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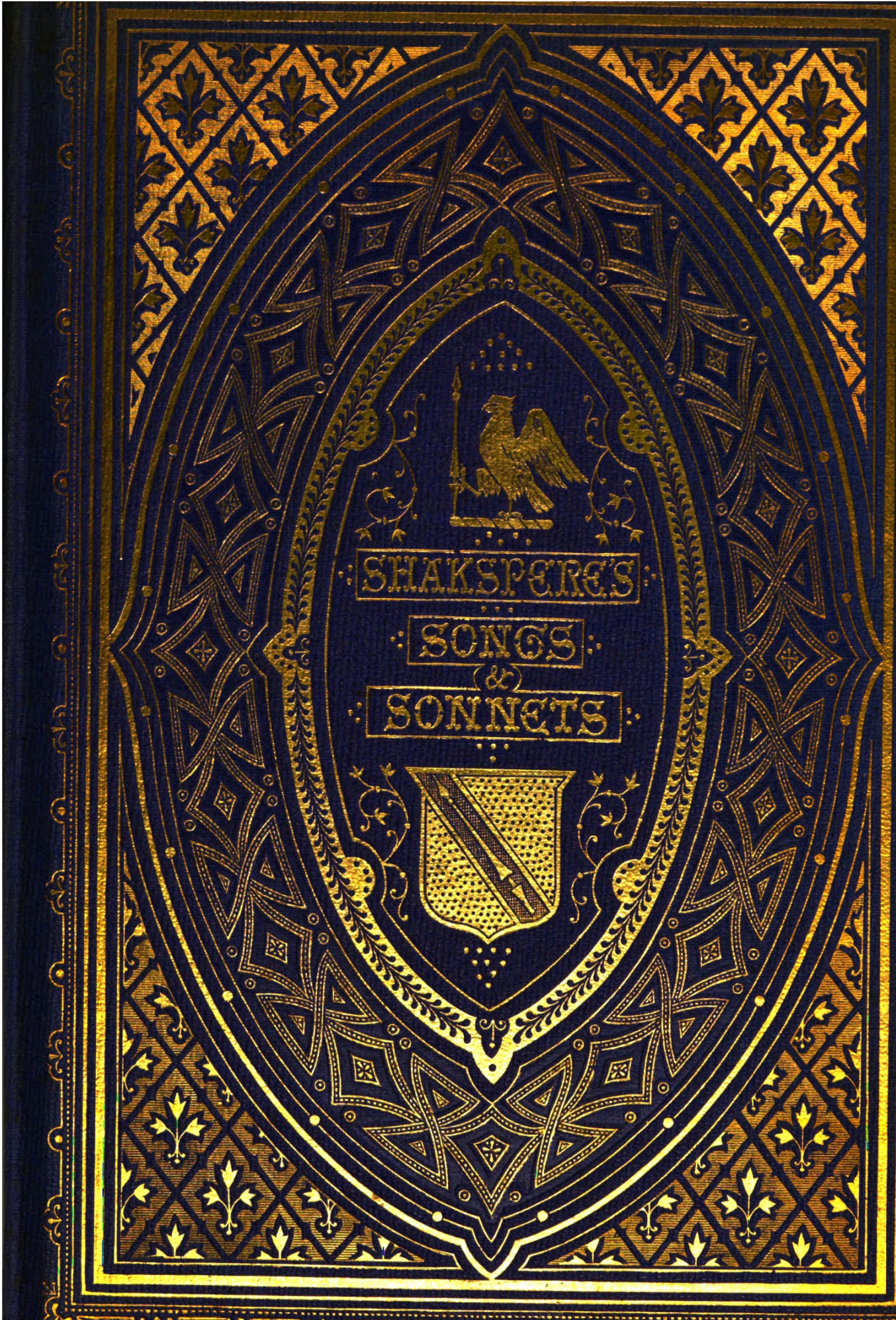
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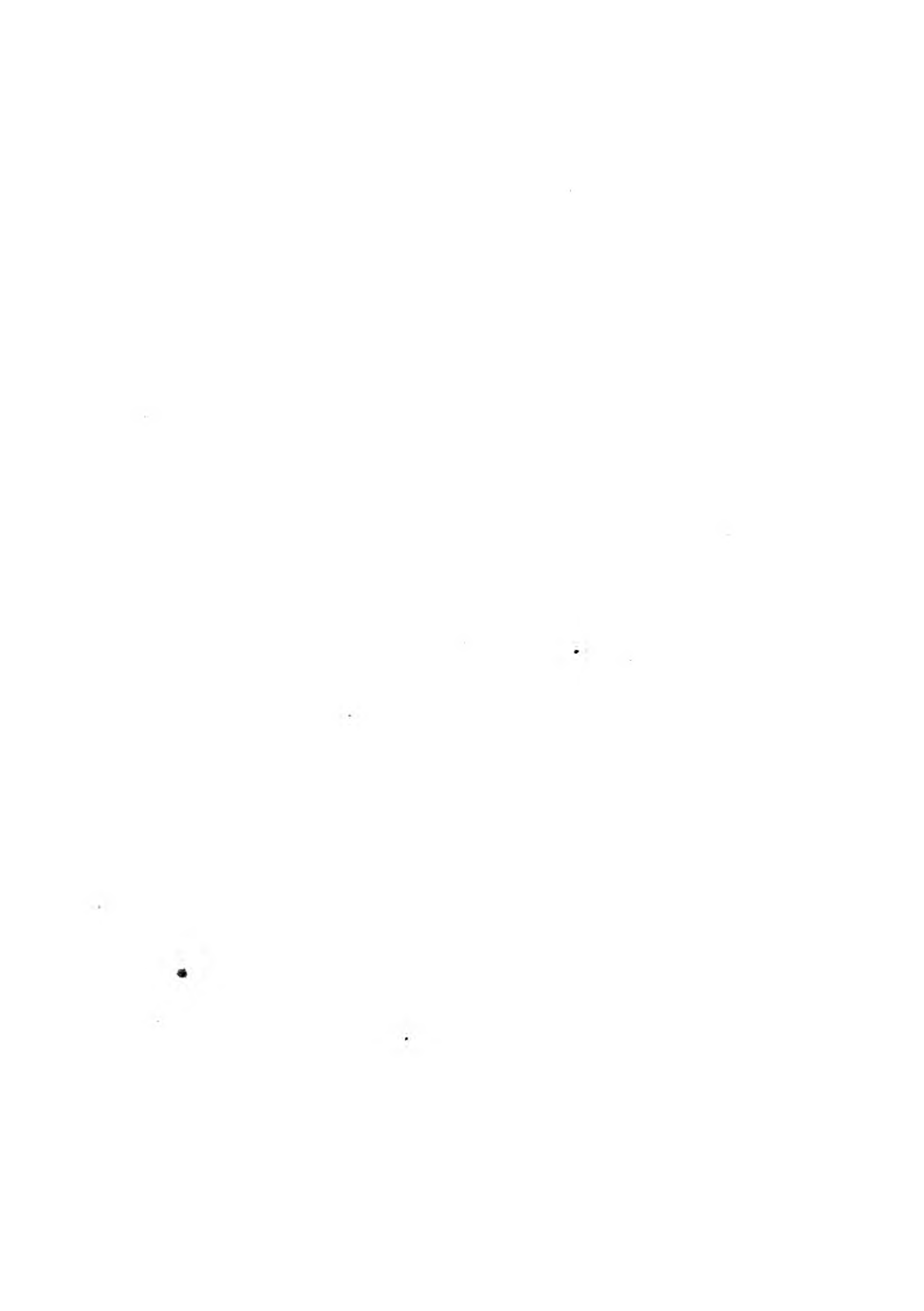


