

UILIAM SHEKSPIR

BIBLIOTEKA

857-1

5432



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

Sonete



820-1

841
3432

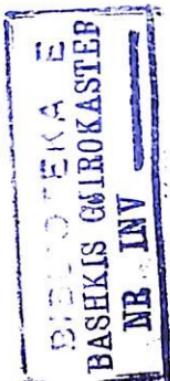
UILIAM SHEKSPIR

Sonete

sonete

Shqipëroi

Vedat Kokona



TOENA, 1995

Korrektor: **Fatmir Memë**
Grafika: **Blerina Bala**



Drejtor botues: **Fatmir Toçi**

© Shtëpia Botuese **TOENA**
Rr. "Muhamet Gjollesha"
Kutia Postare nr.1420
TIRANE



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
1564-1616





I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beaut's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweetself too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.



I

Pga çdo krijesë e bukur duam shtesë
Që trëndafil'i bukuris' mos fishket;
Por, kur të piqet, gjë prej saj mos mbesë,
Burbuqja në kujtim të përtërihet.
Por ti, i kredhur n'ata sy plot dritë,
Me frymën tënde flakën e mban gjallë;
Shkakton uri ku derdhen mirësitë,
Armik i vetes përse bëhesh vallë?
Tani stoli që je i rrizuullimit,
Kasnec pa shok pranvere të shkëlqyer,
Në gonxhen tënde ti varros gëzimin,
Në varfëri thesar' ke për ta kthyer.
Botën mëshiro, mbaje kët thesar
Dhe bukurin' mos e mbulo në varr.





II

When forty winters shall besiege 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 treasures of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd 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.



II

Kur dyzet dimra ballin t  ta thajn 
Dhe t  ta fishkin gjith  bukurin ,
Kur zhele do t  bjer  nga  do an 
Ky petk q  sot ty ta solis rinin ,
Kur t  t  pyesin: "Vall  ku ka ikur
Ai thesar i shtrenjt  i bukuris ?"
T  thuash: "Ja k tu n  syt  e fikur",
Do t ish nj  turp i madh i kot sis .
Po sa do mburreshe at  dit  sikur
T u thoshe: "Ja, ky djal   ma ndriti plequerin !
Ky bir ka trash guar at  nur
Q  m iku p r ngaher  me rinin !"
Dhe kur n acar t  plequeris' t  ngrish,
Gjakun t  nxeh t  n  dej do ndiesh s rish.



VII

No, 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 piligrame;
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.

