To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

By Robert Herrick

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-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.