

# Whoso List<sup>1</sup> to Hunt

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind,<sup>2</sup>  
But as for me, alas, I may no more:  
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore.

I am of them that farthest cometh behind;  
Yet may I, by no means, my wearied mind  
Draw from the deer, but as she sleeth afore,  
Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,  
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.

Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,  
As well as I, may spend his time in vain.  
And graven with diamonds in letters plain  
There is written, her fair neck round about,  
"Noli me tangere,"<sup>3</sup> for Caesar's I am,<sup>4</sup>  
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame."

3. *Noli me tangere*: "Don't touch me"; words spoken by the resurrected Jesus in John 20:17.

4. *Caesar's I am*: At the time in which the poem was written, it was believed that Caesar attached collars inscribed with the words "Do not touch me, for I am Caesar's" to his deer to protect them from hunters.

## ALSO READ:

- p. 729 Donne, "A Valediction..."
- p. 730 Marvell, "To His Coy Mistress"
- p. 766 Donne, "Batter my heart..."
- p. 814 Donne, "The Flea"
- p. 843 Herbert, "Virtue"
- p. 1001 Shakespeare, Sonnet 116
- p. 656 Shakespeare, Sonnet 18

# Sonnet 31

Sir Philip Sidney

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!  
How silently, and with how wan a face!

What, may it be that even in heavenly place  
That busy archer' his sharp arrows tries?

5 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case.  
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace,  
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.<sup>2</sup>

Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me  
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?<sup>3</sup>  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
Do they above love to be loved, and yet

10 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

1. *busy archer*: Cupid, the Roman god of love.

2. *descries*: Reveals.

3. *wit*: Intelligence.

# Sonnet 39

Sir Philip Sidney

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
The bailing place<sup>1</sup> of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and low;  
With shield of proof<sup>2</sup> shield me from out the prease<sup>3</sup>  
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:  
O make in me those civil wars to cease;  
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light,  
A rose garland, and a weary head:  
And if these things, as being thine by right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,  
Liveller then elsewhere, Stella's image see.

1. bailing place: A place for refreshment.

2. proof: Proven strength.

3. prease: Crowd.

# The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Christopher Marlowe

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove<sup>1</sup>  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

5 And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sings madrigals.

10 And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers and a kirtle<sup>2</sup>  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
15 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,  
20 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.

25 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

Sir Walter Raleigh

*This poem was written by Raleigh as a response to the invitation presented in Christopher Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love."*

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.

5 Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel<sup>1</sup> becometh dumb,  
The rest complains of cares to come.

0 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.

5 Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle,<sup>2</sup> and thy posies  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

0 Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy 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<sup>3</sup> nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move,  
To live with thee and be thy love.

1. *Philomel*: The nightingale.  
2. *kirtle*: Skirt.  
3. *date*: Ending.

# To His Son

Sir Walter Raleigh

Three things there be that prosper up apace  
And flourish, whilst they grow asunder far,  
But on a day, they meet all in one place,  
And when they meet, they one another mar;  
5 And they be these: the wood, the weed, the wag,<sup>1</sup>  
The wood is that which makes the gallow tree;  
The weed is that which strings the hangman's bag;  
The wag, my pretty knave, betokeneth thee.  
Mark well, dear boy, whilst these assemble not,  
10 Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the wag is wild,  
But when they meet, it makes the timber rot;  
It frets the halter, and it chokes the child.  
Then bless thee, and beware, and let us pray  
We part not with thee at this meeting day.

1. *wag* n.: A mischievous young boy.

# Sonnet 1

Edmund Spenser

Happy ye leaves when as those illy hands,  
which hold my life in their dead doing<sup>1</sup> might,  
Shall handle you and hold in love's soft bands,  
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight,  
And happy lines, on which with starry light,  
Those lamping<sup>2</sup> eyes will deigne sometimes to look  
And read the sorrows of my dying spright,<sup>3</sup>  
Written with tears in heart's close<sup>4</sup> bleeding book.  
And happy rhymes bathed in the sacred brook  
Of Helicon<sup>5</sup> whence she derived is,  
When ye behold that angel's blessed look,  
My soul's long lacked food, my heaven's bliss.  
Leaves, lines, and rhymes, seek her to please alone,  
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

1. doing: Killing.

