

of The Wand And The Moon "She With Whom Compar'd The Alpes Are Vallies"

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I wish to fire the trees af all these forrest
I give the Sunne a last farewell each evening
I curse the fidling finders out of Musicke
With envie i doo hate the loftie mountains
And with despite despise the humble vallies
I doo detest night, evening, day, and morning

For she, whose parts maintaide a perfect musique
Whose beauties shin'de more then the blushing
morning
Who much did passe in state the stately mountains
In straightnes past the Cedars of the forest
Hath cast me wretch into eternally evening
By taking her two Sunnes from these darke vallies

Curse to my selfe my prayers is, the morning
My fire is more, then can be made with forrests

My state more base, then are the basest vallies
I wish no evenings more to see, each evening
Shamed I hate my selfe in sight of mountaines
And stoppe mine ears, lest I growe mad with Musicke

For she, with whorm compar'd, the Alpes are vallies
She, whose lest word brings from the spheares their
musique
At whose approach the Sunne rase in the evening
Who, where she went, bare in her forehead morning
Is gone, is gone from these our spolyed forrests
Turning to desarts our best pastur'de mountaines

[Adapted from Sir Philip Sidneys: "The Countesse of
pembrokes arcadia (1598)"]

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