All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair -
The bees are stirring - birds are on the wing -
And winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring!
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor make honey, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll;
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live