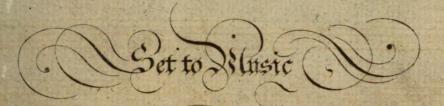


G. 807. a

Lavinia/

from THOMSON'S SEASONS,



Thomas Billington.

Price 4s.

LONDON:

Printed for SA&P. Thompson N. 75 S. Pauls Church Yard.

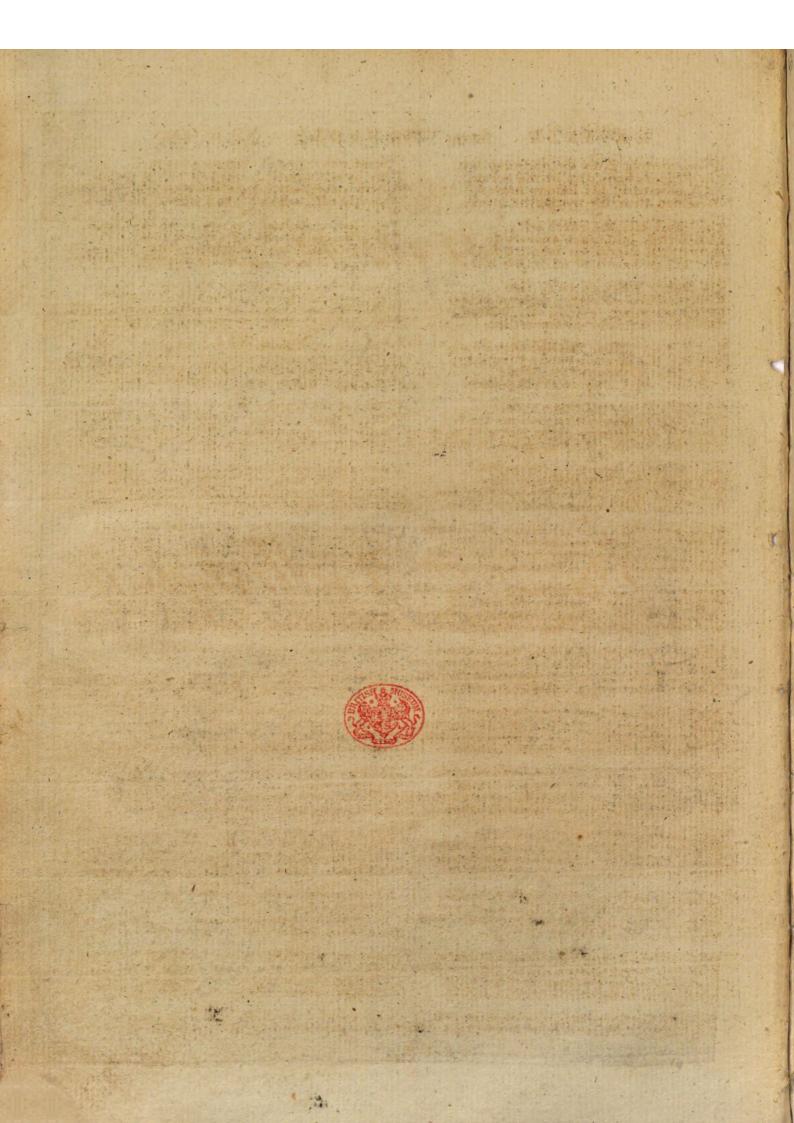
where may be had Composed by the above Author

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Pope's Mefsiah 7,6

Pope's Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady 53,7

Gray's Elegy 4.2 The Children in the Woods 5. -Maria's Evening Service.\ to the Virgin 1. -



LAVINIA. from THOMSON'S SEASONS

When morning gives the blufhing day, The Reapers form'd in blithe array; Each, onward in his labour moves, Delighted near the nymph he loves.

The rural tale, the rural jest, With artless innocence express'd; Makes each amidst his labours smile And lose in harmless mirth his toil.

The Master views on ev'ry side With pleasure—Plenty's golden pride; Whilst gleaning—bufy far behind, The Poor a scanty pittance find.

