

**Landesbibliothek Oldenburg**

**Digitalisierung von Drucken**

**The Seasons**

**Thomson, James**

**London, 1746**

A Hymn.

**urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1184**

---

A  
H Y M N.

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; 5  
 Echo the Mountains round; the Forest smiles;  
 And every Sense, and every Heart is Joy.  
 Then comes THY Glory in the Summer-Months,  
 With Light and Heat refulgent. Then THY Sun  
 Shoots full Perfection thro the swelling Year: 10  
 And oft THY Voice in dreadful Thunder speaks;  
 And oft at Dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,  
 By Brooks and Groves, in hollow-whispering Gales.  
 THY Bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
 And spreads a common Feast for all that lives. 15  
 In Winter awful THOU! with Clouds and Storms  
 Around THEE thrown, Tempest o'er Tempest roll'd,  
 Majestic

Majestic Darknes! on the Whirlwind's Wing,  
 Riding sublime, THOU bidst the World adore,  
 And humblest Nature with THY northern Blast. 20

MYSTERIOUS Round! what Skill, what Force divine,  
 Deep-felt, in These appear! a simple Train,  
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind Art,  
 Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd;  
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into Shade; 25  
 And all so forming an harmonious Whole;  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious Gaze,  
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty Hand,  
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent Spheres; 30  
 Works in the secret Deep; shoots, steaming, Thence  
 The fair Profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:  
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;  
 Feeds every Creature; hurls the Tempest forth;  
 And, as on Earth this grateful Change revolves, 35  
 With Transport touches all the Springs of Life.

NATURE, attend! join every living Soul,  
 Beneath the spacious Temple of the Sky,  
 In Adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
 One general Song! To HIM, ye vocal Gales, 40  
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your Freshness breathes:  
 Oh talk of HIM in solitary Gloom!  
 Where; o'er the Rock, the scarcely-waving Pine  
 2  
 Fills

Fills the brown Shade with a religious Awe.  
 And ye, Whose bolder Note is heard afar, 45  
 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; 50  
 Yè softer Floods, that lead the humid Maze  
 Along the Vale; and thou, majestic Main,  
 A secret World of Wonders in thyself,  
 Sound His stupendous Praise; whose greater Voice  
 Or bids you roar, or bids your Roarings fall. 55  
 Soft-roll your Incense, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers,  
 In mingled Clouds to Him; whose Sun exalts,  
 Whose Breath perfumes you, and whose Pencil paints.  
 Ye Forests bend, ye Harvests wave, to Him;  
 Breathe your still Song into the Reaper's Heart, 60  
 As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.  
 Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest Beams,  
 Ye Constellations, while your Angels strike,  
 Amid the spangled Sky, the silver Lyre. 65  
 Great Source of Day! best Image here below  
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
 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; 70  
 While Cloud to Cloud returns the solemn Hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye Hills ; ye mossy Rocks,  
 Retain the Sound : the broad responsive Low,  
 Ye Valleys, raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ;  
 And his *unsuffering* Kingdom yet will come. 75  
 Ye Woodlands all, awake : a boundless 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 teach the Night HIS Praise. 80  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles ;  
 At once the Head, the Heart, and Tongue of all,  
 Crown the great Hymn ! in swarming Cities vast,  
 Assembled Men, to the deep Organ join  
 The long-resounding Voice, oft-breaking clear, 85  
 At solemn Pauses, thro the swelling Base ;  
 And, as each mingling Flame increases each,  
 In one united Ardor rise to Heaven.  
 Or if you rather chuse the rural Shade,  
 And find a Fane in every sacred Grove ; 90  
 There let the Shepherd's Flute, the Virgin's Lay,  
 The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's Lyre,  
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.  
 For me, when I forget the darling Theme,  
 Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-Ray 95  
 Ruffets the Plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East ;  
 Be my Tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat !

SHOULD.

SHOULD Fate command me to the farthest Verge 100  
 Of the green Earth, to distant barbarous Climes,  
 Rivers unknown to Song; where first the Sun  
 Gilds *Indian* Mountains, or his setting Beam  
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* Isles; 'tis nought to me:  
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105  
 In the void Waste as in the City full;  
 And where HE vital spreads there must be Joy.  
 When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic Flight to future Worlds,  
 I chearful will obey, There, with new Powers, 110  
 Will rising Wonders sing: I cannot go  
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon Orbs and all their Sons,  
 From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,  
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still, 115  
 In infinite Progression. ——— But I lose  
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!  
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse HIS Praise.

T H E E N D.