest odours are made; that is pot pourri.

غزل «۵۵»

نه مرمر و نه قصر زران‌دود شهان است
 کان بهتر از این شعر من است و جاودان است
 در شعر من آن مهر وجودت چو درخشد
 رخشانتر از آن سنگ کثیف قصرخان است
 تندیس کسان در پی جنگ، واژگون است
 هر سنگ بنا، طعمه خشم بی‌امان است
 نابودی شعرم که پر از خاطره توست
 نی در کف بهرام* و نه با آتش آن است
 بر ضد فنا و خصم جاهل قدمی نه
 زین راه، ستایشت به نزد همگان است
 آنان که جوانند و به دنبال تو آیند
 وان نسل که پایان ده این کهنه جهان است
 پس تا به قیامت که تو از گور بخیزی
 جای تو به شعر من و چشم عاشقان است

* بهرام یا مارس (Mars) که یونانی‌ها بدان Ares می‌گفتند، در اسطوره‌شناسی روم باستان، خدای جنگ و مظهر خشونت و نبرد به شمار می‌رود.

Sonnet 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.*

3rd Line. *These contents* - what is contained in my poems written in praise of thee.

9th Line. *All oblivious enmity* - injurious oblivion.

12th Line. *Wear this world out* - outlast this world.

13th Line. Means till the judgement day when you arise from the dead.

This sonnet is addressed to love which is immortal. Here the Bard writes that his powerful rhyme shall outlive marble or monuments of princes and that love shall shine brighter than any tomb or monument made by man and that broils and wars shall never destroy the living record of love which shall survive death and still be praised by future generations (posterity) and shall live until the day of judgement in this rhyme as well as in lovers' eyes. The verses of the poet endure without a syllable lost, while state and empires pass many periods.

غزل «۵۷»

اسیرت هستم ای دستم به دامانت، چه سازم
 به جز انجام امیال فراوانت، چه سازم
 ندارم وقت با ارزش که بر کاری کنم صرف
 به جز انجام هر دستور و فرمانت، چه سازم
 گله از انتظارم، سرورم جرأت ندارم
 به جز آویختن چشمم به بارانت، چه سازم
 نه حق دارم بیاندیشم به هجرانت که تلخ است
 که گر ترکم کنی، از جور هجرانت چه سازم
 نه جرأت می‌کند پرسش کند فکر حسودم
 کجا هستی، چه سازی، من به پیمانت چه سازم
 اسیری هستم اینجا غمزده، افسرده، بی فکر
 به جز اندیشه بر شادی یارانت، چه سازم
 چه خوش باور بود عشقم که اینسان در پی توست
 اگر بد می‌کنی، جز فکر سامانت، چه سازم

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following, we find - *nor, nor, nor, nor, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, your slave, your desire, your servant, your affairs, your will.*

5th Line. *World - without - end hour* - the tedious hour that seems that it would never end.

Shakespeare says that he is the King's slave. A slave is a person who is submissively devoted and the Bard is devoted to the service of his King and he will do anything that the King requires him to do. He says that he watches the clock for the King (his Sovereign). (Watching the clock means the act of guarding.). The Bard says that he dare not question the affairs of his King and like a faithful servant (a slave) thinks only of the people who the King makes happy and that he must not think ill of anything that the King does because he is such a fool as to love his King.

Again some critics argue that This sonnet could not have been written by William Shakspeare of Stratford who was not in a position to guard the King in any way; he was never on personal terms with either Queen Elizabeth or King James and he was never a personal servant to either Sovereign.

غزل «۵۸»

خدایی کز اول نموده مرا بندهات
 نخواهد خیالم نظارت کند خندهات
 و یا چون کسی کاو به پیشت حسابت رسد
 و دائم غلامت شود، بال و پر کندهات
 تو بگذار من همچو یک پیرو یک خسته دل
 تحمل کنم رنج زندان پایندهات
 و بگذار صبر، این شکیبای هر درد و رنج
 تحمل کند جور از محنت آکندهات
 تو هر جا که خواهی بمانی بمان، حقّ توست
 بپر سود دلخواهت از وقتِ ارزندهات
 تعلق به تو دارد این حقّ بخشندگی
 که جرمی که کردی ببخشی چو دانندهات
 کنم صبر بر خواهشت گر جهنّم بود
 و هرگز ندانم گُنه را برازندهات

Sonnet 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 cheque,
 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.*

Note the following repetitions, we find - *your slave, your times, your hand, your vassal, your leisure, your back, your liberty, your charter, your time, your self, your self, your pleasure.*

Having repeated that he is the King's slave, Shakespeare writes God forbid that he should consider that he had any right to control the King being his vassal and slave bound (by oath) to perform the King's wishes (stay your leisure); that being at the beck (call) of the King, he must suffer and tame his patience (to endure suffering) and bide each check (restraint) and suffer without accusing the King of injury (the injury which he had suffered by being falsely accused of bribery); that the King is free to be where he lists (pleases). That the King may privilege (use to advantage) his time to do whatsoever he pleases and that as King he was above the law, so he could pardon himself of any crime that he had committed. Shakespeare then says that he has to wait on the King's pleasure though doing so was hell and that he must not blame the King for anything the King does, either good or bad.

غزل «۵۹»

هر آن چیزی که در بُعد مکانها بوده باشد
 نباشد نو که پیش از آن ز آنها بوده باشد
 بدینسان، آفرینش جز فریب ذهن ما نیست
 چو این طفلی که زاید پیش از اینها بوده باشد
 اگر می شد به پانصدسال پیش چشمی برانداخت
 نشانی از تو شاید، در زمانها بوده باشد
 نشانم تا دهد تصویر رویت را کتابی
 ز هنگامی که هر فکری، نشانها بوده باشد
 که تا شاید بدانم از تو صحبتها چه‌ها بود
 چه از اندام زیبایت سخنها بوده باشد
 و دانم این که ماها بهتر هستیم یا که آنها
 و یا یکسان سراسر آسمانها بوده باشد
 یقین دارم ز کم‌ارزشتراز تو از بزرگان
 ستایشها درون انجمنها بوده باشد

Sonnet 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.*

5th Line. *Record* - Memory.

8th Line. Means since thought was first expressed in writing.

13th Line. *Wits* - men of genius.

Here the man who wrote this sonnet tells us that if everything that happens now has happened before, our brains are beguiled (deceived) when they try, when labouring to invent (contrive) something which has already been (the second burthen of a former child). He wonders that if he could go back five hundred years he could find in some antique book your image (the first folio) when men's minds were put into writing (when mind at first in character was done). He wishes that he could see what the old world (former times) would say about the first folio (this composed wonder of your frame). He wonders if people in his day were better off than people in olden times or if there has been any change or everything is just the same. But he is certain that the writers of former times had given admiring praise to subjects (works) much worse than the first folio.

غزل « ۶۰ »

همان طوری که هر موجی به ساحل رهسپار است
 همان‌سان عمر ما هم رو به پایان در گذار است
 که هر موجی بمیرد جای آن موجی بگیرد
 ز اینرو فوج موجی در تلاش و انتظار است
 چو پا را می‌نهد بر پهنه نور هر تولد
 بلوغ و اوج او تا در رسد بس بی‌قرار است
 که هر ابر و خسوفی ره به نورش سد نماید
 زمان هم هدیه رخشنده‌اش چون شام تار است
 فلج می‌گردد آن شادابی دور جوانی
 و چین برچهره و پیشانی زیبا عذار است
 نوادر را زمان می‌بلعد همچون گرگ وحشی
 و هر چیزی چو قربانی به پای روزگار است
 ولی تا نور امیدی به دلها مانده باشد
 نوای عشق تو در شعر من هم پایدار است

Sonnet 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 elipses '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.*

Note the repetition of the following, we find - *his glory, his gift, his scythe, his cruel hand*.

4th Line. *In sequent toil* - toiling one after another.

8th Line. *Confound* - destroy.

9th Line. *Flourish* - bloom.

13th Line. *Times in hope* - future times.

Here the poet visualises time hastens everything to an end. A man is born, grows up, is crowned with success, encounters his fortune, and dies, mowed down by time. But the poet writes that in spite of time his verse (his literary work) shall stand for ever and never be destroyed by the lapse of time.

غزل « ۶۱ »

نمی خواهی که چشمم از خیالت بسته باشد
 به شبهایی که روحم از فراق خسته باشد؟
 مگر خواهی که خوابم را پریشان سازی ای دوست
 که دایم سایه‌ات بر چشم من بنشسته باشد؟
 بُود این روح تو کز خانه‌ات سویم فرستی
 که بر اعمال من در کاوشی پیوسته باشد؟
 تو روحم را گُنی رسوا و سِرَم را هویدا
 چرا هر رشته مهرت ز من بگسسته باشد؟
 ز شور عشق من باشد نه از عشق تو هر شب
 به چشمان تَرَم خوابم چنین بشکسته باشد؟
 و این عشقم بُود کارامشم از من رُباید
 که تا چون پاسبانی بر رهِت دلبسته باشد
 تو در جای دگر هستی و من در انتظارت
 و دور از من دلت با دیگران پیوسته باشد

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following - *thy will, thy image, thy spirit, thy jealousy, thy love, thy sake.*

7th Line. *Idle hours* - to see how badly I spend my spare time.

11th Line. *Defeat* - destroy.

12th Line. *Play the watchman* - keep awake.

Here the Bard asks his beloved if she wishes that her image prevent him from sleeping? That his slumbers should be broken by her mocking him when he is awake and can see; that she sends her spirit far away to find out what he is doing; because she is jealous.

He answers these questions by saying that it is not her love for him but his love for her that keeps him awake. That he is prevented from resting as his love is watching over her for her own sake and her behaviour with other men, she being elsewhere and far away from him.

غزل «۶۲»

گناه خودپسندی دیده‌ام پوشیده دارد
 همه روح من و اندیشه‌ام، پوشیده دارد
 و درممانی نباشد بر گناه خودپسندی
 که اینسان قلب بس رنجیده‌ام، پوشیده دارد
 به فکر می‌رسد زیباتر از من در جهان نیست
 مرا اندام بس ورزیده‌ام، پوشیده دارد
 چنین تعیین ارزشهای خود از جانب من
 مرا از آنچه خود ارزیده‌ام، پوشیده دارد
 مرا چون آینه انسان که هستم می‌نماید
 ببینم چهره کوبیده‌ام، پوشیده دارد
 سیاهی رخ و چین جبین بر من نماید
 که حق را فکر ناسنجیده‌ام، پوشیده دارد
 و اینسان بر خودم این خودپسندی بس گناه است
 مگر این آن گناه کرده‌ام، پوشیده دارد
 که گر من می‌ستایم خویش خود، این خودتویی، تو
 که رنگت چهره فرسوده‌ام، پوشیده دارد

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *mine, mine, mine own, mine own, myself, myself, myself, myself*.

4th Line. *Taken from the prayer book*: "Grafted inwardly in our hearts".

5th Line. *Gracious* - attractive.

10th Line. *Bested* - overpowered.

10th Line. *Chop'd* - chapped with skin cracked and roughened as by age. (Tann'd antiquity.)

