



### **Shakespeare Soneto XVII**

Traducido por Santiago Sevilla

¿Quién acaso creerá en el futuro,  
Cuando lea en mis versos tu belleza?  
Sabe Dios, que son pálido conjuro  
De tus rasgos, su vacua tumba y huesa.

Si yo, de tus ojos azur puro,  
Describir pudiese con destreza,  
En era venidera, estoy seguro,  
Diránme es poética extrañeza,

Es falsa hermosura celestial,  
Que nunca ha adornado faz alguna.  
Mi hoja amarillenta, fantasmal,

Gestada bajo hechizo de la luna.  
En tus hijos, no obstante, serás real,  
Bella siempre, en mis rimas, eternal.

## 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 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, yellowed with their age,  
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,  
And your true rights he term'd 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.