**The Nymph’s Reply to the Shepherd**

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| **The Passionate Shepherd to His Love**  by Christopher Marlowe  1599  **Come live with me and be my love,**  **And we will all the pleasures prove**  **That valleys, groves, hills, and fields**  **Woods or steepy mountain yields**  **And we will sit upon the rocks,**  **Seeing 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 flower, 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.** | **The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd**  by Sir Walter Raleigh  1600  **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 complain 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 bed 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,**  **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 nor age no need,**  **Then these delights my mind might move**  **To live with thee and be thy love.** |