

## On Monsieur's Departure

### Elizabeth I, (1533 - 1603)

1 I grieve and dare not show my discontent,  
2 I love and yet am forced to seem to hate,  
3 I do, yet dare not say I ever meant,  
4 I seem stark mute but inwardly do prate.  
5 I am and not, I freeze and yet am burned,  
6 Since from myself another self I turned.

7 My care is like my shadow in the sun,  
8 Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it,  
9 Stands and lies by me, doth what I have done.  
10 His too familiar care doth make me rue it.  
11 No means I find to rid him from my breast,  
12 Till by the end of things it be supprest.

13 Some gentler passion slide into my mind,  
14 For I am soft and made of melting snow;  
15 Or be more cruel, love, and so be kind.  
16 Let me or float or sink, be high or low.  
17 Or let me live with some more sweet content,  
18 Or die and so forget what love ere meant.

Sonnet LX: Like as the Waves Make towards the Pebbled Shore

**Shakespeare, William (1564 - 1616)**

**Original Text:**

William Shakespeare, *Shake-speares sonnets* (London: G. Eld for T. T., 1609). *STC* 22353. Facs. edn.: London: J. Cape, 1925. PR 2750 B48 1609b ROBA.

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

**Notes**

1]Like as ... contend: from Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, XV, 180-84.

5]Main of light: main body of light, world of light.

7]Crooked: malignant.

9]flourish: embellishment.

11]rarities of nature's truth: outstanding examples of nature's creative power; literally of nature's conformity to her own best standard. Cf. *The Phoenix and Turtle*, line 53.

13]in hope: to come.

Sonnet CXXX: My Mistress' Eyes are Nothing like the Sun

Shakespeare, William (1564 - 1616)

1 My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
2 Coral is far more red than her lips' red:  
3 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
4 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
5 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
6 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
7 And in some perfumes is there more delight  
8 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
9 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
10 That music hath a far more pleasing sound.  
11 I grant I never saw a goddess go:  
12 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
13 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
14 As any she belied with false compare.

**Notes**

4]wires. Ladies' hair was often compared to golden wire in Elizabethan poetry.

Sonnet CXVI: Let me not to the Marriage of True Minds

Shakespeare, William (1564 - 1616)

1 Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
2 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
3 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
4 Or bends with the remover to remove.  
5 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
6 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
7 It is the star to every wand'ring bark,  
8 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
9 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
10 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
11 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
12 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
13 If this be error and upon me prov'd,  
14 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

**Notes**

4]remover: the one who departs from love.

8]worth's unknown: man cannot grasp the star's heavenly worth and astrological influence.

12]edge of doom: the brink of Doomsday.

Holy Sonnets: Death, be not proud

Donne, John (1572 - 1631)

1      Death, be not proud, though some have called thee  
2      Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
3      For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,  
4      Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
5      From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
6      Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,  
7      And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
8      Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.  
9      Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
10     And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;  
11     And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well  
12     And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?  
13     One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
14     And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

To my Dear and Loving Husband

**Bradstreet, Anne (1612 - 1672)**

Original Text:

- 1 If ever two were one, then surely we.
- 2 If ever man were lov'd by wife, then thee.
- 3 If ever wife was happy in a man,
- 4 Compare with me, ye women, if you can.
- 5 I prize thy love more than whole Mines of gold
- 6 Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
- 7 My love is such that Rivers cannot quench,
- 8 Nor ought but love from thee give recompence.
- 9 Thy love is such I can no way repay.
- 10 The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
- 11 Then while we live, in love let's so persever
- 12 That when we live no more, we may live ever.

**Notes**

1]we: Anne's husband was Simon Bradstreet (1603-97). They were married in England in 1628.

6]the east: East Indies.

11]persever: likely accented on the second syllable.

Bah, Bah, Black Sheep

**Mother Goose, (0 - )**

1 Bah, bah, black sheep,  
2 Have you any wool?  
3 Yes, marry have I,  
4 Three bags full;  
5 One for my master,  
6 One for my dame,  
7 But none for the little boy  
8 Who cries in the lane.

To a Lady, Who Valu'd Herself on Speaking Her Mind in a Blunt Manner, Which She Call'd Being Sincere

**Barber, Mary (1685 - 1755)**

1 WELL you *Sincerity* display,  
2 A virtue wond'rous rare !  
3 Nor value, tho' the world should say,  
4 You're *rude*, so you're *sincere*.  
5 To be *sincere*, then, give *me* leave ;  
6 And I will frankly own,  
7 Since you but this *one* virtue have,  
8' Twere better you had *none*.



To a Mouse

**On Turning Up Her Nest with the Plough, November, 1785**

**Burns, Robert (1759 - 1796)**

1 Wee, sleecket, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,  
2 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
3 Thou need na start awa sae hasty  
4 Wi' bickerin brattle!  
5 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee  
6 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

7 I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
8 Has broken Nature's social union,  
9 An' justifies that ill opinion  
10 Which makes thee startle  
11 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
12 An' fellow-mortal!

