

<b>“The Passionate Shepherd to His Love” Marlowe (1599)</b>	<b>“The Nymph’s Reply to the Shepherd” Raleigh (1600)</b>	<b>“Raleigh Was Right” (1944) William Carlos Williams (1883-1963)</b>
<p>Come live with me and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove That hills and valleys, dale and field, And all the craggy mountains yield.</p> <p>There will we sit upon the rocks And see the shepherds feed their flocks,</p> <p>By shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.</p> <p>There will I make thee beds of roses And a thousand fragrant posies, A cap of flowers, and a kirtle Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>A belt of straw and ivy buds With coral clasps and amber studs: And if these pleasures may thee move,</p> <p>Come live with me and be my love.</p> <p>The shepherd 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.</p>	<p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>Thy belt of straw and ivy buds, The coral clasps and amber studs, All these in me no means can move To come to thee and be thy love.</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>We cannot go to the country for the country will bring us no peace What can the small violets tell us that grow on the furry stems in the long grass among the lance shaped leaves?</p> <p>Though you praise us and call to mind the poets who sung of our loveliness it was long ago! long ago! when country people would plow and sow with flowering minds and pockets at ease – if ever this were true.</p> <p>Not now. Love itself a flower with roots in a parched ground. Empty pockets make empty heads. Cure it if you can but do not believe that we can live today in the country for the country will bring us no peace.</p>

