

## BOOK I, ODE 4

The fetters of winter are shattered,shattered,  
 And the limbs of the earth are free,—  
 Spring,and the breeze that loveth the lea!  
 And the old keels—gaping and tempest battered—  
 Men roll them down to the sea.

Lo,how the sweet new magic bewitcheth  
 The hind with his fire-side dream;  
 The ox in his byre stamps with desire;  
 No more on the meadows the white rime pitcheth  
 His tents of a wintry gleam.

The Graces are dancing by mountains and gorges,  
 Like blossoms white in the moon;  
 Love is their light through the spell-bound night.  
 Under the world in Hell's huge forges  
 Hammers gigantic croon.

Open thy door;death knocks,who careth  
 For palace and hut the same.  
 Why wilt thou plan with life but a span?  
 All feel the hand that never spareth,  
 The fingers that know not fame.

Tomorrow—who knows?—in her train may bring thee  
 The city of dim renown.  
 There is nought redeems from the House of Dreams—  
 Ne'er again shall the kind dice king thee,  
 Never be Pleasure thy crown.