

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make men 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 small measures, life may perfect be.

*Ben Jonson*

