

«To His Coy Mistress»  
By Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)

Had we but World enough and Time  
This coyness Lady were no crime.  
We could sit down, and think which way  
To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.  
Thou by the Indian *Ganges* side  
Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide  
Of *Humber* would complain. I would  
Love you ten years before the Flood:  
And you should if you please refuse  
Till the Conversion of the *Jews*.  
My vegetable Love should grow  
Vaster then Empires, and more slow.  
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.  
Two hundred to adore each Breast:  
But thirty thousand to the rest.  
An Age at least to every part,  
And the last Age should show your Heart.  
For Lady you deserve this State;  
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I alwaies hear  
Times winged Chariot hurrying near:  
And yonder all before us lye  
Desarts of vast Eternity.  
Thy Beauty shall no more be found;  
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound  
My echoing Song: then Worms shall try  
That long preserv'd Virginity:  
And your quaint Honour turn to dust;  
And into ashes all my Lust.  
The Grave's a fine private place,  
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hew  
Sits on thy skin like morning glew,  
And while thy willing Soul transpires  
At every pore with instant Fires,  
Now let us sport while we may;  
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our Time devour,  
Than languish in this slow-chapt pow'r.  
Let us roll all our Strenght, and all  
Our sweetness, up into a Ball:  
And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,  
Thorough the iron Gates of Life.  
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run.