13 I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve:  
14 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
15 A daimen icker in a thrave  
16 'S a sma' request;  
17 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,  
18 An' never miss 't!

19 Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
20 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!  
21 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
22 O' foggage green!  
23 An' bleak December's winds ensuin  
24 Baith snell an' keen!

25 Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,  
26 An' weary winter comin fast,  
27 An' cozie here beneath the blast  
28 Thou thought to dwell,  
29 Till crash! the cruel coulter past  
30 Out thro' thy cell.

31 That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
32 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!  
33 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,  
34 But house or hald,  
35 To thole the winter's sleety dribble  
36 An' cranreuch cauld!

37 But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane  
38 In proving foresight may be vain:  
39 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
40 Gang aft agley,  
41 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain  
42 For promis'd joy.

43 Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!  
44 The present only toucheth thee:  
45 But, och! I backward cast my e'e  
46 On prospects drear!  
47 An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
48 I guess an' fear!

### Notes

1]Burns's brother Gilbert is responsible for the story that the poem was composed while the poet was ploughing, after he had turned up a mouse's nest and had saved the mouse from the spade of the boy who was holding the horses.

sleekit: sleek.

4]bickerin brattle: hurrying scamper.

5]laith: loth.

6]pattle: a small long-handled spade for removing clay from the ploughshare.

13]whyles: sometimes.

14]mawn: must.

15]daimen: occasional.

icker: ear of corn.

a thrave: twenty-four sheaves.

17]lave: rest.

20]silly: feeble.

21]big: build.

22]foggage: coarse grass.

24]snell: piercing.

34]But: without.

house or hald: house or habitation; cf. *Address to the Deil*, 104.

35]thole: endure.

36]cranreuch: hoar-frost.

37]no thy lane: not alone.

40]a-gley: amiss.

## Blake, William (1757 - 1827)

### Infant Joy

1 "I have no name:  
2 I am but two days old."  
3 What shall I call thee?  
4 "I happy am,  
5 Joy is my name."  
6 Sweet joy befall thee!

7 Pretty joy!  
8 Sweet joy but two days old,  
9 Sweet joy I call thee:  
10 Thou dost smile,  
11 I sing the while,  
12 Sweet joy befall thee!

### Infant Sorrow

1 My mother groan'd! my father wept.  
2 Into the dangerous world I leapt:  
3 Helpless, naked, piping loud,  
4 Like a fiend hid in a cloud.  
5 Struggling in my father's hands,  
6 Striving against my swaddling bands,  
7 Bound and weary, I thought best  
8 To sulk upon my mother's breast.

### Notes

1]The companion poem to " Infant Joy  
" in *Poems of Innocence* (1789).

4]cloud: the placenta, expelled in childbirth.

## The Faking Boy to the Crap is Gone

### Aytoun, William Edmonstoune (1813 - 1865)

#### Original Text:

*Musa Pedestris: Three Centuries of Canting Songs and Slang Rhymes [1536-1896]*, ed. John S. Farmer (privately printed, 1896).

1 The faking boy to the crap is gone,  
2 At the nubbing-cheat you'll find him;  
3 The hempen cord they have girded on,  
4 And his elbows pinned behind him.  
5 "Smash my glim,," cries the reg'lar card,  
6 "Though the girl you love betrays you,  
7 Don't split, but die both game and hard,  
8 And grateful pals shall praise you.."  
  
9 The bolt it fell, -- a jerk, a strain!  
10 The sheriff's fled asunder;  
11 The faking-boy ne'er spoke again,  
12 For they pulled his legs from under.  
13 And there he dangles on the tree,  
14 That sort of love and bravery!  
15 Oh, that such men should victims be  
16 Of law, and law's vile knavery.

#### Notes

1]Aytoun co-authored this poem with Sir Theodore Martin (1816.-1909).faking: thieving (cant, or thieves' jargon). crap: gallows.

2]nubbing-cheat: gallows (literally, "hanging thing").

5]Smash my glim: damn my eyes! reg'lar card: decent chap.

7]game: fearless. split: fall to pieces.

12]Friends of a hanged man would pull down on his legs to ensure that he did not die a lingering death.

Shiloh: A Requiem (April, 1862)

Melville, Herman (1819 - 1891)

1 Skimming lightly, wheeling still,  
2 The swallows fly low  
3 Over the field in clouded days,  
4 The forest-field of Shiloh --  
5 Over the field where April rain  
6 Solaced the parched ones stretched in pain  
7 Through the pause of night  
8 That followed the Sunday fight  
9 Around the church of Shiloh --  
10 The church so lone, the log-built one,  
11 That echoed to many a parting groan  
12 And natural prayer  
13 Of dying foemen mingled there --  
14 Foemen at morn, but friends at eve --  
15 Fame or country least their care:  
16 (What like a bullet can undeceive!)  
17 But now they lie low,  
18 While over them the swallows skim,  
19 And all is hushed at Shiloh.