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Malone
E. 48.







SHAKSPERE'S
SONGS AND SONNETS.

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN GILBERT.



LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO.
47, LUDGATE HILL.
MDCCCLXIII.



THE snatches of lyrical poetry scattered here and there among the Plays of Shakspeare are, in part at least, familiar wherever his language is spoken, and are acknowledged, by all readers of taste and sensibility, to unite nearly every perfection of which such compositions are susceptible.

His Miscellaneous Poems, however—and particularly his “Sonnets,” the most delightful portion of them—have never, in the present age, been estimated as they deserve. To what is this to be attributed? Not, certainly, to any want of interest or beauty in the productions themselves; for there are of these Sonnets many which, in nobility and tenderness of thought, in power and harmony of expression, have never been surpassed, if they have ever been equalled, by any poems of a like description. Wordsworth, indeed, says of them, that “there is not a part of the writings of this Poet where is to be found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed.” Their want of due appreciation, we know, has been ascribed to the unworthy strictures of George Steevens, and it must be admitted that his adverse criticism on them had, for a time, a very prejudicial influence. But this influence has long passed away. No one now reads Shakspeare’s Sonnets by the light of this commentator’s wisdom. The simple truth appears to be, that these matchless effusions are not prized at the same worth as the Poet’s Songs, because they are so much less known.

When no edition of his “Works” will be reckoned complete which does not contain his Miscellaneous Poems, ’tis not long after, the merits of his Sonnets will be as universally admitted as those of his unrivalled Dramas.

In the meantime, every attempt to awaken attention to these neglected treasures seems deserving of encouragement. The Publishers of this little volume are hopeful, therefore, that, in bringing together in an accessible form the whole of Shakspeare's Songs and the best part of his Sonnets, in enriching them with the graceful adornments of Mr. Gilbert's pencil, and in presenting them with all the advantages of choice type and paper, they are doing becoming homage to the Great Poet, and an acceptable service to his world-spread readers.

H. S.

LUDGATE HILL,
November, 1862.



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BID me discourse, I will enchant thine ear ;
Or like a fairy trip upon the green ;
Or like a nymph with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.



SHAKSPERE'S
SONGS AND SONNETS.



Ariel's Song.

COME unto these yellow sands
And then take hands :
Court'sied when you have and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

SHAKSPERE'S

Let me not to the marriage of true minds.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove ;
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken :
It is the star to ev'ry wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.



It was a lover and his lass.

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey, ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

SONGS AND SONNETS.



Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

SHAKSPERE'S

You spotted snakes.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby : lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.



SONGS AND SONNETS.



II.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence ;
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby : lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

SHAKSPERE'S



Where the bee sucks.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;

SONGS AND SONNETS.

There I couch when owls do cry :
On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



Full many a glorious morning have I seen.