2. lamping: Flashing.

3. spright: Spirit.

4. close: Secret.

5. sacred . . . Helicon: From Greek mythology, the Hippocrene, the fountain from which the waters of poetic inspiration flowed, located on Mt. Helicon, the sacred home of the Muses.

# Sonnet 26

Edmund Spenser

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a briar;  
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;  
Sweet is the eglantine,<sup>1</sup> but pricketh near;  
Sweet is the fir bloom, but his branches rough;  
Sweet is the cypress, but his rynd is tough;  
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;<sup>2</sup>  
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour enough;  
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.  
So every sweet with sour is tempered still,<sup>3</sup>  
That maketh it be coveted the more:  
For easy things that may be got at will,  
Most sorts of men do set but little store.  
Why then should I account of little pain,  
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain.

1. eglantine: A European rose with hooked spines.

2. pill: Core.

3. still: Always.

# Sonnet 75

Edmund Spenser

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,<sup>1</sup>  
But came the waves and washèd it away:  
Again I wrote it with a second hand,  
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.  
"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay,  
A mortal thing so to immortalize,  
For I myself shall like to this decay,  
And eek<sup>2</sup> my name be wiped out likewise."  
"Not so," quod<sup>3</sup> I, "let baser things devise  
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:  
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,  
And in the heavens write your glorious name.  
Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,  
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

1. **strand:** Beach.

2. **eek:** Also.

3. **quod:** Said.

# The Faerie Queene

Edmund Spenser

*This excerpt from Spenser's epic, The Faerie Queene, is a description of the Redcrosse Knight, the hero of Book I, who represents the virtue of holiness.*

A Gentle Knight was pricking<sup>1</sup> on the plaine,  
Ycladd in mightie armes<sup>2</sup> and silver shilde,  
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,  
The cruell markes of many a bloudy feilde;  
Yet armes till that time did he never wield;<sup>3</sup>  
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,  
As much disdainning to the curbe to yield:  
Full jolly<sup>4</sup> knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,  
As one for knightly giusts<sup>5</sup> and ferce encounters fitt.

1. **pricking:** Cantering.

2. **armes:** Armor.

3. **Wherein . . . wield:** The knight wears the armor of the Christian man, which bears the dents of every Christian's fight against evil.

However, Redcrosse is wearing the armor for the first time.

4. **jolly:** Gallant.

5. **giusts:** Jousts.

THEY FLEE FROM ME  
THAT SOMETIME DID ME SEEK

They flee from me that sometime did me seek,  
With naked foot stalking in my chamber:  
I have seen them gentle, tame and meek,  
That now are wild, and do not remember  
That some time they put themselves in danger  
To take bread at my hand; and now they range  
Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thankéd be fortune, it hath been otherwise  
Twenty times better; but once in special,  
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,  
When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,  
And she caught me in her arms long and small,  
And she caught me in her arms long and small,  
Therewith all sweetly did me kiss,  
And softly said, 'Dear heart, how like you this?'

It was no dream; I lay broad waking:  
But all is turned, thorough my gentleness,  
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;  
And I have leave to go of her goodness;  
And she also to use new-fangleness.  
But since that I so kindly am servéd,  
I would fain know what she hath servéd.

*by Sir Thomas Wyatt*

PSALM 150: LAUDATE DOMINUM

O laud the Lord, the God of hosts commend,  
Exalt his power, advance his holiness:  
With all your might lift his almightiness:  
Your greatest praise upon his greatness spend.

Make trumpet's noise in shrillest notes ascend:  
Make lute and lyre his lovéd fame express:  
Him let the pipe, him let the tabret bless,  
Him organ's breath, that winds or waters lend.

Let ringing timbrells so his honour sound,  
Let sounding cymbals so his glory ring,  
That in their tunes such melody be found,  
As fits the pomp of most triumphant king.  
Conclude: by all that air, or life enfold,  
Let high Jehovah highly be extolled.

*by Mary, Countess of Pembroke*

WHAT IS OUR LIFE?

What is our life? A play of passion.  
And what our mirth but music of division?  
Our mother's wombs the tiring-houses be  
Where we are dressed for this short comedy  
Heaven the judicious sharp spectator is  
Who sits and marks what here we do amiss.  
The graves that hide us from the searching sun  
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.  
Thus march we playing to our latest rest,  
Only we die in earnest, that's no jest.

