

To his Coy Mistrefs.

**H**AD we but World enough, and Time,  
 This coynefs Lady were no crime.  
 We would fit down, and think which way  
 To walk, and pafs our long Loves Day.  
 Thou by the *Indian Ganges* fide  
 Should'ft Rubies find : I by the Tide  
 Of *Humber* would complain. I would  
 Love you ten years before the Flood :  
 And you fhould if you please refuse  
 Till the Conversion of the *Jews*.  
 My vegetable Love fhould grow  
 Vafter then Empires, and more flow.  
 An hundred years fhould go to praife  
 Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.  
 Two hundred to adore each Breast :  
 But thirty thoufand to the reft.  
 An Age at leaft to every part,  
 And the laft Age fhould fhew your Heart.  
 For Lady you deferve this State ;  
 Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I alwaies hear  
 Times winged Charriot hurrying near :  
 And yonder all before us lye  
 Defarts of vaft Eternity.  
 Thy Beauty fhall no more be found ;  
 Nor, in thy marble Vault, fhall found  
 My ecchoing Song : then Worms fhall try  
 That long preferv'd Virginity :  
 And your quaint Honour turn to duft ;  
 And into afhes all my Luft.  
 The Grave's a fine and 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 us while we may ;  
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our Time devour,  
Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.  
Let us roll all our Strength, and all  
Our sweetnes, up into one 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.

---