

# Amoretti II

## Любовные Послания II



Edmund Spenser  
Эдмунд Спенсер

Peter Dyson  
2005



**Edmund Spenser**  
**Эдмунд Спенсер**

**Amoretti**  
**Любовные Послания II**

для Елены Тарасовой и хоровой студии "Ключ"

Sonnet 6: Be nought dismayed that her unmoved mind

Sonnet 7: Fair eyes, the mirror of my mazed heart

Sonnet 8: More than most fair, full of the living fire

Sonnet 9: Long while I sought to what I might compare

Sonnet 10: Unrighteous lord of love, what law is this

Сонет 6: О, не скорби, что холодно крута

Сонет 7: Живые светочи прекрасных глаз

Сонет 8: Не очи, нет - живые огоньки

Сонет 9: Чему же уподобить на земле

Сонет 10: Суровый бог любви, скажи, к чему

**Peter Dyson**  
**Питер Дайсон**  
**2005**



# Amoretti Sonnet VI

Edmund Spenser  
(1552 -1599)

Peter Dyson

**Gently** (♩ = 70)

*mf*

Soprano

Be nought dis - may'd that her un-mo-ved mind Doth

Alto

Be nought dis - may'd that her un-mo-ved mind Doth

Tenor

Be nought dis - may'd that her un-mo-ved mind Doth

Bass

Be nought dis - may'd that her un-mo-ved mind Doth

6

S.

still per-sist in her re-bell-i-ous pride: Such love, such love

A.

still per-sist in her re-bell-i-ous pride: Such love, such love

T.

still per-sist in her re-bell-i-ous pride: Such love, such love

B.

still per-sist in her re-bell-i-ous pride: Such love, such love



11

S. *mf*  
not like to lusts of ba-ser kind: The har-der won, the fir-mer will a-

A. *mf*  
not like to lusts of ba-ser kind: The har-der won, the fir-mer will a-

T. *mf*  
not like to lusts of ba-ser kind: The har-der won, the fir-mer will a-

B. *mf*  
not like to lusts of ba-ser kind The har-der won, the fir-mer will a-

15

S. *f* *mf* *mf*  
- bide. The Oak, yet dried, Is

A. *f* *mf*  
- bide. The dure-ful Oak, whose sap is not yet dried,

T. *f* *mf* *mf*  
- bide. The Oak, whose sap is not yet dried, Is

B. *f* *mf*  
- bide. The dure-ful Oak, yet dried,

19

S. *f* *mf*  
long ere it con-ceive the kin-dling fire: But when it doth once burn,

A. *f* *mf*  
fi-re: But when it doth once burn,

T. *f* *mf*  
long ere it con-ceive the kin-dling fire: once burn,

B. *mf* *f* *mf*  
the kin-dling fire: burn,

23

S. *p*  
it doth di-vide Great heat, and makes his flame to heaven a - spire.

A. *p*  
Great heat, and makes his flame to hea-ven a -

T. *p*  
it doth di - vide Great heat, a -

B. *p*  
it doth di-vide Great heat, a -

27

S. *mf* *p*  
So hard it is to kin - dle new de - sire, In gen-tle breast that shall en-

A. *mf* *p*  
- spire, So hard it is to kin - dle new de - sire, In gen-tle breast that shall en-

T. *mf* *p*  
- spire, So hard it is to kin - dle new de - sire, In gen-tle breast that shall en-

B. *mf* *p*  
- spire, So hard it is to kin - dle new de - sire, In gen-tle breast that shall en-

32

S. *p*  
- dure for e - ver: Deep is the wound that dints the parts en - tire With

A. *p*  
- dure for e - ver: Deep is the wound that dints the parts en - tire With

T. *p*  
- dure for e - ver: Deep is the wound that dints the parts en - tire With

B. *p*  
- dure for e - ver: Deep is the wound that dints the parts en - tire. With

37

*mf*

S. chaste af - fects that naught but death can se -

*mf*

A. chaste af - fects that naught but death can se -

*mf*

T. chaste af - fects that naught but death can se -

*mf*

B. chaste af - fects that naught but death can se -

42

*p* *mf*

S. - ver. Then think not long in ta - king

*p* *mf*

A. - ver. Then think not long in ta - king

*p* *mf*

T. - ver. Then think not long in

*p* *mf*

B. - ver. Then think not long

46

*p*

S. lit - tle pain To knit the knot,

*p*

A. lit - tle pain To knit the knot,

*p*

T. ta - king lit - tle pain To knit the

*p*

B. in ta - king lit - tle pain To knit the



50 *mf* *p* *pp*

S. *mf* *p* *pp*

A. *mf* *p* *pp*

T. *mf* *p* *pp*

B. *mf* *p* *pp*

that e - ver shall re - main.

that e - ver shall re - main.

knot, that e - ver shall re - main.

knot, that e - ver shall re - main.

