

# Google-translated Sonnets





*Anti-Sonnet CXXXVII*

Published by Fryup Publishing 2019

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## AFRIKAANS

My mistress's eyes do not look like the sun;  
Coral is much more red than her lips are red;  
If snow is white, why are her breasts thin;  
If hair is threads, black threads grow on her head.  
I saw roses that were red and white damask,  
But I do not see any such roses in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more fun  
As in the breath that my mistress comes out of.  
I love to hear her talk, but I know  
That music has a much more pleasing sound;  
I admit I never saw a goddess;  
My mistress, as she walks, he steps to the ground:  
And yet, in heaven, I think my love is scarce  
As anyone she has laid falsehood compares.

## ALBANIAN

My lady's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than its red lips;  
If the snow is white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If the hair is wire, black wires grow on her head.  
I've seen red, red and white roses,  
But I do not see any such roses on her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more fun  
That in the spirit since my lady reeks.  
I love to hear him speak, but well I know  
That music has a much nicer sound;  
I have never seen a goddess go;  
My lady, when walking, tramples on the ground:  
And yet, from paradise, I think my love is rare  
Like any, she believed in compare false.

## AMHARIC

The eyes of my mistress are nothing like the sun,  
Coral is more red than lips,  
If the snow is white, then why are the tastes sweet?  
If the hair is wire, black wires will sprout on her  
head.

I have seen red roses,  
But I have never seen such roses in my cheek.  
And there's more fun with some perfumes.  
More than the breath of my mistress.  
I would love to hear her speak, but I know better.  
That music has a very pleasing sound;  
I didn't see a God going.  
My mistress stoops to the floor as she goes;  
And, in Heaven, I think my love is unusual.  
I read it as fake.

## ARABIC

Dear eyes are not like the sun.  
Coral is much more red than its red lips;  
If the snow is white, then why her breasts;  
If the hairs are wires, the black wires grow on their  
head.  
I saw damask roses, red and white,  
But there are no such roses that I see in her cheeks.  
And in some perfumes, there is more joy  
From breathing it is my mistress breaks.  
I'd love to hear her talk, but I know very well  
That music hath sound more fun.  
I agree not to see the goddess go;  
Mistress, when he walks, tramples on the ground:  
However, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like any she lied with a false comparison.

## ARMENIAN

My hostess's eyes are not like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red of its lips;  
If the snow is white, why are his breasts shriveled  
up?  
If the hair is strings, black strings grow on his head.  
I've seen roses pink, red and white,  
But I don't see such roses on her cheeks.  
And some fragrances have more joy;  
Until the breath that reeks of my mistress.  
I love to hear him talk, but I know it well  
This music has a much more pleasant sound.  
I grant that I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress leans on the ground as she walks.  
And yet, with paradise, I think my love is rare  
Like any other, he believed in false comparison.

## AZERBAIJANI

The lady's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral lips are more red than red;  
If the snow is white, then why are their breasts dull;  
If the hair is wire, the black wire grows on its head.  
I flower, damask'd, red and white,  
But such flowers do not see me on the cheeks;  
Some flavors have even more flavor  
More than my wife's breathing.  
I love to hear him speak, but I know it well  
This music has a more pleasant sound;  
I never saw a god go;  
Madam, she walks down:  
Again, I consider my love for paradise rare  
Like any other, a lie was compared with a  
comparison.

## BASQUE

My lady's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral lips are much redder than red;  
If the snow is white, then why the breasts are dunes;  
If the hair is wires, the black wires grow on the head.  
I have seen damask, red and white roses,  
But I see no such rose on the cheeks;  
There is even greater enjoyment in some perfumes  
More than the breath my lady goes through.  
I love to hear her talk, but I know it well  
Music has a much more pleasing sound;  
I admit I never saw a goddess go by;  
My lady, when she walks, lays on the floor.  
However, to heaven, I think my love is strange  
As he believed in false comparison.

## BELARUSIAN

The eyes of my mistress does not like the sun;  
Corals are far more red than her lips red;  
If the snow is white, why then her breasts are  
lowered;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I saw the damask rose, red and white,  
But such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more admiration  
Than on the breath that from my mistress reigns.  
I love to hear her speak, but I know  
This music has a far more pleasing sound;  
I understand that never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when he walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, in the sky, I think my love rare  
As well as any, she refuted the false comparison.

## BENGALI

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is much more red than its lip red;  
If the snow is white, why would her breasts be  
bound;  
If the hair is his, the black wire is growing on his  
head.

I see roses, red and white,  
But I do not see any such roses on her cheeks;  
And there is more joy in some perfumes  
From my mistress that is more than breathing.  
I love hearing him, but I know him well  
This music has many more catchy sounds;  
I admit I've never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, sets foot on the  
ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I find my love rare  
Since he made a false comparison.

## BOSNIAN

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red lips;  
If the snow is white, then why her breasts are dark;  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I saw roses damask'd, red and white,  
But I see no such rose in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more delight  
But in the breath that makes my mistress pound.  
I love to hear her speak, and again I know it well  
That music has a far more pleasant sound;  
I admit I never saw the goddess leave;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads the earth:  
Yet, to heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like any, she was misled by false comparisons.

## BULGARIAN

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red of the lips;  
If the snow is white, then why is her breast dark;  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I've seen damask roses, red and white,  
But no rose sees me in the cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more enjoyment  
Than in the breath that makes my lover tremble.  
I love to hear her talk, but I know it well  
This music has a much nicer sound;  
I guarantee that I have never seen a goddess go;  
When she walks, my lover steps on the ground:  
Yet, to heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like any, she was misled by a false comparison.

## CATALAN

The eyes of my lady are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is much more red than the red lips;  
If the snow is white, why your breasts are one;  
If hairs are wires, black threads grow in the head.  
I have seen damasquejades roses, red and white,  
But on the cheeks I can not see these roses;  
And in some perfumes there are more delights  
That in the breath that comes from my mother-in-law.

I love hearing her talking, but I know her well  
The music has a much nicer sound;  
I do not see a goddess ever seen;  
My lady, when she walks, treads the ground:  
And, nevertheless, I believe that my love is rare  
Like anyone who believed in the false comparison.

## CEBUANO

My mistress's eyes were not like the sun;  
The fence was more red than the red of his lips;  
If the snow is white, why not her breasts;  
When hair is shaved, black wires grow on his head.  
I saw pink roses, red and white,  
But there was no such rose I could see on her cheeks;  
And in some fragrances there is more pleasure  
Instead of the breath from my mistress returned.  
I wanted to hear what he had to say, even though I  
already knew  
That music has a very pleasing sound;  
It allowed me to never see a goddess go;  
My mistress, as she walked, treaded the ground.  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love is as unique  
Like anything he refutes false comparisons.

