

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 86

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of<sup>1</sup> all too precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts<sup>2</sup> in my brain inhearse<sup>3</sup>,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?

5 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch<sup>4</sup>, that struck me dead?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers<sup>5</sup> by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable<sup>6</sup> familiar ghost

10 Which nightly gulls<sup>7</sup> him with intelligence<sup>8</sup>,  
As victors of my silence cannot boast;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence:  
But when your countenance filled up his line<sup>9</sup>,  
Then lacked I matter<sup>10</sup>; that enfeebled mine.  
(110 Wörter)

<sup>1</sup>**Bound for the prize of** seeking to capture – <sup>2</sup>**ripe thoughts** blossoming sonnets (not yet written) – <sup>3</sup>**inhearse** bury – <sup>4</sup>**Above a mortal pitch** beyond human ability – <sup>5</sup>**compeers** colleagues, allies – <sup>6</sup>**affable** friendly – <sup>7</sup>**gulls** deceives, crams – <sup>8</sup>**intelligence** information – <sup>9</sup>**filled up his line** became the subject-matter of his verse – <sup>10</sup>**matter** subject-matter