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. |