|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **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.** |

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| 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 wayTo walk, and pass our long love's day;Thou by the Indian Ganges' sideShouldst rubies find; I by the tideOf Humber would complain. I wouldLove you ten years before the Flood;And you should, if you please, refuseTill the conversion of the Jews.My vegetable love should growVaster than empires, and more slow.An hundred years should go to praiseThine 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 hearTime's winged chariot hurrying near;And yonder all before us lieDeserts of vast eternity.Thy beauty shall no more be found,Nor, in thy marble vault, shall soundMy echoing song; then worms shall tryThat 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 hueSits on thy skin like morning dew,And while thy willing soul transpiresAt 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 allOur sweetness, up into one ball;And tear our pleasures with rough strifeThorough the iron gates of life.Thus, though we cannot make our sunStand 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. |

 |
|  |
| **To Althea, from Prison** |
| by Richard Lovelace |
| http://np.pip98.com/bk.gif |

|  |
| --- |
| When love with unconfined wingsHovers within my gates,And my divine Althea bringsTo whisper at the grates;When I lie tangled in her hair,And fettered to her eye,The birds that wanton in the airKnow no such liberty.When flowing cups run swiftly roundWith 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 deepKnow no such liberty.When, like committed linnets, IWith shriller throat shall singThe sweetness, mercy, majesty,And glories of my King;When I shall voice aloud how goodHe is, how great should be,Enlarged winds that curl the floodKnow no such liberty.Stone walls do not a prison make,Nor iron bars a cage;Minds innocent and quiet takeThat for an hermitage;If I have freedom in my love,And in my soul am free,Angels alone, that soar above,Enjoy such liberty. |