

**SEASONS OF
SORROW:
ORIGINAL POEMS**

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Seasons of Sorrow: Original Poems by John Pring

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JOHN PRING

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BY JOHN PRING.

" Say, from Affliction's various source,
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot Fancy clear their course?
For Fancy is the friend of woe."

MASON.

LONDON:
MESSRS. HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO. AND
HOULSTON AND STONEMAN.

STOURBRIDGE: THOMAS MELLARD.

1845.

DEDICATION.

TO

ANDREW F. EDWARDS, Esq., M. R. C. S.

Honoured and dear Sir,

At a period of my life when affliction had embittered existence; when my physical energies were prostrate from protracted suffering; when various remedial expedients had been tried without beneficial results; when society had lost its charm—life its attractions; and death, from the influence of those principles which are divine, its terror; the grave its gloom; and eternity its awe; it was my happiness to become acquainted with you. From your generous sympathy I found relief; from your intelligent conversation I obtained information; and from your benevolence, distinguished ability, and professional skill I received those benefits to my wasted health and impaired constitution, for which life alone can measure the duration of that gratitude it is a luxury to feel, and a privilege to cherish.

In soliciting permission to dedicate the following pages to you, I felt confident that if my request were granted, I should have the peculiar felicity of placing this first effort of

my pen, in the hands of a gentleman whose talented and highly gifted mind—extensive acquaintance with literature and life; refined taste, and sound erudition would induce him to be considerate in criticism, sparing in his censure, liberal in his suggestions, and impartial in his decision on the merits or demerits of the work.

The circumstances under which my poems were written, you must allow to plead apologetically for their numerous defects. Other "sons of song," on their way to Parnassus, have paused to pencil their impressions, where inspiration was inevitable, and all things bade the tremulous lyre breathe.—Pensive on the cloud-clad mountain's top; lingering on the heath-covered hill; strolling in carelessness along the flowery vale; waiting where the streamlet sighs, and the silver river rolls its undulating flood; walking when the dew drops of morning glittered on their path; feeling the lucent sun-beam shed its genial warmth; where the rose exhales its odours—the garden its perfumes—the vernal breeze its fragrance; when the air was sweetness, and the skies serene, they swept their harps in rapture, and mantled their odes in that wreath of magic beauty by which the admirers of poesy are pleased. They were justly rewarded with the plaudits of fame. But ah! no such means of excitement were accessible to the youthful author of "*Seasons of Sorrow*:" when his pages were composed, solitude and suffering; langour and weariness; days without enjoyment, and nights without rest; the patient's unpalatable potion; and the captive's unenviable fetters; the fires of fever; and the exhaustion of debility; disapp-

pointment and perplexity; neglect and despair; together made up the stimulants to genius, and the impulse to exertion with which he was surrounded.

But, dear Sir, that period is past; I have troubled you with its history as the best proem to poetry, imperfect and unworthy of the patronage so graciously granted. Permit me further to express my warmest wishes that your life may long continue to be marked by every blessing of a personal, relative, social, and moral kind; by health, happiness, and peace; by great success in the practice of the healing art; and when years have passed away, and you reach the destined goal, may an enraptured realization of the joys of immortality await you on the threshold of a blissful eternity.

Believe me,

Dear Sir,

To be, with the most sincere esteem,

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN PRING.

Longlands,

Stourbridge,

Jan. 24th, 1845.

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