For every optimist there is at least one pessimist. The stimulus for this poem is Sir Walter Raleigh's poetic reply to an idealistic and idyllic poem written by Christopher Marlowe. You'll get it when you read both, below:

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love	The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd
Come live with me and be my love,	If all the world and love were young,
And we will all the pleasures prove,	And truth in every Shepherd's tongue,
That Valleys, groves, hills, and fields,	These pretty pleasures might me move,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.	To live with thee, and be thy love.
And we will sit upon the Rocks,	Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
Seeing the Shepherds feed their flocks,	When Rivers rage and Rocks grow cold,
By shallow Rivers to whose falls	And <i>Philomel</i> becometh dumb,
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.	The rest complains of cares to come.
And I will make thee beds of Roses	The flowers do fade, and wanton fields,
And a thousand fragrant posies,	To wayward winter reckoning yields,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle	A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Embroidered all with leaves of Myrtle;	Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
A gown made of the finest wool	Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of Roses,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull;	Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Fair lined slippers for the cold,	Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten:
With buckles of the purest gold;	In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
A belt of straw and Ivy buds,	Thy belt of straw and Ivy buds,
With Coral clasps and Amber studs:	The Coral clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,	All these in me no means can move
Come live with me, and be my love.	To come to thee and be thy love.
The Shepherds' Swains shall dance and sing	But could youth last, and love still breed,
For thy delight each May-morning:	Had joys no date, nor age no need,
f these delights thy mind may move,	Then these delights my mind might move
Then live with me, and be my love.	To live with thee, and be thy love.