LA 12 Poetry Unit

**Lord Randall by Anonymous**

"Oh where ha'e ye been, Lord Randall, my son!
And where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man!"
"I ha'e been to the wild wood: mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randall, my son?
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randall, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"
"Eels fried in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randall, my son?
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?"
"My hawks and my hounds; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie doon."

"What become a yer bloodhounds, Lord Randall, my son?
What become a yer bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
"They swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi huntin, and fain wad lie doon."

"O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randall, my son!
I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at m' heart, and I fain wad lie doon."

**Get Up and Bar the Door by Anonymous**

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| IT fell about the Martinmas time, |  |
|   And a gay time it was then, |  |
| When our good wife got puddings to make, |  |
|   And she’s boild them in the pan. |  |
|   |  |
| The wind sae cauld blew south and north, |          |
|   And blew into the floor; |  |
| Quoth our goodman to our goodwife, |  |
|   “Gae [1](http://www.bartleby.com/40/20.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22noteFN707) out and bar the door.” |  |
|   |  |
| “My hand is in my hussyfskap, [2](http://www.bartleby.com/40/20.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22noteFN708) |  |
|   Goodman, as ye may see; |          |
| An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred year, |  |
|   It’s no be barrd for me.” |  |
|   |  |
| They made a paction tween them twa, |  |
|   They made it firm and sure, |  |
| That the first word whaeer shoud speak, |          |
|   Shoud rise and bar the door. |  |
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| Then by there came two gentlemen, |  |
|   At twelve o’clock at night, |  |
| And they could neither see house nor hall, |  |
|   Nor coal nor candle-light. |          |
|   |  |
| “Now whether is this a rich man’s house, |  |
|   Or whether is it a poor?” |  |
| But neer a word wad ane o them speak, |  |
|   For barring of the door. |  |
|   |  |
| And first they ate the white puddings, |          |
|   And then they ate the black; |  |
| Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel, |  |
|   Yet neer a word she spake. |  |
|   |  |
| Then said the one unto the other, |  |
|   “Here, man, tak ye my knife; |          |
| Do ye tak aff the auld man’s beard, |  |
|   And I’ll kiss the goodwife.” |  |
|   |  |
| “But there’s nae water in the house, |  |
|   And what shall we do than?” |  |
| “What ails thee at the pudding-broo, [3](http://www.bartleby.com/40/20.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22noteFN709) |          |
|   That boils into the pan?” |  |
|   |  |
| O up then started our goodman, |  |
|   An angry man was he: |  |
| “Will ye kiss my wife before my een, |  |
|   And scad [4](http://www.bartleby.com/40/20.html%22%20%5Cl%20%22noteFN710) me wi pudding-bree?” |          |
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| Then up and started our goodwife, |  |
|   Gied three skips on the floor: |  |
| “Goodman, you’ve spoken the foremost word, |  |
|   Get up and bar the door.” |  |

**The Passionate Shepherd to His Love by Christopher Marlowe**

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| 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 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. |    |
|    |  |
| 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. |  |

**The Nymph’s Reply to the Shepherd BY**[**SIR WALTER RALEGH**](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/sir-walter-ralegh)

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,

The Coral clasps and amber 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.

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| **To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time by**[**Robert Herrick**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/197) |   |
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| Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying;And this same flower that smiles today Tomorrow will be dying.The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  The higher he's a-getting,The sooner will his race be run, And nearer he's to setting.That age is best which is the first, When youth and blood are warmer;But being spent, the worse, and worst Times still succeed the former. Then be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may, go marry;For having lost but once your prime, You may forever tarry. |  |
| **To His Coy Mistress by**[**Andrew Marvell**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/304) |   |
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| Had we but world enough, and time,This coyness, Lady, were no crime.We would sit down and think which wayTo walk and pass our long love's day.Thou by the Indian Ganges' sideShouldst rubies find: I by the tideOf Humber would complain. I wouldLove you ten years before the Flood,And you should, if you please, refuseTill the conversion of the Jews.My vegetable love should growVaster than empires, and more slow;An hundred years should go to praiseThine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;Two hundred to adore each breast;But thirty thousand to the rest;An age at least to every part,And the last age should show your heart;For, Lady, you deserve this state,Nor would I love at lower rate. But at my back I always hearTime's wingèd chariot hurrying near;And yonder all before us lieDeserts of vast eternity.Thy beauty shall no more be found,Nor, in thy marble vault, shall soundMy echoing song: then worms shall tryThat long preserved virginity,And your quaint honour turn to dust,And into ashes all my lust:The grave's a fine and private place,But none, I think, do there embrace. Now therefore, while the youthful hueSits on thy skin like morning dew,And while thy willing soul transpiresAt every pore with instant fires,Now let us sport us while we may,And now, like amorous birds of prey,Rather at once our time devourThan languish in his slow-chapt power.Let us roll all our strength and allOur sweetness up into one ball,And tear our pleasures with rough strifeThorough the iron gates of life:Thus, though we cannot make our sunStand still, yet we will make him run. |  |

