

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Sonnet 60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil¹ all forwards do contend².

5 Nativity³, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses⁴ 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound⁵.
Time doth transfix the flourish⁶ set on youth

10 And delves the parallels⁷ in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth⁸,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

(108 Wörter)

¹**sequent toil** continually renewed efforts – ²**contend** strive; to struggle, fight – ³**Nativity** the new-born baby – ⁴**Crooked eclipses** evil shadows – ⁵**confound** destroy – ⁶**transfix the flourish** destroy the bloom – ⁷**delves the parallels** digs wrinkles – ⁸**rarities of nature's truth** nature's most precious things