Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542)

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Petrarca, *Canzoniere*, Sonetto CXXXIV  Pace non trovo, et non ò da far guerra,  e temo, et spero; et ardo, et son un ghiaccio;  et volo sopra ‘l cielo, et giaccio in terra;  et nulla stringo, et tutto ‘l mondo abbraccio.  Tal m’à in pregion, che non m’apre né serra, 5  né per suo mi riten né scioglie il laccio;  et non m’ancide Amore, et non mi sferra;  né mi vuol vivo, né mi trae d’impaccio.  Veggio senza occhi, et non ò lingua et grido;  et bramo di perir, et cheggio aita; 10  et ò in odio me stesso, et amo altrui.  Pascomi di dolor, piangendo rido;  egualmente mi spiace morte et vita:  in questo stato son, donna, per voi. | I Find no Peace  By Sir Thomas Wyatt  I find no peace, and all my war is done.  I fear and hope. I burn and freeze like ice.  I fly above the wind, yet can I not arise;  And nought I have, and all the world I season.  That loseth nor locketh holdeth me in prison  And holdeth me not—yet can I scape no wise—  Nor letteth me live nor die at my device,  And yet of death it giveth me occasion.  Without eyen I see, and without tongue I plain.  I desire to perish, and yet I ask health.  I love another, and thus I hate myself.  I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.  Likewise displeases me both death and life;  And my delight is causer of this strife. |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Ponmi ove ’l Sol occide i fiori e l’erba,  O dove vince lui ’l ghiaccio e la neve;  Ponmi ov’è ’l carro suo temprato e leve,  Ed ov’è chi cel rende o chi cel serba;    Ponmi in umil fortuna od in superba,  Al dolce aere sereno, al fosco e greve;  Ponmi a la notte, al dì lungo ed al breve,  A la matura etate od a l’acerba;    Ponm’in cielo od in terra od in abisso,  In alto poggio, in valle ima e palustre,  Libero spirto od a’ suoi membri affisso;    Ponmi con fama oscura o con illustre:  Sarò qual fui, vivrò com’io son visso,  Continüando il mio sospir trilustre. | Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green  Or where his beams may not dissolve the ice;  In temperate heat where he is felt and seen;  With proud people, in presence sad and wise;  Set me in base, or yet in high degree,  In long night or in the shortest day,  In clear weather or where mists thickest be,  In lost youth, or when my hairs are grey.  Set me in earth, in heaven, or yet in hell;  In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;  Thrall or at large, alive where so I dwell,  Sick or in health, in ill fame or good:  Yours will I be, and with that only thought  Content myself when that my hope is nought. |

Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517-1547)

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green

Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice,

In temperate heat where he is felt and seen;

In presence prest of people, mad or wise;

Set me in high or yet in low degree,

In longest night or in the shortest day,

In clearest sky or where clouds thickest be,

In lusty youth or when my hairs are gray.

Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell;

In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;

Thrall or at large, alive whereso I dwell,

Sick or in health, in evil fame or good:

Hers will I be, and only with this thought

Content myself although my chance be nought.

Philip Sidney (1554-1586)

Sonnet 39

Posted on December 27, 2013

Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,

The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,

The poor man’s wealth, the prisoner’s release,

The indifferent judge between the high and low;

With shield of proof shield me from out the press

Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;

O make in me those civil wars to cease;

I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,

A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;

A rosy garland, and a weary head;

And if these things, as being thine by right,

Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,

Livelier than elsewhere, Stella’s image see.

Astrophil and Stella,

Sonnet

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,

That she (dear she) might take some pleasure of my pain,

Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know;

Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain;

I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,

Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain;

Oft turning others’ leaves, to see if thence would flow

Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburnt brain.

But words came halting forth, wanting Invention’s stay;

Invention, Nature’s child, fled step-dame Study’s blows;

And others’ feet still seemed but strangers in my way.

Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,

“Fool,” said my Muse to me, “look in thy heart, and write.”

Walter Raleigh (East Devon, 22 gennaio 1552 circa – Londra, 29 ottobre 1618)

***Di seguito un scambio di sonetti tra Raleigh e la regina Elisabetta I, che probabilmente si ottenne verso il 1587, quando Raleigh era preoccupato di perdere il favore della regina.***

**Raleigh to Elizabeth**

Fortune hath taken away my love,  
My life’s joy and my soul’s heaven above.  
Fortune hath taken thee away, my princess,  
My world’s joy and my true fantasy’s mistress.

Fortune hath taken thee away from me;  
Fortune hath taken all by taking thee.  
Dead to all joys, I only live to woe:  
So is Fortune become my fantasy’s foe.

In vain, my eyes, in vain ye waste your tears;  
In vain my sights, the smoke of my despairs,  
In vain you search the earth and heaven above.  
In vain you search, for Fortune keeps my love.

Then will I leave my love in Fortune’s hand:  
Then will I leave my love in worldings’ band,  
And only love the sorrows due to me –  
Sorrow, henceforth, that shall my princess be –

And only joy that Fortune conquers kings.  
Fortune, that rules the earth and earthly things,  
Hath taken my love in spite of virtue’s might:  
So blind a goddess did never virtue right.

With wisdom’s eyes had but blind Fortune seen,  
Then had my love, my love forever been.  
But love, farewell – though Fortune conquer thee,  
No fortune base nor frail shall alter me.

**Elizabeth to Raleigh**

Ah, silly Pug, wert thou so sore afraid?  
Mourn not, my Wat, nor be thou so dismayed.  
It passeth fickle Fortune’s power and skill  
To force my heart to think thee any ill.  
No Fortune base, thou sayest, shall conquer thee?  
And may so blind a witch so conquer me?  
No, no, my Pug, though Fortune were not blind,  
Assure thyself she could not rule my mind.  
Fortune, I know, sometimes doth conquer kings,  
And rules and reigns on earth and earthly things,  
But never think Fortune can bear the sway  
If virtue watch, and will her not obey.  
Ne chose I thee by fickle Fortune’s rede,  
Ne she shall force me alter with such speed  
But if to try this mistress’ jest with thee,  
Pull up thy heart, suppress thy brackish tears,  
Torment thee not, but put away thy fears.  
Dead to all joys and living unto woe,  
Slain quite by her that ne’er gave wise men blow,  
Revive again and live without all dread,  
The less afraid, the better thou shalt speed.

Edmund Spenser (1552?–1599)

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,

But came the waves and washed it away:

Again I wrote it with a second hand,

But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.

"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay,

A mortal thing so to immortalize;

For I myself shall like to this decay,

And eke my name be wiped out likewise."

"Not so," (quod I) "let baser things devise

To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:

My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,

And in the heavens write your glorious name:

Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,

Our love shall live, and later life renew."

The Faerie Queene: The Red Cross Knight and Una

By Edmund Spenser

[From Bk. i. 1589–90.]

*Nota: il testo segue la grafia originale: molti termini hanno una –e in fine di parola assente nell’inglese contemporaneo (plain/plaine; armes/arms); -ie in fine di parola vale –y (bloody/bloodie);*

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,

*A gentle knight was riding on the plane,*

**Un gentil cavaliere stave cavalcando sulla pianura**

Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,

*Clad in mighty arms and silver shield,*

**Coperto di possente armatura e scudo di argento**

Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,

*Wherein old dents of deep wounds did remain,*

**Dove vecchi segni di profonde ferite rimanevano**

The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;

*The cruel marks of many a bloody battlefield,*

**I segni crudeli di molte battaglie sanguinose**

Yet armes till that time did he never wield. 5

*Yet arms till that time did he never wield (he never wielded)*

**Ma armi fino a quell momento non aveva mai maneggiato**

His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,

*His angry steed chided his foaming bit,*

**Il suo destriero irato resisteva al morso spumeggiante**

As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:

