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| **The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock** |  |
| by [T.S. Eliot](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/18) | |
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| *S'io credesse che mia risposta fosse* *A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,* *Questa fiamma staria senza piu scosse.* *Ma perciocche giammai di questo fondo* *Non torno vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,* *Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.*  Let us go then, you and I, When the evening is spread out against the sky Like a patient etherized upon a table; Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets, The muttering retreats Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells: Streets that follow like a tedious argument Of insidious intent To lead you to an overwhelming question… Oh, do not ask, "What is it?" Let us go and make our visit.  In the room the women come and go Talking of Michelangelo.  The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes, The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening, Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains, Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys, Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap, And seeing that it was a soft October night, Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.  And indeed there will be time For the yellow smoke that slides along the street, Rubbing its back upon the window-panes; There will be time, there will be time To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet; There will be time to murder and create, And time for all the works and days of hands That lift and drop a question on your plate; Time for you and time for me, And time yet for a hundred indecisions, And for a hundred visions and revisions, Before the taking of a toast and tea. In the room the women come and go Talking of Michelangelo.  And indeed there will be time To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?" Time to turn back and descend the stair, With a bald spot in the middle of my hair— [They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!"] My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin, My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin— [They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!"] Do I dare Disturb the universe? In a minute there is time For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.  For I have known them all already, known them all— Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons, I have measured out my life with coffee spoons; I know the voices dying with a dying fall Beneath the music from a farther room. So how should I presume?  And I have known the eyes already, known them all— The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase, And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin, When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall, Then how should I begin To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways? And how should I presume?  And I have known the arms already, known them all— Arms that are braceleted and white and bare [But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!] Is it perfume from a dress That makes me so digress? Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl. And should I then presume? And how should I begin?  Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? …  I should have been a pair of ragged claws Scuttling across the floors of silent seas. And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully! Smoothed by long fingers, Asleep… tired… or it malingers, Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me. Should I, after tea and cakes and ices, Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis? But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed, Though I have seen my head [grown slightly bald] brought in upon a platter, I am no prophet—and here's no great matter; I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker, And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker, And in short, I was afraid.  And would it have been worth it, after all, After the cups, the marmalade, the tea, Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me, Would it have been worth while, To have bitten off the matter with a smile, To have squeezed the universe into a ball To roll it toward some overwhelming question, To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead, Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"— If one, settling a pillow by her head, Should say: "That is not what I meant at all. That is not it, at all."  And would it have been worth it, after all, Would it have been worth while, After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets, After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor— And this, and so much more?— It is impossible to say just what I mean! But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen: Would it have been worth while If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl, And turning toward the window, should say: "That is not it at all, That is not what I meant, at all."  . . . . .  No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be; Am an attendant lord, one that will do To swell a progress, start a scene or two, Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool, Deferential, glad to be of use, Politic, cautious, and meticulous; Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse; At times, indeed, almost ridiculous— Almost, at times, the Fool.  I grow old… I grow old… I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.  Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach? I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach. I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.  I do not think that they will sing to me.  I have seen them riding seaward on the waves Combing the white hair of the waves blown back When the wind blows the water white and black.  We have lingered in the chambers of the sea By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown Till human voices wake us, and we drown. |  |

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| **The Passionate Shepherd to His Love** |  |
| **by Christopher Marlowe** | |
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| 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 flowers, 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. |  |

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| **The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd** |  |
| **by Sir Walter Ralegh** | |
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| 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 complains 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 beds 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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| **A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning** |  |
| **by** [**John Donne**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/243) | |
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| As virtuous men pass mildly away,  And whisper to their souls to go,  Whilst some of their sad friends do say,  "The breath goes now," and some say, "No,"  So let us melt, and make no noise,  No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;  'Twere profanation of our joys  To tell the laity our love.  Moving of the earth brings harms and fears,  Men reckon what it did and meant;  But trepidation of the spheres,  Though greater far, is innocent.  Dull sublunary lovers' love  (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit  Absence, because it doth remove  Those things which elemented it.  But we, by a love so much refined  That our selves know not what it is,  Inter-assured of the mind,  Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.  Our two souls therefore, which are one,  Though I must go, endure not yet  A breach, but an expansion.  Like gold to airy thinness beat.  If they be two, they are two so  As stiff twin compasses are two:  Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show  To move, but doth, if the other do;  And though it in the center sit,  Yet when the other far doth roam,  It leans, and hearkens after it,  And grows erect, as that comes home.  Such wilt thou be to me, who must,  Like the other foot, obliquely run;  Thy firmness makes my circle just,  And makes me end where I begun. |  |

