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.