*by Sir Walter Raleigh*

I MUST COMPLAIN,  
YET DO ENJOY MY LOVE

I must complain, yet do enjoy my love;  
She is too fair, too rich in lovely parts:  
Thence is my grief, for Nature, while she strove  
With all her graces and divinest arts  
To form her too too beautiful of hue,  
She had no leisure left to make her true.

Should I, aggrieved, then wish she were less fair?  
That were repugnant to mine own desires:  
She is admired, new lovers still repair;  
That kindles daily love's forgetful fires.  
Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,  
She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste.

*by Thomas Campion*

#41

THEY FLEE FROM ME

THAT SOMETIME DID ME SEEK Sir Thomas Wyatt

They flee from me that sometime did me seek,  
With naked foot stalking in my chamber:  
I have seen them gentle, tame and meek,  
That now are wild, and do not remember  
That some time they put themselves in danger  
To take bread at my hand; and now they range  
Busily seeking with a continual change.

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Twenty times better; but once in special,  
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When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,  
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But all is turned, thorough my gentleness,  
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;  
And I have leave to go of her goodness;  
And she also to use new-fangleness.  
But since that I so kindly am servéd,  
I would fain know what she hath deserved.

I HAVE SOUGHT LONG

I have sought long with steadfastness  
To have had some ease of my great smart;  
But nought availt-th faithfulness  
To grave within your stony heart.

*excerpt - look up longer poem  
Sir Thomas Wyatt*

WHAT IS OUR LIFE? Sir Walter Raleigh

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Only we die in earnest, that's no jest.

EVEN SUCH IS TIME

Even such is Time, that takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust;  
Who, in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wanderéd all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days.  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART  
AND I HAVE HIS

My true love hath my heart and I have his,  
By just exchange one for the other given:  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven.  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake  
And die as fast as they see others grow;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

Sir Philip Sydney

SONNET 19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,  
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

Shakespeare

# Sonnet 29

William Shakespeare

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 arising  
From 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.

1. bootless: Futile.



## SONNET 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
 I 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 forgone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-becomeáned 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 55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Than unswept stone, besmearcd with sluttish time.  
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
 And broils root out the work of masonry,  
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
 The living record of your memory.  
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room  
 Even in the eyes of all posterity  
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
 So, till the judgement that yourself arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## SONNET 62

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye  
 And all my soul and all my every part;  
 And for this sin there is no remedy,  
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.

Me thinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
 And for myself mine own worth do define,  
 As I all other in all worths surmount.  
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
 Beated and chopped with tanned antiquity,  
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;  
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
 'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,  
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## SONNET 64

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 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.

## SONNET 71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The 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.  
Oh, 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 unto your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

SONNET 129

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lost in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;  
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,  
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;  
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

SONNET 95

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame  
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
Doth spot the beauty of thy bidding name!  
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins inclose!

That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
O, what a mansion have those vices got  
Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!  
'Tis hee'd, dear heart, of this large privilege;  
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge.

SONNET 110

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new;  
Most true it is that I have looked on truth  
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.  
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:  
Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
A god in love, to whom I am confined.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER

Tonight, grave sir, both my poor house, and I  
 Do equally desire your company:  
 Not that we think us worthy such a guest,  
 But that your worth will dignify our feast,  
 With those that come; whose grace may make that seem  
 Something, which, else, could hope for no esteem.  
 It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates  
 The entertainment perfect: not the cates.  
 Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,  
 An olive, capers, or some better salad  
 Ushering the mutton; with a short-legged hen,  
 If we can get her, full of eggs, and then,  
 Lemons, and wine for sauce: to these, a coney  
 Is not to be despaired of, for our money;  
 And, though fowl, now, be scarce, yet there are clerks,  
 The sky not falling, think we may have larks.  
 I'll tell you more, and lie, so you will come:  
 Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some  
 May yet be there; and godwit, if we can:  
 Knat, rail, and ruff too. How so e'er, my man  
 Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,  
 Livy, or of some better book to us,  
 Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat;  
 And I'll profess no verses to repeat:  
 To this, if ought appear, which I know not of,  
 That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.  
 Digestive cheese, and fruit there sure will be:  
 But that, which most doth take my Muse, and me,  
 Is a pure cup of rich Canary-wine,  
 Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine:  
 Of which had Horace, or Anacreon tasted,  
 Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted.  
 Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,  
 Are all but Luther's beer, to this I sing.  
 Of this we will sup free, but moderately,  
 And we will have no Pooley, or parrot by;  
 Nor shall our cups make any guilty men:  
 But, at our parting, we will be, as when  
 We innocently met. No simple word,  
 That shall be uttered at our mirthful board,  
 Shall make us sad next morning: or affright  
 The liberty, that we'll enjoy tonight.