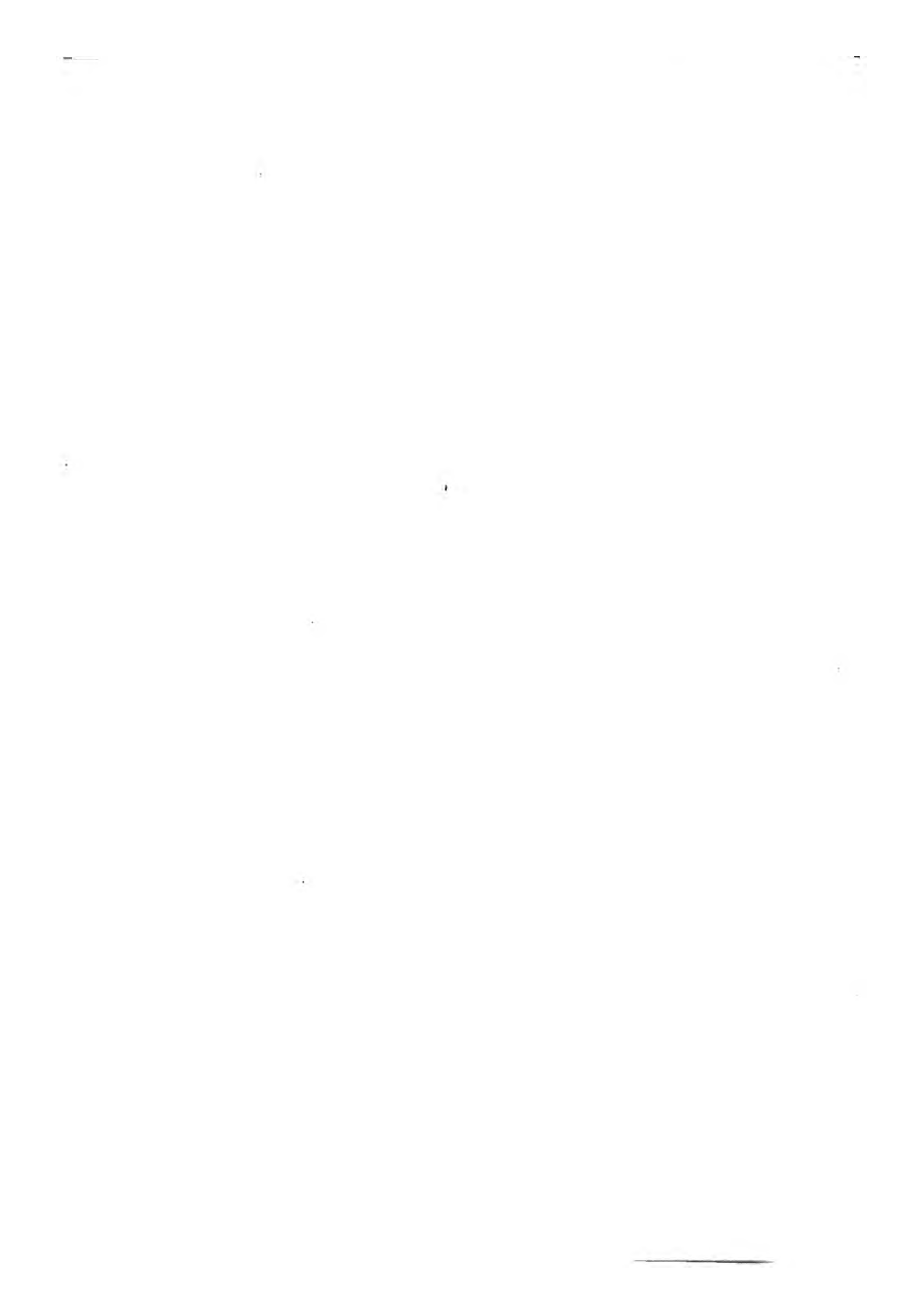
FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face ;
And from the fórlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
E'en so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow,
But, out, alack ! he was but one hour mine ;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.



Blow, blow, thou winter wind.

I.

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.





SONGS AND SONNETS.

Heigh-ho ! sing heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho ! &c.



When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd.

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SHAKSPERE'S

If love make me forsworn.

IF love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?
Ah, never faith could hold if not to beauty vow'd !
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;
These thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.



Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend :
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;
(Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire),



SONGS AND SONNETS.

'Thine eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue !

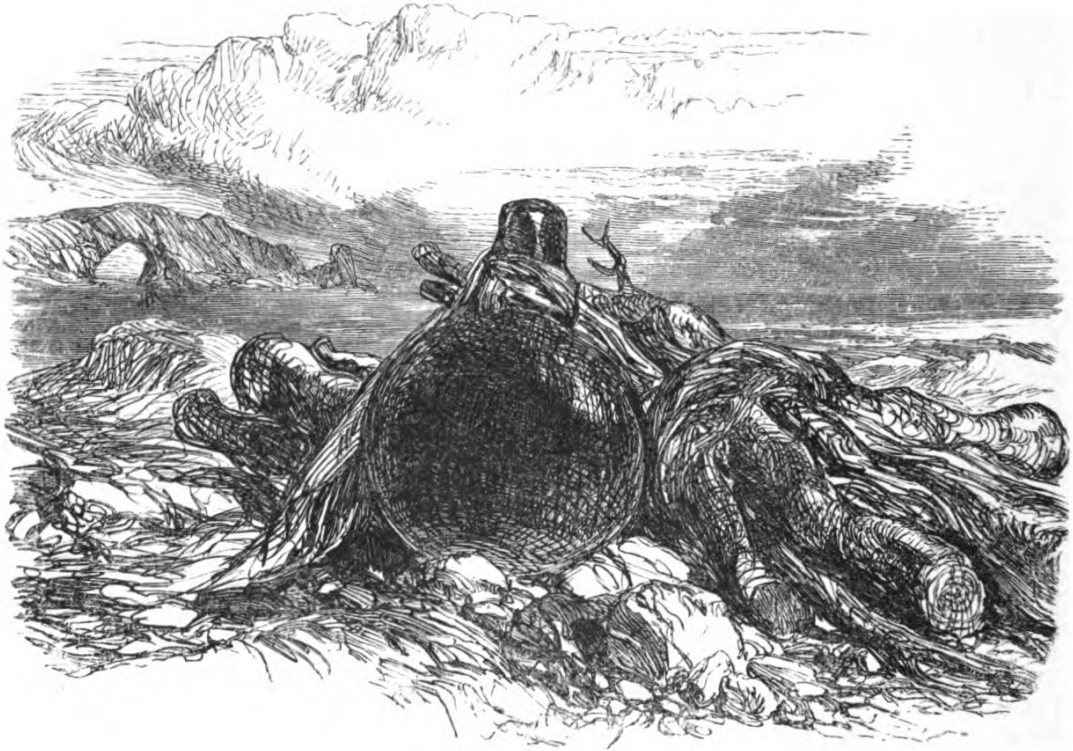


Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good.

BEAUTY is but a vain and doubtful good ;
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud ;
A brittle glass that 's broken presently.

A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour !

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress ;—
So beauty blemish'd once for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.



Full fadom five thy father lies.

FULL fadom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly sing his knell ;
Burden.—Ding-dong.
Hark, now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.



SONGS AND SONNETS.

Caliban's Song.

