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Poems

Gray, Thomas London, 1770

Ode on the Spring.

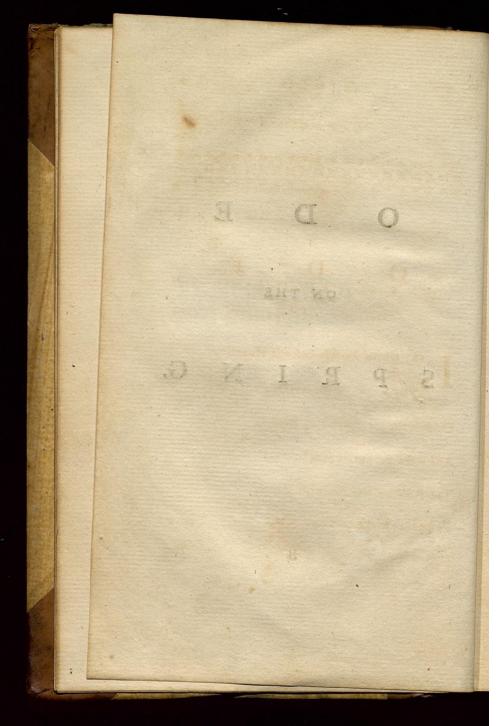
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O D E

ON THE

SPRING.

B



need to mounted it make a



O D E.

O! where the rofy-bosom'd Hours,

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 sly,

Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky

Their gather'd fragrance sling.

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 2,

- a bank
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

Shakefp. Midf. Night's Dream.

Beside

Beside some water's rushy brink

With me the Muse shall sit, and think

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)

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 repose:

Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air

The busy murmur glows!

The insect youth are on the wing,

Eager to taste the honied spring,

B 3

And

How love boy believe the Broad.

bo.A

And float amid the liquid noon b:

Some lightly o'er the current skim,

Some shew their gayly-gilded trim

Quick-glancing to the sun c.

To Contemplation's fober eye described Such is the race of Man:

And they that creep, and they that fly,

Shall end where they began.

Virgil. Georg. lib. iv.

—fporting with quick glance
Shew to the fun their waved coats drop'd with gold.

Milton's Paradife Loft, book vii.

Lodfley's Mijcellanies, Vol. V. p. 161.

While infects from the threshold preach, &c.
M. GREEN, in the Grotto.

Alike

b "Nare per æftatem liquidam-"

Alike the Bufy and the Gay

But flutter thro' life's little day.

In fortune's varying colours dreft:

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 folitary fly !

Thy Joys no glittering female meets,

No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

B 4

No

Or opitt'd by age, their siry dance

No painted plumage to display:

On hafty wings thy youth is flown:

Thy fun is fet, thy fpring is gone-

We frolick, while 'tis May. The stand of the

ODE