**The Flea by John Donne**

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,  
How little that which thou deniest me is;  
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,   
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.  
Thou know'st that this cannot be said  
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead;  
Yet this enjoys before it woo,  
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two;  
And this, alas ! is more than we would do.  
  
O stay, three lives in one flea spare,  
Where we almost, yea, more than married are.  
This flea is you and I, and this  
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is.  
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,  
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet.  
Though use make you apt to kill me,  
Let not to that self-murder added be,  
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.  
  
Cruel and sudden, hast thou since  
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?  
Wherein could this flea guilty be,  
Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?  
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou  
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now.  
'Tis true ; then learn how false fears be;  
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,  
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

# The Flea

# [The Flea](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/175764#poem)

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,

How little that which thou deniest me is;

It sucked me first, and now sucks thee,

And in this flea our two bloods mingled be;

Thou know’st that this cannot be said

A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead,

Yet this enjoys before it woo,

And pampered swells with one blood made of two,

And this, alas, is more than we would do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,

Where we almost, nay more than married are.

This flea is you and I, and this

Our mariage bed, and marriage temple is;

Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,

And cloistered in these living walls of jet.

Though use make you apt to kill me,

Let not to that, self-murder added be,

And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since

Purpled thy nail, in blood of innocence?

Wherein could this flea guilty be,

Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?

Yet thou triumph’st, and say'st that thou

Find’st not thy self, nor me the weaker now;

’Tis true; then learn how false, fears be:

Just so much honor, when thou yield’st to me,

Will waste, as this flea’s death took life from thee.

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| **Sonnet 75 (1595) by Edmund Spenser**  One day I wrote her name upon the strand,  But came the waves and washed it away:  Agayne I wrote it with a second hand,  But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.  5 Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,  A mortall thing so to immortalize,  For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,  And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.  Not so, (quod I) let baser things devize  10 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:  My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,  And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.  Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,  Our love shall live, and later life renew.  **When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes (Sonnet 29)** |  |
| **by** [**William Shakespeare**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/122) | |
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| When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  I all alone beweep my outcast state,  And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  And look upon myself and curse my fate,  wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  With what I most enjoy contented least;  Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  Haply I think on thee--and then my state,  Like to the lark at break of day arising  From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate;  For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,  That then I scorn to change my state with kings. |  |

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| **"Out, Out—"** |  |
| **by** [**Robert Frost**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/192) | |
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| The buzz-saw snarled and rattled in the yard And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood, Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it. And from there those that lifted eyes could count Five mountain ranges one behind the other Under the sunset far into Vermont. And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled, As it ran light, or had to bear a load. And nothing happened: day was all but done. Call it a day, I wish they might have said To please the boy by giving him the half hour That a boy counts so much when saved from work. His sister stood beside them in her apron To tell them "Supper." At the word, the saw, As if to prove saws knew what supper meant, Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap— He must have given the hand. However it was, Neither refused the meeting. But the hand! The boy's first outcry was a rueful laugh, As he swung toward them holding up the hand Half in appeal, but half as if to keep The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all— Since he was old enough to know, big boy Doing a man's work, though a child at heart— He saw all spoiled. "Don't let him cut my hand off— The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!" So. But the hand was gone already. The doctor put him in the dark of ether. He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath. And then—the watcher at his pulse took fright. No one believed. They listened at his heart. Little—less—nothing!—and that ended it. No more to build on there. And they, since they Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs. |  |

