# THE RHYMES AND RHAPSODIES OF OLIVER GREY

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The Rhymes and Rhapsodies of Oliver Grey by Oliver Grey

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## **OLIVER GREY**

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## RHYMES AND RHAPSODIES.

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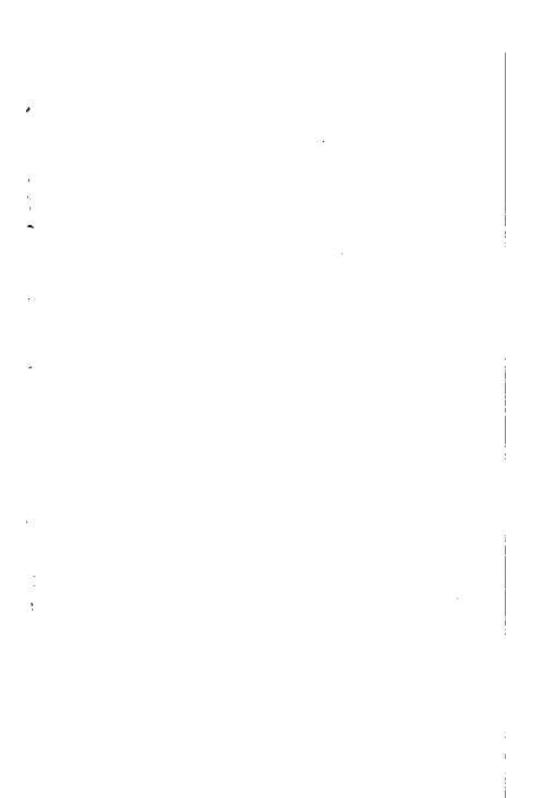


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### TO CYNTHIA.

La belle rose du printemps
Aubert, admonaste les hommes
Passer joyensement le temps
Et pendant que jeunes nons sommes
Esbattre la fleur de nos ans.

PIERRE DE RONSARD.



DEAR Muse,
Whom I have wooed
In many a mood,
Gathering flowers
Of happy hours;
To thy fair use
A wreath I bind
Of eglantine.

What though
My song be slight,
And numbers light
As gossamer,
And I incur
Men's blame, I trow
Thy favour kind
May yet be mine.

So, here,
Even at thy feet,
My Lady sweet,
These rhymes I lay,
And fondly pray
The gift sincere
May welcome find
Upon thy shrine.

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