

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 103

Alack! what poverty<sup>1</sup> my Muse brings forth,  
That having such a scope<sup>2</sup> to show her pride<sup>3</sup>,  
The argument all bare is of more worth  
Than when it hath my added praise beside!

5 O! blame me not, if I no more can write!

Look in your glass<sup>4</sup>, and there appears a face  
That over-goes<sup>5</sup> my blunt invention quite,  
Dulling<sup>6</sup> my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,

10 To mar the subject that before was well?

For to no other pass<sup>7</sup> my verses tend<sup>8</sup>  
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,  
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

*(117 Wörter)*

<sup>1</sup>**poverty** poor poetry – <sup>2</sup>**a scope** an opportunity – <sup>3</sup>**pride** splendid creativity – <sup>4</sup>**glass** mirror – <sup>5</sup>**over-goes** surpasses, defeats –  
<sup>6</sup>**Dulling** making dull – <sup>7</sup>**pass** end, purpose – <sup>8</sup>**tend** aim