





Amor, che nel penser mio vive e regna  
e 'l suo seggio maggior nel mio cor tene,  
talor armato ne la fronte vène;  
ivi si loca et ivi pon sua insegna.

Quella, ch'amare e sofferir ne 'ensegna,  
e vòl che 'l gran desìo, l'accesa spene,  
ragion, vergogna e reverenza affrene,  
di nostro ardir fra se stessa si sdegna.

Onde Amor paventoso fugge al core,  
lasciando ogni sua impresa, et piange, et trema;  
ivi s'asconde, et non appar più fòre.

Che poss'io far, temendo il mio Signore,  
se non star seco infin a l'ora estrema?  
Ché bel fin fa chi ben amando more.

Amor, que vive en mi alma y la domeña  
y en mi pecho su sede mayor tiene,  
armado a veces a la frente viene,  
se instala allí, y allí planta su enseña.

La que a amar y a sufrir a mí me enseña  
y quiere que el deseo ardiente frene  
con respeto y razón —que así conviene—,  
porque me nuestro osado me desdeña.

Y Amor huye hacia el pecho, temeroso,  
toda empresa abandona y tiembla y llora,  
y no asoma, escondido y silencioso.

¿Qué más haré, si es mi Señor medroso,  
que estar con él hasta la extrema hora?  
Quien muere amando tiene un fin dichoso.

The long love that in my thought doth harbour  
And in my heart doth keep his residence  
Into my face presseth with bold pretence  
And therein campeth, spreading his banner.

She that me learneth to love and suffer  
And wills that my trust and lust's negligence  
Be reined by reason, shame and reverence,  
With his hardiness taketh displeasure.

Wherewithal unto the heart's forest he fleeth,  
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,  
And there him hideth and not appeareth.  
What may I do, when my master feareth,  
But in the field with him to live and die?  
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

(Sir Thomas Wyatt)

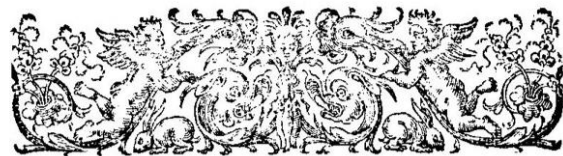
Love that liveth and reigneth in my thought,  
That built its seat within my captive breast,  
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,  
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.

But she that taught me love, and suffer pain,  
My doubtful hope, and eke my hot desire  
With shamefast cloak to shadow and restrain,  
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.

And coward love then to the heart apace  
Taketh his flight, where he doth lurk and plain  
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.  
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pain.

Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove;  
Sweet is his death that takes his end by love.

(Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey)



# SHAKE-SPEARES

## S O N N E T S.

Neuer before Imprinted.

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AT LONDON

By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are  
to be sold by *William Aspley.*

1609.

To the only **begetter** of  
these ensuing sonnets,  
Mr. W.H., all happiness  
promised  
by  
our ever-living poet  
wisheth  
the well-wishing  
adventurer  
in setting forth.

T.T.

Al solo **engendrador** de  
los siguientes sonetos,  
Mr. W.H., toda la felicidad  
prometida  
por  
nuestro inmortal poeta  
le desea  
quien con el mejor deseo  
se aventura  
a publicarlos.

T.T.



