

# "To His Coy Mistress"

By Andrew Marvell

*Transcription and markup by Students of Marymount University, Tonya Howe*

- [frontispiece] -

- [titlepage] -

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.  
BY  
ANDREW MARVELL, Esq  
Late Member of the Honourable House of Commons.

*LONDON.*

Printed for *Robert Boulter* at the *Turks-Head*  
in *Cornhill* . M.DC.LXXXI.

*To his Coy Mistress.*

1 Had we but World enough, and Time,  
2 This coyness Lady were no crime.  
3 We would sit down, and think which way  
4 To walk, and pass our long Love's Day.  
5 Thou by the *Indian Ganges'* side  
6 Should'st Rubies find; I by the Tide  
7 Of *Humber* would complain. I would  
8 Love you ten years before the Flood:  
9 And you should if you please refuse  
10 Till the Conversion of the *Jews* .  
11 My vegetable Love should grow  
12 Vaster than Empires, and more slow.  
13 An hundred years should go to praise  
14 Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.  
15 Two hundred to adore each Breast:  
16 But thirty thousand to the rest.  
17 An Age at least to every part,  
18 And the last Age should show your Heart.  
19 For Lady you deserve this State;  
20 Nor would I love at lower rate.

21 But at my back I alwaies hear  
22 Time's wingèd Charriot hurrying near:  
23 And yonder all before us lye  
24 Desarts of vast Eternity.  
25 Thy Beauty shall no more be found;  
26 Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound  
27 My echoing Song: then Worms shall try  
28 That long-preserv'd Virginitie:  
29 And your quaint Honour turn to dust;  
30 And into ashes all my Lust.  
31 The Grave's a fine and private place,  
32 But none I think do there embrace.

33 Now therefore, while the youthful hew  
34 Sits on thy skin like morning glew,  
35 And while thy willing Soul transpires  
36 At every pore with instant Fires,  
37 Now let us sport us while we may;

38 And now, like am'rous birds of prey,  
39 Rather at once our Time devour,  
40 Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.  
41 Let us roll all our Strength, and all  
42 Our sweetness, up into one Ball:  
43 And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,  
44 Through the Iron gates of Life.  
45 Thus, though we cannot make our Sun  
46 Stand still, yet we will make him run.