Ye Lab'rers, fling the lib'ral grain, Nor let the fainting poor complain; Who, like th'inhabitants of air Demand alas! your fost'ring care!

Oh grateful — meditate awhile.
The God of Harvest's gracious sinile
Diffus'd his bounty night and morn
Wide o'er — thy waving fields of corn,

Tho Fortune now her gifts beftow, Not always shall her favours flow; Your fons may want while yet they live The boon, your hands reluctant give.

The fair LAVINIA once her friends could boaft, And Fortune finil'd deceitful on her birth; For in her helpless years, her ALL was loft Her ev'ry stay — save innocence, and worth.

Join'd with her aged MOTHER—lo the maid Liv'd in a lonely Cottage far retir'd; Amid' the Valley's deep surrounding shade, With Virtue pleas'd—nor by Ambition fir'd.

Bless'd as the birds that fung them to repose, They knew no forrow, nor heart-fwelling care, From Nature's common food, content they rose, Content—and careless of to-morrows fare.

Her form was fresher than the blushing rose Whose leaves are moisten'd by the dewy morn; All fair—and spotless as the mountain shows, Or fragrant lillies that the Dale adorn.

Off when the mournful tale her Mother told How fair her faithless fortune had begun LAVINIA sighd!—nor tears her eyes could hold Which (like dewy Star of Evening) shone.

A Myrtle rifes, far from human fight And o'er the Wilds its balmy fragrance pours; So, - in the youthful bloom of beauty bright, The fair LAVINIA pass'd her rural hours.

Compell'd by ffrong Necessity's command,
The MAID, with finiling patience in her eye;
Off glean'd the grain from good PALEMON'S land,
Who led the rural life in all its joy.

Struck by the Nymph amid' the ruftic train With love, her modest mien and form he ey'd; Yet thinking on a reaper of the Plain Off thus in secret to his Soul he figh'd.

Amaz'd, and fcarce believing what the heard, Joy leiz'd her wither'd vein's, & one bright gleam

"What pity! that fo elegant a form
"By beauty kindled, and enlivening grace;
"With more than vulgar charms & goodness warm
"Should fall,—devoted to a Clowns embrace.

"She looks methinks of old ACASTO'S line,
"Her face recalls that PATRON of my life;
"Whose friendship made bright Fortune on me shine,
"Now low in dust—and free from worldly strife.

"Alas!—his mansions and his fruitful lands
"His once fair spreading family—decay'd,
"What late were theirs, are now in strangers hands;—
"Oh Fortune! thus are thy decrees obey'd.

"Tis faid—that fome obfcure and lonely ways
"(Urg'd by remembrance fad, and decent pride;)
"Far from those scenes which knew their betterdays
"His aged Widow and his Daughter hide.

"But yet my fruitless fearch could never find,
"Those dear remains of my lamented friend;
"Would this, the daughter were that gleans behind,
"I'd foon with joy! my grateful fuccour lend.

When ftrict enquiring from herself, he found ACASTO'S daughter in the lovely maid; The bounteous good ACASTO, heavily found, To whom, when poor himself, he ow'd his bread.

And as he view'd her ardent o'er and o'er, Love, Pity, Gratitude, his Soul impress'd; Confus'd her beauties flush'd fill more and more, While he pour'd out the rapture of his breast.

"And art thou then ACASTO'S dear remains, "She, whom my reftless gratitude has fought: "So long in vain, through defarts, woods, and plains' Till Chance at last thy charming form has brought.

"The foftned image of my noble friend,
"Alive his ev'ry look, his ev'ry line;
"Propitious Heav'n has deign'd again to fend
"His face, — more elegantly touch'd in thine.

"In what fequefter'd defart, on thee shone
"Heav'ns kindest aspect, and indulgent care;
"Into such beauty and so fairly blown,
"Sweeter than spring! thou sole surviving fair.