St Petersburg, 1st March 2005

### Sonnet 6

Be nought dismayed that her unmoved mind  
 Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:  
 Such love not like to lusts of baser kind,  
 The harder won, the firmer will abide.  
 The dureful Oak, whose sap is not yet dried,  
 Is long ere it conceive the kindling fire:  
 But when it once doth burn, it doth divide  
 Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.  
 So hard it is to kindle new desire.  
 In gentle breast that shall endure for ever:  
 Deep is the wound that dints the parts entire  
 With chaste affects, that naught but death can sever.  
 Then think not long in taking little pain  
 To knit the knot, that ever shall remain.

### Сонет 6

О, не скорби, что холодно крута  
 Она в мятежной гордости своей;  
 Ее любовь - не низменным чета:  
 Трудней добыть, зато стократ прочней.  
 Могучий дуб под веером ветвей  
 Часами может пламя отторгать,  
 Но, если вспыхнет, зарево огней  
 С небесной высью примется играть.  
 Так трудно в нежном сердце выплавлять  
 Любви святой незыблемую твердь,  
 Которую сотрет одна лишь смертью  
 Так согласись принять частицу зла  
 Сплетая нити вечного узла.

# Amoretti Sonnet VII

Edmund Spenser  
(1552 - 1599)

Peter Dyson

**Sweetly** (♩ = 50)

*p*

Soprano Fair eyes, the mir-ror of my ma-zed heart, What won-drous

*p*

Alto Fair eyes, What won-drous

*p*

Tenor Fair eyes, the mir - ror of my ma-zed heart. What won-drous

*p*

Bass Fair eyes. What won-drous

61

*p* *pp* *ppp*

S. vir - tue The which both life and death forth

*pp* *ppp*

A. vir - tue is con-tained in you, life death

*p* *pp* *ppp*

T. vir-tue\_ The which both life and death forth

*pp* *ppp*

B. vir-tue\_ is con - tained in you, life death

67 *p* *p* *pp*

S. from you dart\_ migh-ty view? For when ye

A. *p* *p*  
In - to the ob - ject\_ of your migh-ty view?

T. *p* *pp*  
from you dart\_ migh-ty view? For when ye

B. *p* *p*  
In - to the ob - ject of your migh-ty view?\_

73 *p*

S. mild - ly look with love - ly hue, life and

A. *p*  
Then is my soul with life and

T. *p*  
mild-ly look with love - ly hue, Then is my soul with life and

B. *p*  
Then is my soul with life and

79 *mf* *p*

S. love in - spired, But when you lowre, or look on me a - skew,

A. *mf* *p*  
love in - spired, Then

T. *mf* *p*  
love in - spired, But when you lowre, or look on me a - skew,

B. *mf*  
love in - spired,

85

*p* *mf* *p* *pp* *p*

S. Then do I die, \_\_\_\_\_ fi - red. \_\_\_\_\_ But

A. do I die, as one with light - ning fi - red. \_\_\_\_\_

T. Then do I die, \_\_\_\_\_ fi - red.

B. Then do I die, as one with light - ning fi - red. \_\_\_\_\_

pronounced fi'erd

91

*mf* *p*

S. since that life \_\_\_\_\_ is more than death de - sired, \_\_\_\_\_ Look ev - er

A. But since that life is more than death de - sired, Look ev - er

T. But since that life is more than death de - sired, Look ev - er

B. But since that life is more than death de - sired, Look e - ver

96

*p*

S. love - ly, as be - comes you best, \_\_\_\_\_ That your

A. love - ly, as be - comes you best, \_\_\_\_\_ That you bright

T. love - ly, as be - comes you, as be - comes you best, That your bright beams

B. love - ly, as be - comes you best, That your bright beams of

101 *mf* *p*<sup>13</sup>

S. bright beams of my weak eyes\_ ad- mired, May kin-dle li - ving fire with-