## CHICHEWA

My boss's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is more red than its lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts deformed;  
If hair is wires, black wires will grow on its head.  
I have seen flowers of beautiful, red and white  
flowers,  
But there are no such flowers I see in her cheeks;  
And in some spices you also find pleasure  
More than the breath my master wakes.  
I love hearing her talk, but I know  
The songs have the most exciting lyrics;  
I admit I never saw a goddess go;  
As my wife walks along, she treads on the ground:  
And, in heaven, I think of my love as lacking  
Just like anyone who hates lies.

## CHINESE (SIMPLIFIED)

My mistress's eyes are completely different from the sun.

Corals are much redder than the red color of the lips.  
If the snow is white, why is her breast sinking?  
If the hair is a wire, the black wire will grow on her head.

I have seen rose brocade, red and white,  
But no roses were seen on my cheek.

There is more joy in some perfumes  
More than panting from my mistress re.

I like to listen to her, but I know  
The music has a pleasant sound.

I promise that I have never seen the goddess walk  
by.

When my mistress walks, step on the ground:  
However, when it comes to heaven, I think my love  
is rare.

Like anyone, she disguised it with a false  
comparison.

## CHINESE (TRADITIONAL)

My mistress's eyes are completely different from the sun.

Corals are much redder than the red color of the lips.

If the snow is white, why is her breast sinking?

If the hair is a wire, the black wire will grow on her head.

I have seen rose brocade, red and white,

But no roses were seen on my cheek.

There is more joy in some perfumes

More than panting from my mistress re.

I like to listen to her, but I know

The music has a pleasant sound.

I promise that I have never seen the goddess walk by.

When my mistress walks, step on the ground:

However, when it comes to heaven, I think my love is rare.

Just like any she believes in a false comparison

## CORSICAN

My master's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than red rice;  
If the snow is white, then why are their mothers?  
If the hair is thin, the black strands grow on the  
head.  
I saw the damask'd reds, reds and whites,  
But no such red I see in his asses;  
And in some perfumes there is more pleasure  
More than in the breath that from my father returns.  
I like to hear her voice, but I love her  
That music has a much more pleasant sound;  
Granted I have never seen a goddess;  
My father, when he walks, trample on the ground:  
Well, out of the blue, I think my love is rare  
As some believed false comparisons.

## CROATIAN

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red lips;  
If the snow is white, then why are her breasts soaked  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I saw roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such rose sees me in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more pleasure  
But in the breath that makes my mistress pound.  
I love to hear her speak, and again I know it well  
That music has a far more pleasant sound;  
I admit I never saw the goddess leave;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads the earth:  
Yet, to heaven, I find my love rare  
Like any, she was fooled by the false comparison.

## CZECH

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than red lips;  
If the snow is white, why is her breasts reminded;  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on the head.  
I saw damask roses, red and white,  
But no such roses can be seen in her face;  
And in some perfumes is a pleasure  
Than in the breath that peeks from my mistress.  
I like to hear her talking, but I know well  
This music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I admit I have never seen a goddess go;  
My lady walks on the ground as she walks:  
And yet in heaven I think my love is precious  
Like any one, she believed a false comparison.

## DANISH

My mistress' eyes do not look like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than the red of her lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts sunny?  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on their  
heads.

I've seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses I see in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more joy  
Than in the breath of my mistress's breath.  
I love to hear her speak, but still I know  
This music has a far more pleasant sound;  
I grant that I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress as she walks pulls herself to the ground:  
And yet, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
As anyone whom she thought false, compare.

## DUTCH

My mistress' eyes don't look like the sun;  
Coral is much reder than the red of her lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts thin?  
When hairs are threads, black threads grow on her  
head.

I have seen roses damask, red and white,  
But I do not see such roses in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more pleasure  
Then in the breath that stinks from my mistress.  
I like to hear her talk, but well, I know  
That music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I admit I've never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, lands on the ground:  
And yet, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like everyone else, she believed with false  
comparisons.

## ENGLISH

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.

## ESPERANTO

The eyes of my mistress are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than the red of her lips;  
If snow is white, then why are her breasts dune;  
If hair is wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I saw roses damask, red and white,  
But no such roses see me in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes it is more of a delight  
Than in the breath which my lady reaps.  
I love hearing her speak, but I know it well  
The music has a much more pleasing sound,  
I admit I never saw a goddess leave;  
My lady, as she walks, walks on the ground:  
And yet, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
Anyway, she believed in a false comparison.

## ESTONIAN

My lover's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than her lips;  
If the snow is white, why his breasts are laden;  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow in the head.  
I have seen roses damask, red and white,  
But I see no such roses on his cheeks;  
And some perfumes are more fun  
If in the soul that passes by my mistress.  
I really like hearing him, but I know that well  
This music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I confess I have never seen a goddess;  
My mistress, as she walks, steps to the ground:  
And yet, from heaven, I find my love rare  
Like everyone, he lied to the comparison.

## FILIPINO

My wife's eyes were nothing like the sun;  
Coral was more red than the red of his lips;  
If the snow is white, why then his breasts;  
If the hair is wires, the black wires grow on his head.  
I saw pink roses, red and white,  
But no one could see such roses on his cheeks;  
And in some scents there is more enjoyment  
Instead of breathing from my mistress reeks.  
I would love to hear her speak, but I know that  
That music has a more pleasing sound;  
I grant I have never seen a goddess go;  
My lady, as she walked, lay on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like anything he confessed to in the wrong  
comparison.

## FINNISH

The eyes of a mistress are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than her lips;  
If the snow is white, why his breasts are dun;  
If the hairs are conductive, the black threads grow  
on his head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But I do not see such roses in his cheeks;  
And some fragrances have more fun  
Like the breath that my mistress is going through.  
I love to hear him speak, but I know that well  
This music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I admit I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress walking to the country:  
And yet, under heaven, I find my love rare  
Like no one he lied to compare.

## FRENCH

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red of its lips;  
If the snow is white, why then her breasts are one;  
If the hair is thread, black threads grow on his head.  
I saw damask roses, red and white,  
But I do not see such roses in his cheeks;  
And in some perfumes, is there more pleasure  
What in the breath that stinks of my mistress.  
I like to hear him speak, but I know him well  
This music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I admit that I have never seen a goddess go away;  
My mistress, when she walks, walks on the ground:  
And yet, I believe that my love is rare  
Like all she denied with false compare.