12th Line. *So self loving* - to love what he sees in his looking - glass.

Here the sonneteer writes of self - love, i.e., his love for his brain children, the "Shakespeare" plays, and that he considers that nothing is so gracious, no shape so true and no truth of such account and defines his own worth as surmounting all other literary work. But that when his looking glass shows him in his old age, he considers that it is iniquitous to praise his own works; but he does so because the memory of their beauty gives pleasure to his old age.

Compare this sonnet with Sonnet No.39 where the author tells us that when he is praising himself, he is really praising his dramatic personality, i.e., "Shakespeare".

غزل «۶۳»

نمی‌خواهم که عشقم همچو من گردد پریشان
 و آرد دست بی‌رحم زمان جانش به پایان
 به هنگامی که اوقاتش چنین خونش کشد سر
 و چنینها بر جبین صاف او سازد نمایان
 و هنگامی که او صبح جوانی را ز کف داد
 به سوی راه پرشیبِ شب پیری کشد جان
 و آنگاهی که هر زیبایی‌اش کو شاه آنهاست
 رود سوی فنا تا گردد از هر دیده پنهان
 و اینسان دور شاداب جوانی رفته از دست
 و پیری برده آن گنجینه شاد بهاران
 برای اینچنین هنگامه‌ای آماده هستم
 که رویارو شوم با خنجر پیری بُرّان
 که تا زیبایی معشوق شیرینم نَبُرد
 اگر چه جان معشوقم بگیرد نرم و آسان
 و در اشعار من زیبایی یارم ببینند
 که اینان جاودان مانند و او ماند در آنان

Sonnet 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 mom
 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.*

Note the repetition of the following, we find - *his blood, his brow, his youthful mom, his spring, his beauty.*

1st Line. *Against* - in anticipation of the time when.

8th Line. *Stealing away* - refers to time.

9th Line. *Fortify* - shelter.

10th Line. *Confounding* - destroying.

13th Line. *Black lines* - print. Compare with Sonnet 45, line 14, *black ink.*

Here the poet writes that he is now crushed and worn out. He writes that time has drained the blood of his love (his poetic muse) all whose beauties are vanishing or vanished. He writes that he will now fortify against time so that time shall never be able to destroy or cut off from memory his muse, whose beauty shall be seen in his printed works (these black lines) which shall live for ever.

غزل «۶۴»

وقتی که به دیده دیدم این دست ستمکار زمان را
 نابود کند قصر و بناها و شکوه باستان را
 و آنگاه که من دیده‌ام آن برج عظیم و جاودان را
 آن سان شده در خاک، پریشان و رهی گشته زمان را
 وقتی که خودم دیده‌ام آن بحر حریص و بیکران را
 همواره بَرَد حمله، حریم ساحل و سنگ گران را
 آنگه که کشاکش شود آغاز به زیان و سود هر یک
 تا پس بزند بحر شکست خورده ز خاکِ قهرمان را
 وقتی که چنین دیده‌ام از زیر و زبر گشتن اوضاع
 آنگه که تحول بزند چنگ بر اوضاع، دَرَد آن را
 در خود روم، اندیشه کنم ظلم زمان و مکر آن را
 شاید ز در آید بَبَرَد عشق من و دوام آن را
 این فکر چو مرگ است و به جز گریه‌اش او چاره‌ندارد
 شاید که ز دستش ندهد آنچه که ترسد دهد آن را

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *when I have seen, when I have seen, when I have seen, time, time.*

4th Line. *Mortal rage* - fury of death

Here Shakespeare is ruminating on time which in the course of years destroys most things and he writes that he fears it may also destroy his literary work and his muse.

غزل «۶۵»

چو سنگ و خاک و آهن یا که دریا بس ضعیفند
 به جنگِ با فنا و مرگ دردآور بخیزند
 لطافت پس چسان تاب آورد خشمی چنین سخت
 در آن حالی که بازویش گل و سنبل بگیرند
 و ایامی چنین کوبنده و ویرانگری را
 که بر هر سنگ سخت و ماندنی همچون امیرند
 دم شیرین تابستان چسان طاقت بدارد
 چو پولادین در و دروازه هم در هم بریزند
 و ای اندیشه ترس‌آور از دست زمان گو
 کجا دُرّ و زر این روزگاران جا بگیرند
 کدامین دست پولادین نگهدارد زمان را
 کدامین حوریان از دست یغمایش گریزند
 و اعجازی بُود باید که از این تیره جوهر
 چنین عشق من و قلبم زان نوری بگیرند

Sonnet 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.*

Here, once more, Shakespeare is meditating that in due course time destroys everything on this earth: brass, stone, rocks, gates of steel and nothing can hold back the foot of time or forbid what time does, either good or bad; but that in verse (black ink) he can make his love shine bright. Note that in Sonnet No.63 a reference to Black lines and in above sonnet a reference to black ink both refer to print.

غزل «۶۶»

برای مرگ آرامی کشم داد
 نگردد آن که بی چیز است کمی شاد
 و آن زرین شرافت رفته بر باد
 و "بی عیبی" شده رسوا به بیداد
 زبان را بر هنر می بندد آزاد
 و از حق چون سفاهت می شود یاد
 خدایا خسته‌ام از ظلم و بیداد
 و مانند یار من تنها و ناشاد

خدایا خسته‌ام از هر چه بیداد
 "لیاقت" چون گدا آید به دنیا
 و هر کاو خالص است انکار گردد
 به فحشا رفته آن تقوای خالص
 قوی را ناتوان سازد حکومت
 و "نادانی" چنان عالم کند کار
 و خوبی چون اسیر است و بدی شاه
 رهاگردم از اینها چون بمیرم

غزل «۶۸»

ز پیش از آن که هر نقشی بَدَل بر عرصه هستی سرآرد
 و بر پیشانی سرزنده‌ای جرأت کند چینی بکار
 و قبل از آن که از سر چیده گردد ز رنگارین موی مرده
 که تا روی سری دیگر، حیاتی نو به دیگر باره کار
 و پیش از آن که اجزای تن زیبا رخی از او بریزد
 که تا شخصی دگر سرزنده و شادان شود سودی برآرد
 همان‌گونه که زیبایی چو گل‌ها لحظه‌ای خندید و بگذشت
 بُود هرگونه‌اش نقشی که زان ایام بر آن بارید و بارد
 به روی چهره‌اش ایام دیرین و مقدّس آشکار است
 نه تزئینی و نه نقشی بَدَل بینی که بر رویش در آرد
 ز سرسبزی این و آن نسازد سبزی خود را پدیدار
 بدون غارت زیبایی هر کهنه‌ای نو سر برآرد
 طبیعت حافظش باشد چنان نقشی بهین از عهد دیرین
 نشانش تا دهد کاذب هنر را کان هنر این را شمارد

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *map, map beauty, beauty, beauty, beauty, second, second.*

This sonnet is a continuation of Sonnet No.67. As we find in No.67 false painting, his cheek and store, and in No.65 false art, his cheek and store. In this Sonnet No. 68 in the first line we are told his face is wrinkled because he is getting old as the map (pattern) of days worn out. We are told of the olden time when beauty lived and died (like flowers) before these bastard (false signs) of fair (beauty) were born or inhabited (occupied) the face of someone living; before the heads of persons dead and the rights of burial were shorn (cut away) and before beauty's fleece (wig) had made another gay; that in him in times past those hours were seen without ornament.

To ascertain the meaning of lines 5, 6 and 7 - *Before the golden tresses of the head*, we have to refer to "The Merchant of Venice" Scene 2, where we find:

*So are those crisped shaky golden locks
 Which make such wanton gamble with the wind
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To make the dowry of a second head
 The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.*

غزل « ۷۰ »

گر شوی سرزنش از سوی همه، نقص تو نیست
 کاین رود بر همه خوبان جهان، بحث تو نیست
 چون کلاغی که پرد در فلک پاک و تمیز
 تهمت است زیور زیبایی و مختص تو نیست
 پس تو خوب هستی و تهمت بکند قدر تو بیش
 و گل هستی که نجات از خوره‌ات دست تو نیست
 چون به شیرین‌ترین غنچه زند هر خوره چنگ
 به تو هم میزند ار چنگ، ز بدِ نفس تو نیست
 این مهارت که تو از کین جوانی رستی
 تا به زنجیرکشی بخل و حسد، بس تو نیست
 می‌بری در همه عالم دل هر کس چو شهان
 اگر از غبارِ شگی به رخ و هست تو نیست

Sonnet 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.*

Note the following repetitions of certain words, we find - *thou, thou, thou, thou, thou, thy defect, thy praise, thy praise, thy show*.

7th Line. *Canker vice* - vice the canker worm.

8th Line. *Prime* - the first - hence the best of life - youth.

10th Line. *Victor being charged* - a victor when charged (assailed).

12th Line. *Envy* - which goes to and fro in the earth always at liberty and must be tied up.

13th Line. *Thy show* - did not conceal the appearance you would otherwise present to the world's eye.

Here the Bard writing of himself tells us that his being blamed (censured) is not his defect (fault), because the fair (persons free from blemish) are always the mark (an object to be aimed at) of slander. He tells that "the garment of beauty is suspect", that is to say that the marks of honour in a man are always suspected; that slander is a crow that flies through the air. Shakespeare writes that if he be good - slander will approve his worth the greater, because slander (the canker vice) always attaches itself to people of good character (the sweetest buds) and that he presents a pure unstained prime, that is to say that there are no stains on his character; that since his youth he has survived any ambush (attack by surprise) not being assailed (attacked) or if attacked being victorious. That his praise (commendation) was not sufficient to tie up (restrain) the envy of other people which was increased (enlarged) and that if some suspicion of ill doing did not mask (conceal) his show (appearance), he alone should'st owe (own) the kingdom of other people's hearts.

غزل « ۷۱ »

بر مرگِ من ای دوست مکن گریه تو آغاز،
 جز لحظه بشنید آن زنگ آهنگ،
 کز مردنِ من گوش جهان را دهد آواز:
 پروازِ من از پست جهانم شده آغاز،
 تا پست‌ترین کِرم جهان بر بدنِ من فشرده چنگ،
 بعد از من اگر شعر مرا خواندی بدینسان،
 هرگز نکنی یاد زدستی که نوشت آن،
 زیرا که چنان غرقه در افکار توام من،
 کز یاد منت چشمه شود چشم تو، گریان.
 بر شعر من ار می‌فکنی چهره پر آژنگ،
 آنکه که شود جسم من و خاک به یک رنگ،
 خواهم نشود نام من از کام تو جاری،
 آن‌سان که جهان گشته ز هستیِ من عاری،
 بگذار شود عشقِ تو هم فارغ از این نام و ز نیرنگ؛
 ترسم عقلا خنده زنند بر من و بر تو،
 بر گریه بعد از من تو، جمله هماهنگ.

Sonnet LXXI

*No longer moum for me when I am dead
Then you shall hear the surty 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.*

Here Shakespeare tells his honey not to mourn for him after his death; that if she reads this sonnet she had better forget who wrote, it because he loves her so much that he would rather be forgotten if remembrance should make her woe (grieve for him). That if she reads this when he is dead (compounded and mixed with clay) not to rehearse (repeat) his name but let her love die with him in case the world should wonder why she mourned him (look into her lamentation - moan) and mock (deride) her with him after he had died. (See 72 and 32.)

غزل «۷۲»

نکوگویی کنی از من تو باید
 که بعد از مرگ من باید بیاید
 نیابی در درونم آنچه شاید
 که بیش از آنچه لایق باشم آید
 فراوانتر ز آنچه حق ستاید
 که حُسنم از دهانت گفته آید
 که زان شرمندگی بر ما نیاید
 و تو از اینکه معشوق نشاید

مبادا از تو این دنیا بخواهد
 و از عشق خودت با من بگویی
 مرا از یاد خود کامل ببر یار
 مگر گویی دروغی با فضیلت
 ستایی جسم بی‌روحم فراوان
 مبادا عشق تو بر حق نباشد
 و نامم خفته بادا جای جسمم
 که من شرمنده‌ام از آنچه دارم

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, love, love, love, love* (see 71 and 32).

Here Shakespeare addressing his love tells her that in case the world should tax (task) her to declare what merit there was in him that she should love him after his death and tells her to forget him unless she is willing to lie to do more for him than he deserves and praise him more than niggard (grudging) truth would do. That if she did for love of him speak untruly, he wishes his name to be buried with his body so as not to shame either of them.

غزل «۷۳»

آن‌گه که نگاهم به نگاهت نگران است
 آویخته بر شاخه لرزان تنم، برگ خزان است
 سرما چو یکی رهزن از راه رسیده
 سیلی است که بر شاخه و برگ نگرانم گذران است
 و این طاق نشیمن‌گه هر بلبل مستی
 بشکسته و عریان شده عصر و زمان است
 در من تو بینی چو شفق، رنگ پریده
 روزم ز سر بام جهان، رخت کشان است
 شب کاهد از این نور درون، ذره به ذره
 چون چهره ثانیِ عدم، خواب گران است
 در من بنگر آتش دوران جوانی
 کاین شعله به جا مانده ز خاکستر آن است
 این تخت که خاکستر دوران شباب است
 چون بستر نابودی آن شعله جان است
 آن نور که بود آتش عشق هیزم خشکش
 امروز بین طعمه خاکستر آن است
 باشد که فزون گرددت از رفتن جانم
 آن عشق تو که روشنی نور جهان است

Sonnet 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.*

Here Shakespeare is meditating on getting old and like a sunset fading away and death like night sealing everything up. That the fire of his youth is like ashes on a fire expiring as on a death bed; that his apple of eye shall see that to love something which she must lose eventually should make her love stronger.

غزل «۷۴»

مشو غمگین چو در دامم کند این مرگ شداد
 بدون ضامنی با خود برد با زور و بیداد
 حیاتم را در این شعرم بُود سهمی که ای یار
 برایت از من همچون یادگاری تا ابد باد
 تو هنگامی که شعرم را بخوانی بعد مرگم
 همان بخش از من وقفِ خودت را می‌کنی یاد
 زمین حق خودش را می‌شود مالک که خاک است
 و روحم، بهترین بخش وجودم، آن تو باد
 ز دستت می‌دهی زین رو گل و لای وجودم
 که بعد از مرگ تن، صیدش کند آن کرم صیاد
 ز پستی ناجوانمردانه خنجر خورد این تن
 که بس پست‌تر ز آن است تا کنی هر دم ز آن یاد
 ولی قدر وجودم آن بُود کان در درون است
 و آن شعرم بُود کان جاودانت می‌کند شاد

Sonnet 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.*

Here the Bard tells his true love that when that fell arrest (deadly check - death) shall have, without bail (release), carried him away, she must be contented to know that the memory of his life shall remain with her; that if she reviews (looks back) she will find that his spirit was consecrated (devoted) to her and that it was his better part and that she had only lost his body which had died but not his spirit; that his body had been conquered by a wretch's knife. That the worth of anything is what it contains, the body only containing his spirit which remains with her.

غزل «۷۵»

ای غذای فکر من، همچون غذای زندگی
 یا زمین را در بهاران نعمت بارندگی
 ای گر از آرامشت سودی برم رنجی کشم
 چون خسیسی در دلش شور و شرِ دارندگی
 لحظه‌ای بالد به خود از آنچه شادش می‌کند
 لحظه‌ای غمگین بود از دوره درماندگی
 لحظه‌ای در فکر اینم با تو تنها سر کنم
 بعد از آن خواهم ببینندم در این سرزندگی
 گاهی از دیدار تو سرشار و کامل می‌شوم
 گه برای یک نگاهت آتشم از تشنگی
 مالک شادی نباشم یا که در دنبال آن
 غیر از اینکه در تو باشد رمز این خواهندگی
 روزه دارم روزی و پُرخور شوم روزی دگر
 یا بخواهم هر چه هست یا دل کنم از زندگی

Sonnet 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.*

8th Line. *Better'd* - made prouder.

10th Line. *Clean* - wholly.

13th Line. *Pine* - starve

Here Shakespeare appears to be referring to the child of his brain, the first folio of the Shakespeare plays, which he hugs to his bosom like a miser and his money. Sometimes he is proud of his achievement and sometimes fears that time will steal his work. Sometimes he thinks that it would be best if he and his work were alone and sometimes he thinks it would be better for the world to see what he had accomplished.

غزل «۷۶»

چرا خالی ز هر تغییر و شور است
 به راهی تازه و سبکی که جور است
 و ابداعم چنین از دیده کور است
 و روشن سِرِّ آنها همچو نور است
 و عشقت با زبانم در مرور است
 و سودی بُردن از هر چه ضرور است
 سخنگو، عشق من، حتی به گور است

ز هر سبکی چرا شعرم به دور است
 چرا با هر زمان چشمی ندوزم
 چرا همواره یکسان می نویسم
 که نامم را چنین هر واژه گوید
 ز تو همواره، محبوبم، نویسم
 بُود نو کردن هر واژه کارم
 چو خورشیدی که هر دم می شود نو

Sonnet 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.*

3rd Line. *With the time* - following the fashion.

4th Line. *Compounds* - compound words.

8th Line. *Where* - from whence.

10th Line. *Argument* - subject.

The poet of this sonnet tells us that he kept invention *in a noted weed*. The word *invention* means "a contrivance or a deceit"; or "the faculty or power of invention". And the word *weed* means "a garment or disguise or a worthless character". Note the word *fell* in the 6th line. The word *fell* refers to the process of weaving and "to fell a piece of cloth" means to finish weaving it.

In this sonnet Shakespeare tells his readers that he has felled or woven his name into the text of his work so that it shall be there for all time and that at some future date this would be discovered, because in the Shakespeare play of King Lear - Act 1, Scene 1 we read "Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides".

This sonnet is addressed to "Pallas Athene" and he says that he always writes "of you, sweet love".

غزل «۷۸»

تو را خوانم برای یاری شعرم چه بسیار
 و اشعارم بُود از یاریت سرشارِ سرشار
 چنانکه هر قلم هم غیر من جوید ره من
 ز همیاری تو هر سو رود آثار و اشعار
 و چشمانت سرودن را به گنگی چون من آموخت
 که پروازی کند نادانیم در پیش انظار
 و بر هر بال دانایی کنون پرها فزوده
 که تا لطف و شکوهش را دوچندان سازد این بار
 ولی بس سربلند هستی که هر شعری نویسم
 ز تو الهام خود گیرد، ز تو زاید به تکرار
 تو سبک هر اثر بهتر کنی از آنچه بوده است
 و لطفت هر هنر را کرده است شیرین‌ترین کار
 برایم معنی علم و هنر تنها تو هستی
 و جهلم را به بالا سوی دانایی کشی یار

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *and, and, and, and, and, and, and, art, art, arts.*

Here the sonneteer tells us that he has invoked thee for my muse, thee being Pallas Athene, the Greek goddess of wisdom, which he has invoked (called upon) for assistance for his muse (poetry); that the eyes of this goddess have taught the dumb to speak, dispersed ignorance and gave the learned wings to enable them to fly. He asks this goddess to be proud of that which he compiles (composes) influenced by her and tells that all his art is derived from her.

غزل «۷۹»

آن‌گه که فقط من کمکی می‌طلبیدم ز تو ای یار
 شعرم شده بود از تو و زیبایی و الطافِ تو سرشار
 افسوس که از شور و شعف شعر من اکنون شده خالی
 آن شور و شر شاعریم رفته ز دستم، شده بیمار
 دانم که سخن از تو و زیبایی تو کارِ چو من نیست
 کاین کار ز من ناید و بل از قلمی بهتر و پر بار
 با این همه هر شعر پر از شور که شاعر ز تو گوید
 از لطف و صفات تو کند غارت و بر تو کندش بار
 او از تو بدزدد لغت «پاکی» و بر تو دهدش باز
 آن‌گونه زیبای تو بیند به قشنگی کند اقرار
 او از تو ستایش نتواند بکند با سخن خویش
 الا ز صفاتی که تو داری بَرَد او سود به تکرار
 پس جای سپاسی نَبُود ز آنچه که گوید ز تو با شعر
 چون هرچه که گوید ز تو باشد ز تو هم گشته پدیدار

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *thy, thy, thy, thy, thy, thy, thy, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee, thee*.

This sonnet is addressed to Pallas Athene. Shakespeare writes that he alone asked for her aid in writing his sonnets which have all her gentle grace. That now his muse is sick and his gracious numbers (his verses) are decayed. He grants that she deserves the travail (labour) of a worthier pen than his. That what he (the poet) does (invents) devises, or contrives he gets from her. That he finds virtue and beauty in her and he owes the power of his pen to her.

غزل « ۸۰ »

ز تو گر می نویسم می شوم بس ناتوان‌تر
 که می دانم کسی برتر برد نام تو بهتر
 که در توصیف تو هر ذوق خود را می برد کار
 زبانم را ز گفتارش ببندد هر چه بیشتر
 ولی چون قدر تو چون پهنه دریا وسیع است
 و با خود می برد هر کشتی ناچیز و برتر
 بسی از کشتیش کوچکتر است این قایق من
 ولی بر پهنه‌ات ظاهر شود بس خیره سرتر
 ز اندک یاری عمقت شناور می شوم من
 شناور باشد او در عمق بالا بی صداتر
 و یا در هم شکسته قایقی بی ارزشم من
 ولی بر برج بالایی نشیند او چه خوشتر
 شکوفا می شود گر او و من مطرود هر کس
 بود عشقم که ویرانم کند از هر چه بدتر

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following, we find - *your name, your fame, your worth, your broad main, your shallowest help, your soundless deep.*

1st Line. *Faint* - feel discouraged.

2nd Line. *A better spirit* - a greater genius.

10th Line. *Soundless* - unfathomed.