*As if much disdaining to yield to the curb*

**Come se disprezzando alquando obbedire al comando**

Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,

*He seemed a very elegant knight and sat (on his saddle) well,*

**Sembrava un cavaliere molto elegante e sedeva bene (in sella)**

As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

*As one fit for knightly jousts and fierce encounters.*

Come uno adatto a giostre e fieri incontri

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore, 10

*And on his breast a bloody Cross he bore*

Upon a great adventure he was bond,

*Upon a great adventure he was bound,*

That greatest Gloriana to him gave, 20

*That greatest Gloriana to him gave (assigned).*

(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)

*(That greatest Glorious Queene of Fairy land)*

To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,

*To win for himself honor and her grace have,*

Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:

*Which of all earthly things he most craved:*

And ever as he rode his hart did earne

*And always as he rode his heart did yearn*

To prove his puissance in battell brave 25

*To prove his might bravely in battle*

Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,

*Upon his foe (enemy) and his new force to learn (discover),*

Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

*Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stern (fierce).*

*Il cavaliere si inoltra in una selva accompagnata dalla sua dama, dove incontra il drago.*

A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,

*A flood of poison horrible and black*

Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,

*Full of great lumps of flesh and raw pieces (of meat)*

Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke

*Which stunk so vilely that it forced him to ease*

His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:

*His grasping hold and from her turn his back*

Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,

*Hr vomit full of books and papers was,*

With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,

*With loathsome (disgusting) frogs and toads, which lacked eyes,*

And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:

*And creeping sought their way in the weedy grass*

Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

*Her filthy vomit at the place has defiled.*

Sonnet

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,

*Un giorno scrissi il suo nome sulla spiaggia*

But came the waves and washed it away:

*Ma vennero le onde e lo lavarono via*

Again I wrote it with a second hand,

*Di nuovo lo scrissi con unas seconda mano,*

But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.

*Ma arrive la marea e fece i miei sforzi la sua preda,*

"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay,

*“Uomo vanitoso” disse lei “che cerchi in vano*

A mortal thing so to immortalize;

*Di immortalar così cosa mortale;*

For I myself shall like to this decay,

*Poichè io stessa allo stesso modo decadrò,*

And eke my name be wiped out likewise."

*E anche il mio nome sarà spazzato allo stesso modo”.*

"Not so," (quod I) "let baser things devise

*“Non così” (dissi io) “lascia che le cose più volgari si dedichino*

To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:

*A morir nella polvere, ma tu vivrai nella fama:*

My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,

*Il mio verso render eterne le tue rare virtù,*

And in the heavens write your glorious name:

*E in cielo scriverà il tuo nome glorioso:*

Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,

*Dove e quando la morte sottometterà il mondo intero,*

Our love shall live, and later life renew."

*Il nostro amore vivrà, e più tardi la vita rinnoverà.*

John Donne (1572-1531)

**The Flea**

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,

*Osserva questa pulce e osserva in questa,*

How little that which thou deniest me is;

*Quanto poco ciò è che tu mi neghi;*

It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,

*Ha succhiato me prima ed ora succhia te,*

And in this flea our two bloods mingled be;

*E in questa pulce in nostril due sangui sono misti;*

Thou know’st that this cannot be said

*Tu sai che questo non può esser detto*

A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead,

*Un peccato, una vergogna, o una perdita della verginità,*

    Yet this enjoys before it woo,

*Eppure questa gode prima di conquistare,*

    And pampered swells with one blood made of two,

*E soddisfatta si gonfia di un sol sangue fatto di due;*

    And this, alas, is more than we would do.

*E questo aihmè è più di quanto noi siamo disposti a fare.*

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,

*O aspetta, tre vite in una pulce risparmia,*

Where we almost, nay more than married are.