## FRISIAN

My maiden eyes are nothing but the sun;  
Coral is much more read than their lips' red;  
If snow is white, why then are her breasts thin;  
When hairs are threaded, black wires grow on their  
heads.

I've seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But I do not see such roses in their cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more fun  
Then in the breath that comes from my mistress.  
I love to hear her talk, but I do  
That music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I admit I never saw a goddess;  
My girl, as she walks, steps on the ground:  
And yet, through heaven, I think my love as rare  
Like everyone else, they charge with false ones.

## GALICIAN

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red of the lips;  
If the snow is white, why then your breasts are one;  
If the hairs are wires, the black wires grow on the  
head.

I saw damask roses, red and white,  
But there are no roses like these on the cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more delight  
What in the breath that my lover breathes.

I love to hear her talk, but I know  
That music has a much nicer sound;  
I give that I never saw a goddess;  
My lady, as she walks, steps on the floor:  
And yet, for heaven's sake, I think my love is so  
weird

Like anyone, she breaks the false comparison.

## GEORGIAN

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
The coral is much more red than the red on its lips;  
If the snow is white, then why are her breast drops;  
If there are hairy wires, black wires grow over it.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
I do not see such roses in her cheeks;  
And some fragrances are more fun  
Rather than the breath that comes from my mistress.  
I love hearing her talk, but I know her well  
That the music has a much nicer sound;  
I was giving never seen the goddess go away;  
My fate is that when he walks, the following will  
follow:  
And yet, in heaven, my love seldom counts  
Like any, he believed the false comparison.

## GERMAN

The eyes of my beloved are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than the red lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts dark?  
When hairs are wires, black wires grow on their  
heads.

I saw rose damask, red and white,  
But I do not see such roses in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more joy  
As in the breath that stinks of my mistress.  
I love to hear her speak, but I know it too  
This music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I admit, I have never seen a goddess go;  
When my mistress leaves, she steps on the floor:  
And yet I consider my love in heaven rare  
Like any other, she rejected it with a false  
comparison.

## GREEK

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun.  
The coral is much redder than the red of its lips.  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts crayfish?  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I've seen damask'd roses, red and white,  
But I don't see such roses on my cheeks.  
And in some flavors there is more enjoyment  
From the breath my mistress exhales.  
I like to hear her talk, but I know it well  
This music has a much more pleasant sound.  
I admit I've never seen a goddess go.  
My mistress, while walking, runs on the ground:  
And yet, from heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like anyone who fell by false comparison.

## GUJARATI

The eyes of my mistress are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is more red than its lip red;  
If the snow is white, then why are her breasts  
submerged;  
If the hair is wired, the black wire grows on its head.  
I've seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses appear to me in her cheeks;  
And some perfumes have more fun  
Rather than breathing that my mistress says.  
I love to hear him, though I know him well  
It has a more pleasing sound in music;  
I grant that I never saw the Goddess;  
My mistress, when she walks, walks on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I believe my love is rare  
As any, she refuses to make false comparisons.

## HAITIAN CREOLE

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than its mouth red;  
If snow be white, why then its breasts are dun;  
If the hair has wires, the black wires grow on its  
head.

I saw damask'd roses, red and white,  
But there are no roses like my see in his cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is more fun  
Pass in the breath from my mistress stripe.  
I love to hear him speak, but I know  
This music has a far more fun sound;  
I grant I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, walks the earth:  
And yet, in heaven, I think of my love as rare  
As any it denies and false compares.

## HAUSA

My mother's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is more red than black;  
If snow is white, why should her breasts be low;  
If the hair becomes wires, the black hair is on top of  
it.

I saw roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses I saw on her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is much joy  
More than the breath which in my wake.  
I love hearing her talk, but I know  
The song has a favorite sound;  
I never saw any god gone;  
Mom, when she travels, trampled the ground:  
However, by the above, I think my love is not too  
difficult  
As each denies a false comparison.

## HAWAIIAN

My mistress does not look like the sun.  
Coral was a little bit more green than her red lips;  
If the snow was white, then there was the decay of  
his breasts.  
If the hair is shaved, black hair grows on his head.  
I see red, red and white rosasida.  
But I do not see flowers in my cheeks;  
And some of the spices are very happy  
Before breathing from the mistress.  
I want to hear him speak, but I know  
That song is a pretty good album;  
I did not see any other god passing by;  
My mistress, when she walks, walks on the belly.  
And yet, heaven, I think my love is nothing  
According to his deception and metaphorical  
comparison.

## HEBREW

Madam's eyes are not like the sun;  
Red sandalwood much more than her lipstick;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts sparse;  
If hairs are threads, black threads grow on her head.  
I saw roses, red and white,  
But no such roses see me in her cheeks;  
And in some heaven there is more pleasure  
Than in the breath that my lady is spreading.  
I love to hear her speak, and yet I know  
This music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I grant that I have never seen a goddess walking;  
Ma'am, as she walks, treads on the ground;  
Still, in the sky, I think I loved Rare  
Like all she thought was a lie.

## HINDI

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is more red than the red of her lips;  
If the snow is white, then why are her breasts  
submerged;  
If the hair is wired, then black strands grow on its  
head.

I have seen roses in red and white,  
But no such rose I see in his cheeks;  
And some perfumes have more pleasure  
Breathing from my mistress's cheek.  
I love listening to her speech, yet I know  
That music is a more pleasing sound;  
I grant I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, stays on the ground:  
And yet, from heaven, I think my love is rare  
Somehow she believed with false comparisons.

## HMONG

My wife's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is redder than its red lips;  
If snow is white, why then her breasts are almost;  
If the hairs become round, the black hair is on its  
head.

I saw damask'd flowers, red and white,  
But without that kind of look I could see in his  
cheek;

And in some perfume is much delight  
Despite the oxygen that comes from my beloved  
collection.

I love to hear it, yet I know it  
That song has the best sound;  
I give a gift I never saw a goddess;  
My translator, as he walks, lands:  
And yet, from heaven, I feel that my love is limited  
As one thing he belied with false relation.

## HUNGARIAN

My lover's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than her lips red;  
If the snow is whitish, why not blunt;  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on the head.  
I saw damask roses, red and white,  
But I did not see such a rose on his face;  
And some perfumes are even more fun  
Like in my breath, resting on my lover.  
I like to hear him talk, but I know it well  
This music has a much more pleasant voice;  
I admit I have never seen a goddess go;  
My wife, when she walks, runs on the ground:  
And yet, heavenly thinking is rare  
Like everyone, he was falsely comparing himself.

