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| **The Passionate Shepherd to His Love**  by Christopher Marlowe  1599  **Come live with me and be my love,**  **And we will all the pleasures prove**  **That valleys, groves, hills, and fields**  **Woods or steepy mountain yields**  **And we will sit upon the rocks,**  **Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks**  **By shallow rivers to whose falls**  **Melodious birds sing madrigals.**  **And I will make thee beds of roses**  **And a thousand fragrant posies,**  **A cap of flower, and a kirtle**  **Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;**  **A gown made of the finest wool**  **Which from our pretty lambs we pull;**  **Fair lined slippers for the cold**  **With buckles of the purest gold;**  **A belt of straw and ivy buds,**  **With coral clasps and amber studs;**  **And if these pleasures may thee move,**  **Come live with me and be my love.**  **The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing**  **For thy delight each May morning:**  **If these delights thy mind may move,**  **Then live with me and be my love.** | **The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd**  by Sir Walter Raleigh  1600  **If all the world and love were young,**  **And truth in every shepherd's tongue,**  **These pretty pleasures might me move**  **To live with thee and be thy love.**  **Time drives the flocks from field to fold,**  **When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;**  **And Philomel becometh dumb;**  **The rest complain of cares to come.**  **The flowers do fade, and wanton fields**  **To wayward winter reckoning yields;**  **A honey tongue, a heart of gall,**  **Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.**  **Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,**  **Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,**  **Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,**  **In folly ripe, in reason rotten.**  **Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,**  **Thy coral clasps and amber studs,**  **All these in me no means can move**  **To come to thee and be thy love.**  **But could youth last and love still breed,**  **Had joys no date nor age no need,**  **Then these delights my mind might move**  **To live with thee and be thy love.** |

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| |  |  | | --- | --- | | http://www.luminarium.org/sevenlit/marvell/invisiline.gif | ***To his Coy Mistress***  by Andrew Marvell  Had we but world enough, and time, This coyness, lady, were no crime. We would sit down and think which way To walk, and pass our long love's day; Thou by the Indian Ganges' side Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide Of Humber would complain. I would Love you ten years before the Flood; And you should, if you please, refuse Till the conversion of the Jews. My vegetable love should grow Vaster than empires, and more slow. An hundred years should go to praise Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze; Two hundred to adore each breast, But thirty thousand to the rest; An age at least to every part, And the last age should show your heart. For, lady, you deserve this state, Nor would I love at lower rate.          But at my back I always hear Time's winged chariot hurrying near; And yonder all before us lie Deserts of vast eternity. Thy beauty shall no more be found, Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound My echoing song; then worms shall try That long preserv'd virginity, And your quaint honour turn to dust, And into ashes all my lust. The grave's a fine and private place, But none I think do there embrace.          Now therefore, while the youthful hue Sits on thy skin like morning dew, And while thy willing soul transpires At every pore with instant fires, Now let us sport us while we may; And now, like am'rous birds of prey, Rather at once our time devour, Than languish in his slow-chapp'd power. Let us roll all our strength, and all Our sweetness, up into one ball; And tear our pleasures with rough strife Thorough the iron gates of life. Thus, though we cannot make our sun Stand still, yet we will make him run. | | | | |
|  | | TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME. by Robert Herrick   |  | | --- | | GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,      Old time is still a-flying :  And this same flower that smiles to-day      To-morrow will be dying.  The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,      The higher he's a-getting, The sooner will his race be run,      And nearer he's to setting.  That age is best which is the first,      When youth and blood are warmer ;  But being spent, the worse, and worst      Times still succeed the former.  Then be not coy, but use your time,      And while ye may go marry :  For having lost but once your prime      You may for ever tarry. | | |
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| **To Althea, from Prison** | |
| by Richard Lovelace | |
| http://np.pip98.com/bk.gif | |

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| When love with unconfined wings Hovers within my gates, And my divine Althea brings To whisper at the grates; When I lie tangled in her hair, And fettered to her eye, The birds that wanton in the air Know no such liberty.  When flowing cups run swiftly round With no allaying Thames, Our careless heads with roses bound, Our hearts with loyal flames; When thirsty grief in wine we steep, When healths and draughts go free, Fishes that tipple in the deep Know no such liberty.  When, like committed linnets, I With shriller throat shall sing The sweetness, mercy, majesty, And glories of my King; When I shall voice aloud how good  He is, how great should be, Enlarged winds that curl the flood Know no such liberty.  Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage; Minds innocent and quiet take That for an hermitage; If I have freedom in my love, And in my soul am free, Angels alone, that soar above, Enjoy such liberty. |