Christopher Marlowe. 1564-93

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

COME live with me and be my Love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
And see 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  
Embroider’d all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair-linèd 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 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.

Sir Walter Raleigh

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd

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 claps and somber 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.
Scene 1  **The Forest of Arden.**
*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three Lords, like foresters*

**DUKE SENIOR**
Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile, Hath not old custom made this life more sweet Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, The seasons' difference, as the icy fang And churlish chiding of the winter's wind, Which, when it bites and blows upon my body, Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say 'This is no flattery: these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am.' Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; And this our life exempt from public haunt Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones and good in every thing. I would not change it.

**The Garden**

by Andrew Marvell

How vainly men themselves amaze To win the palm, the oak, or bays; And their uncessant labors see Crowned from some single herb or tree, Whose short and narrow-vergdé shade Does prudently their toils upbraid; While all the flowers and trees do close To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here, And Innocence, thy sister dear! Mistaken long, I sought you then In busy companies of men: Your sacred plants, if here below, Only among the plants will grow; Society is all but rude, To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen So amorous as this lovely green; Fond lovers, cruel as their flame, Cut in these trees their mistress' name. Little, alas, they know or heed, How far these beauties hers exceed! Fair trees! wherefo'er your barks I wound No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat, Love hither makes his best retreat: The gods who mortal beauty chase, Still in a tree did end their race. Apollo hunted Daphne so, Only that she might laurel grow, And Pan did after Syrinx speed, Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead! Ripe apples drop about my head; The luscious clusters of the vine Upon my mouth do crush their wine; The nectarine and curious peach Into my hands themselves do reach; Stumbling on melons as I pass, Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less, Withdravws into its happiness: The mind, that ocean where each kind Does straight its own resemblance find; Yet it creates, transcending these, Far other worlds, and other seas; Annihilating all that's made To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot, Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root, Casting the body's vest aside, My soul into the boughs does glide: There like a bird it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skillful gard'ner drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new;
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers!

**John Milton, Paradise Lost**

**BOOK VII—lines 192-568**

**The Six Days of Creation**

Mean while the Son
On his great Expedition now appeer'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness at hand,
Celestial Equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,
Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound
On golden Hinges moving, to let forth

The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault
Heav'n's higth, and with the Center mix the Pole.
Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnic Word, your discord end:
Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
Farr into CHAOS, and the World unborn;
For CHAOS heard his voice: him all his Traine
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid Wheeles, and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,
And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,
This be thy just Circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void:
Darkness profound
Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.
Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East
To journie through the airie gloom began,
Spear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was
good;
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night
He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and
Morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and
shout
The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd;
And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning
prais'd
God and his works, Creatour him they sung,
Both when first Eevening was, and when first
Morn.
Again, God said, let ther be Firmament
Amid the Waters, and let it divide
The Waters from the Waters: and God made
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
The Waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so hee the World
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide
Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
Of CHAOS farr remov'd, least fierce extreames
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n
And Morning CHORUS sung the second Day.
The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Embryon immature involv'd,
Appeird not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
Prolific humour soft'n'ing all her Globe,
Fermented the great Mother to conceave,
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.
Immediately the Mountains huge appeer
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist  
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth  
God made, and every Herb, before it grew  
On the green stemm; God saw that it was good:  
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.  
Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be Lights  
High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide  
The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,  
For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,  
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine  
Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n  
To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.  
And God made two great Lights, great for thir use  
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,  
The less by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,  
And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n  
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day  
In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,  
And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:  
For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun  
A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightsom first,  
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon  
Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,  
And sowed with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:  
Of Light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd  
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid Light, firm toretaine  
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.  
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs  
Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,  
And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Thir small peculiar, though from human sight  
So far remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,  
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run  
His Longitude through Heav'n's high rode: the gray  
Dawn, and the PLEIADES before him danc'd  
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,  
But opposite in level'd West was set  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light  
From him, for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keepes  
Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,  
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle, and her Reign  
With thousand lesser Lights indivisual holds,  
With thousand thousand Starrses, that then appeare'd  
Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorning  
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,  
Glad Evning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day.  
And God said, let the Waters generate  
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:  
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings  
Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.  
And God created the great Whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by thir kindes,  
And every Bird of wing after his kinde;  
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas  
And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;  
And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.  
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay  
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales  
Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales  
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft  
Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate  
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves  
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,  
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food  
In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldie, enormous in thir Gate
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
Draws in, and at his Trunk spouts out a Sea.
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge
They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork
On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eryies build:
Part loosely wing the Region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Thir Aierie Caravan high over Sea's Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
Easing thir flight; so stears the prudent Crane
Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
Solac'd the Woods, and spre'd thir painted wings
Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
Thir downie feet: yet oft they quit
The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Train
Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,
Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.
The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
With Evning Harps and Mattin, when God said,
Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,
Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait
Op'ning her fertile Woomb teem'd at a Birth
Innumerable living Creatures, perfet formes,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up-rose
As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns
In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:
Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung:
The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd
The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,
And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarse from his mould
BEHEMOTH biggest born of Earth upheav'd
His vastness: Fleece't the Flocks and bleating rose,
As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or Wermie; those wov'd thir limber fans
For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
These as a line thir long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept
The Parsimonious Emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd
The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou thir Natures know'st, and gav'st them
Names,
Needlest to thee repeaed; nor unknown
The Serpent suttl'ist Beast of all the field,
Of huge extent somtimes, with brazen Eyes
And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand
First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum,
was walkt
Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the Master work, the end
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore
And worship God Supream, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not hee
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.
Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he formd thee, ADAM, thee O Man
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee
Created thee, in the Image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Femal for Race; then bless'd Mankinde, and said,
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yeelds,
Varietie without end; but of the Tree
Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, least sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made
Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'n's his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created World
Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
Followd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)
The Heav'n's and all the Constellations rung,
The Planets in thir stations list'n'ing stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'n's, your living dores; let in
The great Creator from his work returnd
Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;