## ICELANDIC

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is much red but its lips are red;  
If snow is white, why are her breasts thin;  
If there are wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But I do not see any such roses in her cheeks;  
And in some fragrances there is more pleasure  
But in the breath that flows from my mistress.  
I love to hear her speak, but I know it  
This music has a much more pleasing sound;  
I know I've never seen a goddess go;  
My housewife, as she walks, steps on the ground:  
And yet, heaven, I think my love is small  
Like everyone she believed in false comparisons.

## IGBO

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is more red than his lips;  
If the snow is white, why its breasts will melt;  
If hair is wires, black wires grow on its head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses were ever seen on my cheek;  
And some perfumes are even more fun  
More than the breath from my master.  
I liked to hear him speak, but I knew better  
The music has a sweet and sour taste;  
I allow myself to never see a god going;  
My wife, when I was walking:  
On the other hand, in heaven, I think of my love in  
the near future  
Like everything he read in a false comparison.

## INDONESIAN

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than lips are red;  
If it's snow white, why are her breasts dun;  
If the hair becomes a cord, a black wire grows on his  
head.

I have seen damask'd roses, red and white,  
But no rose like that saw me on her cheek;  
And in some perfumes there is more pleasure  
Rather than the breath, my mistress smelled foul.  
I like to hear him speak, but I know  
The music has a much nicer sound;  
I'm sure I've never seen a goddess leave;  
My lady, when she walks, stepping on the ground:  
However, in heaven, I consider my love rare  
Like anything he buys with a fake comparison.

## IRISH

The eyes of my mistress are not like the eyes of the  
sun;  
Coral is much red than her red lips;  
If snow is white, why is his dun chest;  
If hairs are wires, black wires grow on its head.  
I saw damages roses, red and white,  
But I see no such roses in cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more joy  
Do not in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her, but I know well  
That music has a much more enjoyable sound;  
I say that I have never seen a goddess;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
As she did, she compared with a false comparison.

## ITALIAN

The eyes of my mistress do not resemble the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red of its lips;  
If the snow is white, then her breasts are dun;  
If the hair is a thread, the black threads grow on the  
head.

I saw damask, red and white roses,  
But none of these roses see me in his cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more pleasure  
What in the breath that my mistress stinks.  
I love hearing her talk, yet I know it well  
That music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I grant that I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, walks on the ground:  
And yet, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like any other, it belied with a false comparison.

## JAPANESE

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun.  
Coral is much more red than lip red.  
If the snow is white, why is her chest dull?  
If the hair is a wire, a black wire is growing on her  
head.  
Rose damask, red and white,  
But such a rose does not see me on her cheek.  
And some perfumes have more joy  
Than the breath leaking from my mistress.  
I love to hear her speak but still know  
The music has a much more pleasant sound.  
I admit that I have never seen the goddess go.  
My mistress steps on the ground as she walks.  
Still, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like she lied to lie.

## JAVANESE

My eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is more red than red lips;  
If the snow is white, why then is the chest dry;  
If the hair becomes wired, the black wire grows on  
his head.  
I've seen white, red and white roses,  
But there is no such rose on the cheek;  
And in some perfumes there is a lot more fun  
Instead of the breath of a mistress again.  
I would love to hear him speak, but I already know  
The music has a better sound;  
I never saw the goddess go away;  
My mother, as she walked, walked on the ground:  
And yet, heaven, consider my love as rare  
Like anything he doesn't like to be compared to  
wrong.

## KANNADA

My lover's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is more red than her lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts dune;  
If hair is wires, then black wires grow over her head.  
I have seen the roses damasked, red and white,  
But I don't see any such roses in her cheeks;  
And there is much joy in certain fragrances  
Rather than intermittent breathing from my  
mistress.  
I would love to hear her speak, though I know better  
That music has a more pleasing sound;  
I have never seen an angel go;  
My mistress, as she walks, walks on the floor:  
And yet, from heaven, I think my love is rare  
No lie that she lied to.

## KAZAKH

My master's eyes are not like the sun;  
Marzhan is much more red than lip color;  
If the snow is white, why her breasts are loosened;  
If the hair is wire, black wires will grow on its head.  
I saw red, white, red and light roses,  
But I do not have such roses;  
Some fragrances have a lot of pleasure  
Compared to my breath of rice.  
I love listening to her, but I know her very well  
This music has a much more pleasing sound;  
I have never seen a god;  
My master, while he was walking, said,  
Towards the sky, I think my love is rarely  
As with anybody, he has denied a fake comparison.

## KHMER

My mistress eyes are not like the sun.  
The corals were more red than her lips were red.  
If white snow why then her breasts are done;  
If the hair becomes wavy, a black wire grows over  
her head.  
I saw red and white mascara roses  
But no such rose saw me on her cheek.  
And in some perfume is more fun.  
Than the breath that comes out of my cheeks.  
I'd love to hear her talk, but I know better.  
That music sounds even louder.  
I wish I had never seen a goddess.  
My mistress as she stepped to the ground:  
And in the sky, I think my love is rare.  
Like what she compared with false comparisons.

## KOREAN

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun.  
Corals are much redr than red on the lips.  
If your eyes are white, why are her breasts?  
If the hair is a wire, black wire grows on the head.  
I saw the roses damasked in red and white.  
But such a rose does not see me on her cheek.  
And some perfumes have more pleasure.  
My hostess smells better than breathing.  
I want to hear her  
The music sounds much more enjoyable.  
I have never seen a goddess go.  
My mistress steps on the ground as she walks.  
But my love is rare in heaven  
She believed in a false comparison.

## **KURDISH (Kurmanji)**

My Bloody Wonders are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is bigger than her lips ";  
If the snow is white, then her breasts will be blue;  
If the moon becomes blue, the black wire on its head  
grows.  
I saw damask'd roses, red and white,  
But I do not see any such lamps in its lenses;  
In some fragrances the smell is more  
In the spirit that tells of my appeal.  
I love listening to him, at the same time knowing  
him well  
That music has a much better sound;  
I give never saw my owner;  
My mom is looking at the soil as she walks:  
Yet still, through heaven, I think of my love as a rant  
As anyone who believed it to be false reconciliation.

## KYRGYZ

My mistress eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more than "red red lips;  
white, white, why then her breasts are Tung;  
cilia wires, black wires grow on its head.  
For example, I have seen roses damask'd, red and  
white  
But no such roses at their faces, I;  
But others have more of a sweet delight  
According to breathe from my mistress reeks.  
I know because I heard him out,  
This is the sound of music is much more favorable;  
I've never seen a woman and not a grant;  
My mistress pressed to the ground, he said:  
Do not swear by heaven, but I love as rare as  
This comparison is false and deceptive.

