

In a grove most rich of shade

**In a grove most rich of shade
where birds wanton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
new perfum'd with flow'rs fresh growing.**

**Astrophel with Stella sweet
did for mutual comfort meet
both within themselves oppressed,
but each in the other blessed.**

**Stella, whose voice when it speaks
senses all as under breaks;
Stella, whose voice when it singeth
angels to acquaintance bringeth.**

**Never season was more fit,
never room more apt for it;
smiling air allows my reason;
these birds sing, now use the season.**

**Astrophel, said she, my love,
cease in these effects to prove.
Now be still, yet still believe me,
thy grief more than death doth grieve me.**

**If those eyes you praised be
half so dear as you to me,
let me home return stark blinded
of those eyes, and blinder minded.**

Texte de Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586)

Musique de Guillaume Tessier