by Ben Jonson

THE FLOWER

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean  
 Are thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;  
 To which, besides their own demean,  
 The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.  
 Grief melts away  
 Like snow in May,  
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart  
 Could have recovered greenness? It was gone  
 Quite under ground; as flowers depart  
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown;  
 Where they together  
 All the hard weather,  
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,  
 Killing and quickening, bringing down to Hell  
 And up to Heaven in an hour;  
 Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amiss,  
 This or that is:  
 Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,  
 Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!  
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,  
 Offering at Heaven, growing and groaning thither:  
 Nor doth my flower  
 Want a spring-shower,  
 My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,  
 Still upwards bent, as if Heaven were mine own,  
 Thy anger comes, and I decline:  
 What frost to that? what pole is not the zone,  
 Where all things burn,  
 When thou dost turn,  
 And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,  
 After so many deaths I live and write;  
 I once more smell the dew and rain,  
 And relish versing: O my only light,  
 It cannot be  
 That I am he  
 On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of Love,  
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide:  
 Which when we once can find and prove,  
 Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.  
 Who would be more,  
 Swelling through store,  
 Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

by George Herbert

THE SUN RISING

Busy old fool, unruly Sun,  
 Why dost thou thus  
 Through windows and through curtains call on us?  
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?  
 Saucy, pedantic wretch, go chide  
 Late schoolboys and sour prentices,  
 Go tell court huntsmen that the king will ride,  
 Call country ants to harvest offices;  
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,  
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams so reverend and strong,  
 Why shouldst thou think?  
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,  
 But that I would not lose her sight so long.  
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,  
 Look, and tomorrow late tell me  
 Whether both the Indias of spice and mine  
 Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me;  
 Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,  
 And thou shalt hear: 'All here in one bed lay'.

She's all states, and all princes I;  
 Nothing else is.  
 Princes do but play us; compared to this,  
 All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.  
 Thou, Sun, art half as happy as we,  
 In that the world's contracted thus;  
 Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be  
 To warm the world, that's done in warming us.  
 Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;  
 This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

THE APPARITION

When by thy scorn, O murderess, I am dead,  
 And that thou think'st thee free  
 From all solicitation from me,  
 Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,  
 And thee, feigned vestal, in worse arms shall see;  
 Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,  
 And he whose thou art then, being tired before,  
 Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think  
 Thou call'st for more,  
 And in false sleep will from thee shrink;  
 And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected, thou  
 Bathed in a cold, quicksilver sweat wilt lie  
 A verier ghost than I.  
 What I will say, I will not tell thee now,  
 Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,  
 I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent  
 Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

HOLY SONNET 14

Batter my heart, three-personed God; for you  
 As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend.  
 That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend  
 Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.  
 I, like an usurped town to another due,  
 Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end.  
 Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,  
 But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.  
 Yet dearly I love you and would be loved fain,  
 But am betrothed unto your enemy.  
 Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,  
 Take me to you, imprison me, for I,  
 Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,  
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

HOLY SONNET 19

Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one:  
 Inconstancy unnaturally hath begot  
 A constant habit; that when I would not  
 I change in vows, and in devotion.  
 As humorous is my contrition  
 As my profane love, and as soon forgot:  
 As riddingly distempered, cold and hot,  
 As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.  
 I durst not view heaven yesterday; and today  
 In prayers, and flattering speeches I court God:  
 Tomorrow I quake with true fear of his rod.  
 So my devout fits come and go away  
 Like a fantastic ague: save that here  
 Those are my best days, when I shake with fear.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,  
 Which was my sin though it were done before?  
 Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,  
 And do run still, though still I do deplore?  
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
 For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin by which I've won  
 Others to sin, and made my sin their door?  
 Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
 A year or two, but wallowed in a score?  
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun  
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;  
 But swear by thyself that at my death thy son  
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;  
 And having done that, Thou hast done;  
 I fear no more.

