

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 139

O, call not me to justify the wrong

That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;

Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue;

Use power with power<sup>1</sup> and slay me not by art<sup>2</sup>.

5 Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,

Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:

What need'st thou<sup>3</sup> wound with cunning when thy might<sup>4</sup>

Is more than my o'er-press'd<sup>5</sup> defense can bide<sup>6</sup>?

Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows

10 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,

And therefore from my face she turns my foes<sup>7</sup>,

That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:

Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,

Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

*(120 Wörter)*

<sup>1</sup>**Use power with power** use direct force, fight fairly – <sup>2</sup>**art** strategy, cunning – <sup>3</sup>**What need'st thou** why bother to – <sup>4</sup>**might** power over me – <sup>5</sup>**o'er-press'd** strongly attacked, too hard pressed – <sup>6</sup>**bide** endure – <sup>7</sup>**my foes** (the dark lady's eyes)