

# THE GOLDEN TREASURY

## BOOK FIRST

### I

#### SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring! the sweet Spring!

T. NASH

### II

#### SUMMONS TO LOVE

Phoebus, arise!  
And paint the sable skies  
With azure, white, and red:  
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed  
That she may thy career with roses spread:  
The nightingales thy coming eachwhere sing:  
Make an eternal Spring!  
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;  
Spread forth thy golden hair

In larger locks than thou wast wont before  
And emperor-like decore  
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:  
Chase hence the ugly night  
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

—This is that happy morn,  
That day, long-wishéd day  
Of all my life so dark,  
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn  
And fates my hopes betray),  
Which, purely white, deserves  
An everlasting diamond should it mark.  
This is the morn should bring unto this grove  
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.  
Fair King, who all preserves,  
But show thy blushing beams,  
And thou two sweeter eyes  
Shalt see than those which by Penéus' streams  
Did once thy heart surprize.  
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:  
If that ye winds would hear  
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,  
Your furious chiding stay;  
Let Zephyr only breathe,  
And with her tresses play.  
—The winds all silent are,  
And Phoebus in his chair  
Ensaffroning sea and air  
Makes vanish every star:  
Night like a drunkard reels  
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels:  
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,  
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;  
Here is the pleasant place—  
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas!

W. DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

## III

## TIME AND LOVE

## I

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,  
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 watery 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.

W. SHAKESPEARE

## IV

## 2

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways 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 battering 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.

W. SHAKESPEARE

v i

## 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, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I 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 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.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat  
As precious as the gods do eat,  
Shall on an ivory table be  
Prepared each day for thee and me.

## A Madrigal

5

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.

C. MARLOWE

VI †

## A MADRIGAL

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:—  
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.

W. SHAKESPEARE

VII

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat—

## A Madrigal

Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

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

W. SHAKESPEARE

## VIII

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.

Between the acres of the rye  
 These pretty country folks would lie:  
 This carol they began that hour,  
 How that life was but a flower:

And therefore take the present time  
 With a hey and a ho and a hey-nonino!  
 For love is crownéd with the prime  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing hey ding a ding: *ding*  
 Sweet lovers love the Spring.

W. SHAKESPEARE



## IX

## PRESENT IN ABSENCE

Absence, hear thou my protestation  
 Against thy strength,  
 Distance, and length;  
 Do what thou canst for alteration:  
 For hearts of truest mettle  
 Absence doth join, and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,  
 His mind hath found  
 Affection's ground  
 Beyond time, place, and all mortality.  
 To hearts that cannot vary  
 Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

By absence this good means I gain,  
 That I can catch her,  
 Where none can watch her,  
 In some close corner of my brain:  
 There I embrace and kiss her:  
 And so enjoy her and none miss her.

ANON.

## X

## ABSENCE

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
 I have no precious time at all to spend  
 Nor services to do, till you require:

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end-hour  
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
 When you have bid your servant once adieu:

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
Save, where you are, how happy you make those

So true a fool is love, that in your will  
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

W. SHAKESPEARE

XI

How like a winter hath my absence been  
From Thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,  
What old December's bareness everywhere!

And yet this time removed was summer's time:  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime  
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

W. SHAKESPEARE

XII

A CONSOLATION

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;



Vishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 eatured like him, like him with friends possest,  
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
 ith what I most enjoy contented least;

et in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
 aply I think on Thee—and then my state,  
 ke to the lark at break of day arising  
 om sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd, such <sup>o</sup>wealth brings  
 hat then I scorn to change my state with kings.

W. SHAKESPEARE

## XIII

### THE UNCHANGEABLE

O never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify:  
 As easy might I from myself depart  
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie;

That is my home of love; if I have ranged,  
 Like him that travels, I return again,  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:

For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my rose: in it thou art my all.

W. SHAKESPEARE

## XIV

To me, fair Friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
 In process of the seasons have I seen,  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd, *spondee*  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
*caesura* So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—  
*before* Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

W. SHAKESPEARE

## XV

## DIAPHENIA

Diaphenia like the daffadowndilly,  
 White as the sun, fair as the lily,  
 Heigh ho, how I do love thee!  
 I do love thee as my lambs  
 Are belovéd of their dams;  
 How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,  
 That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,  
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee!  
 I do love thee as each flower  
 Loves the sun's life-giving power;  
 For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blesséd,  
 When all thy praises are expresséd,

Dear joy, how I do love thee!  
As the birds do love the spring,  
Or the bees their careful king:  
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

H. CONSTABLE

XVI

ROSALINE

Like to the clear in highest sphere  
Where all imperial glory shines,  
Of selfsame colour is her hair  
Whether unfolded, or in twines:

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow  
Resembling heaven by every wink;  
The Gods do fear whenas they glow,  
And I do tremble when I think

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud  
That beautifies Aurora's face,  
Or like the silver crimson shroud  
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Her lips are like two budded roses  
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,  
Within which bounds she balm encloses  
Apt to entice a deity:

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower  
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,  
To watch for glances every hour  
From her divine and sacred eyes:

Heigh ho, for Rosaline!

