

**The Noble Nature**

*by Ben Jonson*

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk doth make man better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear  
    A lily of a day  
    Is fairer far in May,  
    Although it fall and die that night,—  
    It was the plant and flower of light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.