### Macbeth's Soliloquy: *She should have died hereafter* (5.5.17-28)

[She should have died hereafter](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/hereafter.html);   
There would have been a time for such a [word](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/word.html).   
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,   
Creeps in this [petty pace](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/pettypace.html) from day to day   
To the last [syllable of recorded time](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/syllable.html),  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools   
The way to [dusty death](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/dustydeath.html). Out, out, brief [candle](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/candle.html)!   
Life's but a [walking shadow](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/walkingshadow.html), a [poor player](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/poorplayer.html)   
[That struts and frets his hour upon the stage](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/frets.html)   
And then is heard no more: it is [a tale   
Told](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/taletold.html) by an idiot, full of sound and fury,   
Signifying nothing.

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| **To a Mouse,** |  |
| **by** [**Robert Burns**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/709) | |
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| **On Turning Her Up in Her Nest with the Plough, November 1785.**  Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie, O' what a panic's in thy breastie! Thou need na start awa sae hasty, Wi' bickering brattle! I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, Wi' murdering *pattle*.  I'm truly sorry man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, An' justifies that ill opinion, Which maks thee startle At me, thy poor, earth-born companion An' *fellow mortal!*  I doubt na' whyles, but thou may thieve; What then? poor beastie, thou maun live! A *daimen icker* in a *thrave* 'S a sma' request: I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, And never miss't!  Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin! It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! An' naething, now, to big a new ane, O' foggage green! An' bleak December's win's ensuin, Baith snell and keen!  Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste, An' weary winter comin fast, An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past Out thro' thy cell.  That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble, But house or hald, To thole the winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld.  But Mousie, thou art no thy lane, In proving *foresight* may be vain: The best-laid schemes o' *mice* an' *men*, Gang aft a-gley, An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, For promis'd joy.  Still thou are blest, compared wi' *me*! The *present* only toucheth thee: But Och! I backward cast my e'e, On prospects drear! An' forward, tho' I canna *see*, I *guess* an' *fear*! |  |

# To A Louse

**On Seeing One On A Lady's Bonnet, At Church**  
**1786**

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| Ha! whaur ye gaun, ye [crowlin](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/465.html) ferlie?  Your impudence protects you sairly;  I [canna](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/309.html) say but ye [strunt](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1596.html) rarely,  [Owre](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1218.html) gauze and lace;  Tho', faith! I fear ye dine but sparely  On sic a place.   Ye ugly, creepin, [blastit](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/174.html) wonner,  Detested, shunn'd [by](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/291.html) [saunt](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1383.html) an' sinner,  How daur ye set your [fit](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/678.html) upon her-  [Sae](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1371.html) fine a lady?  [Gae](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/736.html) somewhere else and seek your dinner  On some poor body.   Swith! in some beggar's [haffet](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/841.html) squattle;  There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,  [Wi'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1859.html) [ither](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/964.html) kindred, jumping cattle,  In shoals and nations;  [Whaur](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1846.html) [horn](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/923.html) nor [bane](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/94.html) ne'er daur unsettle  Your [thick](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1668.html) plantations.   Now [haud](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/871.html) you there, ye're out o' sight,  Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight;  Na, faith ye yet! ye'll [no](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1203.html) be right,  [Till](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1695.html) ye've got on it-  The verra tapmost, tow'rin height  [O'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1208.html) Miss' bonnet.   My sooth! right [bauld](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/115.html) ye set your nose out,  As plump an' grey as ony groset:  O for some rank, mercurial rozet,  Or fell, [red](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1330.html) smeddum,  I'd gie you [sic](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1445.html) a hearty dose o't,  Wad dress your droddum.   I wad [na](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1178.html) been surpris'd to spy  You on [an](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/41.html) [auld](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/62.html) wife's flainen toy;  [Or](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1212.html) [aiblins](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/22.html) some [bit](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/163.html) dubbie boy,  On's wyliecoat;  [But](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/288.html) Miss' fine Lunardi! fye!  How [daur](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/501.html) ye do't?   O Jeany, [dinna](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/526.html) [toss](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1712.html) your head,  An' [set](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1417.html) your beauties [a'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/4.html) abread!  Ye little [ken](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1008.html) what cursed speed  The blastie's makin:  [Thae](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1664.html) winks an' finger-ends, I dread,  Are notice takin.   O wad some Power the [giftie](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/773.html) [gie](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/769.html) us  To see oursels as ithers see us!  It wad [frae](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/720.html) mony a blunder free us,  An' foolish notion:  What airs in dress an' gait [wad](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1771.html) lea'e us,  [An'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/40.html) ev'n devotion! |

