Gather the Rosebuds

Tune in DAd

Old time is still a-flying; And

this same flow'r that smiles today

morrow will be dying

Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Gather the Rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.