To The Virgins, To Make Much Of Time
by Robert Herrick

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| GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,     Old time is still a-flying : And this same flower that smiles to-day     To-morrow will be dying.The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,     The higher he's a-getting,The sooner will his race be run,     And nearer he's to setting.That age is best which is the first,     When youth and blood are warmer ; But being spent, the worse, and worst     Times still succeed the former.Then be not coy, but use your time,     And while ye may go marry : For having lost but once your prime     You may for ever tarry. |