

CONTENTS.

Воок	FIRST	, .			,		*	٠	8	à	4		B			I
Воок	SECON	ND, .							ě			4		6		43
Воок	THIRI	ο, .							U		٠	8	٠		r	112
Воок	Four	TH,		0		ø		ø			•					175
Notes	5, .				•		ŧ			۰	b			S		327
INDEX	OF V	VRITE	RS,		٠		,		b		0	ь				343
NDEX	of F	IRST	LII	NE:	5,	0	4			b	b	٠.	ь			345

THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

BOOK FIRST.

I.

SPRING.

PRING, 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.

Phœbus, 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 each-where 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-wished 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 Peneus' streams Did once thy heart surprise. 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 Phœbus 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.

TIME AND LOVE.

I.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced The rich proud cost of outworn 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 ruminate— 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.

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.

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—
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 cornfield did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a 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 crowned with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,

THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

When birds do sing hey ding a 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,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is Presence, 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 I both enjoy and 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 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 possest, 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.
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, 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; 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,— 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 beloved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou wouldst 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 blessèd
When all thy praises are expressèd,
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 Phœbus' 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
Seemèd 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.

TO HIS LOVE.

I.

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;

Sometime 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 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. W. Shakespeare.

XIX.

2.

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.

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 Jove would swear Juno but an Ethiope 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 know, 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. WYATT.

TO AURORA.

O if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm, And dost prejudge thy bliss, and spoil my rest, Then thou wouldst 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 shouldst 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 shouldst 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.