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## **Poems**

**Gray, Thomas**

**London, 1770**

Ode on the Spring.

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O D E

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O D E.

**L**O! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
Fair VENUS' train appear,

Disclose the long-expecting flowers,

And wake the purple year!

The Attic warbler pours her throat,

Responsive to the cuckow's note,

B 2

The



The untaught harmony of spring :  
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,  
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky  
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader browner shade ;  
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade<sup>a</sup>,

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<sup>a</sup> --- a bank  
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

*Shakesp. Midf. Night's Dream.*

Befide

Befide some water's rufhy brink  
With me the Mufe fhall fit, and think  
(At eafe reclin'd in rufhic ftate)  
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,  
How low, how little are the Proud,  
How indigent the Great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care :  
The panting herds refofe :  
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air  
The bufy murmur glows !  
The infect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to tafte the honied fpring,



And float amid the liquid noon <sup>b</sup> :  
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some shew their gayly-gilded trim  
 Quick-glancing to the sun <sup>c</sup>.  
 To Contemplation's sober eye <sup>d</sup>  
 Such is the race of Man :  
 And they that creep, and they that fly,  
 Shall end where they began.

<sup>b</sup> "Nare per æstatem liquidam—"

*Virgil, Georg. lib. iv.*

—sporting with quick glance

<sup>c</sup> Shew to the sun their waved coats drop'd with gold.

*Milton's Paradise Lost, book vii.*

<sup>d</sup> While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

*M. GREEN, in the Grotto.*

*Lodley's Miscellanies, Vol. V. p. 161.*

Alike

Alike the Busy and the Gay  
But flutter thro' life's little day.  
In fortune's varying colours drest :  
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,  
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance  
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low

The sportive kind reply :

Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?

A solitary fly !

Thy Joys no glittering female meets,

No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,





No painted plumage to display :

On hasty wings thy youth is flown :

Thy fun is fet, thy spring is gone—

We frolick, while 'tis May.