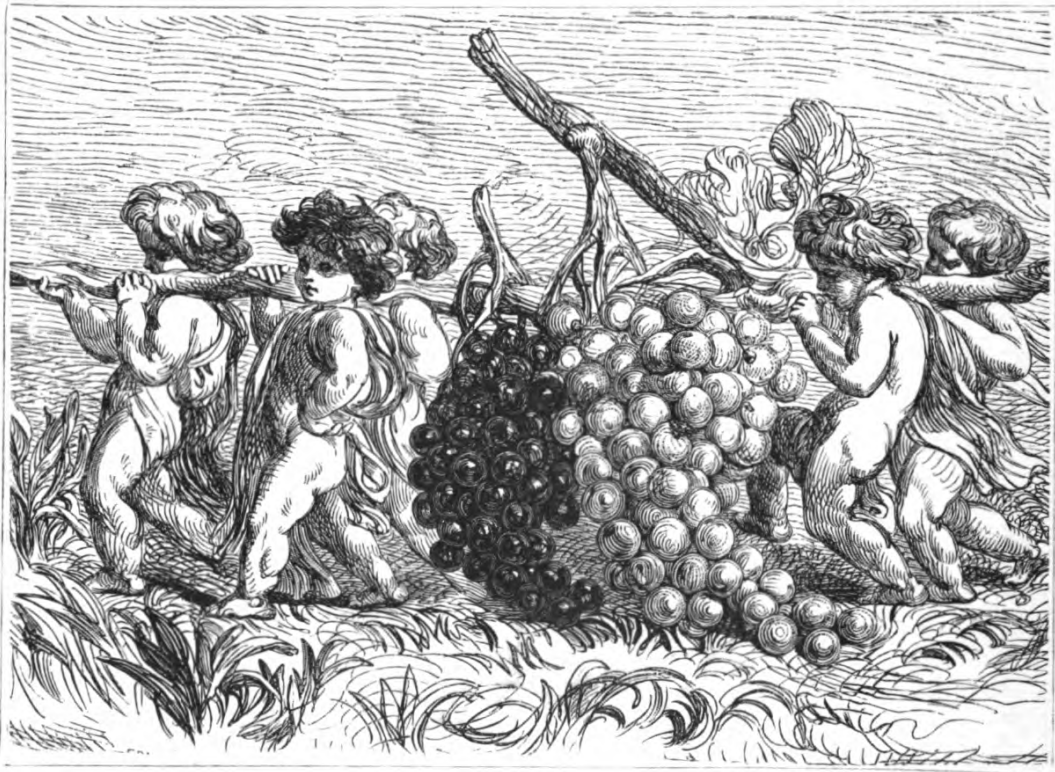
No more dams I 'll make for fish ;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, Freedom !
Freedom, hey-day, Freedom !