A. beams of my weak eyes\_ ad - mired, May kin-dle li - ving fire

T. of my weak eyes ad - mired, May kin-dle li - ving fire

B. my weak eyes ad - mired, May kin-dle li - ving fire

107 *mf* *mf*

S. -in my breast. Such life should be the

A. *p* with-in my breast. Such life should be

T. *p* with - in my breast. Such life should be the

B. *p* with-in my breast. Such life should be

114 *f* *mf* *f*

S. ho-nour of your light, Such death, death,

A. light, Such death, death,

T. ho - nour of your light, Such death, death

B. light, Such death, death

119 *mf*

S. death the sad ex - am - ple of your might. \_\_\_\_\_

A. death the sad ex - am - ple of your might. \_\_\_\_\_

T. death the sad ex - am - ple of your might. \_\_\_\_\_

B. death the sad ex - am - ple of your might. \_\_\_\_\_

St Petersburg, 11th March 2005

### Sonnet 7

Fair eyes, the mirror of my mazed heart,  
 What wondrous virtue is contained in you,  
 The which both life and death forth from you dart  
 Into the object of your mighty view?  
 For when ye mildly look with lovely hue,  
 Then is my soul with life and love inspired,  
 But when you lowre, or look on me askew,  
 Then do I die, as one with lightning fired.  
 But since that life is more than death desired,  
 Look ever lovely, as becomes you best,  
 That your bright beams of my my weak eyes admired,  
 May kindle living fire within my breast.  
 Such life should be the honour of your light,  
 Such death the sad example of your might.

### Сонет 7

Живые светочи прекрасных глаз,  
 Души моей смятенной зеркала, -  
 И жизнь, и смерть, и спор добра и зла.  
 Лишь заискрится в вас струя тепла,  
 Я жизни и любви впиваю зной,  
 Но если вас одолевает мгла,  
 Я гибну, словно в буре грозовой.  
 Но жизнь желанней стужи гробовой,  
 И я молю - всегда как май гляди, -  
 Пусть яркий луч, пьяня рассудок мой,  
 Живой огонь родит в моей груди.  
 Да разве же не жизнь, а смерть нужна,  
 Чтоб доказать, насколько ты сильна!

# Amoretti Sonnet VIII

Edmund Spenser  
(1552 - 1599)

Peter Dyson

**Tenderly** (♩ = 55)

The soloist must be heard clearly above the choir at all times

Soprano

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

(open-sound)

*p*

*pp*

(open-sound)

*p*

*pp*

(open-sound)

*p*

*pp*

(open-sound)

*p*

*pp*



132 *mf*

S. More than most fair, full of the li-ving fire, Kin-dled a -

S.

A.

T.

B.

139

S. *mf*  
-bove un-to the ma-ker near: No eyes but joys, in which all powers con-

S. *p* *mf* *mf*

A. *p*

T. *p*

B. *p*

146

S. *mf*  
- spire. That to the world naught else be coun-ted dear.

S. *mf* *p* *pp*

A. *p* *pp*

T. *p* *pp*

B. *p* *pp*

154

S. *mf*  
Through your bright beams doth not the blin-ded guest, Shoot out his

S.

A. *mf*

T. *mf*

B. *mf*



161

*p*

S. darts to base af-fec-tions wound: But ang-els come to lead frail minds to rest

*pp*

A.

T. *pp*

B. *pp*

168

*f*

S. In chaste de - sires on heaven-ly beau-ty bound You frame\_\_ my thoughts\_\_ and

*p* *mf*

A. *p* *mf*

T. *p* *mf*

B. *p* *mf*

175

*f*

S. fa-shion me with - in, You stop\_\_ my tongue,\_\_ and teach my heart to speak.

*mf*

A. *mf*

T. *mf*

B. *mf*

182 *p* *mf*

S. You calm the storm that pa-sion did be - gin, Strong through your cause,

S. *pp* *p*

A. *pp* *p*

T. *pp* *p*

B. *pp* *p*

189 *p*

S. but by your vir - tue weak. Dark is the world, where your light

S.

A.

T. *pp*

B.