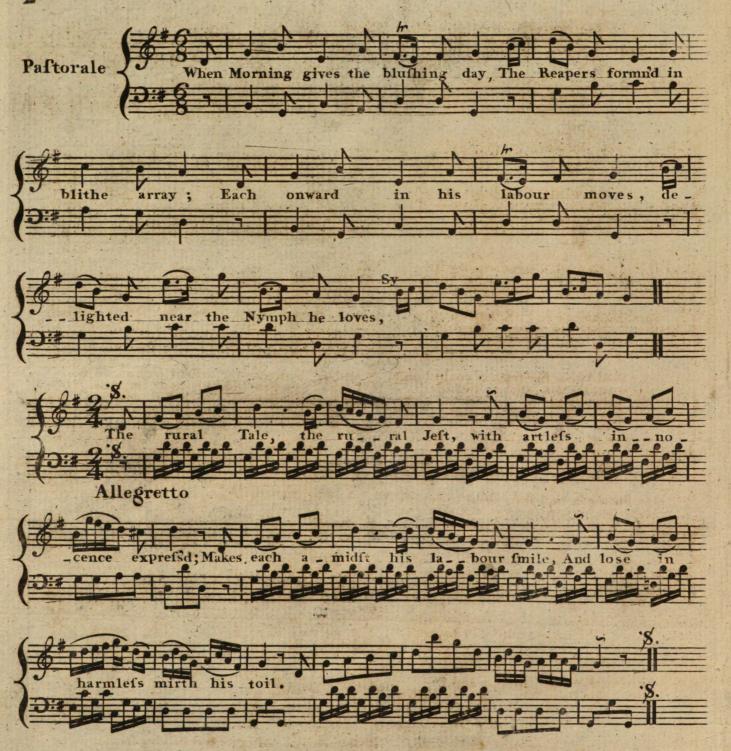
"To richer foils,—where vernal funs and show'rs "Diffuse their warmest influence around, "And of my garden be the pride of flow'rs."

"The fields, the Master, all, my fair are thine, "All,—that thy lib'ral SIRE bestow'd on me; "Then crown his lavish gifts, and thou resign "Thyself,—and make me bless'd, in blessing thee.

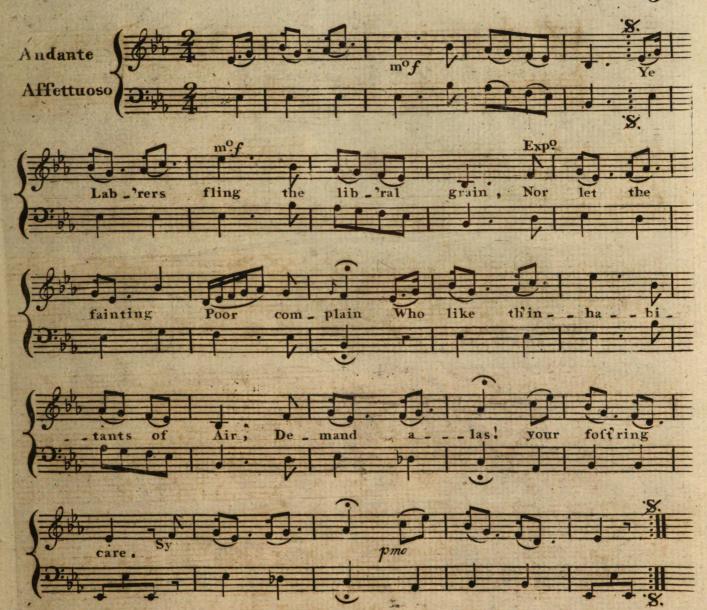
Here ceas'd the Youth, yet still his speaking eye Express'd a facred joy! from this event! Won by the charm of goodness, with a sigh! In sweet disorder lost,—she blush'd consent.

The news fine gladly to her MOTHER brought, Who, -pierc'd with anxious forrow pin'd away The painful moments for LAVINIA'S lot, Nor guess'd the motive of her Childs delay.

On the glad aged Mother's brow appear'd, And gave her fetting life a chearful beam.