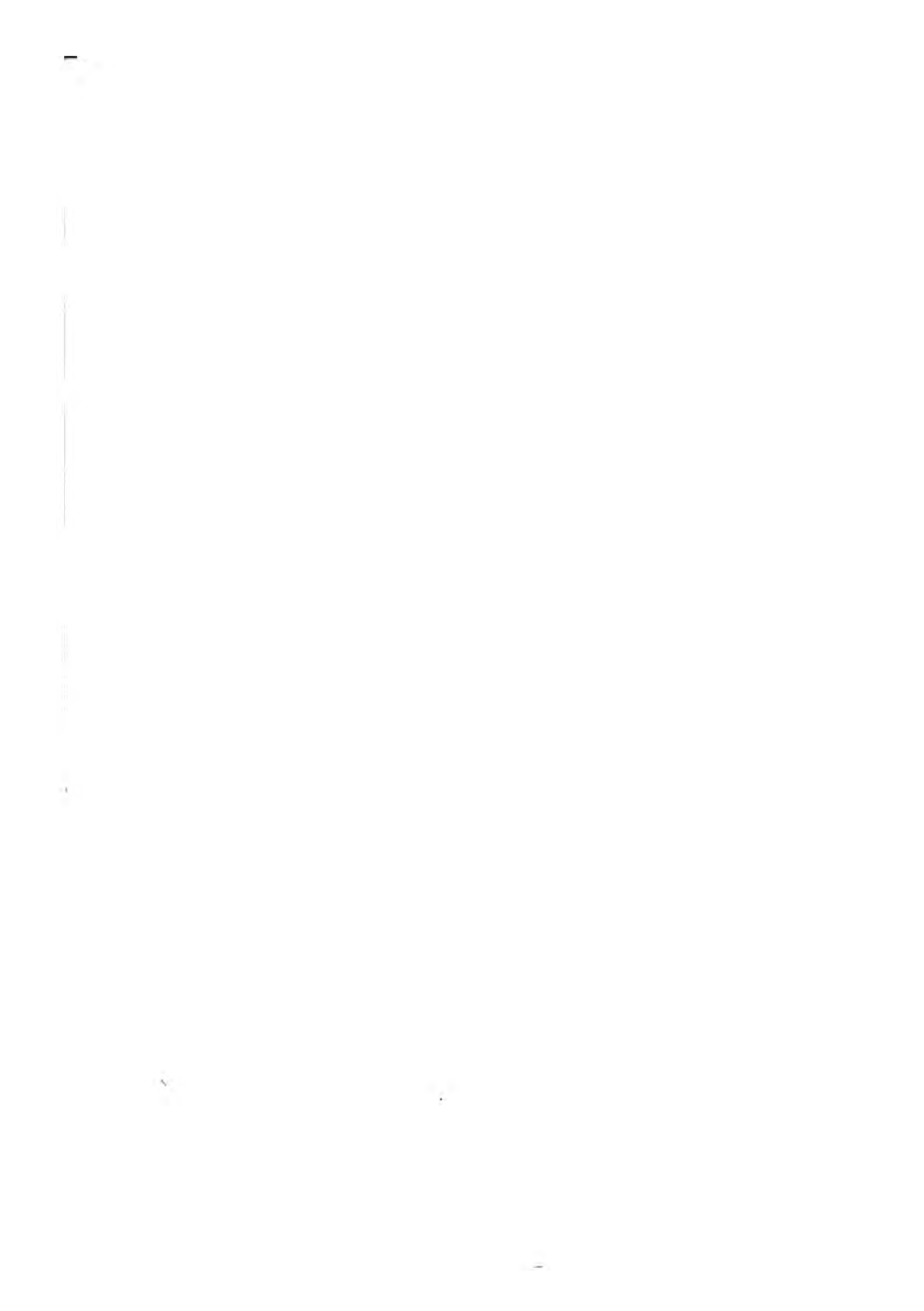
SHAKSPERE'S

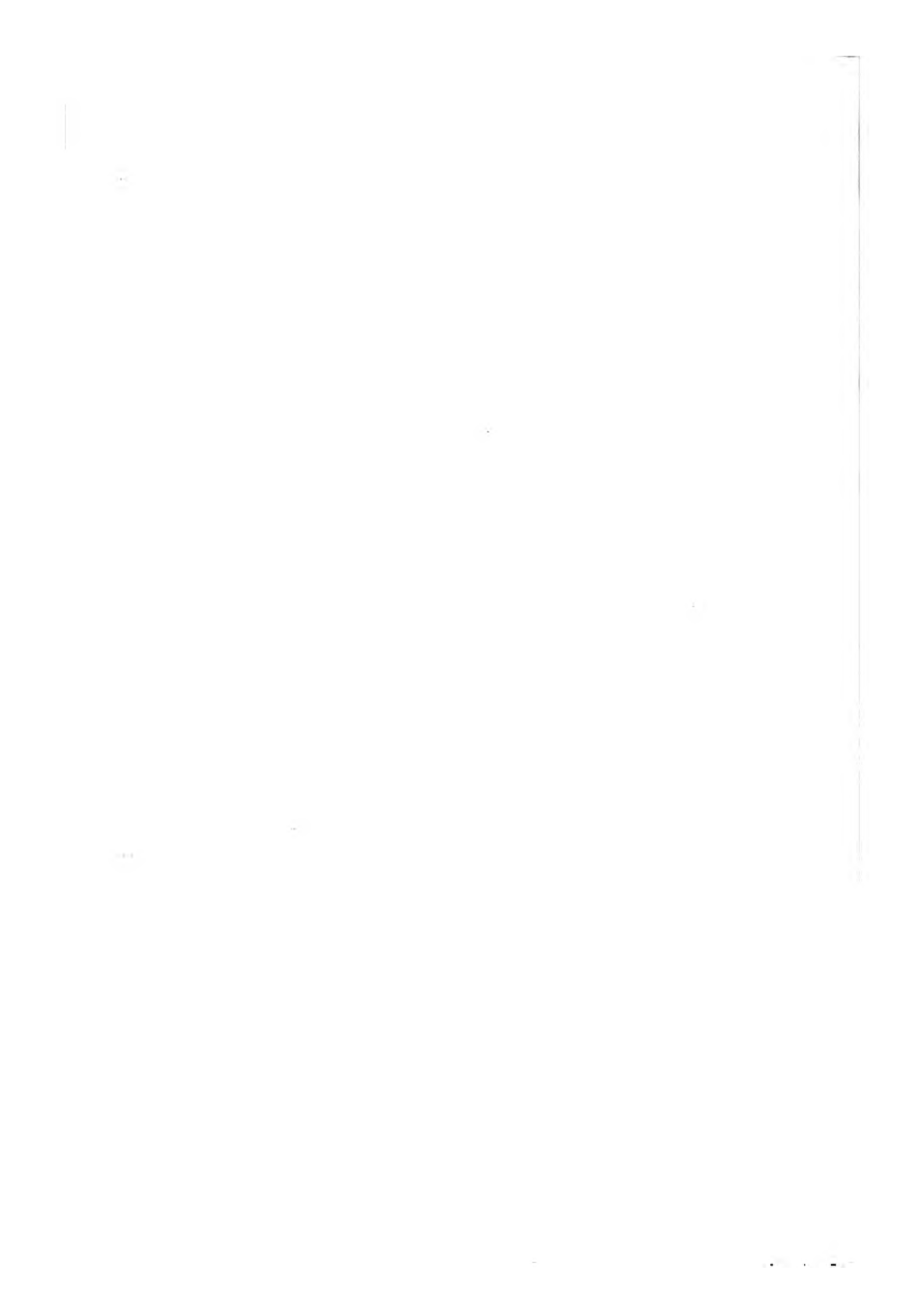
Come, thou monarch of the vine.

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne ;
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;



Cup us, till the world go round !
Cup us, till the world go round !







WHAT shall he have that kill'd the deer ?
His leather skin and horns to wear ;
 Then sing him home.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn ;
It was a crest ere thou wast born :
 Thy father's father wore it,
 And thy father bore it :
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

SHAKSPERE'S

Crabbed age and youth.

CRABBED age and youth
Cannot live together ;



Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short ;
Youth is nimble, age is lame ;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee ;
 O my love, my love is young !
Age, I do defy thee ;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee !
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.



My glass shall not persuade me I am old.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate :
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me :
How can I, then, be elder than thou art ?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,
As tender nurse her babe, from faring ill.
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

SHAKSPERE'S

Sigh no more, ladies.

I.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey, nonny, nonny.



SONGS AND SONNETS.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.



When I consider ev'rything that grows.

WHEN I consider ev'rything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment ;
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd e'en by the self-same sky ;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory ;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you, most rich in youth, before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay
To change your day of youth to sullied night :
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

SHAKSPERE'S



And will he not come again ?

AND will he not come again ?

And will he not come again ?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll :
 He is gone, he is gone,
 And we cast away moan ;
Gramercy on his soul !



When to the sessions of sweet-silent thought.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet-silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.



Cupid asleep.

CUPID laid by his brand and fell asleep ;
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless-lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure : the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Who is Silvia ?

WHO is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.





The poor soul sat sighing.

THE poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow ;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;
Sing willow, willow, willow ;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones ;
Sing willow, willow, willow :
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.



Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry.

TIR'D with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill ;—
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

SHAKSPERE'S



Jog on, jog on.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a :
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

Take, O, take those lips away.

TAKE, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn ;
But my kisses bring again—bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain—seal'd in vain.



As it fell upon a day.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone ;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
“ Fie, fie, fie,” now would she cry,
“ Tereu, tereu !” by and by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.

SHAKSPERE'S

Song of Oberon and the Fairies.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be ;
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be ;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless
Through this palace with sweet peace,
And the owner of it, blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.