Here it would appear that I (Shakespeare) is referring to his little book of sonnets as a saucy boat and to the great first folio of his plays as a vessel of *tall building and of goodly pride*, both riding on the ocean of literature. He tells us that he is writing of you (Shakespeare) and that a better spirit is using his name and he, the Bard, though wishing to praise his plays cannot speak of their fame as he is tongue - tied, because he cannot openly declare his authorship. He tells us that his saucy bark (his book of sonnets) is far inferior to his book, the first folio of his plays, which appeared in 1623 and which would help to keep his little book of sonnets alive, but that it did not matter if his sonnets failed in their purpose as long as the first folio thrived and preserved his dramatic work.

غزل « ۸۱ »

بسازم لوح گوری بر تو گر بعد از تو مانم
 تو بعد از من اگر مانی بدان پوسیده جانم
 از این پس بر جبینِ یاد تو مرگی نباشد
 اگر چه می‌رود از یاد هر کس هر چه آنم
 بُود نام و نشانت زنده و جاوید از این پس
 اگر من رفته باشم می‌رود نام و نشانم
 تو بعد از رفتنت بر چشم مردم می‌نشینی
 به من اما زمین گوری دهد، آنجا بمانم
 تو را در یاد مردم آورد شعر لطیفم
 که تا هر دیده‌آینده را سوی تو خوانم
 زبانهایی که خواهند آمد از نام تو گویند
 چو انسانهای اکنون رفته باشند از جهانم
 و با نیروی شعرم زنده خواهی تا ابد بود
 بدینسان من تو را تا عمر انسانها کشانم

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *your epitaph, your memory, your name, your monument, your being.*

In this sonnet, Shakespeare prophesies that his plays and other works will live forever, long after he is dead. He will not live to make their epitaph but his name (Shakespeare) shall have immortal life. He writes that he himself must die but his works shall be entombed and shall be a monument to contain his verse, to be read and spoken by people not yet born, eyes not yet created and tongues not yet in existence. The Bard writes that long after everyone then living shall have passed on his works shall live and that his pen is sufficiently powerful to make this certain by the mouths of men (the actors of his plays). Shakespeare in this sonnet is referring to his poetic muse and what it had accomplished. The "I" in the 1st line is the poet and the words "your epitaph", "your memory" and "your name" refer to his name, Shakespeare.

غزل «۸۷»

هم‌رهت بادا خدا چون قدر تو بیش از من است
 این خودت دانی که همچون تو، نه از آن من است
 امتیازت حق آزادی تـامت می‌دهد
 وان همه حُسنـت نه از سهم فراوان من است
 اینهمه ثروت که داری ارزش من در کجاست؟
 پس عطای تو نگهدار تو در جان من است
 من نیابم گوهری در خود سزای هدیه‌ات
 پس به تو برگردد هر حقی که از آن من است
 از همان وقتی که قدر خود نمی‌دانسته‌ای
 این وجودت، هدیه زیبا و شایان من است
 پس چنین بخشش ز تو کز فهم بد زاییده بود
 بر خودت برگردد اینسان، کان نه احسان من است
 پس چنان انسان فریب خوابی بُدی اندر برَم
 چون بخوابم، روح من سلطان دوران من است

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *thou gavest, thou gavest, thy estimate, thy worth, thy granting, thy own worth, thy great gift.*

2nd Line. *Estimate* - worth.

3rd Line. *Charter* - privilege.

4th Lh'e. *Determinate* - ended.

8th Line. *Patent* - privilege.

14th Line. *No such matter* - nothing of the sort

This is the last sonnet written by Shakespeare to Pallas Athena in which he makes his farewell to poetry. He writes that she is too dear for him to hold (possess). She can judge of her own worth (estimate). That the writing (charter) of her worth sets her free (releasing). He wonders if he deserves the riches she has granted him (this fair gift). The motive (cause) of her gift to him he does not know. He tells us that she did not know her own worth which she had given to him, so her great gift grew by a mistake but returned on better reasoning. He then writes that after all she had given him everything that he had possessed.

غزل «۸۸»

رسد روزی اگر در دیده‌ات قدری ندارم
 و با چشم حقارت بنگری بر هر چه دارم
 برای سود تو بر جنگ با خود می‌شتابم
 که گر چه بی‌وفایی، من تو را برتر شمارم
 بدین ضعفی که در خود دارم و آگه بر آنم
 به سودت قصه‌ها از هر گنه سازم به کارم
 و در هر قصه‌ای خود را مقصّر می‌شمارم
 که با نابودیم قدر تو را برتر بدانم
 و من بازنده‌ایم نه نباشم بس برم سود
 چرا که فکر خود را دائماً سویت گمارم
 ز آسیبی کزین ره می‌رسد بر من غمی نیست
 که بس برتر بود سودم ز آنچه بر تو دارم
 چنین است عشق من وین‌گونه جانم در ید توست
 خطاها را به خود گیرم که نیکی بر تو آرم

Sonnet 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 attainted,
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.*

This sonnet is also addressed by Shakespeare to King James where he tells the King that although the King is disposed to consider him worthless (set him light) and to scorn his merit, he will fight on the side of the King against himself and try to prove the King virtuous, although the King is forsworn (perjured), as he knows his own weakness in believing that his King can do no wrong. Shakespeare then tells the King that he could set down a story of faults concealed wherein he is attainted. The bard informs us that he was attainted. Shakespeare writes that by losing him the King shall win much glory but the Bard's gain is his loving thoughts for his King although he has been so badly treated and that the injury he had done to himself by pleading guilty had been of assistance to his King, such was his love for his King; that as a servant he belonged to his King and that he bears his injuries to support the right of his King to do anything he wishes to do.

غزل « ۹۰ »

اگر خواهی که بیزاری ز من جویی، کنون جو
 که حالا فتنه‌ها سازد به کارم عصر بدخو
 تو باخشم قضایک سو شده جسمم دو تا کن
 ولی بعد از شکستت سوی من هرگز نکن رو
 میا سوی من هنگامی که دل از غم رهاگشت
 پس اندوه سنگینی که گشتم چیره بر او
 شب طوفانیم را صبح بارانی مده یار
 که تا دیر آید آن روزی که زیرم را کنی رو
 اگر خواهی کنی ترکم، مکن آخرسر این کار
 به هنگامی که غم با کینه‌هایش رفته از رو
 به یکبار و به ناگه حمله کن در اول کار
 که بر من سرنوشتم حمله‌ای آرد ز هر سو
 که تا هر غصه دیگر که اکنون مشکل آید
 به پیش بحر اندوهت شود همچون پر قو

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *fortune, fortunes, woe, woe, woe, leave me, leave me.*

غزل « ۹۱ »

بعضی نَسَب خویش بزرگ می‌دارند
 بعضی دگر از قوّه خود سرشارند
 هر چند که بد باشد و از خود آرند
 بعضی سخن از اسب‌سواری دارند
 از لذّت و ذوقی که بشرها دارند
 که نه اندیشه و احساس مرا معیارند
 چیزی که به جز آن، دگران خوارانند
 وز ثروت و جامه‌ها که قیمت دارند

از اسب و عقابی که خموش ازارند
 از فخر و غرورم همه کس کم دارند
 زیــــن غصه دوچشمم همه

برخی به هنرمندی خود می‌بالند
 هستند کسانی که به ثروت نازند
 بعضی سخن از لباسشان می‌آرند
 برخی به سگ و باز شکاری بالند
 هر ذائقه‌ای سهم خودش را دارد
 امانه بدین‌گونه امور پردازم
 من این همه را در هدفی می‌ریزم
 عشقم بود از هر نسبی بالاتر
 وز شور و صفای بیشتری سرشار
 است

گر تو نیروی از بر من ای یارم
 اندوه من این است که شورم ببری
 شب‌خون‌بارند

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words - *some, some, some, some, some, some, some, their birth, their skill, their wealth, their body, their garments, their hawks, their horses.*

3rd Line. *New fangled ill* - fashionably ugly.

5th Line. *Humour* - disposition.

This Sonnet appears to be addressed to the Bard's dear & precious, where he tells her that he boasts that he finds in her everything equivalent to what other men boast of as set out in the first four lines of this Sonnet.

غزل «۹۲»

تو بس بد می‌کنی عشقت ز من می‌دزدی ای یار
 که تا عمرم بُود یار منی جز این مپندار
 و دور عمر من از عشق تو افزون نباشد
 چرا که بر تو و عشقت بود وابسته بسیار
 ز اینرو بدترین چیزی نترساند دلم را
 چو عمرم را به آخر می‌برد هر چیزک خوار
 من این دانم که وضع و حال من بهتر از آن است
 که بر میل و هوای تو شود وابسته و زار
 تو کی با بی‌وفایی زحمتی بر من رسانی
 چو از بی‌مهریت هستی من گردد پدیدار
 چه خوشحالم تو را دارم، چه خوشبختم بمیرم
 ز خوشحالی، دل از دیدار تو گردیده سرشار
 و اما این چه زیبایی است که از ننگی نترسد؟
 تو شاید بی‌وفایی من نباشم زان خبردار

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *thy worst, thy self, thy love, thy humour, thy revolt, thy love.*

Here the Bard, addressing his love, tells her that even if she deserts him (steals away) she is his for his life which depends on her love for him, but that on his death he will be in a better state as he will no longer have to depend on her humour and that she can then no longer vex him with her inconstant mind, but that if he had her love he would still be happy although he fears that she may be false and that he does not know it.

غزل «۹۷»

تو ای شادی این سالِ گریزان
 چه ایامی که من دیدم چو قَطران
 ز برگ هر شاخه‌ای گردیده عریان
 و تابستان رسد بر خط پایان
 بزنگ و فربه از بار فراوان
 پر از تخم حرام نو بهاران
 نباشد جز امیدی بر یتیمان
 که روحت را کند خوشحال و شادان
 دگر ما نشنویم آواز مُرغان
 بُود آواز او غمگین و نالان
 بترساند همه برگ درختان

جدایی از تو بوده چون زمستان
 چه سردیها که من احساس کردم
 به هر جا پیر آذر سرکشیده
 هنوزم دوره سرما به راه است
 رسد از ره خزان، سرشار ثروت
 رَجَم را ماند آن بیوه زن را
 و اما حاصل پر بار زایش
 و تابستان بود در انتظارت
 جدا گر باشی و دوری گزینی
 اگر هم نغمه‌ای مرغی کند ساز
 و این غم همچو سرمای زمستان

Sonnet 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.*

Here Shakespeare writes of his absence from his muse to which he afterwards returns and compares it to winter which follows after summer and autumn. He is thinking of his poems and plays which he considers his children (mental creations), which he calls abundant issue, which are orphans and unfathered fruit until summer returns and he can claim his own.

