

A MVSICALL BANQVET

Robert Douland

1610

4. Goe my flocke, goe get you hence

1 Goe my flocke, goe get you hence
Seeke some other place of feeding,
Where you may haue some defence,
From the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

2 Leauē a wretch in whom all woe
Can abide to keepe no measure.
Merry flocke such one forgoe,
Vnto whom Myrth is displeasure,
Onely rich in measures treasure.

3 Yet alas before you goe
Heare your wofull Maisters story,
Which to stones I else would shew,
Sorrow onely then hath glory
When tis excellently sorry.

4 *Stella*, fayrest Shepherdesse,
Fayrest but yet cruelst euer,
Stella, whom the heau'ns still blesse,
Though against me she perseuer,
Though I blisse inherit neuer.

5 *Stella*, hath refused mee :
Stella, who more Loue hath proued
In this Cariffe hart to be
Then can in good to vs be moued
Towards Lambe-kins best beloued.

6 *Stella*, hath refused mee
Astrophel, that so well serued,
In this pleasant spring (*Muse*) see
While in pride Flowers be preseru'd
Himselfe onely Winter-starued.

7 Why alas then doth she sweare
That she loueth mee so deerely,
Seeing mee so long to beare
Coales of Loue that burne so cleerely,
And yet leauē me hopelesse meerely.

8 Is that Loue ? forsooth I trow
If I saw my good Dogge griened
And a help for him did know
My Loue should not be belieued
But hee were by mee relieued.

9 No she hates mee (*well away*)
Fayning Loue, somewhat to please mee,
Knowing, if she should display
All her hate, Death soone would seize me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

10 Then my flocke now adew,
But alas, if in your straying
Heauenly *Stella* meet with you,
Tell her in your pittious blaying,
Her poore slaues iust decaying.

words by: Sir Philip Sidney