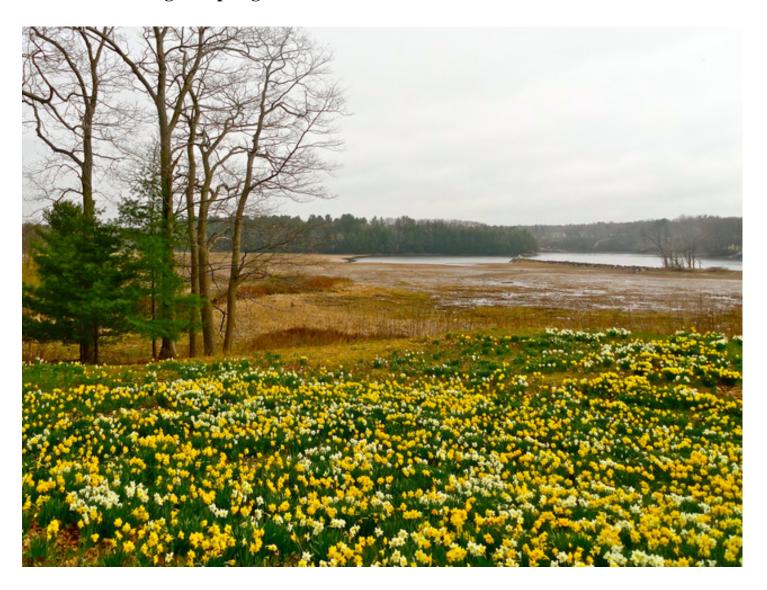
## **To Daffodils of English Spring**



## TO DAFFODILS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see

you haste away so soon:

As yet the early-rising sun

Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,

**Until the hasting day** 

Has run	
But to the Evensong;	
And, having prayed together, we	
Will go with you along.	
We have short time to stay with you,	
We have as short a spring;	
As quick a growth to meet decay,	
As you, or anything.	
We die,	
As your hours do, and dry	
Away	
Like to the summer's rain;	
Or as the pearls of morning's dew	
Ne'er to be found again.	
	Robert Herrick (1591 - 1674)
Robert Herrick	