

## U2-The English Renaissance (1485-1625) Renaissance Poetry Texts

### Sonnets

#### **Edmund Spenser's Sonnet 30- "My love is like to ice"**

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:  
How comes it then that this her cold so great  
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,  
But harder grows the more I her entreat?  
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat  
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,  
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,  
And feel my flames augmented manifold?  
What more miraculous thing may be told,  
That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,  
And ice, which is congeal's with senseless cold,  
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?  
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,  
That it can alter all the course of kind.

#### **Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnet 31- from *Astrophel and Stella***

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?  
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 languisht grace  
To me that feel the like, thy state descries.  
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
    Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
    Do they call virtue there, ungratefulness?

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### William Shakespeare's Sonnet 29

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes  
I all alone beweepe 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 my self 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.

### William Shakespeare's Sonnet 130

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 delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That 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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Pastorals

Christopher Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love"

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                    5  
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, 10  
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 lined slippers for the cold, 15  
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.    20

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    25  
For thy delight each May-morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my Love.

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### Sir Walter Raleigh's "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd"

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.