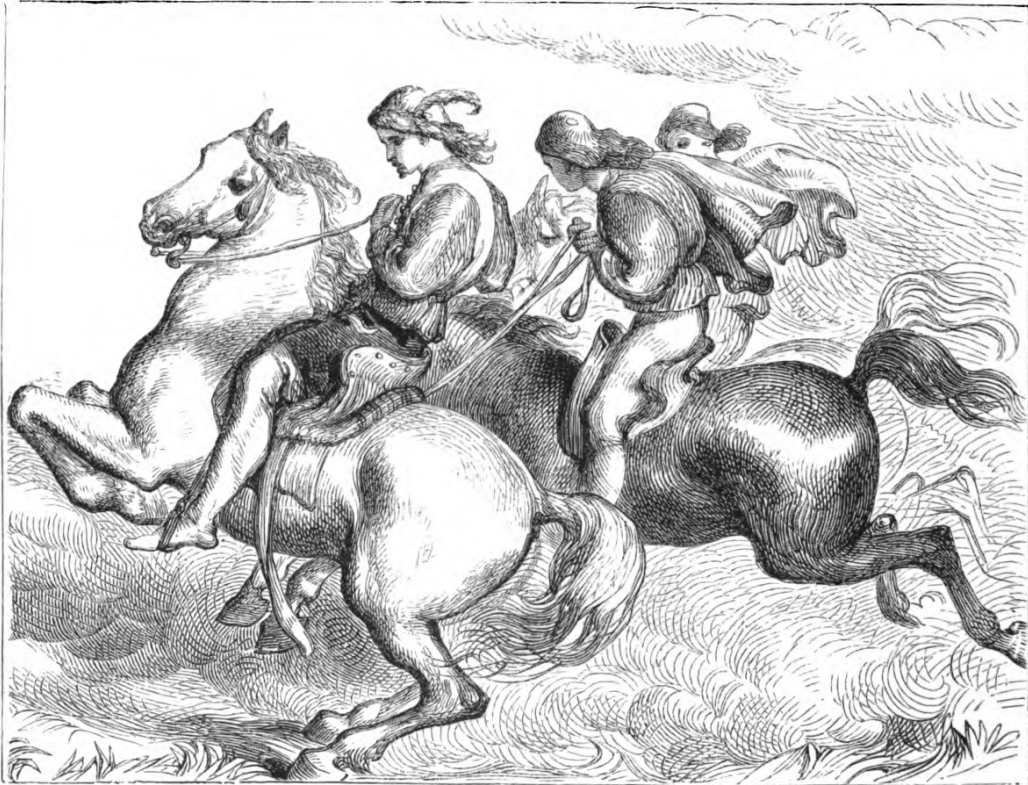
Over hill, over dale.

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,

SONGS AND SONNETS.



I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon his sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green :
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see,
These be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours :
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.



Some glory in their birth.

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse' ;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.
But these particulars are not my measure ;
All these I better in one general best :



SONGS AND SONNETS.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.



Let those who are in favour with their stars.

LET those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honours and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
And, in themselves, their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

SHAKSPERE'S

When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes.

WHEN in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heav'n with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd ;
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 remember'd, such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.



My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming.

MY love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming ;
I love not less, though less the show appear :
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.





SONGS AND SONNETS.

Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days :



Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens ev'ry bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

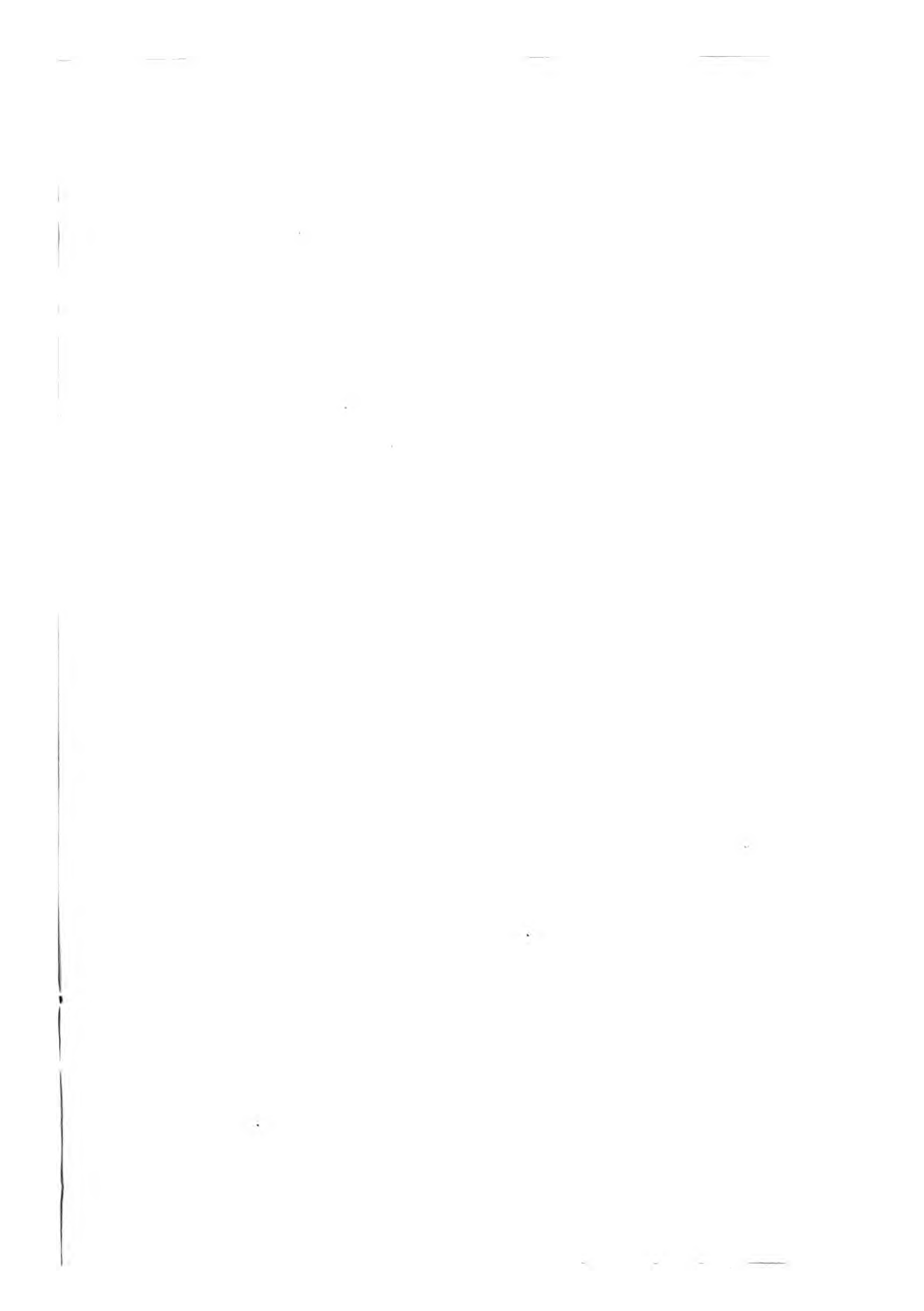
SHAKSPERE'S



When icicles hang by the wall.

