

Name

To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Robert Herrick

Gather ye rosebuds 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**.

Directions:

1. Read poem.

2. Define words in bold. Underline questionable usages. Resolve.

3. Rewrite each line to state the meaning simply.

4. Label the rhyme scheme.

5. Answer questions on the back.