197 *mf*

S. shi - ned ne - ver, Well is he born, that may be - hold you

S.

A. *p*

T. *p*

B. *p*

203

S. e - ver. \_\_\_\_\_

S. *p*

A. *p*

T. *p*

B. *p*

St Petersburg, 22nd March 2005

### Sonnet 8

More than most fair, full of the living fire,  
 Kindled above unto the maker near:  
 No eyes but joys, in which all powers conspire,  
 That to the world naught else be counted dear.  
 Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest,  
 Shoot out his darts to base affections wound:  
 But Angels come to lead frail minds to rest  
 In chaste desires on heavenly beauty bound.  
 You frame my thoughts and fashion me within,  
 You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak,  
 You calm the storm that passion did begin,  
 Strong through your cause, but by your virtue weak.  
 Dark is the world, where your light shined never,  
 Well is he born, that may behold you ever.

### Сонет 8

Не очи, нет - живые огоньки,  
 Зажженные от алтаря Творца,  
 Не очи, а восторгов родники,  
 Бодрящие и старца, и юнца,  
 Сквозь сноп лучистый - не ослепший бес  
 Пускает стрелы из бесовской тьмы,  
 Но ангелы к гармонии небес  
 Уводят смертных хрупкие умы,  
 Наставники всех помыслов моих,  
 Как ваша сила девственно мягка!  
 И затихает гул страстей земных,  
 И сердце говорит без языка.  
 Угрюмо там, где вас, прекрасных, нет,  
 И там весна, где виден всем ваш свет.

# Amoretti Sonnet IX

Edmund Spenser  
(1552 - 1599)