غزل «۹۸»

بهاران است و من از روی تو مهجورم ای یار
 به هنگامی که فروردین زده رنگی به هر کار
 لباسش را تن خود کرده با هر رنگ زیبا
 و بر هر چیز پیری داده از روح گُهربار
 چنان سرزنده هر چیزی شده از روح شادش
 که اخم مشتری باز است و در رقص است و سرشار
 ولی آوای مرغ و بوی این گلهای زیبا
 که از هر رنگ و بویی گشته در صحرا پدیدار
 مرا بر آن ندارد تا ز تابستان سُرایم
 و یا از ساقه مغرور آنها بر گنم بار
 نباشد این که از دیدار سوسن دل شود شاد
 و یا در دل به شنگرف گلِ سرخی دهم بار
 که زیبایند ولی تصویری از روی تو هستند
 و تو الگویی و آنها چو نقشی از رخ یار
 ولی اکنون زمستان است و من دور از رُخ تو
 به یادت با گل و بلبل کنم بازی چو دلدار

Sonnet 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:*

Here Shakespeare tells us that it seemed to be winter to him whilst he was parted from his precious.

غزل «۹۹»

بنفشه سرزنش گردیده از سویم که‌ای دزد
 اگر بوی خوش یارم نبردی پس چه کس بُرد
 اگر رنگ رُخت رنگِ رگی یارم نباشد
 چرا اینگونه پس رنگی زمخت از ارغوان خورد
 ز مرزنگوش و سوسن شکوه‌ها بنموده گفتم
 چرا او مو و این دست تو را دزدیده و بُرد
 هراسان روی خارِ استاده بودند بس گل سرخ
 یکی سرخ از خجالت، دیگری افسرده و خُرد
 و آن دیگر، نه سرخی و سفیدی، بُرده هر دو
 و با این دزدی‌اش بوی نفسهای تو را بُرد
 ولی کِرمی به جرم دزدی‌اش ره را بر او بست
 و او را با همه رخشندگی تا مرگ او خورد
 بسی گلهای دیگر را بدیدم، گرچه هرگز
 ندیدم من گلی الا که بویش را ز تو بُرد

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following, we find - *thy sweet, thy soft cheek, thy hand, thy hair, thy breath.*

7th Line. Majoram flowers are dark auburn in colour.

In this sonnet [the only one with fifteen (instead of fourteen) lines] Shakespeare is comparing his love with certain flowers, he writes that the violet had stolen its sweet smell from his love's breath. That the purple pride (a saxifrage with rosy coloured flowers) is like her complexion; that the lily is like her hands; that buds of Marjoram (a sweet smelling aromatic herb) had stolen her hair; that red roses were blushing shame and white roses despair and that he had noted other flowers all of which had stolen perfume and colour from his love.

غزل «۱۰۲»

شاید به نظر آید، عشقم نه چنان گرم است،
 اما تو بدان قلبم، با عشق تو دلگرم است؛
 عشقی که شود فریاد، هرگز نبود در یاد.
 کالاکُندش عاشق، در کوچه دهد بر باد؛
 تنها به بهاران بود، عشق من و جانان بود،
 عشقی که در اشعارم، همواره چو مهمان بود؛
 آنگونه که هر بلبل، از شوق رخ هر گل،
 آواز دهد در تیر*، بر شاخه و بر سنبل؛
 وانگه که رسد گرما، ماند ز سخن اما،
 نه زانکه به تابستان، لطفی نبود بر جا،
 ز آرامش آن شبها، با نوحه سرایبها؛
 گردیده صدای باد، در شاخه طنین انداز،
 یکسان شود و تکرار، شادی نرساند باز
 گاهی ز سخن مانم، چون بلبل خوش خوانم،
 زیرا که نمی‌خواهم، اندوه تو را جانم.

* - منظور از تیر، تابستان است.

Sonnet 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 every where.
 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *love, love, love, tongue, tongue, summer, summer.*

Here Shakespeare tells us that his love is for his poetical work. He writes that his love, although it appears weak in appearance, is strengthened. He does not love "the show" (entertainment) which is published by the owner for gain (merchandised). When he was young he greeted his love with his lays (poems) when Philomel (the nightingale) sang in the summer, but when the winter comes the nightingale ceases to sing and he likewise sometimes holds his tongue.

غزل «۱۰۴»

تو ای یارم نگردي در نگاهم پير و افتان
 که از روز نخست دیدنت ماندی به یکسان
 تکان داده سه سرمای زمستان هر درختی
 که تا ریزد سه تابستان ز دوش سبز آنان
 ز تغییر فصول من دیده‌ام اوضاع بدینسان
 سه بار پاییز زرد گردیده است زیبا بهاران
 و گرمای سه خرداد عطر فروردین بسوزاند
 ولی سبز و جوان هستی ز اول تا به الآن
 ولی چون عقربه که اینگونه چرخد نرم و

آرام

و چشم تو نبیند رفتنش را خوب و آسان
 همانسان می‌رود زیبائیت آرام و لغزان
 ولی حُسن تورا همواره چشم دیده

یکسان

تو ای عصری که پا بر عرصه هستی نداری
 ز ترس آنکه زیبایی یار آید به پایان
 پس آنکه زنده تابستانِ زیبایی نبودست
 ز قبل آنکه تو آیی به این دنیا و دوران

Sonnet 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 tum'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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *beauty, beauty, beauty, three, three, three, three, three*.

Here Shakespeare addressing his love tells her that in his eyes she can never appear to be old and that she is still as beautiful as when he first saw her three years before the time when he wrote this sonnet in the freshness of her youth. That though she is getting older, time has not altered her appearance and she looks just the same unless his eyes deceive him; if this is not so, beauty's summer had died before she was born.

غزل «۱۰۸»

چه چیزی در سر است جوهر به توصیفش در آید
 ولی از با وفا روحم برایت بر نیاید
 چه چیزی نو بُود تا من بگویم یا نگارم
 که عشقم را و یا قدر عزیزت را نماید
 نباشد چیز دیگر ای پسر، امّا چو اوراد
 به جز تکرار آنچه گفته‌ام از من نیاید
 نخوانم آنچه را دیرینه است دیرینه اکنون
 تو آن من شوی، من آن تو همواره باید
 چو آن روزی که نامت را مقدّس کرده‌ام من
 کنون هرگز سخن از دوری و هجران نباید
 پس این عشقم که جاوید است و سبز همچون بهاران
 غبار و زخم پیری اعتنائش را نشاید
 و نه بر چین بر حقّ رُخشِ وقعی گذارد
 زمان را بلکه دائم خادم خود می‌نماید
 پس آنجاییکه عشق در ظاهر خود مرده باشد
 برای بار اول چشمِ او* را می‌گشاید

* منظور همان عشق است.

Sonnet 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.*

This sonnet is addressed by Shakespeare to *my true spirit*, his poetic muse - love. The *sweet boy* referred to in the 4th line is clearly "cupid", the Roman love god. Here the poet writes that there is nothing in the brain that ink (writing) may not character (put in writing) and figure (illustrate) to the reader the true spirit of the poet. What can he speak and what can he register (record) to express his love for his poetic muse?

غزل «۱۱۱»

برای خاطر من سرزنش کن سرنوشتم
 مقصّر دان خدایم را در این اعمال زشتم
 فراهم نا نمود امکان بهتر را برایم
 و از اوّل بنای عرف و عادت را چو خِشتم
 ز اینجا آید آن داغی که نامم می‌پذیرد
 و ز اینجا است اگر تسلیم هر رنگ است سرشتم
 که هر چیزی که دارد روح من با آن سروکار
 چو دست رنگرز رنگی خورد از هر چه رِشتم
 به من رحمی کُن و روح مرا نو کن دوباره
 به هنگامی که حرفت را چو بیمارِ شنفتم
 که داروی تو را نوشم که از دردم بکاهد
 که هر تأدیب و تلخی را ز تو بر خود نوشتم
 پس ای یارم، به من رحمی بکن تا بر تو گویم
 همین رحم تو درمان می‌کند دردی که کِشتم

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following, we find - *my harmful deeds, my life, my name, my sake, my nature, pity me then, pity me then, pity.*

Dear friend seems to refer to some spirit on a higher planet and not to anyone on this earth. *Eisel* was a bitter medicinal vinegar taken internally to counteract and cure infection.

غزل «۱۱۳»

ز هنگامیکه من مهجورم از تو تا به حالا
 نبوده چشم من جز در خیالم بی تو هر جا
 و آن چشمی که راهم می برد این سو و آن سو
 گهی کور است و گاهی می کند کار خود اجرا
 که آنچه از گل و مرغ و زهر شکلی که بیند
 نتاباند به روی قلب من تصویر آن را
 و از هر آنچه با سرعت رود از پیش دیده
 ندارد فکر و هم بیناییم سهمی ز آن را
 چرا که هر چه بیند خوب و بد از دیده‌هایش
 و از زیباترین و زشتترین چهره‌ها را
 و از دریا و کوه و روز و شب و ز زاغ و کفتر
 همه در پیش او چون روی تو گردیده پیدا
 و چون هر دیده‌ام سرشار از روی تو باشد
 پس این فکر درستم برده است آن را به یغما

Sonnet 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.*

2nd Line. *Which* - his eye which directs his foot steps.

3rd Line. *Part his function* - abandon its office or duty.

4th Line. *Effectually* - actually.

6th Line. *Latch* - to lay hold of.

7th Line. *Quick* - presented in swift succession.

This sonnet compares the eye with the mind. It says that his eye which governs (directs) him to move about does part (direct) his function (activity) but is partly blind - it seems to see but effectually (decisively) is out (of focus), for his eye delivers no form (pattern) to the mind of things seen which it does latch (fasten upon); but of such things the mind has no part, for if the eye sees objects, it shapes them to her features but cannot do more being replete (completely filled).

غزل «۱۱۶»

مده راهم که باور دارم ای دوست
 بُود مانع به راه عشق و هر دوست
 چو کج گردد ز راه رفته خویش
 هر آن عشقی که مانع بر ره اوست
 و یا سر خم کند در پیش بی‌دل
 نباشد عشق، پوچ است و هیاهوست
 که عشق از باد و طوفانها نلرزد
 و مهر جاودان بر چهره اوست
 به هر آواره قایق، او ستاره‌ست
 و هر شب مانده را نوری به سوسوست
 اگر چه قلّه‌اش را می‌توان رفت
 کسی قدرش نداند چون نه پرگوست
 نباشد دلک دوران اگر چه
 لب سرخ و لب گلگون نه چون اوست
 که اینان بر لب تیغ زمانند
 زمان چون حلقه داس دو ابروست
 نماند عشق ز کوه لحظه‌هایش
 که تا روز قیامت سبز و خوشبوست
 اگر ثابت شود عشق اینچنین نیست
 هم این شعر و هم عشق
 بی‌رنگ و بی‌بوست

Sonnet 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.*

5th Line. *Mark* - a sea buoy or beacon.

9th Line. *Times fool* - the sport or mockery of time.

12th Line. *Bears it out* - survives.

13th Line. *Upon me proved* - proved against me.

Here we are told that love between two true minds never alters in the course of time, but is fixed for ever and can never be shaken by misfortune (tempests). It is fixed like the pole star - which is used by sailors to show them the position of their boat. He tells us that time that cuts down with his sickle rosy lips and cheeks (beauty and youth) cannot alter or destroy love which is immortal and that true love will out ride all the misfortunes of this world.