Her paps are centres of delight,  
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,  
Where Nature moulds the dew of light



To feed perfection with the same:

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,  
With marble white, with sapphire blue  
Her body every way is fed,  
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!

Nature herself her shape admires;  
The Gods are wounded in her sight;  
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires  
And at her eyes his brand doth light:

Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan  
The absence of fair Rosaline,  
Since for a fair there's fairer none,  
Nor for her virtues so divine:

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline;

Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were mine!

T. LODGE

XVII

COLIN

Beauty sat bathing by a spring  
Where fairest shades did hide her;  
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,  
The cool streams ran beside her.  
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye  
To see what was forbidden:  
But better memory said, fie!  
So vain desire was chidden:—  
Hey nonny nonny O!  
Hey nonny nonny!

Into a slumber then I fell,  
When fond imagination  
Seeméd to see, but could not tell  
Her feature or her fashion.

But ev'n as babes in dreams do smile,  
 And sometimes fall a-weeping,  
 So I awaked, as wise this while  
 As when I fell a-sleeping:—

Hey nonny nonny O!

Hey nonny nonny!

THE SHEPHERD TONIE

XVIII

TO HIS LOVE

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate;  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd:

But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
 Nor lose possession of that fair<sup>a</sup> thou owest;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see  
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

*poetm*

W. SHAKESPEARE

XIX

TO HIS LOVE

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;

Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have exprest  
 Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.

## A Supplication

So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all, you prefiguring;  
 And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing!

For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

W. SHAKESPEARE

## XX

## LOVE'S PERJURIES

On a day, alack the day!  
 Love, whose month is ever May,  
 Spied a blossom passing fair  
 Playing in the wanton air:  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
 That the lover, sick to death,  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
 Air, would I might triumph so!  
 But, alack, my hand is sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;  
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Do not call it sin in me  
 That I am forsworn for thee:  
 Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiop were,  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.

W. SHAKESPEARE

## XXI

## A SUPPLICATION

Forget not yet the tried intent  
 Of such a truth as I have meant;  
 My great travail so gladly spent,  
 Forget not yet!



Forget not yet when first began  
 The weary life ye knôw, since whan  
 The suit, the service none tell can;  
 Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,  
 The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,  
 The painful patience in delays,  
 Forget not yet!

Forget not! O, forget not this,  
 How long ago hath been, and is  
 The mind that never meant amiss—  
 Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved  
 The which so long hath thee so loved,  
 Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—  
 Forget not this!

SIR T. WYAT

XXII

### TO AURORA

O if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm;  
 And dost prejudice thy bliss, and spoil my rest;  
 Then thou would'st melt the ice out of thy breast  
 And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.

O if thy pride did not our joys controul,  
 What world of loving wonders should'st thou see!  
 For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,  
 Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul;

Then all my thoughts should in thy visage shine,  
 And if that aught mischanced thou should'st not moan  
 Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone;  
 No, I would have my share in what were thine:

And whilst we thus should make our sorrows one,  
 This happy harmony would make them none.

W. ALEXANDER, EARL OF STERLINE

## XXIII

## TRUE LOVE

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 every wandering 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 ev'n to the edge of doom:—

If this be error, and upon me proved,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W. SHAKESPEARE

## XXIV

## A DITTY

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,  
 By just exchange one for another given:  
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
 There never was a better bargain driven:  
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,  
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:  
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,  
 I cherish his because in me it bides:

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR P. SIDNEY

## XXV

## LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,  
 And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,  
 Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain  
 Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,  
 And you, my Love, as humble and as low  
 As are the deepest bottoms of the main,  
 Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,  
 My love should shine on you like to the sun,  
 And look upon you with ten thousand eyes  
 Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,  
 Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

J. SYLVESTER

## XXVI

## CARPE DIEM

*Take Today  
 enjoy the present*

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; *will soon go by*  
 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.

W. SHAKESPEARE