## LAO

My widow's eyes were nothing like the sun;  
The dolphins are more red than her lips;  
If the snow is white, why not her breasts;  
If the hair is linear, the black line will grow on her  
head.

I saw damask'd roses, red and white,  
But no such rose saw me in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes, even happier  
Than in the breath coming from my mother.  
I love to hear her talk, but I know it  
That song sounds even funnier;  
I admit I have never seen a goddess;  
My daughter, as she walked by, stooped to the  
ground:  
And, by heaven, I think my love is rare  
As mourners she belied with false comparisons.

## LATIN

Lady of the Lights of the sun;  
Much more so than of her that the redness of the lips  
of the coral, that was red;  
If, however, the white snow, why do you, therefore,  
to him, her breasts are dun;  
If the strands of hair and black wires grow on her  
head.  
I saw the roses of damask'd the color red and the  
color of the white color;  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is attractive  
How much of the spirit, that I may be fat, and the  
wind blows away from her mistress.  
I like to listen to the speaker, but also a new  
By far the set time which he has, indeed, the sound  
of the music;  
How may I never saw a goddess;  
The lady of my love, if you do not walk, and he has  
trodden under foot in the land:  
And I think it is rare for the sky  
As with any mixing chamber means of comparison.

## LATVIAN

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than her lipstick;  
If the snow is white, why is her chest black;  
If the hair is wire, black wires grow on her head.  
I've seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But I see no such rose in her face;  
And some scents have more fun  
Than the breath of my mistress reeks.  
I really enjoy hearing her talk, but I know that well  
This music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I admit I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, stands on the ground:  
And yet in heaven I think my love is rare  
Like any she lied to a false comparison.

## LITHUANIAN

My lover's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than her lip red;  
If the snow is white, why then is her chest blurred;  
If the hair is wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I saw roses damask'd, red and white,  
But I do not see such roses in her cheeks;  
There is more joy in some perfumes  
Not the inspiration my mistress misses.  
I like to hear her talk, but I know well  
That music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I admit I have never seen a goddess;  
My lady stands up on the ground as she walks:  
And yet, I think in heaven my love is rare  
Like any one, she made false comparisons.

## LUXEMBOURGISH

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than their lips are red;  
If the snow is white, then why are their breasts thin;  
When the hair is dry, black wire will appear on its  
head.

I saw roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses I see in their cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more joy  
Then in the breath that ruled from my mistress.  
I would love to hear her, but still good  
That music has a much more pleasant tone;  
I admit that I have never seen a goddess;  
My mistress, when she steps, treads on the ground:  
And yet, from heaven, I consider my love as rare  
Like all she cries with false comparison.

## MACEDONIAN

The mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is far more red than the red lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts beaten;  
If the fibers are wires, the black wires grow on its  
head.

I've seen pink upholstery, red and white,  
But there are no such roses I do not see in her  
cheeks;

And in some perfumes there is more satisfaction  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reefs.  
I love to hear her talk, but I know her well  
That music has a far more pleasant sound;  
I give that I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, walks on the ground:  
And yet, from heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like everyone, she believed in false comparisons.

## MALAGASY

The sight of my mistress is not like the sun;  
His body was redder than red;  
If the snow is white, why do his legs blossom;  
If the hair is wires, the black wire grows on its head.  
I saw pink, red and white roses,  
For I see no such rose on her cheeks;  
And some spices have more fun  
By the breath, then to my mistress.  
I would love to hear him speak, but I know him well  
The music has a more pleasant sound;  
I say I have never seen a walking god;  
The mistress, as she goes, walks on the ground.  
But now, by heaven, I think my love is rare  
It's like lying to a false analogy.

## MALAY

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than red on its lips;  
If the snow is white, then why is the breast so small?  
If the hair becomes wired, the black wire grows on  
his head.  
I've seen damask'd roses, red and white,  
But no such rose saw me on its cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more happiness  
From the breath that came from my lady's reaction.  
I love to hear him talk, but I know  
The music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I grant I have never seen a goddess go;  
My lady, as she walked, stepped on the ground:  
However, by heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like any other he denies it by false comparison.

## MALAYALAM

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the redness of her  
lips;  
If the snow is white, then why are her breasts  
blurred;  
If the hairs are wires, then the black wires on her  
head grow.  
I saw a bunch of red and white rose roses.  
But I do not see such roses in her cheeks;  
There is more pleasure in certain spices  
Rather than the breath that screams from my  
mistress.  
I want to hear her talk, but I know it  
That music has a wonderful sound;  
I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress treads on the ground as she walks:  
Yet, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
Compare that with what she faked.

## MALTESE

The eyes of my mistress with are nothing like the  
sun;  
The Coral is far more red than her lips red work;  
If snow be white, because her chest is Fr;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on self.  
I saw damask'd roses, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in it with her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is more pleasing  
From the breath from my mistress reeks.  
I like to hear speak, but I know well  
That music will sound much more enjoyable;  
I would have never seen God go;  
My wife, when walking, peeling off the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
Like all she tqanqel with false compare.

## MAORI

My lord's eyes are like the sun;  
It was more red than the lip on his lips;  
If the snow is white, what are the breasts in his  
breasts?  
If the hair is red, black wires will grow on his head.  
I have seen red eels, red and white,  
But no such gem can see me on its cheeks;  
In some perfumes, it is even better  
In the breath coming from my boss.  
I would love to hear him speak, but I know that  
That song sounds better;  
I admit I've never seen a god go by;  
My lord, he goes and steps on the ground.  
But again, by the heavens, I think my love is rare  
Like anyone he believed in comparing

## MARATHI

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is more red than the lip of her lips;  
If the snow is white, why has her breasts been  
removed;  
If hair is wired, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask, red and white.  
But no such roses I see in her cheeks;  
And there is more happiness in some perfumes  
More than breathing by my teacher.  
I like to listen to her talk, but I know her well  
That music sounds more pleasing;  
I gave a grant I never saw a goddess;  
My mistress, as she walks, steps on the ground.  
And yet, in heaven, I find my love rare  
Anyway, she made false comparisons.

## MONGOLIAN

The eye of my mistress is not like the sun;  
Coral is red in redness of his lip;  
If the snow is white then why is her blue manure?  
If the hair has a wire, it grows black on its head.  
I am roses, red and white  
But that roses do not see me on the cheek;  
Some scents are more pleasing to the water  
More than breathing my mistress.  
I like to hear her talk, but I know her well  
This music is a more enjoyable song;  
I have allowed that I have never seen the goddess.  
When I was walking, my mistress:  
However, in paradise, I think my love is rare  
He denies comparison.

