

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Youth's the Season

Youth's the Season
(John Gay)

Youth's the Season made for Joys,
Love is then our duty.
She alone who that employs
Well deserves her Beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a Flower, despised in decay.
Youth's the Season made for joys,
Love is then our duty.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow.
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is naught but Sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the Wing,
Life never knows the return of Spring.
Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow.

From The Beggar's Opera
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