

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 80

O! how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit<sup>1</sup> doth use your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-tied speaking of your fame.

5 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,  
The humble as the proudest sail<sup>2</sup> doth bear,  
My saucy bark<sup>3</sup>, inferior far to his,  
On your broad main<sup>4</sup> doth wilfully<sup>5</sup> appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
10 Whilst he upon your soundless deep<sup>6</sup> doth ride;  
Or, being wrack'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building<sup>7</sup>, and of goodly pride<sup>8</sup>:  
Then if he thrive and I be cast away<sup>9</sup>,  
The worst was this, my love was my decay.

*(116 Wörter)*

<sup>1</sup>**better spirit** superior poet – <sup>2</sup>**proudest sail** most magnificent ship – <sup>3</sup>**saucy bark** tiny, impudent boat – <sup>4</sup>**broad main** wide ocean –  
<sup>5</sup>**wilfully** disrespectfully – <sup>6</sup>**soundless deep** bottomless sea – <sup>7</sup>**tall building** huge size – <sup>8</sup>**goodly pride** superb appearance – <sup>9</sup>**cast away** abandoned