## MYANMAR (Burmese)

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral. There is the red than her lips 'red'  
If there is snow white, why then her breasts are Dun  
If you want the hair wires, black wires grow on her  
head.

I, I have seen the red and white damask'd roses  
But no such roses in her cheeks, I watched him  
Some people prefer to perfume  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love listening to speak to him, but knew me well  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound  
I never saw a goddess;  
My Lord, her feet on the ground when walking, he  
will:  
And yet, for heaven, I think my love as rare  
As a comparison with false.

## NEPALI

My wife's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is more red than the lip of her lips;  
If the snow is white, then why did her breasts sink;  
If the hair has wires, black wires grow on his head.  
I saw Rose Damsk, red and white.  
But no such rose I see on her cheek;  
And in some perfumes there is even more fun  
From my wife's reeks rather than breath.  
I like to listen to her, but I know her well  
That music has a much more pleasing sound;  
I grant I have never seen a goddess;  
My mistress, as she walks, stares at the floor:  
And yet, from heaven, I find my love rare  
As if she were being dishonest with false  
comparisons.

## NORWEGIAN

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
Corals are far more red than lips red;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts thin;  
If the hairs are wires, the black wires grow on her  
head.

I've seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But I do not see such roses in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more joy  
Still in my breath as from my mistress smokes.  
I love to hear her talk, but I know that  
That music has a far more pleasant sound;  
I grant that I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, as she walks, steps on the ground:  
And yet, in heaven, I find my love rare  
As something she thought false, compare.

## PASHTO

My friend's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is very red with its lips;  
If the snow is white, then why are her breasts dark?  
If the hair is wired, then the black wires on top of it  
grow.  
I made the roses sleepy, red and white  
But no such rose I see in her cheeks;  
And there is a lot of taste in some perfumes  
In the breath that comes from my misery.  
I love hearing her talk, but still know her well  
This music has a very pleasing sound;  
I admit I never told God to see me;  
My Queen, while she is on the go, trapped on the  
ground  
And so far, by heaven, I think very little of my love  
As he has been claimed to compare lies.

## PERSIAN

My mistress's look is nothing like the sun.  
Coral is much redder than red on its lips.  
If the snow is white, why her breasts are wet.  
If the hair is wired, black hair will grow on his head.  
I saw red, red and white flowers,  
But such roses I do not see in his cheeks.  
And in some perfumes there is more fun  
From the soul that comes from my mistress.  
I love hearing her talk, but I know it well  
It has a very pleasant sound.  
I grant that I never see Goddess go away.  
My mistress, when she walks, turns on the floor:  
And yet, heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like any other he believed by false comparison.

## POLISH

My mistress's eyes are like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than red lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts dry;  
If the hair is wires, black heads grow on her head.  
I saw damask roses, red and white,  
But no such roses can see me on her cheeks;  
And some perfumes have more pleasure  
Than in the breath that stinks of my lover.  
I love to hear her say, but I know it well  
This music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I admit that I've never seen a goddess leave;  
My lover walks on the ground when she walks:  
And yet from heaven I find my love rare  
Like everyone she denied with a false comparison.

## PORTUGUESE

My lover's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than the red of your lips;  
If the snow is white then why are your breasts  
moist?  
If your hair is stranded, black strands grow on your  
head.  
I saw apricot roses, red and white,  
But none of these roses see me on the cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there are more delights  
Than in my lover's breath that smells.  
I love to hear her talk, but I know  
This song has a much nicer sound;  
I admit I never saw a goddess go;  
My lady, when she walks, steps on the floor:  
And yet, through the sky, I find my love so rare.  
Like any other, she belied with false comparison.

## PUNJABI

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is much more red than the red of his lips;  
If the snow is white, then why are her breasts wet?  
If the hair is wired, black wires grow on its head.  
I've seen roses in Damascus, red and white,  
But no such roses I see in his throat;  
And in some perfumes there is more happiness  
Except for the breath that asks my mistress.  
I like to listen to him, but I know it well  
That music has a lot of catchy sound;  
I give I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, as she walks, walks on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love is inferior  
As someone he claims with false comparisons.

## ROMANIAN

The eyes of my mistress do not look like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red lips;  
If the snow is white, why then are her breasts dune;  
If the hairs are yarns, black yarns grow on her head.  
I saw damask roses, red and white roses,  
But no such roses are seen in my cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more delight  
Except in the breath my mistress takes.  
I like to hear her talking, but I know  
That music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I agree that I have never seen a goddess walking;  
My master, when he goes, steps on the ground:  
And yet, up to heaven, I think my love is rare  
As anyone would have thought with false  
comparisons.

## RUSSIAN

The eyes of my mistress are not like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than her lips are red;  
If the snow is white, then why are her breasts gray?  
If the hair is wires, black hair grows on her head.  
I saw damask'd roses, red and white,  
But I do not see such roses in her cheeks;  
And some spirits have more fun  
Than breathing, what smells of my mistress.  
I love to hear her say, but I know well  
This music has a much nicer sound;  
I admit that I have never seen a goddess leave;  
My mistress, when she walks, steps on the ground:  
And yet, swear by heaven, I think my love is rare  
Somehow she fooled a false comparison.

## SAMOAN

My master's eyes were nothing like the sun;  
The gram is more red than its lips' red;  
If it was snowing white, then why did her breasts  
cry;  
If the hair is a rope, it grows on the wire heads.  
I've seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But there is no kind of roses I see on its cheeks;  
And some spices are more fun  
Instead of breathing came from my master.  
I would love to hear him speak, but I know him well  
The music has a much smoother sound;  
I grant I have never seen a goddess go;  
My sister, as she walked, she walked on the ground:  
But, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
It is as if he lied in the wrong comparison.

## SCOTS GAELIC

My mothers eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than the red of her lips;  
If snow is white, why then her breast is dense;  
If hair is wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I saw damask'd roses, red and white,  
But such roses do not see me in his cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more pleasure  
Than in the breath that my mistress is watching.  
I love hearing her speak, but I know well  
That music has a far more enjoyable sound;  
I concede that I did not see a goddess go away;  
My mistress, when she walks, walks on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love is so rare  
Like anything she believed by false comparison.

