

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Sonnet 126

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass¹, his sickle hour²;
Who hast by waning³ grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st.

5 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack⁴,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck⁵ thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion⁶ of her pleasure!

10 She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit⁷ (though delayed) answered must be,
And her quietus⁸ is to render⁹ thee.

(96 Wörter)

¹**fickle glass** ever-changing hour-glass – ²**sickle hour** death (the time when Death's sickle strikes) – ³**waning** decreasing – ⁴**wrack** decay, destruction – ⁵**pluck** pull, seize – ⁶**minion** favourite, slave – ⁷**audit** final account – ⁸**quietus** quittance, final payment – ⁹**render** surrender