

The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599

LIue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By shallow Riuers, by whose fals
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle.

A belt of straw and Yuye buds,
With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Then liue with me, and be my Loue.

Loues answere.

IF that the World and Loue were young
And truth in euery shepheards tonge,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee and be thy Loue.

The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599

Live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow Rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of Myrtle.

A belt of straw and Yuye buds,
With Coral Clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

Loves answer.

IF that the World and Love were young
And truth in every shepherds tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be my Love.

Thornborough Commonplace Book, 1570?

Come lyve wth mee and bee my love
And wee will all the pleasures prove
that vallyes groves and woodes or feildes

Where wee will sitt upon the Rockes
and see the sheppardes feede theire flockes
by shallow Ryvers to whose falles
melodius birdes sings madrygalles

Where wee made a beed of Roses
and thowsande other fragrant poses
a capp of flowers and a kirtle
imbrodred all wth leaves of myrtle

A belt of strawe with Ivie budes
wth corall clasps and (amber?) studs
if theise delights thy mynde may move
then lyve wth me and bee my love

A goune made of the finest woolle
which from our little lambs we pull
faire lined slippers for the coudle
with buckels of the pureste goulde

Thy dyshes shal be filde with meate
suche as the gods doe use to eate
shall one and everye table bee
preparde eache daye for thee and mee

The shepparde swaines shall daunce and singe
for thy delyght eache faire mornningne
if theise delights by mynde may move
then lyve wth mee and bee my love'

Thornborough Commonplace Book, 1570?

Come live with me and be my love
And we will all the pleasures prove
that valleys groves and woods or fields

Where wee will sit upon the Rocks
and see the shepherds feed their flocks
by shallow Rivers to whose falls
melodious birds sings madrigals

Where wee made a bed of Roses
and thousand other fragrant poses
a cap of flowers and a kirtle
embroidered all with leaves of myrtle

A belt of straw with Ivy buds
with coral clasps and (amber?) studs
if these delights thy mind may move
then live with me and bee my love

A gown made of the finest wool
which from our little lambs we pull
faire lined slippers for the cold
with buckles of the purest gold

Thy dishes shall be filled with meat
such as the gods doe use to eat
shall one and every table bee
prepared each day for thee and me

The Shepard swains shall dance and sing
for thy delight each faire morning
if these delights by mind may move
then live with me and bee my love'

England's Helicon, 1600

The passionate Sheephard to his loue.

Come liue with mee, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That Vallies, grouse, hills and fieldes,
Woods, or steepie mountaine yeeldes.

And wee will sit vpon the Rocks,
Seeing the Sheephards feede theyr flocks,
By shallow Riuers, to whose falls,
Melodious byrds sing Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbroydred all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Fayre lined slippers for the cold:
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and Ivie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Shepheards Swaines shall daunce & sing,
For thy delight each May-morning,
If these delights thy minde may moue;
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

FINIS.

Chr. Marlow.

England's Helicon, 1600

The passionate Shepherd to his love.

Come live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That Valleys, grooves, hills and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the Rocks
And see the Shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow Rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

And I will; make thee beds of Roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered 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.

The Shepherds' 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.

‘Response

‘If all the world were love and younge
and truthe in everye shepparde tonge
theise prettie pleasures myght mee move
to lyve with thee and bee thy love

The flowers fade and wanton feildes
to waywarde winter reckninge yeildes
a hony tonge and a harte of galle
your fancies springe but sorrowes falle

Tyme dryves the flockes from feilde to folde
when ryvers rage and rockes growe colde
then philomela becomethe dombe
the reste complaines of cares to come

Thy gowne thy capp thy bed of Roses
thy shooes thy kirtle and thy poses
soone vades soone witherethe soone forgotten
in follye ripe in reason rotton

What should wee talke of dainties then
of better meate then serveth men
all this is vaine eates (cates?) serveth (?) goode
that God dothe blesse and sense for foode

If age coulde taste and love could breed
had age no date nor love nor neede
theise prettie pleasures myght mee move
to lyve with mee (*sic*) and bee my (*sic*) love
finis’

Response

‘If all the world were love and young
and truth in every shepherds tongue
these pretty pleasures might me move
to live with thee and bee thy love

The flowers fade and wanton fields
to wayward winter reckoning yields
a honey tongue and a heart of gall
your fancies springe but sorrows fall

Time drives the flocks from field to fold
when rivers rage and rocks grow cold
then Philomena becomes dumb
the rest complains of cares to come

Thy gown thy cap thy bed of Roses
thy shoes thy kirtle and thy poses
soon fades soon wither the soon forgotten
in folly ripe in reason rotten

What should wee talk of dainties then
of better meat then serves men
all this is vain eats (cates?) serves (?) good
that God doth blesse and sense for food

If age could taste and love could breed
had age no date nor love nor need
these pretty pleasures might me move
to love with me (*sic*) and bee my (*sic*) love
finis’

The Nymphs reply to the Sheepheard.
IF all the world and loue were young,
And truth in euery Sheepheards tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
When Riuers rage, and Rocks grow cold,
And *Philomell* becommeth dombe,
The rest complaines of cares to come.

The flowers doe fade, & wanton fields,
To wayward winter reckoning yeeldes,
A honny tongue, a hart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gownes, thy shooes, thy beds of Roses,
They cap, thy kirtle, and thy poesies,
Soone breake, soone wither, soone forgotten:
In follie ripe, in season rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Iuie buddes,
Thy Corall clasps and Amber studdes,
All these in mee no meanes can moue,
To come to thee, and be thy loue.

But could youth last, and loue still breed,
Had ioyes no date, nore age no neede,
Then those delights my minde might moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

The Nymphs reply to the Shepherd.
IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every Shepherds tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
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* becomes dumb,
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers doe fade, & wanton fields,
To wayward winter reckoning yields,
A honey tongue, a hart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of Roses,
They cap, thy kirtle, and thy poesies,
Soon breaks, soon wither, soon forgotten:
In folly ripe, in season rotten.

Thy belt of straw and Ivy buds,
Thy Coral clasps and Amber studs,
All these in me no means can moue,
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 those delights my mind might moue,
To live with thee, and be thy love.