

41. Porta ciascun ne la fronte

Soneto 2 en ytaliano - Words from Petrarch, Sonnet 25. Luis Milán

5	a	a	a	a	r	a	a	r	a	a	a	r	a	r	a	
	a	r	e	a	r	a	r	a	a	r	a	a	r	a	r	a

10	a	a	a	a	r	a	a	r	a	a	a	r	a	r	a	r	a
	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r

15	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
	r	a	r	e	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a

20	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
	r	a	r	e	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a

30	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
	r	a	r	e	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a

40	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
	r	a	r	e	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a

45	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
	r	a	r	e	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a

55	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
	r	a	r	e	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a	r	a

60 65

70

75 80

85

90

95 100

105

110 115

My attempt at translation:
(I don't know Italian, much less Petrarchan Italian, but...)

Everyone carries on his face a sign
of his destiny, the day he is born into the world.
whether bitter and sad or happy and joyous.
And this is what Fate demands of him.

He who is without virtue, in a glorious state
flies with the favor of the second sky???
Another painfully falls to the depths
Although an excellent person and born of good blood.

One takes pleasure in going wandering,
one serves a gentleman and one a lord.
One falls in battle and one perishes at sea.

Some desire treasure, some fame, and honor;
To me is given the destiny of loving
and, in the end, of dying of too much love.