

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Sonnet 27

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose¹ for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body's work's expired²:

5 For then my thoughts--from far where I abide³--

Intend⁴ a zealous pilgrimage⁵ to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that⁶ my soul's imaginary sight⁷

10 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,

Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly⁸ night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.

Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,

For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

(110 Wörter)

¹**dear repose** sweet rest – ²**expired** finished – ³**abide** lodge, reside – ⁴**Intend** set out on – ⁵**zealous pilgrimage** loving and devoted journey – ⁶**Save that** except that – ⁷**imaginary sight** imagination – ⁸**ghastly** ghostly, terrifying