

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Sonnet 114

Or whether doth my mind, being crowned with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague¹, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith² true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
5 To make of monsters and things indigest³
Such cherubins⁴ as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble⁵?
O! 'tis the first, 'tis flattery in my seeing,
10 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust⁶ is 'greeing⁷,
And to his palate⁸ doth prepare the cup:
If it be poisoned, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.
(114 Wörter)

¹**monarch's plague** the occupational hazard of the king – ²**saith** speaks – ³**indigest** shapeless – ⁴**cherubins** angels – ⁵**his beams assemble** (the belief that beams from the eye created images) – ⁶**gust** taste – ⁷**greeing** agreeing – ⁸**palate** taste