## ODE to SPRING.

Hope waits upon the flowery prime.

WALLER.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy sire,

Hoar Winter's blooming child; delightful Spring!

Whose unshorn locks with leaves

And swelling buds are crown'd;

From the green islands of eternal youth,

(Crown'd with fresh blooms, and ever springing shade,)

Turn, hither turn thy step,

O thou, whose powerful voice

More

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More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian slute, can sooth the madding winds,
And thro' the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best belov'd! the virgin train await
With songs and festial rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untir'd feet; and cull thy earliest sweets

To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow

Of him, the favour'd youth

That prompts their whisper'd sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers

That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,

And silent dews that swell

The milky ear's green stem,

And

And feed the flowering ofier's early shoots;

And call those winds which thro' the whispering boughs

With warm and pleasant breath

Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,

And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;

And watch with patient eye

Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph approach! while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead, thro' the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses wooes

The earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet

Sweet is thy reign, but short; The red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe

Thy greens, thy slow'rets all,

Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewel;

For O, not all that Autumn's lap contains,

Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,

Can aught for thee atone.

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and thro' the heart

Each joy and new-born hope

With softest influence breathes.

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