

THREE POEMS (see also next page)

<p>The Passionate Shepherd to His Love (1599) by Christopher Marlowe</p> <p>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</p> <p>And we will sit upon the rocks, Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks By shallow rivers to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.</p> <p>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;</p> <p>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;</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>Sonnet XVIII (1609) by William Shakespeare</p> <p>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 in 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.</p>	<p>Sonnets from the Portuguese, no. 43 (1850) by Elizabeth Barrett Browning</p> <p>How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of being and ideal grace. I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light. I love thee freely, as men strive for right. I love thee purely, as they turn from praise. I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.</p>
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...and TWO LULLABIES:

HUSH, LITTLE BABY

(Anonymous folk melody from the Appalachian Mountains)

Hush, little baby, don't say a word,
Papa's gonna buy you a mockin' bird.

And if that mockin' bird don't sing,
Papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring.

And if that diamond ring is brass,
Papa's gonna buy you a lookin' glass.

And if that lookin' glass gets broke,
Papa's gonna buy you a billy goat.

And if that billy goat can't pull,
Papa's gonna buy you a cart and bull.

And if that cart and bull turn over,
Papa's gonna buy you a dog named Rover.

And if that dog named Rover don't bark,
Papa's gonna buy you a horse and cart.

And if that horse and cart fall down,
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town.

HUMORESQUE

(From a piano melody by Antonin Dvorak,
set to words by folksinger Oscar Brand)

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilet while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you,
We all favor constipation
While the train is in the station,
Moonlight always makes me think of you.

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilet while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you,
Workmen working underneath
Will get it in their hair and teeth,
My darling blue-eyed baby, I love you.