غزل «۱۲۸»

تو ای آهنگ من، آنگه که با سازی نوازی
 و با انگشت خود با هر کلید در رمز و رازی
 به روی چوب خوشبختش تو با انگشت نرمت
 به هر سیمی نوای بس دل‌انگیزی نوازی
 چنان برخیزد آهنگ خوشی از روی سازت
 که گوشم را به حیرت افکنی هر دم به سازی
 حسادت می‌کنم بر آن کلیدهایی که چابک
 ز جا بر می‌جهند بوسی زنند بر دست نازی
 لبانم را که باید نرمی دستت بچینند
 کنار خود ز گستاخی چوب شرمنده سازی
 لبم خواهد به شوق لمس انگشتان نازت
 بگیرد جای آنهایی که در رقصند و بازی
 همانهایی که انگشتان تو رویش نشینند
 که زان اشیای بیجان زنده لبهایی بسازی
 کلیدها چون بوند راضی ز انگشتان نازت
 بده پس آن لبانت را به من گر بی‌نیازی

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *music, music, Jacks, Jacks, wood, wood, woods, thy sweet fingers, thy fingers, thy fingers.*

Shakespeare in his writings often refers to the effect music has on the human mind. In this sonnet - Shakespeare visualises himself standing by the side of his love watching her play the musical instrument called "The Virginal". We know that it is "The Virginal" because of the references to "The Jacks" which are keyboard devices to move the hammers and to the dancing "Chips" which are the keys on this instrument.

He is envying the Jacks touched by her hands and wishes that his lips could change place with the chips (keys) touched also by her hands; that the jacks are happy on being touched by her fingers; as he would be if he had her lips to kiss. The virginal was strung like a spinet but shaped like a pianoforte.

غزل «۱۳۰»

چشم بانویم نه چون خورشید تابان است هنوز
 سرخی لبهای گلگونش نه مرجان است هنوز
 سینه‌اش خاکستری اما نه چون برفی سپید
 مو اگر سیم است، سیه مویش چو قطران است هنوز
 من به چشم دیده‌ام گلهای سرخ شهر شام
 سرخی هرگونه‌اش، نه همچو آنان است هنوز
 بوی خوش خیزد ز هر عطری که بوی دلخوش است
 بوی کام یارِ من، نه همچو بویان است هنوز
 عاشقم بر صوت و برگفتار او، دانم ولی
 موسیقی بس خوشتر و گویاتر از آن است هنوز
 هیچ الهه من ندیدم زه رود روی زمین
 یار من زه می‌رود، نه چون خدایان است هنوز
 این همه بر ضد او گفتم خدا داند ولی
 پیش من بهتر بود از هر چه جانان است هنوز

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *my Mistress, my Mistress, my Mistress, red, red, red, roses, roses.*

In this sonnet we are given a description of the appearance of the Mistress of the Bard of Avon; we are told that her eyes were not bright like the sun; that her lips were pale; that her breasts were not white but brown; that her hair was black and course; that she had a pale complexion; that her breath was not sweet; and that she had a harsh voice. But Shakespeare grants that she walked well but that in spite of these drawbacks his love was as precious as that of any other that she spoke falsely of in comparison

غزل «۱۳۳»

به قلبی کو به درد آرد دلم، نفرین من باد
 که زخمی بر من و یارم زند هر دم به بیداد
 شکنجه گر کند تنها مرا آیا بسش نیست
 که محبوب مرا هم در اسارت برده از یاد
 ربوده از من آن چشمان بی رحمت، مَنَم را
 منِ دیگر به خود وابسته کرده داده برباد
 ز او، از خویش و از تو گشته‌ام مهجور و تنها
 از اینرو از سه جانب قلب من گردیده ناشاد
 درون سینه پولادیات افکن دلم را
 ولی رخصت بده تا قلب یارم گردد آزاد
 بگو رخصت دهد قلبم بر او گردد نگهبان
 هر آن کس کو نگهدارد مرا در بند شداد
 که نتوانی تو بی رحم و خشن باشی به یارم
 به هنگامی که در زندان قلبم او بیافتاد
 ولی خواهی تو کرد، زیرا که از آن تو هستم
 و هر چیزی که در من هست و یزدانم به من داد

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *heart, heart, heart, heart, heart, my friend, my friend, friend.*

6th Line. The words *my next self* mean "my friend".

11th Line. *Who'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard* would appear to mean that his mistress, who is his gaoler (see line 9) must let his heart secure my friend against imprisonment by letting him suffer in his place.

12th Line. *Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail* appears to mean that it will be out of his mistress's power to make his imprisonment harsh because his friend will not share it' but he tells her that he may be mistaken because he is wholly in her power (pent in her) and his friend is a part of him.

Here The Bard tells his mistress that he beshrews (curses) her heart that makes his heart groan (be afflicted) because of the deep (secret) wound (injury) it gave his friend and himself. He tells her it is not enough to torture (cause extreme pain) himself but that his friend must also be a slave (one who is submissively devoted) to her; that her cruel eye has taken him from himself and his next self (his friend) she has engrossed (monopolised). He tells her that he is forsaken by himself, his friend and herself, a threefold torment (anguish) to be so crossed (thwarted). Let her imprison his heart in her steel bosoms' ward (prison) and then let his friend's heart bail (release) his heart; that whoever keeps (guards) him, let his heart guard that man's heart; that she cannot then use rigour (hardness) towards him in his jail (prison); yet he fears that she will do so because he being pent (shut up) in her perforce (of necessity) belongs to her with everything that is in him.

غزل «۱۳۷»

ای عشق من، نادان من،
 حاشا پریشان می‌کنی،
 بینایی چشمان من،
 کاینگونه هر سو بنگرند،
 اما نبینند چیز و کس،
 زیرا چو کورانند و بس،
 آگه بوند از بهترین،
 زیبایی و هم جای آن،
 اما بهین را بشمرند،
 از جمله هر بدترین.
 فاسد شود چشمان کس،
 گر با نگاه فاسدان،
 لنگر کند در یک خلیج،
 کانجا که مردانند در آن.
 ای عشق من، با من بگو،
 از این خطای دیده‌ها،
 سازی تو قلاب از چه رو،
 تا هر قضاوت راز دل،
 وابسته گردانی به او؟
 آن را که دنیا صاحب است،
 قلبم چرا باور کند،
 تنها همین دل طالب است،
 یا این چو بیند دیدگان،
 گوید نه این باشد همان،
 حق را بپوشاند چنین،
 بر چهره زشتی چنان.
 چشم و دلم راه خطا،
 پیموده‌اند در راه حق،
 طاعون ناحق را چنین،
 مقصد نمودند پربلا.

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *eyes, eyes, eyes, mine eyes, mine eyes, my heart, my heart, my heart, my heart.*

Here the Bard asks - what has love done to his eyes to make them see and not know what they see; that his eyes know and see where beauty is but take the worst for the best. That if eyes - corrupted by over partial (over-fondness) looks - are anchored (chained) in "the bay where all men ride", that is the mind. That her false eyes have forged (made falsely) hooks (fastenings) whereby his judgement is tied. Why should his heart think that was a several (private) plot (small piece of ground) when his heart knows it is the wide world's (common) (public) place (piece of ground). Shakespeare asks if, his eyes seeing this, he can say that is not putting fair truth upon so foul a face and that both his heart and his eyes have err'd (wandered away from) things that are true and that they have now been transferred to this false plague (fever).

غزل «۱۳۸»

وقتی که قسم می‌خورد آن یار که صدیق است و وفادار
باور کُشمش، گرچه بدانم که دروغ است و خطاکار

تا فکر کند ساده دلی تازه جوانم که ندانم
دنیا بُود از حيله و نیرنگ پُر و مردم بیمار

بیهوده بر آنم که در اندیشه او سخت جوانم
با آنکه بداند سپری گشته ز من عمر گرانبار

زین رو به دروغش بزنم رنگ حقیقت به خطا من
سرکوب شود با من و او ساده حقیقت نه به یک بار

اما ز چه رو کذب بیانش نکند فاش مرا؟
من کهنسالی خود را نکنم فاش چرا چون اسرار

آن چیز که بر عشق بُود جامه زیبا، ره صدق است
در عشق نشاید که ز پیری و زسال کرد گفتار

پس کذب به او گویم و او هم نه به من راست بگوید
انسان شده‌ایم راضی از این کار خطا در رفتار

Sonnet 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.

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *she, she - she, she, she, she, she, truth, truth, false, false, wherefore, wherefore.*

7th Line. *Simply* - in my assumed simplicity.

11th Line. *Habit* - dress.

12th Line. *Told* - counted.

غزل «۱۳۹»

میخواه از من که ظلمی را به ناحق، حق شمارم
 همان ظلمی که از بی‌مهریت بر سینه دارم
 مرا غیر زبان، با خشم خود زخمی مکن یار
 که رُک باش و نزن در کُشتنم مگری به کارم
 بگو با من که عشق دیگری در قلب تو هست
 ولی چشمت ز غیر من بی‌پوش اندر کنارم
 چرا زخمم زنی با مکر و نیرنگ و به افسون
 توانت گرچه افزونتر بود از حال زارم
 ببخشایم تو را چون عشق من نیکو بداند
 که زیبا چشم غمازش بُود دشمن به کارم
 پس او حالا که می‌گرداند از رویم دو دشمن*
 به قلب دیگری زخمی زنند از تیر یارم
 هنوزم روی خود از من مگردان این دم مرگ
 اگر جانم بگیری با نگاهت رستگارم

* - دو دشمن همان چشمان یار هستند.

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words. We find - *wound, wound, power, power, heart, heart, looks, looks. My heart, my sight, my love, my face, my foes, my pain.*

Here Shakespeare tells his mistress not to call upon him to justify (prove) the wrong that her unkindness lays (places) on his heart, to wound him by speaking but not with her looks, to use her power (ability to do anything) with power (energy) but not to kill him by art (cunning), to tell him that she loves someone else but when he is present not to look elsewhere, why need she wound him with cunning when her might (power) is more than his defence can bide (endure)? He excuses her, because she knows that her looks are his enemies and therefore from his face she turns her looks so that they may injure another. He asks her not to do so; but since he is near slain (killed) to kill him with looks and so let him be rid (free) from his pain (suffering).

غزل «۱۴۰»

تو آنقدری که بی‌رحمی، دلا، عقلت به کار آر
 به صبرم کو زبانش بسته باشد، کم فشار آر
 مبادا درد و اندوهم لغاتی را دهد قرض
 که شرح دردِ بی‌درمانِ من آید به اظهار
 چه بهتر بود اگر هوش تو بالا برده بودم
 که گر عاشق نباشی بر من، آن گویی به گفتار
 چو آنانی که بیمارند و در نزدیک مرگ‌اند
 نخواهند از طبیبان جز ز سالم بودن، اخبار
 که مجنون می‌شوم، نومید اگر گردم ازین وضع
 و آنکه بد بگویم شاید از تو، پیشِ انظار
 چنان دنیای بدکردار ما کج کرده راهش
 که تهمتها شده بر گوش ما چون صدقِ گفتار
 نمی‌خواهم چنان باشم و تهمت بر تو بستند
 پس ار قلب تو بیره می‌رود، چشمت نگهدار*

* چشمت نگهدار = مواظب باش

Sonnet 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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *words, words, love, love, mad, mad, mad.*

Here Shakespeare tells his mistress that if she is as wise as she is cruel, she will not press (strain) his tongue tied (silent) patience with too much disdain (scorn) lest sorrow (grief) gives him words to express (state) the reason why he pities himself. He wishes that he could teach her that it would be better to tell him that she loved him although she did not do so, in the same way that testy (irritable) old men when dying do not wish their doctors to tell them so. That if he should despair (be without hope) he might go mad and in his madness speak ill (unfavourably) of her; that this ill - wresting (misinterpreting to disadvantage) world had become so bad that mad slanderers (defamers) are believed by mad believers; that he did not wish to be so or to belide (speak falsely of) her. He tells her to look straight (frank and honourable) although her heart is wide (very different).

