

*To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time*

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying;  
And the same flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow 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 forever tarry.