4. Go, my flock

Poem by Sir Philip Sidney

Anonymous

Go, my flock, go get thee hence; seek some o-ther
Leave a wretch in whom all woe can a-bide to
Yet, a-las, be-est fore you go, hear your woe-ful
Stel-la, fair-est shep-herd-ess, fair-est, but yet
Stel-la hath re-fus-ed me: Stel--la, who more
Stel-la hath re-fus-ed me, As-tro-phel, that
Why, a-las, then doth she swear that she lov-eth
Is that love? For-me sooth I trow if I saw my
No, she hates me (well a-way) fain-ing love, some-
Then, my flo-cke now a-dieu, but, a-las, if

place of feed-ing, where you may have some de-
keep no mea-sure. Mer-ry flock, such one for-
mas-ter's sto-ry, which to stones I else would
cruel-est ev-er. Stel-la, whom the heav'ns still
love hath prov-ed in this cai-tiff heart to
so well serv-ed, in this plea-sant spring (muse)
me so dear-ly, see-ing me so long to
good dog griev-ed and a help for him did
what to please me, know-ing, if she should dis-
in your stray-ing hea-v'nly Stel-la meet with

fense from the storms in my breast breed-ing, and show'rs from mine eyes pro-ceed-ing.

go, un-to whom mirth is dis-plea-sure, on-ly 'tis rich in mea-sures trea-sure.

show, sor-row on-ly then hath glo-ry when 'tis ex-cel-lent-ly sor-ry.

bless, though a-can in against me she per-se-ver, though I bliss in-her-it ne-ver.

be than can in good to us be mov-ed, to-wards lamb-kins best be-lov-ed.

see while in pride flow'rs be pre-serv-ed, him-self on-ly win-ter starv-ed.

bear coals of love that burn so clear-ly, and yet leave me hope-less mere-ly.

know my love should not be be-liev-ed, but he were by tor-re-liev-ed.

play all her heat, death soon would sieze me, and of hi-deous tor-ments ease me.

you, tell her in your pi-tious blay-ing, her poor slav-es just de-cay-ing.

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1) Note one course lower in orig.