غزل «۱۴۲»

عشق من است گناه من، نفرت تو فضیلتی
 نفرت از این گناه من، گشته بنا به عشرتی
 حالت خود بسنج به این، حالت بینوای من
 تا نشوم به چشم تو، در خور هر مذمتی
 سرزندی اگر شوم، از طرف لب تو نیست
 آنکه ز ارغوان آن، گشته جدا هر حرمتی
 مهر دروغ هر لبی، گشته لبان سرخ تو
 چون سند دروغ عشق، خورده لبم به مدتی
 غارت عشق دیگران، کرده لبان مست تو
 آنکه ز تخت دیگران، می برد هر امانتی
 عشق تو ورزم از رواست، با دگران چنین کنی
 دیده من به سوی توست، دائم و با سماجتی
 رحم و مروتی نشان، در دل تو ثمر دهد
 تا که برای رحم من، کشته شود لیاقتی
 می کنی ار تو جستجو، آنچه ز آن حذر کنی
 آن ز تو گر شود دریغ، کار تو باشد علتی

Sonnet 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!*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *thou, thou, thou, thou, thou, thou, thine, thine, thine, mine, mine, mine, thy, thy, thy.*

1st and 2nd Lines. *Grounded* (founded on) *hate* being the fact that his love is sinful.

7th Line. *Sealed* - with kisses.

13th Line. *What thou dost hide* - pity.

14th Line. May you be refused in accordance with your own practice.

غزل «۱۴۴»

دو عشقی دارم آرامِ دل و آتش به جانم
 که چون روحی به هر سو می‌کشانند از نهانم
 فرشته مرد زیبایی بُود روحی که نیکوست
 و آن کو بدتر است تیره‌زنی در دیدگانم
 کشاند روح بهتر را زن بد از کنارم
 که تا سازد جهنّم را به زودی آشیانم
 و می‌خواهد که شیطان سازد از آن روح قدسی
 بگنجد با غرورش پاکِ آرامِ جانم
 در این فکر که روح پاک می‌گردد چو شیطان؟
 در آن ظنّی برم، آن را یقیناً من ندانم
 ولی چون هر دو از آنِ من‌اند و یار نزدیک
 در این شکم یکی را گیر آن دیگر بدانم
 به آتش تا کشاند روح خوبم را زن بد
 نخواهم هرگز این دانست و در شکم بمانم

Sonnet 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 tum'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.*

Note the repetition of certain words, we find - *spirits, spirit, better angel, better angel, angel, angel, angel.*

Here the Bard tells us that he has two loves - one of comfort and the other of despair (without hope); that these two loves are like two spirits (souls) which do suggest (influence) him; that the better angel is a man right fair and the worser spirit is a woman coloured ill (his mistress); that to win (succeed in getting) him to hell, she (his female evil) tempts his better angel from his sight and would corrupt his saint to be a devil, wooing his purity with her foul pride.

غزل «۱۴۵»

همان لبها که عشق با دست خود ساخت
 نفس آورد و بر من پرشرر تاخت
 و گفت با من که «نفرت دارم» از عشق
 به من گو از برایش عمر زر باخت
 ولی آنکه که حال زار من دید
 به قلبش مهر من، ره چون گهر یافت
 زبانی را که آنسان نرم و شیرین
 به محکومیت من مستمر خاست
 ملامت کرد و او را این پیاموخت
 که باید با منش «مهری» دگر داشت
 عوض کرد او «تنفر دارمش» را
 که پایانی چو روز خوش به بر داشت
 همان «روزی» که نرم آمد پی شب
 شبِ شیطان به دوزخ لنگر انداخت
 به دور افکند «تنفر دارم»ش را
 «نه اما از تو»، درد من بسی کاست

Sonnet 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.'*

Note the repetition of the following words, we find - *hate, hate, hate, gentle, gentle, away, away, follow, follow.*

Here Shakespeare tells his mistress that her lips had told him that she hated him who languished (pined for her sake) but when she saw his woeful (miserable) state chid (rebuked) her tongue which had given him doom (judgement) and taught her tongue to say that she really did not hate him and so saved his life.

بهار

چو بر روی چمن هر گل زند نقشی به یک رنگ،
 بنفشه رنگ آبی می زند نرگس همه رنگ؛
 زهر سو می نوازد شادمان آلاله آهنگ،
 چمن شاد است و آواز شغف خیزد زهر سنگ.
 به روی شاخه‌ها فریاد کوکو*،
 تو گویی می زند طعنه زهر سو،
 که مردا «دامن پاک زنت کو؟»
 و «کوکویش» بُود ضربی غم‌انگیز و بد آهنگ،
 چنان ساز غم‌انگیزی که بر دل می زند چنگ.
 و هنگامی که می آید نوای نی ز چوپان،
 چو آواز چکاوک می نماید وقت دهقان،
 زهر سو زاغچه‌ای پَران و لاک‌پشتی خرامان،
 به هنگامی که هر دختر زند رنگی به دامن؛
 به روی شاخه‌ها فریاد کوکو،
 تو گویی می زند طعنه زهر سو،
 که مردا «دامن پاک زنت کو؟»
 و «کوکویش» بود ضربی غم‌انگیز و بد آهنگ،
 چنان ساز غم‌انگیزی که بر دل می زند چنگ.

*. کوکو (cuckoo) هم به معنای فاخته و کوکو می‌باشد و هم به بانگ این پرنده اطلاق می‌شود. وجه تسمیه این پرنده به سبب آوازش می‌باشد که شبیه «کوکو» است و کاربرد این نام آوا (onomatopoeia) در زبان فارسی مسبوق به سابقه می‌باشد؛ همچنانکه خیام می‌گوید:

دیدیم که برکنگره‌اش فاخته‌ای بنشسته و می‌گفت که کوکو کوکو!

SPRING

*When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoobuds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: Oh word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: Oh word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

2nd line. *Lady-smock* - cuckooflower

10th line. *Oaten* - of, made of, or containing oats, oatmeal, or oat straw.

زمستان

وقتی که ز دیوار بُود تیغهُ یخ آویزان،
 چوپان نَفَس گرم خودش را بدمد بردستان،
 و در آن لحظه که، تام*، هیزم آرد به اتاق،
 در رسد سطل پر از یخ زده شیر از در باغ،
 آنگه که به رگ، یخ زده خون از نَفَس سرد زمستان،
 و شده بسته همه راه ده از بارش و بوران؛
 وقتی به شب تیره که غم از همه جا می بارد،
 جغدی به تمنای دلش بر لب بامی خواند:
 توهو، توهو، توهو
 هم در آن حال که جون** هم زدنِ سوپ خودش را پاید،
 آنگه که صدای وزش باد ز رعدی نکند فرق،
 و کند سرفه مردم سخن کاهن و ملا را غرق،
 و بخوابند طیور، روی چند تخم به یک رنگ،
 و شود روی مری*** همچو لبو سرخ و قشنگ،
 و شرابی که به کاسه شود آماده، زند هر آهنگ،
 هم در آنگه به شب تیره که غم از همه جا می بارد،
 جغدی به تمنای دلش بر لب بامی خواند:
 توهو، توهو، توهو
 هم در آن حال که جون هم زدن سوپ خودش را پاید.

*، ** و ***. همگی اسم خاصند (← متن انگلیسی)

Winter

*When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who - a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the pason's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who - a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

1st line. *Icicle* - A tapering spike of ice formed by the freezing of dripping or falling water

کاش وقت دگری او می‌مرد

کاش وقت دگری او می‌مرد، دَرِدا، دَرِدا
 سخن از مرگ زمان دگری می‌شد گفت: فردا، فردا
 پله‌های روزها را نرم و لغزان می‌خزیم،
 بارِ مرگ ناگزیری را به آخر می‌بریم.
 این همه دیروزهایی کز پی هم بوده‌اند،
 مرگ را همچون سبک مغزان نشانگر بوده‌اند.
 زندگی، ای شمع کوچک! شعله‌ات پاینده نیست،
 تا رسد صبحی ز ره، نورت به شب زاینده نیست.
 زندگی، یک سایه لغزنده است،
 زندگی بازیگری بازنده است:
 اضطرابش روی صحنه آشکار،
 ساعتی دیگر نماند برقرار.
 زندگی چون قصه دیوانه‌ای است،
 پر هیاهو، پوچ و چون افسانه‌ای است.

She Should Have Died Hereafter

*There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty peace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterday have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.*

سرود آریل

آنجا که مکد شهد گلی زنبوری
 شادمانه شهد گل خواهم مکید
 زیر گلبرگ گلی خواهم لمید
 هم در آنجا زیر گردون کبود
 گشته نالان همچو بوم
 هستی ام را شادمان خواهم سرود
 با پر شب پره تا مرز هوا خواهم رفت
 من در آغاز خزان از غم خود خواهم رست
 پس دگر خواهم زیست، شادمان خواهم زیست
 در زیر درختی که شکوفه بر سرم خواهد ریخت

Ariel's Song

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, Shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough*
(From: Winter's Tale)

قطعه‌ای برگرفته از رومئو و ژولیت:

رومئو:
گر این معبد شود با دست من پست،
مشو غمگین، گناه کوچکی است؛
که لبهایم چو زوآران سرخ و آتشینند،
چو مرهم روی جای زخم دستم می نشینند.

ژولیت:
تو ای زائر، مکن دستان خود را بیش از این پست،
که والا تحفه‌ای باشد همین دست،
که مردان خدا، دستی که دارند،
به وصل دست مشتاقان زائر می سپارند.

رومئو:
مگر این راهبان و زائران را لب نباشد؟
ژولیت:
چرا، اما به جز ذکر و دعاشان تب نباشد.

رومئو:
پس ای قدیسه ره ده، این لبانند،
کنند کاری که دستان می توانند
تو رخصت ده نیازی از تو خواهند،
مبادا از ره ایمان بمانند.

ژولیت:
به تارک، راه اغوا بسته باشد،
مگر بخشش به زائر کرده باشد.

رومئو:
پس اینک از کنارت بر نخیزم،
اگر سود از دعایم بر نگیرم.

- Romeo:** *If I profane with my unworhiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this;
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.*
- Juliet:** *Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.*
- Romeo:** *have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?*
- Juliet:** *Ay, pilgrims lips that they must use in prayer,*
- Romeo:** *O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.*
- Juliet:** *Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake!*
- Romeo:** *Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.*

(From: ROMEO & JULIET)

8th line. *Palmer* - A medieval European pilgrim who carried a palm branch as a token of having visited the Holy Land.

