

# A MVSICALL BANQVET

Robert Douland

1610

## 7. In a groue most rich of shade

1 In a groue most rich of shade,  
Where Birds wanton musicke made,  
May then in his pide weeds shewing,  
New perfumes with flowers fresh growing.

2 *Astrophell* with *Stella* sweet  
Did for mutuall comfort meet,  
Both within them selues oppressed,  
But either in each other blessed.

3 Him great harmes had taught much care,  
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,  
But her sight his care did banish,  
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

4 Wept they had, alas the while,  
But now teares themselues did smile,  
While their eyes by Loue directed,  
Interchangeably, reiected.

5 Sigh'd they had: but now betwixt  
Sighes of woe were glad sighs mixt,  
With Armes crost, yet testifying  
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.

6 Their eares hungry of each word  
Which the deare tongue would afford :  
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,  
Till their harts had ended talking.

7 But when their tongues could not speake,  
Loue it selfe did silence breake :  
Loue did see his lips asunder,  
Thus to speake in Loue and wonder.

10 *Stella*, whose voice when it speakes,  
Senses all asunder breake :  
*Stella*, whose voice, when it singeth,  
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

11 *Stella*, in whose body is,  
Writ the Characters of blisse :  
Whose sweet face all beautie passeth,  
Saue the minde which it surpasseth.

12 Graunt, O graunt; but speach (alas)  
Failes me, fearing on to passe :  
Graunt to me, what am I saying ?  
But no fault there is in praying.

13 Graunt (O deere) on knees I pray,  
(Knees on ground hee then did stay)  
That not I but since I proue you,  
Time and place from mee nere moue you.

14 Neuer season was more fit,  
Never roome more apt for it :  
Smiling ayre allowes my reason,  
These Birds sing, now vse the season.

15 This small winde which so sweet is,  
See how it leaues leaues doth kisse,  
Each tree in his best attyring,  
Sence of Loue to Loue inspyring.

16 Loue makes earth the water drinke,  
Loue to earth makes water sincke,  
And if dumbe things be so wittie,  
Shall a heauenly Grace want pittie ?

8 *Stella*, soueraigne of my Ioy,  
Faire Triumphres in annoy :  
*Stella*, starre of heauenly fire,  
*Stella*, load-starre of desire.

9 *Stella*, in whose shining eyes,  
Are the lights of Cupids skyes,  
Whose beames when they are once darterd,  
Loue therewith is straight imparted.

17 There his hands in their speech faine  
Would haue made tongues language plaine,  
But her hands his hands compelling,  
Gaue repulse, all Grace expelling.

18 Therewithall, away she went,  
Leauing him with passion rent,  
With what she had done and spoken,  
That therewith my song is broken.

words by:

Sir Philip Sidney ("Astrophell and Stella", Song No 8)

missing 8 stanzas

source/Quelle:

<http://www.harald-lillmeyer.kulturserver.de>