

POEMS

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Poems by Mr. Thomas Gray

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MR. THOMAS GRAY

POEMS

P O E M S

B Y

Mr. G R A Y.



L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X V I I I .



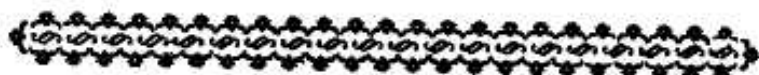
O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.

B





O D E
O N T H E
S P R I N G.

LO! 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,

4 ODE ON THE SPRING.

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 *

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

Shakeſp. Midſ. Night's Dream.

Befide

ODE ON THE SPRING.

3

Befide some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall fit, 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