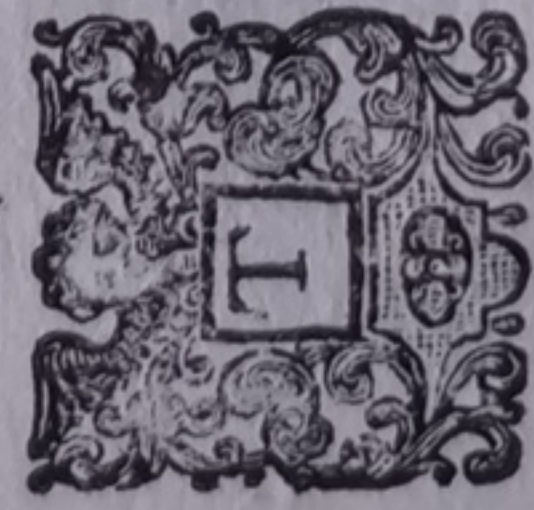


A

HYMNS. ON THE SEASONS.



THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these,

Are but the *varied* God. The rolling
Year

Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing *Spring*
Thy Beauty walks, Thy Tenderness and Love.
Wide-flush the fields; the softening air is balm; *S*
Echo the mountains round; the forests live;

And

A H Y M N

And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy glory in the *Summer*-months,
With light, and heat, severe. Prone, then thy Sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year. 10

And oft thy voice in awful thunder speaks;

And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,

By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.

A yellow-floating pomp, thy Bounty shines

In *Autumn* unconfin'd. Thrown from thy lap,

Profuse o'er nature, falls the lucid shower 16

Of beamy fruits; and, in a radiant stream,

Into the stores of sterile *Winter* pours.

In *Winter* dreadful *Thou!* with clouds and storms

Around *Thee* thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,

Horrible blackness! On the whirlwind's wing, 21

Riding sublime, *Thou* bid'st the world be low,

And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,

Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train, 28

Yet so harmonious mix'd, so fitly join'd,

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One following one in such enchanting fort,
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,
 And all so forming such a perfect whole,
 That as they still succeed, they ravish still. 30
 But wondering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks *Thee* not, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the *Spring*; 35
 Flings from the sun direct the *Flaming Day*;
Feeds every creature; hurls the *Tempest* forth;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend; join every living soul, 40
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
 An universal *Hymn!* to *Him*, ye gales,
 Breathe soft; whose spirit teaches you to breathe.
 Oh talk of *Him* in solitary glooms! 45

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 Fills

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One

Fills the brown void with a religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 48

Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven

Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;

And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze

Along the vale; and thou, majestic main, 55

A secret world of wonders in thyself,

Sound His tremendous praise; whose greater voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Roll up your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,

In mingled clouds to *Him*; whose sun elates, 60

Whose hand perfumes you, and whose pencil paints

Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to *Him*:

Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

Homeward, rejoicing with the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep 65

Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,

Ye constellations, while your angles strike,

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Amid the spa

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Ye vallies, rai

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But, hymning

Ye woodlands

Burst from the

Expiring, lays

Sweetest of bir

The listening sh

Trilling, prolou

That night, as

Ye chief, for w

On the SEASONS.

47

Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre,

Great source of day! best image here below

Of thy creator, ever darting wide, 70

From world to world, the vital ocean round,

On nature write with every beam his praise.

The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;

While cloud to cloud returns the dreadful hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks, 75

Retain the found: the broad responsive low,

Ye vallies, raise; for the great *Shepherd* reigns;

And yet again the golden age returns.

Wildest of creatures, be not silent here;

But, hymning horrid, let the desert roar. 80

Ye woodlands all, awake: a general song

Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,

Sweetest of birds! sweet *Philomela*, charm

The listening shades; and thro' the midnight hour,

Trilling, prolong the wildly-luscious note; 86

That night, as well as day, may vouch His praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;

At

A H Y M N

At once the head, the heart, and mouth of all,
 Crown the great *Hymn!* in swarming cities vast,
 Concourse of men, to the deep organ join 91
 The long-refounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling frame encreases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven. 95

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 'To find a fane in every sacred grove;
 'There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's chaunt,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the *God of Seasons*, as they roll. 100
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the *Blossom blows*, the *Summer-Ray*,
 Ruffles the plain, delicious *Autumn* gleams;
 Or *Winter* rises in the reddening east;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat. 106

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to hostile barbarous climes,

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On the SEASONS.

49

Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun

Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam 110

Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me;

Since *God* is ever present, ever felt,

In the void waste, as in the city full;

Rolls the same kindred *Seasons* round the world,

In all apparent, wise, and good in all; 115

Since *He* sustains, and animates the whole;

From seeming evil still educes good,

And better thence again, and better still,

In infinite progression. — But I lose

Myself in *Him*, in light ineffable! 120

Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

The END.

P