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 sweeting;
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.

Erear 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!

<u>3</u>

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

Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,

bring again,

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,

seal'd in vain.

4

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 dimm'd:
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When 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.

5

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When the birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, These pretty county folk would lie, In the spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, How that a life was but a flower In the spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino, For love is crowned with the prime In the spring time, etc.