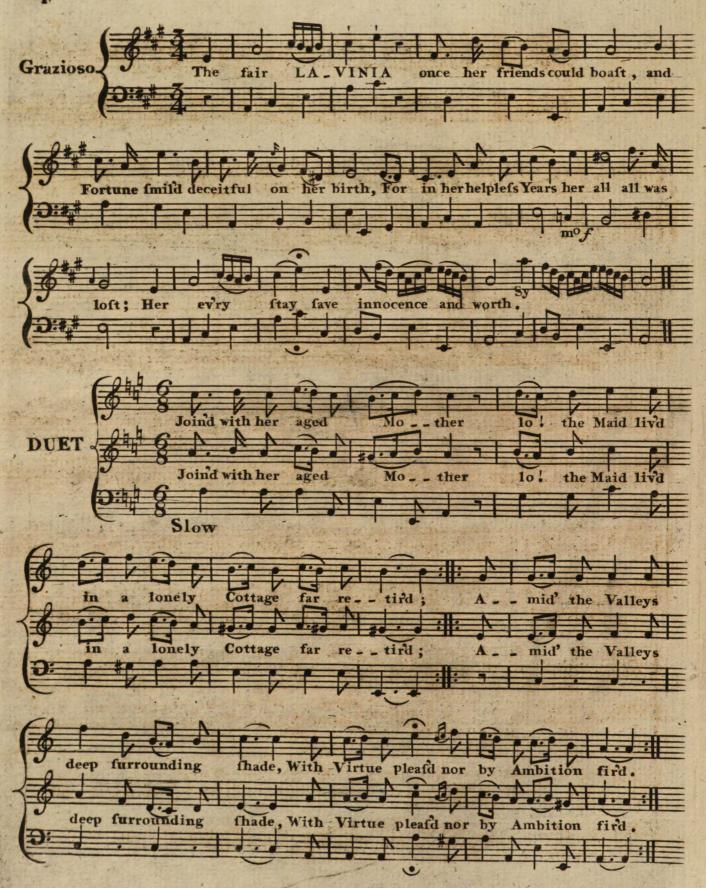


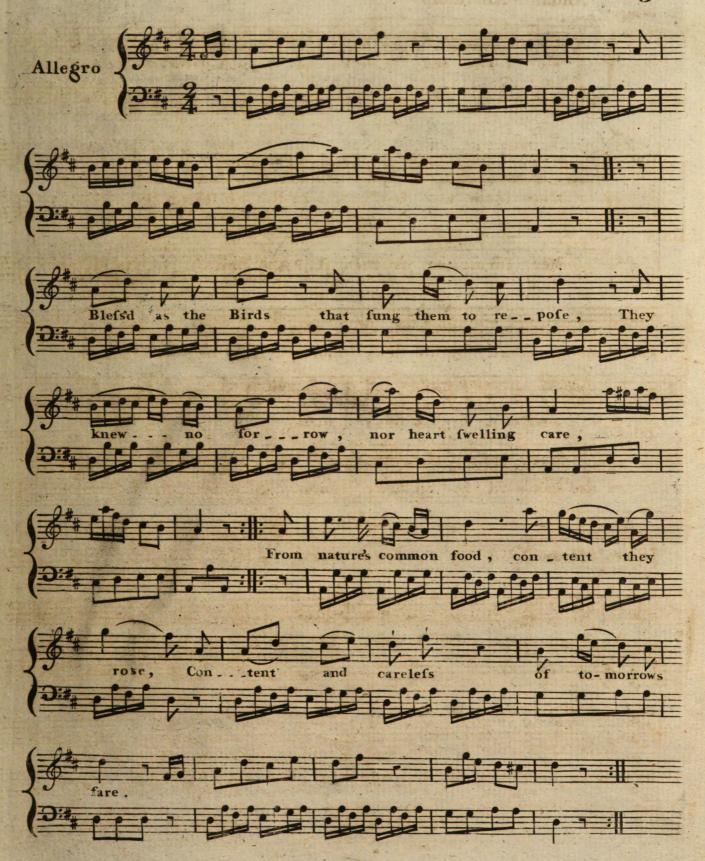
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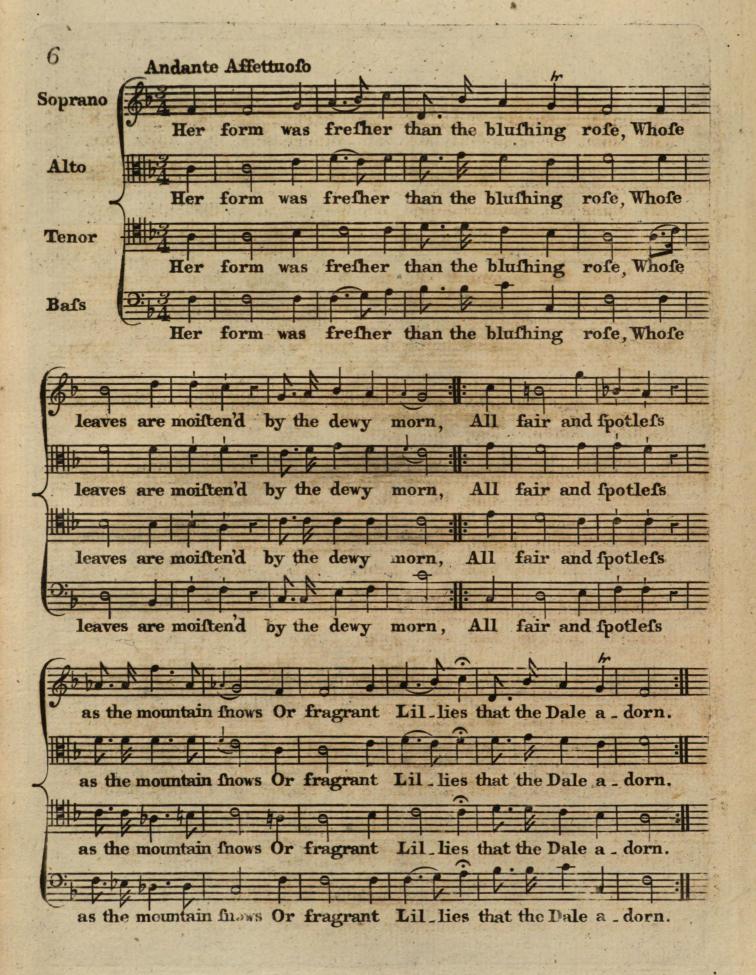


