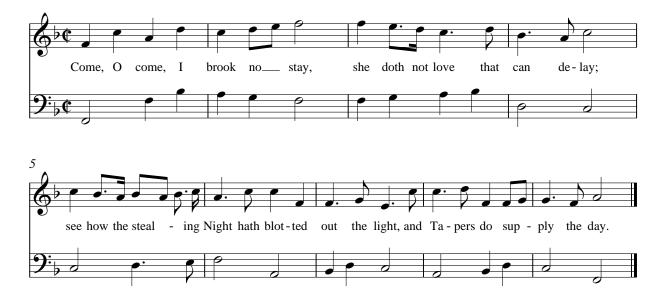
Love admits no Delay

Henry Lawes



To be Chaste is to be Old, And that foolish Girl that's cold Is fourscore at fifteen, Desires do write us green; And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

See the first Taper's almost gone, Thy flame like that will straight be none, And I as it expire, Not able to hold fire; She loseth time that lies alone.

Let us cherish then these pow'rs Whiles we yet may call them ours; Then we best spend our Time, When no Dull Zealous Chime, But sprightful kisses strike the hour.