



7. In a grove most rich of shade

Poem by Sir Philip Sidney

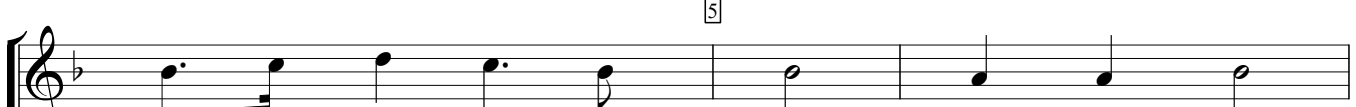
Guillaume Tessier



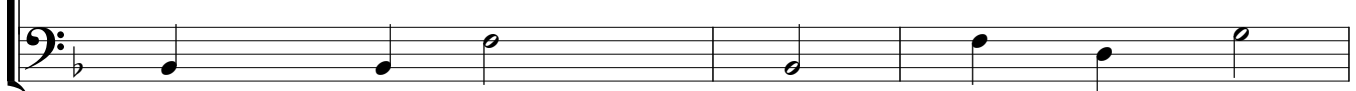
In a grove most rich of shade, where birds wan-
 As-trophel with Stella sweet did for mu-
 Him great harms had taught much care her fair neck
 Wept they had, alas, the while, but now tears
 Sigh'd they had: but now be-twixt sighs of woe
 Their ears hun-gry of each word which the dear
 But when their tongues could not speak, Love it- self
 Stella, sov-'reign of my joy, fair tri- um-
 Stella, in whose shin- ing eyes are the lights
 Stella, whose voice, when it speaks, sen- ses all
 Stella, in whose bo- dy is writ the char-
 Grant, O grant, but speech (a- las) fails 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- al, a- way she went, leav- ing him



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ton mus- ic made, may then in
 tu- al com- fort meet, both with- in
 a foul yoke bare, but her sight
 them- selves did smile, while their eyes
 were glad sighs mixt, with arms crost,
 tongue would af- ford: But their tongues
 did si- lence break: Love did see
 phress in an- noy: Stella, star
 of Cu- pid's skies, whose beams, when
 a- sun- der break: Stella, whose
 ac- ters of bliss: whose sweet face
 ing on to pass: Grant to me,
 he then did stay) that not I
 [more] apt for it: smil- ing air
 [the] leaves doth kiss, each tree in
 makes wa- ter sink, and if dumb
 tongue's lan- guage plain but her hands,
 with pas- sion rent with what she



his pied weeds show- ing new per- fumes with
 them- selves op- pres- ed, but either in each
 his care did ban- ish, in his sight her
 by Love di- rect- ed, in- ter- change- a-
 yet tes- ti- fy- ing rest- less rest, and
 re- frain'd from walk- ing, 'till their hearts had
 his lips a- sun- der, thus to speak in
 of hea- v'nly fire, - Stel- la, load- star
 they are once dart- ed, love there- with is
 voice, when it sing- eth, An- gels to ac-
 all beau- ty pal- eth, eth, save the mind which
 what am I say- ing? But no fault there
 but since I prove you, time and place from
 al- lows my rea- son, these birds sing, now
 his best at- tir- ing, sense of Love to
 things be so wit- ty, shall a heav'n- ly
 his hands com- pel- ling, gave re- pulse, all
 had done and spo- ken, that there- with my

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flow- ers fresh grow- ing, may then in ing.
 oth- er bless- ed, both with- in ed.
 yoke did van- ish, but now sight ish.
 bly re- ject- ed, while their eyes ed.
 liv- ing dy- ing, with arms crost, ing.
 end- ed talk- ing, But their tongues ing.
 love and won- der, Love did see der.
 of de- sire - Stel- la, star -
 straight im- part- ed, 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 near 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.