دیگر مترس

مترس از گرمی خورشید سوزان،
 نه از خشم زمستان شو هراسان؛
 که کار این جهان‌ت کرده باشی،
 سپس زین خانه آنجا رفته باشی؛
 و دخترها و یاران طلایی،
 به زیر خاک خوابند وقت غایی.
 مده ترسی به خود راه از بزرگان،
 که تو خود دیده‌ای خشمی ز آنان.
 مده وقتی به خوردن یا به پوشاک،
 برایت نی، بلوط باشد به امساک.
 عصای پادشاهی، علم دنیا،
 همه یکسر نمانند تا به فردا.
 مترس از آذرخش آسمانی،
 نه از تهدید رعد ناگهانی؛
 مشو ترسان ز تهمتها و ایراد،
 که شادیهها و غمها رفته از یاد.
 همه دلدادگان تازه، پرشور،
 شوند همچون تو و آیند برگور.
 نه با افسون جن‌گیریت ضرر باد،
 نه جادوگر کند روح تو ناشاد.
 تو را هر روح سرگردان نیاید.
 بدی نزدیک تو هرگز نیاید.
 به نرمی در ره کامل شدن باش،
 مزارت جاودانی باشد ای کاش.

Fear No More

*Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

*Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

*Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

*No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renown, dbe thy grave!*

(From *Cymbeline*, Act IV, scene ii.)

19th line. *Exorcise* - to expel (an evil spirit) by incantation, command, or prayer or to free from evil spirits or malign influences.

WORD HISTORY: An oath is to be found at the etymological heart of exorcise, a term going back to the Greek word *exorkizein*, meaning "to swear in", "to take an oath by", "to conjure", and "to exorcise". *Exorkizein* in turn is formed from the prefix *ex-*, "thoroughly", and the verb *horkizein*, "to make one swear, administer an oath to", derived from *horkos*, "oath". Our word *exorcise* is first recorded in English in a work composed possibly before the beginning of the 15th century, and in this use *exorcise* means "to call up or conjure spirits" rather than "to drive out spirits", a sense first recorded in 1546.

سرود بید مجنون

(بعد از صحنه وحشتناکی که اتللو با دزدمونا مانند یک فاحشه برخورد می‌کند، این آواز را دزدمونا می‌خواند)

نشسته روح غمگینی کنار یک چنار و گشته دلخون،
 بخوان از بید سرسبزم، بخوان از بید مجنون.
 و دستانش در آغوش و سرش بر زانوان افتاده لرزون،
 بخوان از بید مجنونم، بخوان از بید مجنون
 کنارش چشمه‌ای، با ناله آن دخترک نالان و گریون،
 بخوان از بید مجنونم، بخوان از بید مجنون.
 و هر سنگی کند نرم اشک شور دیدگانش همچو بارون
 بخوان از بید مجنونم، بخوان از بید مجنون.
 بخوان کان شاخ و برگ بید مجنون روی سر تاج گلی باشد پریشون،
 مده رخصت بخوانندش گنه کار، خواریش بخشیده‌ام چون.
 من عشقم را غلط خواندم، ولی بعداً چه گفت انسان پریشون؟
 بخوان از بید مجنونم، بخوان از بید مجنون.
 که گر مهر زنانِ دیگری آرم به دست با مکر و افسون،
 تو با مردان بسیاری شوی هم صحبت و محشور و خندون،
 بخوان از بید مجنونم، بخوان از بید مجنون.

Willow Song

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow.

The fresh streams ran by her and murmur'd her moans,

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,

Sing willow, willow, willow,

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Sing all a green willow;

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve.

Sing willow, willow, willow,

I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men!

Sing willow, willow, willow.

(From The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice, Act IV, scene 3.

Based on an old traditional text)

رهايم كن، رهايم كن ز هستي، مرگ پرکين

رهايم كن، رهايم كن ز هستي، مرگ پرکين،
 بميرم تا بخوابم اندرون سرو غمگين،
 به پرواز آ، به پرواز آ ز جسمم روح پردرد،
 که زيبا دختری جانم گرفت بی رحم و خونسرد.
 فراهم کن، فراهم کن کفن، گل دور آن دوز،
 که کس سهمی نبرد همچون من از مرگِ جگر سوز.
 ز هر زيبا گلی بر کف نگیريد، نگیريد؛
 به تابوت سياه من نريزيد، نريزيد.
 به بيدار من مرده نياييد، نياييد،
 به جايی کاستخوانم را گذاريد، گذاريد.
 چو می خواهيد هزاران ناله را در دل نکاريد، نکاريد،
 مرا در نقطه‌ای خلوت گذاريد، گذاريد،
 که غمگين عاشقی کو مانده بر جا، مانده بر جا،
 مزارم را نيابد، گرید آنجا، گرید آنجا.

Come away, Come away, Death

*Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, struck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did shake it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend not a friend greet
my poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never finds my grave,
To weep there!*

(From: Twelfth Night)

خفته دریای عمیق

بِنگر که پدر خفته دریای عمیق است هنوز،
استخوانش جنس مرجان می‌شود هر روزِ روز؛
آن دو مروارید زیبا، دیده‌هایش بوده‌اند:
نی ز اعضای تنش در قعر آب پوسیده‌اند،
بلکه تغییری شگرف در محتوا بنموده‌اند.
می‌نوازند دم‌به‌دم ناقوسِ مرگش حوریان
بشنوم حالا نوای دینگ و دانگ زنگشان.

Full Fathom Five

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, - ding-dong bell.*

(From: The Tempest, Act I, scene ii.)

7th line. *Nymph* - In Greek Mythology, Roman Mythology: Any of numerous minor deities represented as beautiful maidens inhabiting and sometimes personifying features of nature such as trees, waters, and mountains.

بوز باد زمستانی، بوز تا می توانی

بوز باد زمستانی، بوز تا می توانی،
 چه کس گوید که تو نامهربانی
 به قدر قلب یک انسان فانی.
 نفس‌هایت اگر گستاخ و تیز است،
 دهانت را نه دندان‌های تیز است،
 چو اجزای تَنَت بسیار ریز است.
 بخوان آواز و فریادی تو سرکن
 درخت راج سرسبزی خبر کن،
 رفاقتها چو آب روی کاهند،
 محبت‌ها کنون همچون سرابند.
 تو هم پس‌های و هو کن تنها
 که این سان زندگی شاد است و زیبا

بزن سرما، بزن ای آسمان سرمای جانسوز،
 که حالا چون ز خاطر رفته آن نیکیِ دیروز،
 ندارد سردی تو آن چنان سوز.
 اگر چه قلب هر آبی کنی سنگ،
 نباشد این چنین دردآور و ننگ،
 که در خاطر نیاید یار یکرنگ.
 بخوان آواز و فریادی تو سرکن،...

Blow, blow thou winter wind

*Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters wrap,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

7th line. *Heigh ho* - used to express fatigue, mild surprise, boredom, disappointment, or sometimes exultation.

12th line. *Nigh* - near, a stone's throw, close by, close to.

گوش دهید آواز چکاوک را

چکاوک در افق سر داده آواز،
آپولو، آن خدای روشنایی،
سفر با گاریش را کرده آغاز؛
و اسبانش به آب چشمه‌هایند،
همانجا که شقایقها به خوابند.
شده چشمک‌زدن در غنچه آغاز،
که تا چشم زراندودش کند باز.
تو با همراهی زیباترین چیز،
ز جا بانوی من برخیز، برخیز.

Hark! Hark! the Lark

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
and Phoebus 'gain arise,
his steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
and winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!*

(From: Cymbeline)

2nd line. *Phoebus* - In Greek Mythology: Apollo, the god of the sun.

وقتی که ز خاک سر زند آن نرگس زرد

آن‌گه که برآید سر آن نرگس زرد از دل آن خاک
 هی هی که در آن دژه کوچک رود آن بانوی ناپاک
 حاکم به همه سردی و زردی شده خونش به زمستان
 این است که در این موسم سال می‌رسد از ره چه خرامان
 آن‌گاه که پرچین بزند رنگ سپیدی ز ره دور
 به‌به که چنان مرغ قشنگی بزند نغمه پرشور
 وانگه لب من تشنه به دنبال لب جام شراب است
 زیرا به شهان، جرعه می تحفه شایسته و ناب است
 آواز چکاوک که چنان عشوه‌گرانه شود آغاز
 وان سترک و زاغ کبودی که زند نغمه بی‌ساز
 هستند برای من و یاران عزیز، نغمه شادان
 وقتی که در افتاده به کاهیم و به هم در شده غلتان

When Daffodils Begin To Peer

*When daffodils begin to peer -
 With heigh! The doxy over the dale -
 Why, then comes the sweet o' the year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge -
 With heigh! The sweet birds, O how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
 With heigh! with heigh! The thrush and the jay,
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

(From: The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Scene iii.)

2nd line. *Doxy* - A woman with whom one has a regular nonmarital and adulterous sexual relationship: mistress, inamorata, lover, old lady, paramour, concubine, kept woman, ladylove.

در نمایشنامهٔ اتللو، در صحنهٔ مجلس نمایندگان، بعد از اینکه برابانیتو از اظهار عشق غیرمترقبهٔ دزدیمونا به اتللو، تحقیر می‌شود، دوک سعی می‌کند او را دلداری دهد:

اندوه به پایان رسد آنکه که دگر چاره نباشد
 در شام سیه جز ره امید دگر باره، نباشد
 غمگین شدن از آنچه ز آسیب زمان بر تو گذشته است
 چون راه جدیدی است که در آن فتنه به راه تو نشسته است
 چون هر چه که تقدیر بگیرد ز تو نتوان نگهش داشت
 پس سُخره شود صبر تو بر زخم بدی کو به دلت کاشت
 غارت شدهٔ خنده به لب چیز بدزدد ز همان دزد
 غارت ز خودش می‌کند آن کس که غمی را به دلش بُرد

When Remedies Are Past

(In the council chamber scene, after Brabantio has been humiliated by Desdemona's unexpected declaration of her love for Othello, the Duke tries to comfort him ...)

*When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing he worst, which late on hopes depended
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd, when fortune takes:
Patience her injury a mock'ry makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief,
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.*

(From: The Tragedy of Othello)

8th line. *Bootless* - Not producing or achieving a desired end or effect, ineffectual, abortive, unavailing, feckless.

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- ▶ Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind but in one composition ... That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed. but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. **Johnson, Samuel**, plays of William Shakespeare... (1765) preface (Yale ed.,p.6)
- ▶ [Shakespeare] is the very Janus of poets; he wears almost evreywhere two faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one, ere you despise the other. **Dryden, John**, Essay on the dramatic poetry of the Last Age (1672)
- ▶ Shakespeare is of no age, nor of any religion, or party or profession. The body and substance of his works came out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind. **Coleridge, Samuel Taylor**, Table talk (1835) 15 March 1834



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