

Five Love Songs From Shakespeare

1

O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journey's end in lover's meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present month hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come and kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

2

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follows this, and comes to dust.

Fear no more the lightening-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

3

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes the break of day,

