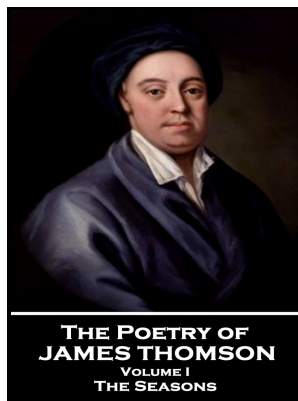


Seasons - By James Thomson.

printed for Alexander Donaldson: sold at his shop, London; and at Edinburgh - The Seasons
(Stafford's Edition): James Thomson



Description: -

-seasons - By James Thomson.

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The seasons (1761 edition)

Ah, see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit Lies the still heaving hive! Who sing their Influence on this lower World? Her form was fresher than the morning rose, When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure As is the lily, or the mountain snow. The Fowls of Heaven, Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon, That Providence allows.

The Seasons: Winter Poem by James Thomson

Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such As never mingled with the vulgar dream, Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye. Let these Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, Fomenting discord, and perplexing right, An iron race! While, loose to festive joy, the country round Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, Shook to the wind their cares.

The Four Seasons : Autumn Poem by James Thomson

She, whom my restless gratitude has sought, So long in vain? NOW, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind; Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Penns With Food, at will: lodge them below the Blast, And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East, In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains, In one fierce Blast, and o'er th'unhappy Flocks, Lodg'd in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills, The billowy Tempest whelms; till, upwards urg'd, The Valley to a shining Mountain swells, That curls its Wreaths amid the freezing Sky. Thus, struggling thro' the dissipated Grove, The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain; And, on the Cottage thacht, or lordly Dome, Keen-fastening, shakes 'em to the solid Base.

The seasons (1761 edition)

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields, In cheerful error, let us tread the maze Of Autumn, unconfined; and taste, revived, The breath of orchard big with bending fruit, Obedient to the breeze and beating ray, From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower Incessant melts away. Still unexerted, in the unconscious breast, Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still, Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year: And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch! For home he had not; home is the resort Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where, Supporting and supported, polish'd friends, And

dear relations mingle into bliss.

The Seasons. (1807 edition)

Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow: For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate; While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth, The force of manhood, and the depth of age.

The Seasons: Winter Poem by James Thomson

United, thus, The exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air, The gelid mountains, that to rain condensed These vapours in continual current draw, And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, In bounteous rivers to the deep again, A social commerce hold, and firm support The full-adjusted harmony of things. As from their own clear north, in radiant streams, Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.

The Seasons (Stafford's Edition): James Thomson

Where creeping waters ooze, Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind, Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along The dusky-mantled lawn. ALL Night, abundant Dews, unnoted, fall, And, at Return of Morning, silver o'er The Face of Mother-Earth; from every Branch Depending, tremble the translucent Gems, And, quivering, seem to fall away, yet cling. And sparkle in the Sun, whose rising Eye, With Fogs bedim'd, portends a beauteous Day. Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop, Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.

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