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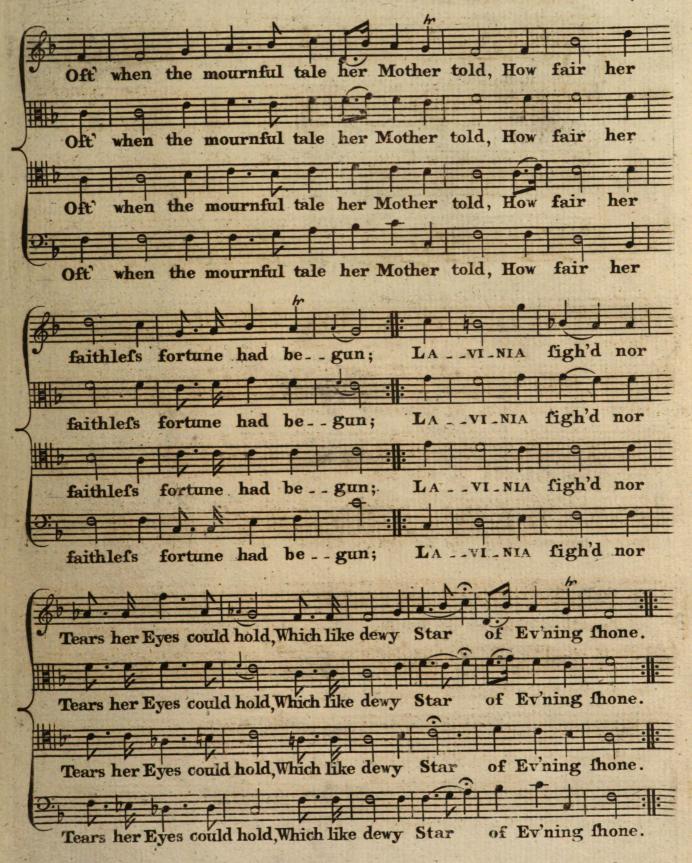
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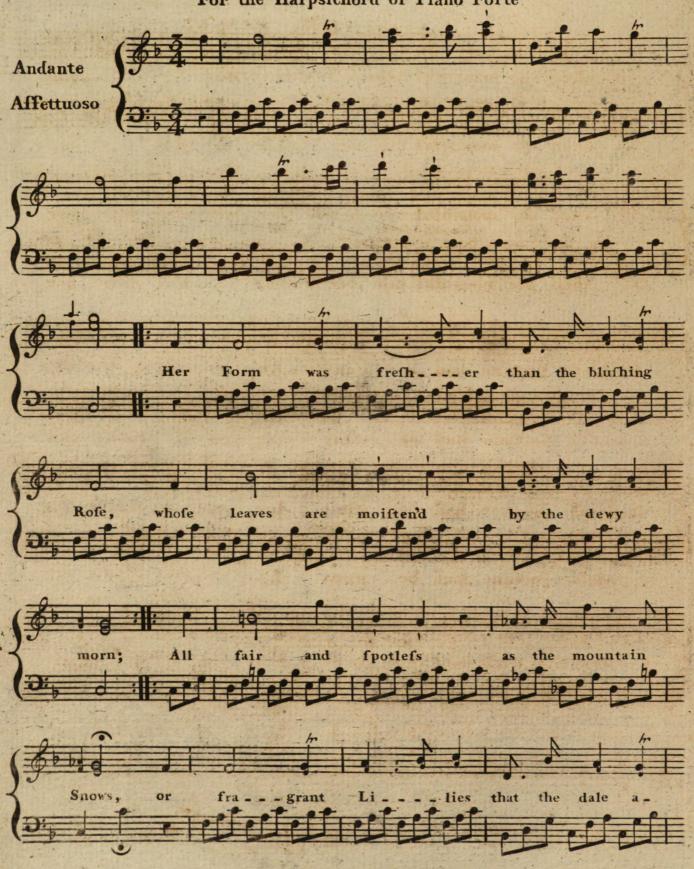