## SERBIAN

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red lips;  
If the snow is white, then why are her breasts  
spilled;  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I saw roses damask'd, red and white,  
But I do not see such roses in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more joy  
But in the breath that makes my mistress pound.  
I love to hear her speak, and again I know it well  
That music has a far more pleasant sound;  
I admit I have never seen a goddess leave;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads the earth:  
Yet, to heaven, I think my love is rare  
Like any, she was misled by false comparisons.

## SESOTHO

My grandmother's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is more red than her red lip;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts pale;  
If the hair is cords, black strands stay on his head.  
I have seen roses, red and white,  
But no such roses I see on her cheeks;  
To some flavors it is so much fun  
There is a breath of fresh air from my lady.  
I love to hear him speak, but I know better  
The music has a very pleasing sound;  
I confess that I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, as she walks, climbs down:  
And yet, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
As if it was anything he was afraid to compare to a  
lie.

## SHONA

The eyes of my mistress are not as the sun;  
Coral is more red than her lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts black;  
If the hair was wire, black wires would grow on his  
head.

I saw sleeping roses, red and white,  
But no such flower saw me in her cheeks;  
And in some spices there is some fun  
Instead of breathing that from my mistress.  
I want to hear him speak, but I'm pretty sure  
That music has a very interesting sound;  
I grant I've never seen a goddess gone;  
When my master walks, he walks on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I consider my love as young  
Like anyone who has lied to a lie.

## SINDHI

My wealth is not the same as the sun.  
The core is thicker than the red on her hips.  
If you wake up, why are her breasts so tired?  
If red hair gets worn, black hair will grow on his  
head.  
Why do I have a Damascus rose, red and white,  
But there is no such rose in my cheeks.  
And in some perfumes there is more blessing  
In association with my proprietary racks.  
It speaks to me so much, yet I know it  
That music is so annoying.  
Granted I can never go goddess;  
My possessions, when she's running, knock on the  
ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I consider my rare love  
As anybody she is lying with lies.

## SINHALA

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun.  
Coral her lips are redder than red;  
If the snow is white, why does her breast fade;  
If the hair is wire, the black wire on her head will  
grow.  
I've seen roses in Damascus, red and white,  
But I don't see any such roses on her cheeks.  
Some of the perfumes are more enjoyable  
Rather than suffocating my mistress.  
I would love to hear her talk, but I know better  
The music has a more pleasing sound;  
I don't see a goddess going.  
My mistress, as she walks, crawls to the floor:  
But from heaven, I think my love is rare  
Compare anything to a lie.

## SLOVAK

My lover's eyes are nothing but the sun;  
Coral is much redder than red on the lips;  
If the snow is white, why is her breasts clamped;  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on the head.  
I saw damask roses, red and white,  
But no such rose sees me in the cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is joy  
Then in the breath that my mistress slapped.  
I love to hear her speak, but I know well  
This music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I give never seen a goddess;  
My lady walks on the ground as she walks:  
And yet in heaven I think my love is rare  
Like every one she didn't believe in a false  
comparison.

## SLOVENIAN

My sweetheart's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much more red than red lips;  
If the snow is white, then why is her breast quince;  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I saw roses damask'd, red and white,  
But I do not see any such rose in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more pleasure  
From the breath my sweetheart is itching.  
I like to hear her talk, but I know it well  
This music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I admit I have never seen a goddess go;  
My sweetheart, as she walks, steps on the floor:  
And yet, heavens, I think my love is rare  
Like each, she made false comparisons.

## SOMALI

My eyes are like the sun;  
Coral is more red than the lips;  
If snow is white, why does her breast melt?  
If the hair becomes wires, black wires grow over the  
head.  
I saw flowers of red, white and white,  
But I do not see such flowers I see on her cheeks;  
And for some fragrance there is a lot of excitement  
More than a breath from my master  
I like to hear her speak, but I know better  
This music has a very good sound;  
I let go and never saw God go;  
My mistress, when she walked, stomped on the  
ground:  
And yet, in heaven, I think my love is very small  
As she denies a false comparison.

## SPANISH

My lover's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red of his lips;  
If the snow is white, why are your breasts wet?  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on the head.  
I've seen damask roses, red and white,  
But none of those roses see me on her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more delight  
That in the breath that my lover stinks.  
I love to hear her talk, but hey, I know.  
That music has a much nicer sound;  
I admit that I never saw a goddess leave;  
My mistress, when she walks, steps on the ground:  
And yet, for heaven's sake, I think my love is weird.  
As anyone she denied with false comparison.

## SUNDANESE

My eyes lady there who like the sun;  
Coral much more than red lips na;  
If snow be white, why then sell grief;  
If hair wire, black wire to grow on the head.  
I have to see the roses Rosas, red and white,  
But there is no such roses see I in her cheeks na;  
And in some perfumes is more appealing  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I like to hear, he said, but I also knew  
The music has a sound that is better;  
I do not ever give me to see the goddess go;  
Lady, when he was walking, the cage on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think of love as rare  
Such as what he rejected comparisons with the fake.

## SWAHILI

My grandmother's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is more red than its red lips;  
If the snow is white, why are its breasts white;  
If hair is wire, black wire grows on his head.  
I have seen flower buds in full, red and white,  
But no flower like this I see on her cheeks;  
And in a few spices there is more fun  
Than in the breath that from my grandmother comes  
from.  
I love hearing her talk, but I know better  
The music has a more lively sound;  
Grant I never saw god go;  
My grandmother, as she walks, stomps down:  
And yet, and in heaven, I consider my love as rare  
Just like any other person with a false comparison.

## SWEDISH

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is much more red than lips red;  
If the snow is white, why is her breast thin;  
If the hairs are threads, black threads grow on her  
head.

I've seen roses damask, red and white,  
But I do not see any such roses in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more joy  
Yet in the breath that my mistress holds.  
I love to hear her speak, but I know well  
That music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I grant that I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, as she walks, treads the ground:  
And yet, in heaven, I find my love as rare  
Which everyone she thought with false compares.

## TAJIK

My lady's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is much more red than its red lips;  
If snow is white then why is his breast a piece;  
If the hair is wired, black wires grow on his head.  
I saw yellow, red and white roses,  
But no such roses are on his cheek;  
And in some perfumes there is more flavor  
The breath I feel from my lady.  
I like to hear him speak, but I know well  
This music sounds more appealing;  
I have testified that I have never seen a goddess;  
My sister breaks the ground as she walks:  
But to heaven, I think my love is unique  
As he denied the false comparison.

## TAMIL

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
The coral is more red than the redness of her lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts tons;  
If the hairs are wires, she will grow black wires on  
her head.

