

Superior to envy, I will quit cities.

I shall continually be renewed
In the praises of posterity.
—*Horace.*

THE FOURTH ODE.

(*Horace.*)

At length the long cold winter melts away
Beneath the wooing spring and western breeze,
And round the ships the waters leap and play.
Nor do the cattle longer find their ease
In fold or stall, nor ploughmen care to loll
Beside the fire, nor whitened are the leas.
Now Venus, sprung from foaming waves, her role
Resumes, and 'neath the splendor of the moon