

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 107

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world<sup>1</sup> dreaming on<sup>2</sup> things to come,  
Can yet the lease<sup>3</sup> of my true love control<sup>4</sup>,  
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom<sup>5</sup>.

- 5 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,  
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
Uncertainties now crown themselves assured,  
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
Now with the drops of this most balmy<sup>6</sup> time,  
10 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes<sup>7</sup>,  
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults<sup>8</sup> o'er dull and speechless tribes:  
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests<sup>9</sup> and tombs of brass are spent.  
(113 Wörter)

**Of the wide world** the world's fearful expectation – **2dreaming on** prophesying – **3lease** duration – **4control** determine, end –  
**5Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom** believed to be subject to the penalty of inescapable fate – **6balmy** healthy –  
**7subscribes** submits – **8insults** triumphs – **9crests** battle-helmets, coats of arms