Men, Flower, Time, Thinking, Love, World, Doe, Running, Rose, Tree, Self, Sports, Iron, Winning, Fate, Fall, Long, Lying, Garden, Despair

But at my back I always hear Time's winged chariot hurrying near.

~Andrew Marvell

Therefore the love which us doth bind, But fate so enviously debars, Is the conjunction of the mind, And opposition of the stars.

~Andrew Marvell

Gather the flowers, but spare the buds.

~Andrew Marvell

Had we but world enough, and time, this coyness, lady, were no crime.

~Andrew Marvell

Self-preservation, nature's first great law, all the creatures, except man, doth awe.

~Andrew Marvell

The world in all doth but two nations bear- The good, the bad; and these mixed everywhere.

~Andrew Marvell

Art indeed is long, but life is short.

~Andrew Marvell

And all the way, to guide their chime, With falling oars they kept their time.

~Andrew Marvell

The grave's a fine and private place, But none, I think, do there embrace.

~Andrew Marvell

I have a garden of my own, But so with roses overgrown, And lilies, that you would it guess To be a little wilderness.

~Andrew Marvell

Had it lived long, is would have been Lilies without, roses within.

~Andrew Marvell

As lines, so loves oblique, may well Themselves in every angle greet; But ours, so truly parallel, Though infinite, can never meet.

~Andrew Marvell

He nothing common did, or mean, / Upon that memorable scene, / But with his keener eye / The axe's edge did try.

~Andrew Marvell

Thus, though we cannot make our sun Stand still, yet we will make him run

~Andrew Marvell

Annihilating all that's made, To a green thought in a green shade.

~Andrew Marvell

My vegetable love should grow Vaster than empires, and more slow.

~Andrew Marvell

And yonder all before us lie Deserts of vast eternity.

~Andrew Marvell

How vainly men themselves amaze, / To win the palm, the oak, or bays; / And their incessant labours see / Crowned from some single herb or tree.

~Andrew Marvell

What wondrous life is this I lead! Ripe apples drop about my head.

~Andrew Marvell

My mind was once the true survey Of all these meadows fresh and gay; And in the greenness of the grass Did see its hopes as in a glass.

~Andrew Marvell

My love is of a birth as rare As 'tis, for object, strange and high; It was begotten by Despair Upon Impossibility.

~Andrew Marvell

Now let us sport us while we may; And now, like amorous birds of prey, Rather at once our time devour, Than languish in his slow-chapped power.

~Andrew Marvell

How could such sweet and wholesome hours be reckoned, but in herbs and flowers?

~Andrew Marvell

Music, the mosaic of the air.

~Andrew Marvell

Casting the body's vest aside, My soul into the boughs does glide.

~Andrew Marvell

Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns

~Andrew Marvell

So much one man can do that does both act and know.

~Andrew Marvell

Though I carry always some ill-nature about me, yet it is, I hope, no more than is in this world necessary for a preservative.

~Andrew Marvell

But Fate does iron wedges drive, And always crowds itself betwixt.

~Andrew Marvell

Ye country comets, that portend No war, nor prince's funeral, Shining unto no higher end Than to presage the grasses fall. . . .

~Andrew Marvell

This indigested vomit of the Sea, Fell to the Dutch by Just Propriety.

~Andrew Marvell

How fit he is to sway That can so well obey.

~Andrew Marvell

Twas beyond a mortal's share To wander solitary there: Two paradises 'twere in one To live in paradise alone.

~Andrew Marvell

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