Peter Dyson

**Angrily** (♩ = 150)

*mf* *mf* *f*

Soprano Those power-ful

Alto Those power - ful

Tenor Long - while I sought to what I might com - pare\_\_\_\_\_

Bass Long - - - while\_\_\_\_\_

218 *f* *mf* <

S. eyes, which ligh - ten my dark spright,\_\_\_ Find\_\_\_

A. eyes,\_\_\_

T. Yet\_\_\_ find\_\_\_ I\_\_\_

B. Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare\_\_\_\_\_

227

S. *f* *f* *ff* *f*  
I nought, Not to the Sun: for

A. *mf* *f* *f* *ff*  
Re - sem - ble th'i-mage of their good-ly light. Not to the Sun:

T. *f* *ff*  
Not to the Sun:

B. *f* *ff*  
Not to the Sun:

236

S. *f* *ff*  
they do shine by night; Nor to the Moon:

A. *f* *ff* *f*  
Nor to the Moon; for they are chan-ged ne - ver,

T. *f* *ff*  
Nor to the Moon:

B. *f* *ff*  
Nor to the Moon:

245

S. *f* *ff* *f* *ff*  
Nor to the stars: Nor to the fire:

A. *f* *ff* *f* *ff*  
Nor to the stars: Nor to the fire:

T. *f* *ff* *f* *ff*  
Nor to the stars: for they have pur - er sight; Nor to the fire:

B. *f* *ff* *f* *ff*  
Nor to the stars: Nor to the fire; for

254

S. *p* *mf* *mf*  
Nor to the light - ning:\_\_\_\_ for they still per - se - ver;\_\_

A. *p* *mf*  
Nor to the light - ning:\_\_\_\_

T. *p* *mf*  
Nor to the light - ning:\_\_\_\_

B. *p* *mf*  
they con - sume not e - ver; Nor to the light - ning:\_\_\_\_

263

S. *p* *mf* *p*  
\_\_\_\_ Nor to the dia - mond:\_\_\_\_ Nor un - to

A. *p* *mf* *mf* *p*  
Nor to the dia - mond:\_\_\_\_ for they are more ten - der;\_\_\_\_ Nor un - to

T. *p* *mf* *p*  
Nor to the dia - mond:\_\_\_\_ Nor un - to

B. *p* *mf* *p*  
Nor to the dia - mond:\_\_\_\_ Nor un - to

272

S. *mf* *p* *mf*  
crys - tal:\_\_\_\_ Nor un - to glass:\_\_\_\_

A. *mf* *p* *mf*  
crys - tal:\_\_\_\_ Nor un - to glass:\_\_\_\_

T. *mf* *mf* *p* *mf*  
crys - tal:\_\_\_\_ for nought may them se - ver:\_\_\_\_ Nor un - to glass:\_\_\_\_

B. *mf* *p* *mf*  
crys - tal:\_\_\_\_ Nor un - to glass:\_\_\_\_

281 *mf*

S. *mf* Then to the

A. *mf* Then to the

T. *mf* Then to the

B. *mf* such base - ness mought of - fend her; *mf* Then to the

288 *f*

S. *f* Ma - ker self they li - kest be

A. *f* Ma - ker self they li - kest be

T. *f* Ma - ker self they li - kest be

B. *f* Ma - ker self they li - kest be

294 *mf* *f*

S. *mf* Whose light doth ligh - ten *f*

A. *mf* Whose light doth ligh - ten *f*

T. *mf* Whose light doth ligh - ten *f*

B. *mf* Whose light doth ligh - ten *f*

300

*ff*

S. all that here we see.

*ff*

A. all that here we see.

*ff*

T. all that here we see.

*ff*

B. all that here we see.

St Petersburg, 22nd March 2005

### Sonnet 9

Long-while I sought to what I might compare  
 Those powerful eyes, which lighten my dark spright,  
 Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare  
 Resemble th'image of their goodly light.  
 Not to the Sun: for they do shine by night;  
 Nor to the Moon: for they are changed never;  
 Nor to the stars: for they have purer sight;  
 Nor to the fire: for they consume not ever;  
 Nor to the lightning: for they still persevere;  
 Nor to the diamond: for they are more tender;  
 Nor unto crystal: for nought may them sever;  
 Nor unto glass: such baseness mought offend her;  
 Then to the Maker self they likest be  
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

### Сонет 9

Чему же уподобить на земле  
 Всесильный свет ее живых очей,  
 Так благостно сияющих во мгле  
 Над гулкой пропастью души моей!  
 Не солнцу - ночью нет его лучей;  
 Не месяцу - его изменчив лик;  
 Не звездам - очи ярче и светлей;  
 Не пламени - жесток его язык;  
 Не молнии - она сверкает миг;  
 Не хрусталу - он холодно блестит;  
 Не бриллианту - бледен граней блик;  
 И не стеклу - такое оскорбит.  
 Да, только свету самого Творца  
 Подобен свет любимого лица.



# Amoretti Sonnet X

Edmund Spenser  
(1552 - 1599)

