

William Shakespeare

King John, Act III, Scene IV

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do,
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

Ebal Martins Diniz Jr.

Luto enche o quarto de meu filho ausente,
Deita em seu leito, sobe e desce a mim,
Assume o belo porte, a fala imita,
Lembrando-me de todo o seu encanto,
Os trajes vagos veste com sua forma;
Este o motivo de gozar o luto.
Luto, adeus! foste tu sofrer a perda,
Dar-te-ia consolo bem melhor,
Tirarei esta forma da cabeça,
Pois me é tal o desvario no pensar.
Senhor! Meu filho Arthur, menino meu!
Mi'a vida, gozo, pão, meu mundo todo!
Consolo, alento, unção p'ra minha dor!