

# УИЛЬЯМ ШЕКСПИР

SONNETS ON SUNDRY  
NOTES OF MUSIC

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**Sonnets on Sundry Notes of Music**

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*Sonnets on Sundry Notes of Music:*

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# William Shakespeare

## Sonnets on Sundry

### Notes of Music

#### I

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,  
That liked of her master as well as well might be.  
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,  
Her fancy fell a-turning.  
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,  
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight;  
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite  
Unto the silly damsel!  
But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,  
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,  
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:  
Alas, she could not help it!  
Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of the day,  
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;  
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;  
For now my song is ended.

## II

On a day (alack the day!)  
Love, whose month was ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alas! my hand hath sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiop were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.

### III

My flocks feed not,  
My ewes breed not,  
My rams speed not,

    All is amiss:  
Love is dying,  
Faith's defying,  
Heart's denying,  
    Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:  
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
There a nay is plac'd without remove.  
One silly cross  
Wrought all my loss;  
    O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!  
For now I see,  
Inconstancy  
    More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,  
All fears scorn I,  
Love bath forlorn me,  
    Living in thrall:

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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