

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.