Roses damask, red and white,  
But I find no such roses in her cheeks;  
And there is much joy in some fragrances  
Rather than breathing from my mistress.  
I want to hear her speak, but I know better  
That tune has a very happy sound;  
I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, as she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love is rare  
She lied to anybody.

## TELUGU

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
The corals are far redder than the redness of her lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts dun;  
If the hair is wires, then the black wires on her head  
grow.

I Damaged the roses, red and white,  
But I did not see such roses in her cheek;  
And there is more happiness in some perfumes  
Rather than breathing back from my mistress.  
I love to hear her speak, yet I know it  
There is so much fun in that music;  
I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, as she runs, runs on the ground:  
Yet, by heaven, I feel my love so rare  
She lied in a false comparison.

## THAI

The eyes of my mistress are not like the sun.  
Corals are redder than red lips. '  
If the snow is white, why is her chest brown?  
If the hair is a black wire, it will grow on her head.  
I've seen red, red and white crimson roses.  
But none of the aforementioned roses saw me in her  
cheeks;  
And in some fragrances, happier  
Than in the breath that came from my rich  
I like to hear you speak but I know.  
That song has more melodious sounds.  
I gave it a privilege. I have never seen a goddess go.  
My mistress, when you walked on the ground:  
And by heaven I think that my love is hard to find  
She refused with false comparisons.

## TURKISH

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
The coral is much redder than the red of the lips;  
If the snow is white, why is the breast hanging;  
If the hairs are wire, the black wires grow in the  
head.

I saw the roses in my candlestick, red and white,  
But I don't see such a rose on my cheek;  
And some perfumes have more pleasure  
My mistress smelled more than breath.  
I love to hear him speak, but I still know  
This music has a much nicer sound;  
I've never seen a goddess go;  
When my mistress walks, she falls to the floor:  
And yet, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
As any one believes with fake benchmarking.

## UKRAINIAN

My mistress's eyes are not like the sun;  
Coral is much redder than red lips;  
If the snow is white, then why does her breast sink;  
If the hairs are wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I saw damask roses, red and white,  
But no such roses I see in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more admiration  
Than on the breath, that from my mistress smells.  
I love to hear her talk, but I know it well  
This music has a much nicer sound;  
I give that I never saw the goddess go;  
My landlady, when she walks, walks on the ground:  
And yet, in the sky, I find my love rare  
Like any, she denied the false comparison.

## URDU

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun.  
The coral is more red than the lip of its lips.  
If the snow is white, then why are its breasts filled?  
If the hair has wires, black wires grow on its head.  
I have seen that the rose is in Damascus, red and  
white  
But I don't see any such roses on her cheeks.  
And some fragrances bring more happiness.  
Unlike the breath that my mistress receives.  
I love hearing about it, but I know it well.  
This music has a much happier sound.  
I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, walks on the ground:  
And yet, by paradise, I consider my love rare.  
As if anyone had lied to the wrong comparison.

## UZBEK

The wife's eyes are not like the sun;  
Red than coral lips;  
If snow is white, why does his chest get wet?  
If the hair has wires, black wires will grow on its  
head.  
I saw red-white, red and white roses.  
I don't have such roses on my cheeks.  
And some snacks have more fun  
More in the breath from my wife.  
I like to hear him speak, but I know it very well  
This music has a more pleasant sound;  
I have never seen a goddess go away;  
My wife, as she walks, looks at the floor:  
And yet, by heaven, my love is rare  
He refuses to make a false comparison like any  
other.

## VIETNAMESE

The eyes of my mistress are like the sun;  
The coral color is much redder than the red of her  
lips;  
If the snow is white, why is her chest dun;  
If her hair were strings, black wires would grow on  
her head.  
I have seen damask'd roses, red and white,  
But no rose saw me in her cheek;  
And in some perfumes there is much fun  
Than in that breath from my mistress.  
I love to hear her speak, but I know  
The music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I for I have never seen a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walked, walked on the  
ground:  
However, in heaven, I think my love is rare  
As any she believes with false comparison.

## WELSH

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Choral is much more reddish than the red of her  
lips;  
If the snow is white, why is it that her breasts are tin;  
If hair is wired, black wires grow on its head.  
I've seen damask'd roses, red and white,  
But no such roses see me in its cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more delight  
Than in the breath it is from my mistress reeks.  
I love hearing her speak, but yet I know  
That music has a much more pleasant sound;  
I grant that I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, while walking, walks on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love is so rare  
Like anyone she believed in a mock comparison.

## XHOSA

My wife's eyes are something like the sun;  
Coral is more crimson than her lips;  
If the snow is white, why are her breasts brown;  
If the hair turns out to be hair, black wires grow on  
his head.

I've seen roses Damaskd, red and white,  
But there is no such roses in my clothes;  
And in some spices there is even more happiness  
There is a breath from my wife that hurts.  
I'd love to hear her talk, but I know  
That music has a more endearing sound;  
I will admit that I have never seen a goddess go;  
My wife, when she walks, stomps on the ground:  
For now, by heaven, I think my love is unusual  
Like any selfish person when comparing lies.

## YIDDISH

The eyes of my mistress are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is much more red than her lips' red;  
If snow is white, why, her breasts are there;  
If hairs are wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I saw roses damask'd, red and white,  
But I do not see such roses in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes there is more joy  
Like in the breath that of my mistress takes.  
I would love to hear you speak, but I know well  
That music has a much more pleasing sound;  
I regret that I never saw a goddess walk;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, from heaven I think my love is so rare  
Just like she was wrong.

## YORUBA

The face of my master is nothing like the sun;  
Coral is more red than his lips' red;  
If the snow is white, why your breasts are sweet;  
If the hairs are wires, the black fibers develop on  
your head.  
I saw roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no matter what roses I have on your cheeks;  
And in the spices there is more pleasure  
Too in the spirit it was from my Uncle Ale.  
I love hearing your talk, however you know it well  
That song has so much fun and so much fun;  
I'm glad I didn't see a god going;  
My mistress, when you walk, you click on the  
ground:  
And yet, about heaven, I think my love as rare  
As with any lie compared to false.

## ZULU

My wife's eyes are not like the sun;  
The corals are more red than the red of his lips;  
If the snow is white, why is her breasts rotten;  
If the hair is choir, black strands grow on his head.  
I've seen daskask roses, red and white,  
But no such roses saw me on her cheek;  
And in some perfumes there is more happiness  
There is inspiration from my mother-in-law.  
I love to see her talk, yet I know  
That music has a very lively sound;  
I admit I have never seen a goddess go;  
My wife, as she walks, treads down:  
And so, by heaven, I think my love is unusual  
Like anyone was worried about false comparisons.