

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 98

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied<sup>1</sup> April dress'd in all his trim<sup>2</sup>  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing  
That heavy<sup>3</sup> Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.

5 Yet nor the lays<sup>4</sup> of birds nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odor and in hue<sup>5</sup>  
Could make me any summer's story<sup>6</sup> tell.  
Or from their proud lap<sup>7</sup> pluck them while they grew;  
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
10 Nor praise the deep vermilion<sup>8</sup> in the rose;  
These were but sweet, but figures<sup>9</sup> of delight;  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.  
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away<sup>10</sup>,  
As with your shadow I with these did play.

*(118 Wörter)*

<sup>1</sup>**proud-pied** brilliantly multi-coloured – <sup>2</sup>**trim** fine clothes – <sup>3</sup>**heavy** sad – <sup>4</sup>**lays** songs – <sup>5</sup>**hue** colour – <sup>6</sup>**summer's story** happy tale  
– <sup>7</sup>**proud lap** lovely meadows (earth) – <sup>8</sup>**vermilion** red or scarlet – <sup>9</sup>**figures** images – <sup>10</sup>**you away** in your absence