

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- 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- 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

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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

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fense from the storms in my breast breed- ing,
 go, un- to whom mirth is dis- plea- sure,
 show, sor- row on- ly then hath glo- ry
 bless, though a- gainst me she per- se- ver,
 be than can in good to us be mov- ed
 see while in pride flow'rs be pre- serv- ed
 bear coals of love that burn so clear- ly,
 know my love should not be be- liev- ed
 play all her heat, death soon would sieze me,
 you, tell her in your pi- tious blay- ing,

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and show'rs from mine eyes pro- ceed- ing.
 on- ly rich in mea- sures trea- sure.
 when 'tis ex- cel- lent- ly sor- ry.
 though I bliss in- her- it ne- ver.
 to- wards lamb- kins best be- lov- ed.
 him- self on- ly win- ter starv- ed.
 and yet leave me hope- less mere- ly.
 but he were by me re- liev- ed.
 and of hi- deous tor- ments ease me.
 her poor slav- es just de- cay- ing.

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1) Note one course lower in orig.