I.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who ;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.



SONGS AND SONNETS.

II.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who ;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.





Autolycus' Song.

LAWN as white as driven snow ;
Cypress black as e'er was crow
Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces and for noses ;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel ;
What maids lack from head to heel ;
Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry : come, buy.



SONGS AND SONNETS.

Under the greenwood tree.

I.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

II.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.



SHAKSPERE'S

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change !

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change !
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring at the present nor the past,
For thy records, and what we see, do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.



Now the hungry lion roars.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.



SONGS AND SONNETS.

Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Everyone lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide :



And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house.
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

SHAKSPERE'S



Come away, come away, Death.

COME away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it !
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :

SONGS AND SONNETS.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there !



Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea.

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
O how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of batt'ring days ;
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?
O fearful meditation ! where, alack !
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

SHAKSPERE'S



Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shephérđ ?

SLEEPEST or wakest thou, jolly shephérđ ?

Thy sheep be in the corn ;

And for one blast of thy minniken mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.



O Mistress mine.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming ?
O stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise-man's son doth know.

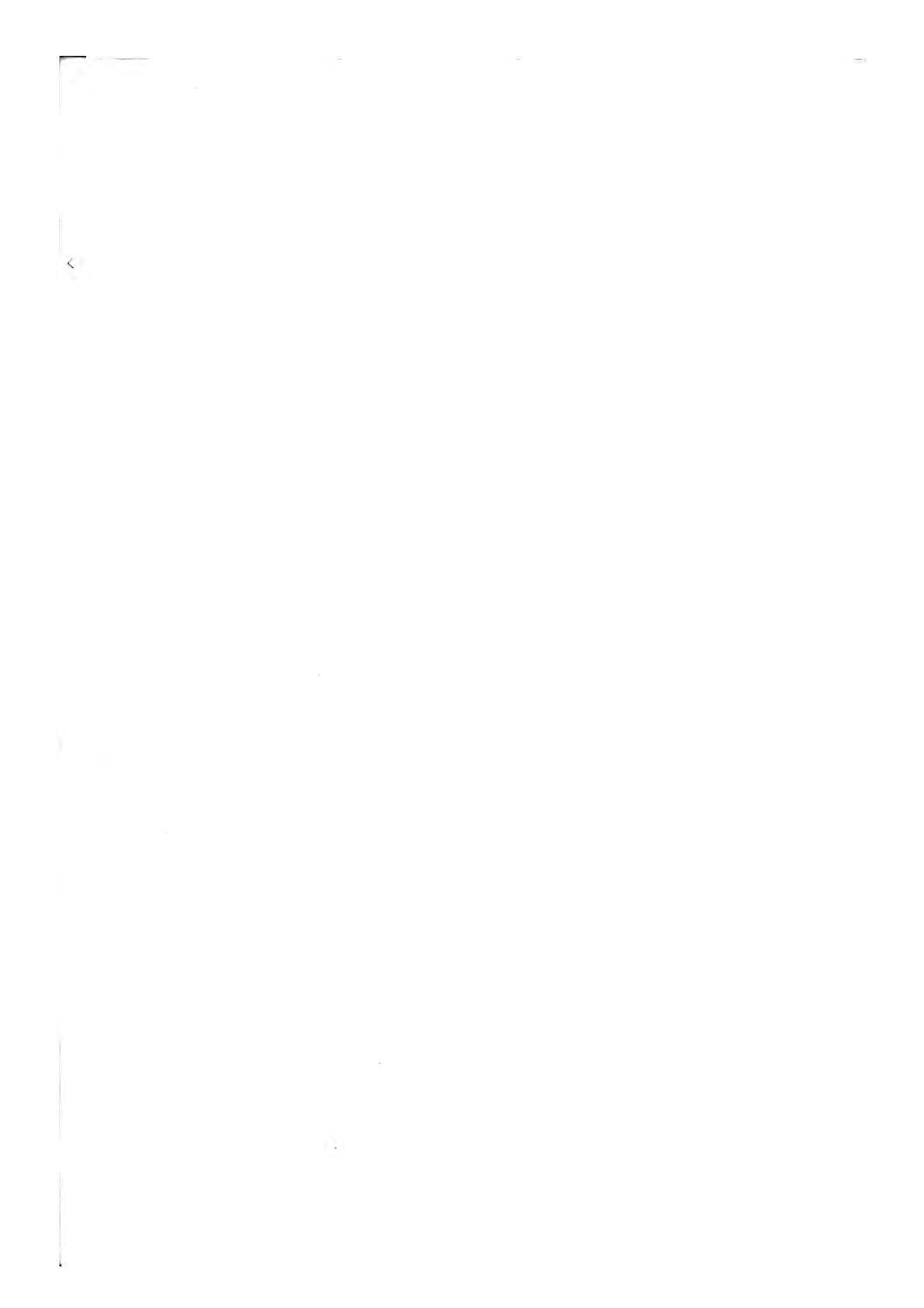
What is love ? 'Tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty ;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SHAKSPERE'S



And let me the canakin clink.

AND let me the canakin clink, clink ;
And let me the canakin clink :
 A soldier's a man ;
 A life's but a span ;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.



SONGS AND SONNETS.



Tell me where is fancy bred.

TELL me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes ;
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
I'll begin it,—Ding-dong, bell.

Chorus.—Ding-dong, bell.



Hark ! hark ! the lark.

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.



SONGS AND SONNETS.

Against that time, if ever that time come.

AGAINST that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects ;
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye ;
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part.
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.



Lo, here the gentle lark.

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

SHAKSPERE'S

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore.