# Holy Sonnet 10

John Donne

- 1 [ ] Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
5 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures<sup>1</sup> be,  
2 [ ] 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<sup>2</sup>  
3 [ ] Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
10 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,  
And poppy,<sup>3</sup> or charms can make us sleep as well  
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st<sup>4</sup> thou then?  
4 [ ] One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

1. **pictures:** Images.

2. **And . . . delivery:** Our best men go with you to rest their bones and find freedom for their souls.

3. **poppy:** Opium.

4. **swell'st:** Swell with pride.

# Easter Wings

George Herbert

- 1 [ ] Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,<sup>1</sup>  
Though foolishly he lost the same,  
Decaying more and more,  
Till he became  
5 Most poor:  
2 [ ] With thee  
O let me rise  
As larks, harmoniously,  
And sing this day thy victories:  
10 Then shall the fall further the flight in me.  
My tender age in sorrow did begin,  
And still with sickness and shame  
Thou didst so punish sin,  
That I became  
15 Most thin.  
3 [ ] With thee  
Let me combine  
And feel this day thy victory:  
4 [ ] For, if I imp<sup>2</sup> my wing on thine,  
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

1. **store:** Abundance.

2. **imp:** Graft.

# Richard Lovelace

## TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not (sweet) I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,  
To war and arms I fly.

True; a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee (dear) so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

In the following poem by Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586), the speaker addresses the subject of desire. Read the poem carefully. Then write a well-developed essay in which you analyze how poetic devices help to convey the speaker's complex attitude toward desire.

**Thou Blind Man's Mark**

Thou blind man's mark,<sup>1</sup> thou fool's self-chosen snare,  
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought;  
Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care;  
*Line* Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought;  
5 Desire, desire! I have too dearly bought,  
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware;  
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,  
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.  
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;  
10 In vain thou madest me to vain things aspire;  
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire;  
For virtue hath this better lesson taught—  
Within myself to seek my only hire,<sup>2</sup>  
Desiring naught but how to kill desire.

<sup>1</sup> target

<sup>2</sup> reward

↑  
DESIRE

**SONNET 129**

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,  
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;  
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;  
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.  
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

↙  
NOTE  
CONTRAST  
~~~~~  
LUST

1995

The College Board  
Advanced Placement Examination  
ENGLISH LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

SECTION II

Total time—2 hours

Question 1

(Suggested time—40 minutes. This question counts as one-third of the total essay section score.)

Read the following poem carefully. Then, in a well-organized essay, analyze how the speaker uses the varied imagery of the poem to reveal his attitude toward the nature of love.

The Broken Heart

- He is stark mad, who ever says,  
That he hath been in love an hour,  
Yet not that love so soon decays,  
*Line* But that it can ten in less space devour;  
*(5)* Who will believe me, if I swear  
That I have had the plague a year?  
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,  
I saw a flask of powder burn a day?
- Ah, what a trifle is a heart,  
*(10)* If once into love's hands it come!  
All other griefs allow a part  
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some;  
They come to us, but us Love draws,  
He swallows us, and never chaws:<sup>1</sup>  
*(15)* By him, as by chain'd shot,<sup>2</sup> whole ranks do die,  
He is the tyrant pike, our hearts the fry.<sup>3</sup>
- If 'twere not so, what did become  
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?  
I brought a heart into the room,  
*(20)* But from the room, I carried none with me:  
If it had gone to thee, I know  
Mine would have taught thine heart to show  
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,  
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.
- (25)* Yet nothing can to nothing fall,  
Nor any place be empty quite,  
Therefore I think my breast hath all  
Those pieces still, though they be not unite;  
And now as broken glasses<sup>4</sup> show  
*(30)* A hundred lesser faces, so  
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,  
But after one such love, can love no more.

—John Donne

<sup>1</sup>chews

<sup>2</sup>cannon balls chained together

<sup>3</sup>small fish that the pike devours

<sup>4</sup>mirrors

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