**Sonnet 42 by Petrarch**

The spring returns, the spring wind softly blowing

Sprinkles the grass with gleam and glitter of showers,

Powdering pearl and diamond, dripping with flowers,

Dropping wet flowers, dancing the winters going;

The swallow twitters, the groves of midnight are glowing

With nightingale music and madness; the sweet fierce powers

Of love flame up through the earth; the seed-soul towers

And trembles; nature is filled to overflowing…

The spring returns, but there is no returning

Of spring for me. O heart with anguish burning!

She that unlocked all April in a breath

Returns not…And these meadows, blossoms, birds

These lovely gentle girls—words, empty words

As bitter as the black estates of death!

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| **Sonnet 18 by**[**William Shakespeare**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/122) |   |
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| 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 dimmed;And every fair from fair sometime declines,By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;But thy eternal summer shall not fade,Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st. So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. |  |
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| **Sonnet 29 by**[**William Shakespeare**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/122) |  |
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| 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 possessed,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 arisingFrom sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate;For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,That then I scorn to change my state with kings. |  |
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| **Sonnet 30 by**[**William Shakespeare**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/122) |   |
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| When to the sessions of sweet silent thoughtI 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, unused to flow,For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,And heavily from woe to woe tell o'erThe sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,Which I new pay as if not paid before.But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,All losses are restored and sorrows end.**Sonnet 71 by William Shakespeare** |  |
| No longer mourn for me when I am deadThan you shall hear the surly sullen bellGive warning to the world that I am fledFrom this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:Nay, if you read this line, remember notThe 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.O! 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. |  |  |

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| **Sonnet 73 by**[**William Shakespeare**](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/122) |   |
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| That time of year thou mayst in me beholdWhen yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hangUpon those boughs which shake against the cold,Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.In me thou see'st the twilight of such dayAs after sunset fadeth in the west;Which by and by black night doth take away,Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,As the deathbed whereon it must expire,Consumed with that which it was nourished by. This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong, To love that well which thou must leave ere long. |  |
| **Sonnet 116 by William Shakespeare**  |   |
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| 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 even to the edge of doom.  If this be error, and upon me prov’d,  I never writ, nor no man ever lov’d. |  |
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| **Sonnet 130 by William Shakespeare** |   |
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| My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;Coral is far more red than her lips' red;If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.I have seen roses damasked, red and white,But no such roses see I in her cheeks;And in some perfumes is there more delightThan in the breath that from my mistress reeks.I love to hear her speak, yet well I knowThat music hath a far more pleasing sound;I grant I never saw a goddess go;My mistress when she walks treads on the ground. And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare As any she belied with false compare. |  |
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| **Death, be not proud (Holy Sonnet 10) by John Donne** |  |
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| Death, be not proud, though some have called theeMighty and dreadful, for thou are not so;For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrowDie not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,And soonest our best men with thee do go,Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.Thou'art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,And poppy'or charms can make us sleep as wellAnd better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?One short sleep past, we wake eternally,And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die. |  |

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| When I Consider How My Light Is Spent by John Milton |   |
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| When I consider how my light is spent, Ere half my days in this dark world and wide, And that one talent which is death to hideLodged with me useless, though my soul more bentTo serve therewith my Maker, and present My true account, lest He returning chide; "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"I fondly ask. But Patience, to preventThat murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His stateIs kingly: thousands at His bidding speed, And post o'er land and ocean without rest; They also serve who only stand and wait." |  |
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