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| **The Lamb** |  |
| **by** [**William Blake**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/116) | |
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| Little lamb, who made thee?  Dost thou know who made thee,  Gave thee life, and bid thee feed  By the stream and o'er the mead;  Gave thee clothing of delight,  Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  Gave thee such a tender voice,  Making all the vales rejoice?  Little lamb, who made thee?  Dost thou know who made thee?  Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  Little lamb, I'll tell thee:  He is called by thy name,  For He calls Himself a Lamb.  He is meek, and He is mild,  He became a little child.  I a child, and thou a lamb,  We are called by His name.  Little lamb, God bless thee!  Little lamb, God bless thee! |  |

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| **The Tyger** |  |
| **by** [**William Blake**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/116) | |
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| Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  In the forests of the night,  What immortal hand or eye  Could frame thy fearful symmetry?  In what distant deeps or skies  Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  On what wings dare he aspire?  What the hand, dare sieze the fire?  And what shoulder, & what art,  Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  And when thy heart began to beat,  What dread hand? & what dread feet?  What the hammer? what the chain?  In what furnace was thy brain?  What the anvil? what dread grasp  Dare its deadly terrors clasp?  When the stars threw down their spears,  And water'd heaven with their tears,  Did he smile his work to see?  Did he who made the Lamb make thee?  Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  In the forests of the night,  What immortal hand or eye  Dare frame thy fearful symmetry? |  |

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| **When I Have Fears that I May Cease to Be** |  |
| **by** [**John Keats**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/66) | |
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| When I have fears that I may cease to be  Before my pen has glean’d my teeming brain,  Before high piled books, in charact’ry,  Hold like rich garners the full-ripen’d grain;  When I behold, upon the night’s starr’d face,  Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  And think that I may never live to trace  Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!  That I shall never look upon thee more,  Never have relish in the faery power  Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore  Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink. |  |

**Ah, Are You Digging on my Grave by Thomas Hardy**

"Ah, are you digging on my grave,  
My loved one? — planting rue?"  
— "No: yesterday he went to wed  
One of the brightest wealth has bred.  
'It cannot hurt her now,' he said,  
'That I should not be true.'"   
  
"Then who is digging on my grave,  
My nearest dearest kin?"  
— "Ah, no: they sit and think, 'What use!  
What good will planting flowers produce?  
No tendance of her mound can loose  
Her spirit from Death's gin.'"   
  
"But someone digs upon my grave?  
My enemy? — prodding sly?"  
— "Nay: when she heard you had passed the Gate  
That shuts on all flesh soon or late,  
She thought you no more worth her hate,  
And cares not where you lie.   
  
"Then, who is digging on my grave?  
Say — since I have not guessed!"  
— "O it is I, my mistress dear,  
Your little dog , who still lives near,  
And much I hope my movements here  
Have not disturbed your rest?"   
  
"Ah yes! You dig upon my grave…  
Why flashed it not to me  
That one true heart was left behind!  
What feeling do we ever find  
To equal among human kind  
A dog's fidelity!"   
  
"Mistress, I dug upon your grave  
To bury a bone, in case  
I should be hungry near this spot  
When passing on my daily trot.  
I am sorry, but I quite forgot  
It was your resting place."

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| **To His Coy Mistress** |  |
| by [Andrew Marvell](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/304) | |
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| 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 wingèd 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 preserved 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 amorous birds of prey,  Rather at once our time devour  Than languish in his slow-chapt 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. |  |

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| **To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time** |  |
| by [Robert Herrick](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/197) | |
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| Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  Old Time is still a-flying;  And this same flower that smiles today  Tomorrow 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 forever tarry. |  |