

In a grove most rich of shade

Poem by Sir Phillip Sidney.

Guillaume Tessier

In a grove most rich of shade, Where birds wan-
 As trophel with - Stel la sweet Did for mu-
 Him great harms had - taught much care; Her fair neck
 Wept they had, a - las, the while, But now tears
 Sigh'd they had, but - now be- twixt Sighs of woe
 Their ears hun- gry - of each word Which the dear
 But when their tongues - could not speak, Love it- self
 Stel- la, so- v'reign - of my joy, Faire tri- um-
 Stel- la, in whose - shin- ing eyes, Are the lights
 Stel- la, whose voice, - when it speaks, Sen- ses all
 Stel- la, in whose - bo- dy is, Writ the Car-
 Grant, O grant, but - speech (a- las) Failes me, fear-
 Grant, O dear, on - knees I pray, (Knees on ground
 Ne- ver sea- son - was more fit, Ne- ver room
 This small wind which - so sweet is, See how it
 Love makes earth the - wa- ter drink, Love to earth
 There his hands in - their speech fain Would have made
 There- with- all, a - way she went, Leav- ing him

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ton - - mu- sic made, May then young his pied weeds
 tual - - com- fort meet, Both with- in them- selves op-
 a - - foul yoke bare, But her sight his care did
 them- - - selves did smile, While their eyes by love dir-
 were - - glad sighs mixt, With arms cross'd, yet tes- ti-
 tongue - - would af- ford: But their tongues re- strain'd from
 did - - si- lence breake: Love did set his lips a-
 phress - - in an- noy: Stel- la, star of heav'n- ly
 of - - Cu- pid's skyes, Whose beams when they are once
 a- - sun- der breake: Stel- la, whose voice when it
 ac- - - ter of blisse: Whose sweet face all beau- ty
 ing - - on to passe: Grant to me-- what am I
 he - - then did stay) That not I but, since I
 more - - apt for it: Smil- ing air al- lows my
 the - - leaves doth kisse, Each tree in his best at-
 makes - - wa- ter sincke, And if dumb things be so
 tongue's - - lan- guage plaine But her hands his hands com-
 with - - pas- sion rent With what she had done and

show- ing, New per- fum'd with
pres- sed, But each in the
ban- ish, In his sight her
ect- ed, In- ter- change- a-
fy- ing Rest- less rest and
walk- ing Till their hearts had
sun- der, Thus to speak in
fi- re, Stel- la, load- star
dart- ed, Love there- with is
sing- eth, An- gels to ac-
pas- seth, Save thy mind, which
say- ing? But no fault there
love you, Time and place from
rea- tir- ing, These Birds sing, now
wit- ty, Shall a heav'n- ly
pel- ling, Gave re- pulse, all
spo- ken, That there- with my

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flow'rs fresh - - grow- ing. May, then young, ing.
oth- er - - bles- sed. Both with- in sed.
yoke did - - van- ish. But her sight ish.
bly, re- - - flec- ted. While their eyes ed.
li- ving - - dy- ing. With arms cross'd, ing.
end- ed - - talk- ing. But their tongues ing.
love and - - won- der. Love did set der.
of de- - - si- re. Stel- la, star re.
straight im- - - par- ted. Whose beams when ed.
quain- tance - - bring- eth. Stel- la, whose eth.
it sur- - - pass- eth. Whose sweet face eth.
is in - - pray- ing. Grant to me, ing.
me may - - move you. That not I you.
use the - - sea- son. Smil- ing air son.
love in- - - spir- ing. Each tree in ing.
grace want - - pi- ty? And if dumb ty?
grace ex- - - pel- ling. But her hands ling.
song is - - bro- ken. With what she ken.

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