Peter Dyson

**Bitterly** (♩=80)

*mf*

Soprano  
Un - righ - teous Lord of love, \_\_\_\_\_ what

*mf*

Alto  
Un - righ - teous Lord of love, \_\_\_\_\_ what

*mf*

Tenor  
Un - righ - teous Lord of love, \_\_\_\_\_ what

*mf*

Bass  
Un - righ - teous Lord of love, \_\_\_\_\_ what



313

S.  
law is this That me thou ma - kest thus tor - men - ted be:

A.  
law is this That me thou ma - kest thus tor - men - ted be:

T.  
law is this \_\_\_\_\_ That me thou ma - kest tor - men - ted be: \_\_\_\_\_

B.  
law is this That me thou ma - kest tor - men - ted be:

320 *p*

S. The whiles she lor - deth in li - cen - tious bliss Of her free -

A. The whiles she lor - deth in li - cen - tious bliss Of her free -

T. The whiles she lor - deth in li - cen - tious bliss Of her free -

B. The whiles she lor - deth in li - cen - tious bliss Of her free -

327 *mf*

S. will, scor - ning both thee and me. See how the

A. - will, scor - ning both thee and me. See,

T. - will, scor - ning both thee and me. See,

B. will, scor - ning both thee and me. See,

333

S. Ty - ra ness doth joy to see The huge mas - sa -

A. see how the Ty - ra - ness doth joy to see

T. see how the Ty - ra - ness doth joy to

B. see how the Ty - ra - ness doth joy

338 *p*

S. -cres which her eyes\_\_\_\_ do make:\_\_\_\_ And hum-bled hearts\_\_\_\_

A. The huge mas-sa - cres which her eyes\_\_\_\_ do make:\_\_\_\_ And hum - bled hearts

T. see The huge mas-sa - cres that her eyes\_\_\_\_ do make: And hum-bled

B. to see The huge mas-sa-cres which her eyes do make: And hum -

345 *mf*

S. \_\_\_\_ bring cap - tives un - to thee,\_\_\_\_ That thou of them mayst

A. \_\_\_\_ bring cap - tives un - to thee,\_\_\_\_ That thou of them mayst

T. hearts\_\_\_\_ bring cap tives un - to thee,\_\_\_\_ That thou of them\_\_\_\_ mayst

B. -bled hearts bring cap tives un - to thee,\_\_\_\_ That thou of them mayst

351 *p*

S. migh-ty ven-geance take.\_\_\_\_ But her proud heart\_\_\_\_ do

A. migh-ty ven-geance take.\_\_\_\_ But, but her proud heart\_\_\_\_

T. migh-ty ven-geance take.\_\_\_\_ But, but her proud heart\_\_\_\_

B. migh-ty ven-geance take.\_\_\_\_ But, but her proud\_\_\_\_

358 *mf*

S. thou a lit-tle shake And that high look with which she doth comp -

A. do thou a lit-tle shake And that high look with which she doth comp -

T. do thou a lit-tle shake And that high look with which she doth comp -

B. heart do thou a lit-tle shake And that high look with which she doth comp -

364 *f* *ff* *f*

S. - troll All this world's pride, Bow to a ba - ser make,

A. - troll All this world's pride, Bow to a bas - er make,

T. - troll All this world's pride, Bow to a ba - ser

B. - troll All this world's pride, Bow to a ba - ser

373 *mf* *p*

S. And all her faults in thy black book en - roll.

A. And all her faults in thy black book en - roll.

T. make, And all her faults in thy black book en - roll

B. make, And all her faults in thy black book en - roll.

380 *mf* *f*

S. That I may laugh at her in e - qual sort, \_\_\_\_\_

A. That I may laugh \_\_\_\_\_ at her in e - qual sort, \_\_\_\_\_

T. That I may laugh at her in e - qual sort, \_\_\_\_\_

B. That I may laugh at her in e - qual sort, \_\_\_\_\_

385 *mf* *mf*

S. — As she doth laugh at me \_\_\_\_\_ and

A. — As she doth laugh at me \_\_\_\_\_ and

T. — As she doth laugh at me \_\_\_\_\_ and

B. — As she doth laugh at me \_\_\_\_\_ and

393


S. makes my pain \_\_\_\_\_ her

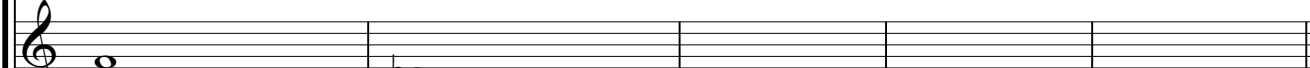
A. makes my pain \_\_\_\_\_ her


T. makes my pain \_\_\_\_\_ makes my


B. makes my pain \_\_\_\_\_ her

399

S.   
sport. \_\_\_\_\_

A.   
sport. \_\_\_\_\_

T.   
pain, my pain her sport. \_\_\_\_\_

B.   
sport. \_\_\_\_\_

St Petersburg, 4th April 2005

#### Sonnet 10

Unrighteous Lord of love, what law is this  
That me thou makest thus tormented be:  
The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss  
Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me.  
See how the Tyranness doth joy to see  
The huge massacres which her eyes do make:  
And humbled hearts bring captives unto thee,  
That thou of them mayst mighty vengeance take.  
But her proud heart do thou a little shake  
And that high look with which she doth comptroll  
All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,  
And all her faults in thy black book enroll.  
That I may laugh at her in equal sort,  
As she doth laugh at me and makes my pain her sport.

#### Сонет 10

Суровый бог любви, скажи, к чему  
Ты душу мне терзаньем иссушил  
И дал ее капризному уму  
Презреть тебя и мой бессонный пыл!?  
Смотри, как царственной тиранке мил  
Кровавый пир ее жестоких глаз,  
Как в плен к тебе ведет сердца без сил!  
Прошу смиренно - остомсти за нас,  
За гордый дух встряхни ее хоть раз,  
Чтоб не могла с надменностью глядеть.  
А чтобы спесью злой не увлеклась,  
Ты в черном списке все грехи пометь.  
За то, что боль моя - венец ее утех,  
На смех ее пусть отзовется смех.