

## ODE to SPRING. By Miss F.

**H**AIL, genial goddess, blooming Spring!  
Thy blest return, O let me sing,

And aid my languid lays:  
Let *me* not sink in sloth supine,  
While all creation at thy shrine  
Its annual tribute pays.

## II.

Escap'd from Winter's freezing power  
Each blossom greets thee, and each flower;  
And, foremost of the train,  
By Nature, (artless handmaid!) drest,  
The snow-drop comes in lilly'd vest,  
Prophetic of thy reign.

## III.

The lark now strains his warbling throat,  
While every loud and sprightly note  
Calls Echo from her cell.  
Be warn'd, ye fair, that listen round,  
A beauteous maid became a sound,  
A maid who lov'd too well.

## IV.

The bright-hair'd sun with warmth benign  
Bids tree, and shrub, and swelling vine  
Their infant-buds display:  
Again the streams refresh the plains,  
Which Winter bound in icy chains,  
And sparkling blest his ray.



Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,  
And instant glows th' enamel'd ground

With Nature's vary'd hues :

Not so returns our youth decay'd,

Alas ! nor air, nor sun, nor shade

The spring of life renews.

## VI.

The sun's too quick-revolving beam

Will soon dissolve the human dream,

And bring th' appointed hour :

Too late we catch his parting ray,

And mourn the idly-wasted day

No longer in our power.

## VII.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd fight

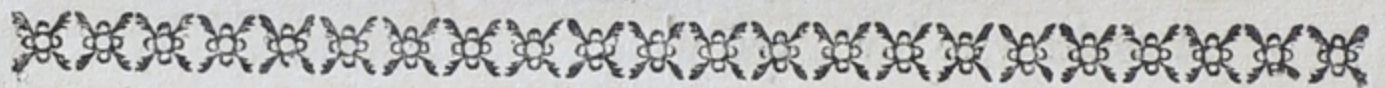
Pursues, by virtue's constant light,

A hope beyond the skies ;

Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,

But rosy Spring for ever bloom,

And suns eternal rise.



ODE to CYNTHIA. By the Same,

SISTER of Phœbus, gentle Queen,

Of aspect mild and brow serene,

Whose friendly beams by night appear,

The lonely traveller to cheer ;