

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