

Kind heaven has given him all the charms of youth,

And in his soul shines honey, and truth,



ODE TO SPRING.

I.

NO more shall winter's veil be spread,

Or clouds deform the tranquil sky,

Again shall spring her treasure shed,

To charm the sense, and please the eye.

To future ages shall the muses sing,

Hail, genial goddess, of the blooming spring.

II. Thou

ODE

II.

Thou youthful season of the year,
 Whose joys can banish every smart,
 Clad in thy vernal sweets appear,
 To soften and inspire the heart,
 To future ages shall the muses sing,
 Hail, genial Goddess, of the blooming spring.

III.

When I behold thy gifts around,
 The groves, with thy fair glories shine,
 And ev'ry flow'r that paints the ground,
 Declares that influence divine.
 To future ages shall the muses sing,
 Hail, genial Goddess, of the blooming spring.

IV

IV. Thy

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IV.

Thy pow'r, supreme, all nature feels,
 Each tender plant; thy hand doth raise,
 Each fruit and shrub thy bounty yields;
 Eternally confirms thy praise.
 To future ages shall the muses sing,
 Hail, genial Goddess, of the blooming spring.

IV.

Enliven'd by thy cheerful face,
 The bleating lambs, and lowing herd,
 And all the infant feather'd race,
 At once are waken'd and inspir'd,
 To future ages shall the muses sing,
 Hail, genial Goddess, of the blooming spring.

VI. Then

IV. Thy

VI.

Then welcome, welcome to our view,

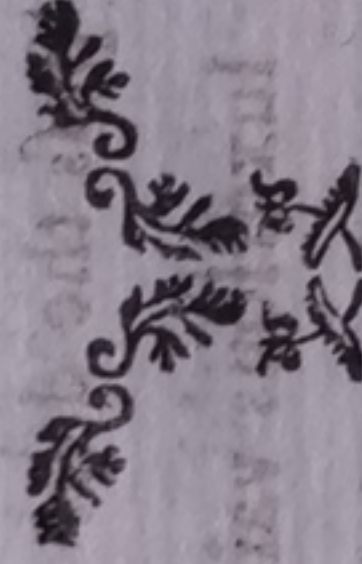
Each gift thy bounteous hand bestows,

Still, still, thy heavenly scenes renew,

And all thy precious joys disclose.

To future ages shall the muses sing,

Hail, genial Goddess, of the blooming spring.



LETTER

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