

# Ode on the Spring

Thomas Gray



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Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,  
Fair Venus' train, appear,  
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,  
And wake the purple year!  
The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
The untaught harmony of spring:  
While whispering pleasure as they fly,  
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
Their gathered 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,  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
(At ease reclined 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 through the peopled air  
The busy murmur glows!  
The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honeyed spring,  
And float amid the liquid noon:

Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some show their gaily-gilded trim  
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
Such is the race of man:  
And they that creep, and they that fly,  
Shall end where they began.

## Ode on the Spring

Alike the busy and the gay  
But flutter through life's little day,  
In fortune's varying colours dressed:  
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,  
Or chilled 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 sun is set, thy spring is gone—  
We frolic, while 'tis May.