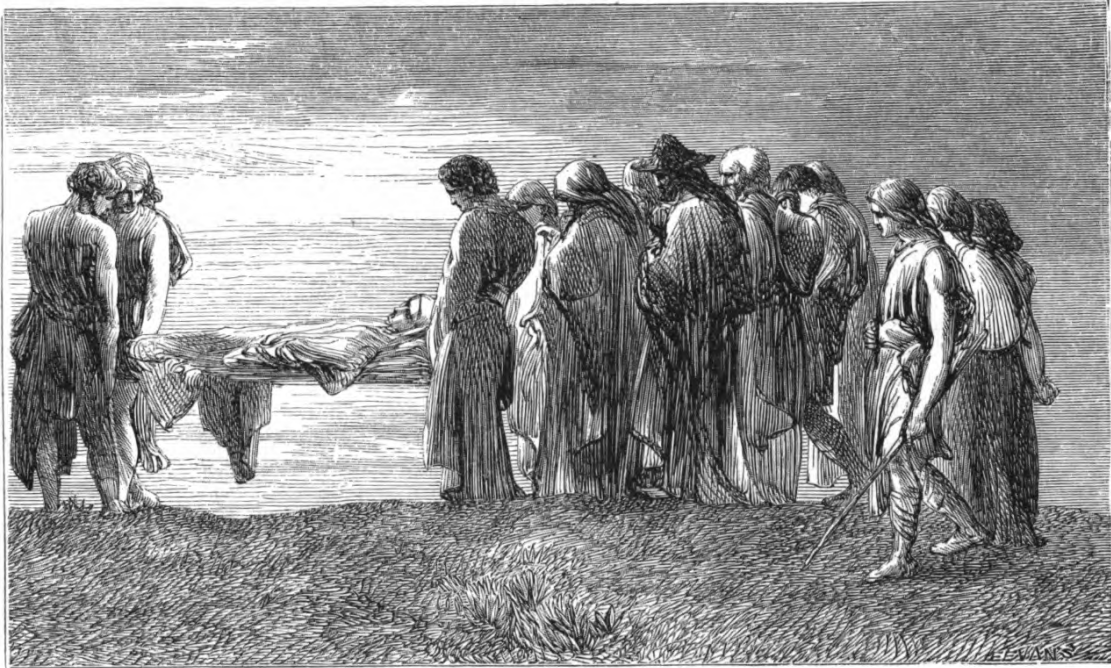
LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.



Fear no more the heat o' th' sun.

FEAR no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

SONGS AND SONNETS.



Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke :
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

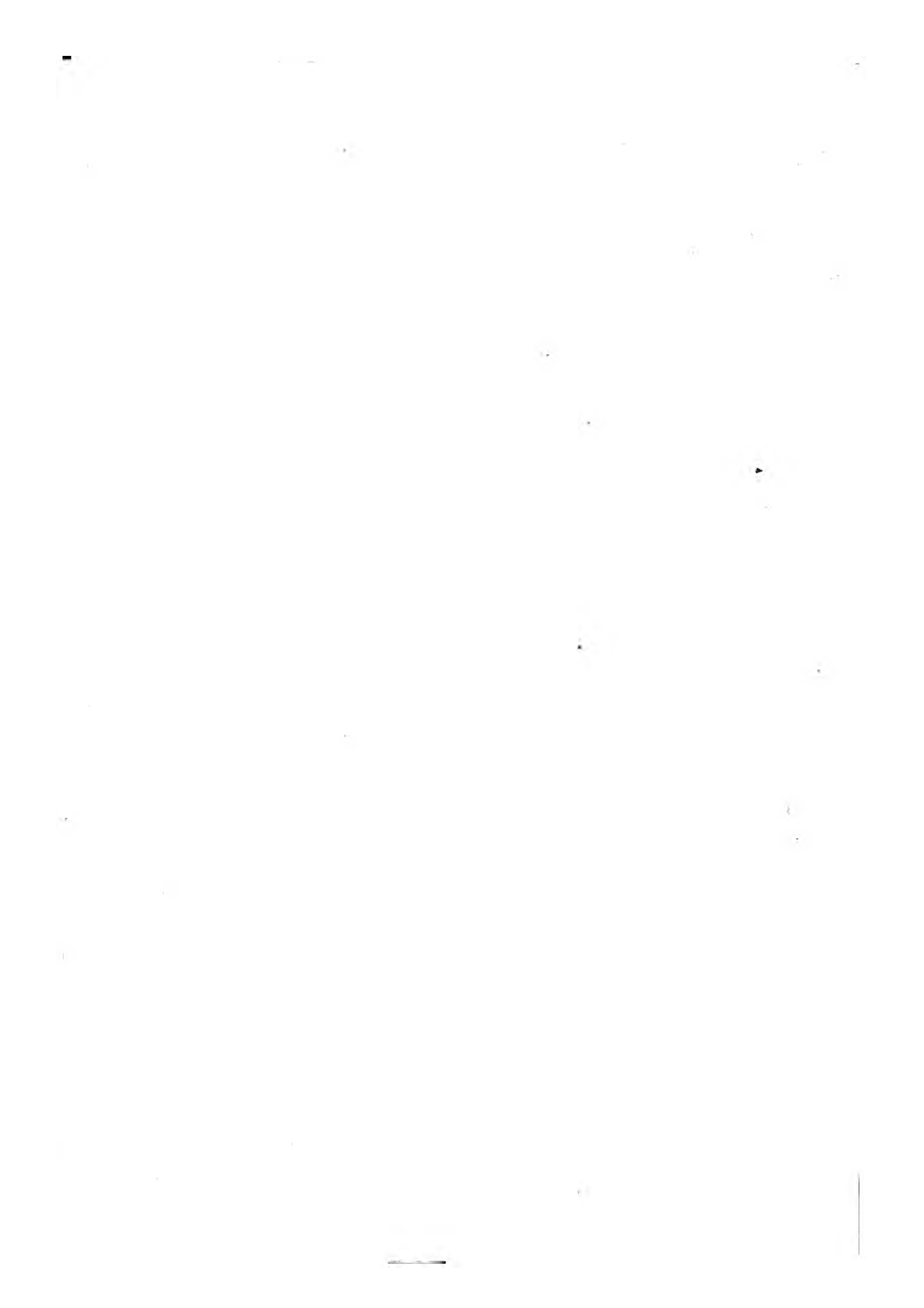
Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS AND SONNETS.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly-sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;
But let your love even with my life decay :
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

F I N I S.









SHAKSPERE'S

SONGS

&

SONNETS