*Dove noi quasi, no più che sposati siamo.*

This flea is you and I, and this

*Questa pulce è te e io e questo*

Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;

*E’ il nostro letto matrimonaile, il nostro tempio matrimoniale;*

Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,

*Seppure i genitori resistono, e anche te, siamo uniti,*

And cloistered in these living walls of jet.

*E protetti da queste mura nere viventi*

    Though use make you apt to kill me,

*Seppur l’abitudine ti porterebbe a uccidermi,*

    Let not to that, self-murder added be,

*Non permettere che a ciò si aggiungo il suicidio,*

    And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

*E il sacrilegio, tre peccati uccidendo tre.*

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since

*Crudele e improvviso, hai ora*

Purpled thy nail, in blood of innocence?

*Resa violetta l’unghia col sangue innocente?*

Wherein could this flea guilty be,

*Di cosa mai potrebbe essere colpevole questa pulce,*

Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?

*Eccetto che di quella goccia che ha succhiato da te?*

Yet thou triumph’st, and say'st that thou

*Eppure tu trionfante dici che*

Find’st not thy self, nor me the weaker now;

*Non ti sembra che tu o io sia più debole di prima;*

    ’Tis true; then learn how false, fears be:

*E’ vero; è allora impara quanto false sono le tue paure:*

    Just so much honor, when thou yield’st to me,

*Se tu cederai a me, la stessa quantità di onore*

    Will waste, as this flea’s death took life from thee.

*Perderai, di quanto la morte di questa pulce ti ha tolto di vita.*

**Batter my Heart (Holy Sonnet 14)**

Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you

*Colpisci il mio cuore, Dio triplamennte personificato, poichè tu*

As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;

*Finora solo bussi, respiri, splendi e cerchi di riparare;*

That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend

*Affinchè possa alzarmi e stare in piedi, rovesciami e dirigi*

Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.

*La tua forza per rompere, soffiare, bruciare e rendermi nuovo.*

I, like an usurp'd town to another due,

*Io come una città usurpata, dovuta a un’altro*

Labor to admit you, but oh, to no end;

*Mi adopero per ammerterti, ma oh senza successo;*

Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,

*La ragione, il tuo vicerè in me, dovrebbe difendermi,*

But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.

*Ma è prigioniera, e si dimostra debole o infedele.*

Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,

*Eppure ti amo teneramente, vorrei essere bene amato,*

But am betroth'd unto your enemy;

*Ma sono fidanzato con il tuo nemico;*

Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,

*Divorziami, slega o rompi quell nodo ancora,*

Take me to you, imprison me, for I,

*Portami da te, imprigionami, poichè io,*

Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,

*Se non mi conquisti, non sarò mai libero,*

Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

*Nè mai casto, se non mi possiedi.*

William Shakespeare

Sonnet LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold

*Quel tempo dell’anno tu puoi osservare in me*

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang

*Quando le foglie gialle, o nessuna, o poche, pendono*

Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

*Su quei rami che tremano per il freddo,*

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

*Nudi cori in rovina, dove un tempo cantavano dolci uccelli.*

In me thou seest the twilight of such day

*In me vedi il crepuscolo di quell giorno*

As after sunset fadeth in the west,

*Come dopo il tramonto svanisce ad ovest,*

Which by and by black night doth take away,

*Che poco a poco la notte nera porta via,*

Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

*Il secondo sè della morte, che sigilla tutto nel riposo.*

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire

*In me tu vedi il bagliore di quell fuoco*

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

*Che sulle ceneri della sua giovinezza giace,*

As the death-bed whereon it must expire

*Come sul letto di morte dove dovrò spirare*

Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.

*Consumato da quello che lo aveva nutrito.*

This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,

*Questo tu percepisci, che rende il tuo amore più forte*

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

*Per amar più ciò che dovrai lasciar tra poco.*

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.

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.

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.