

Robert Herrick

1591 - 1674

To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-setting,
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 you may, so marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry