

## The Noble Nature

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 sere:  
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.

Ben Jonson (1572-1637)