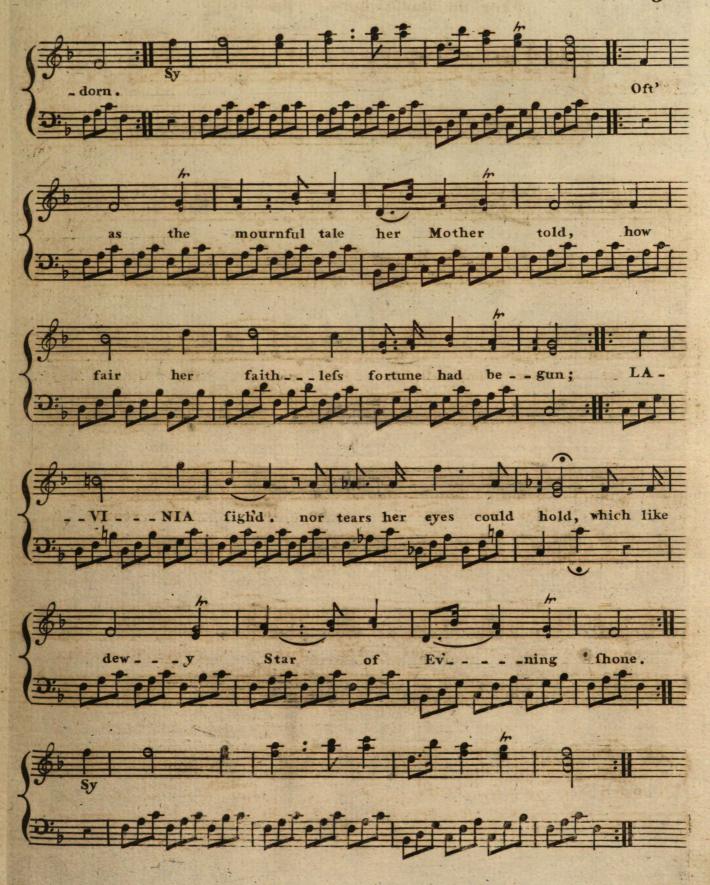


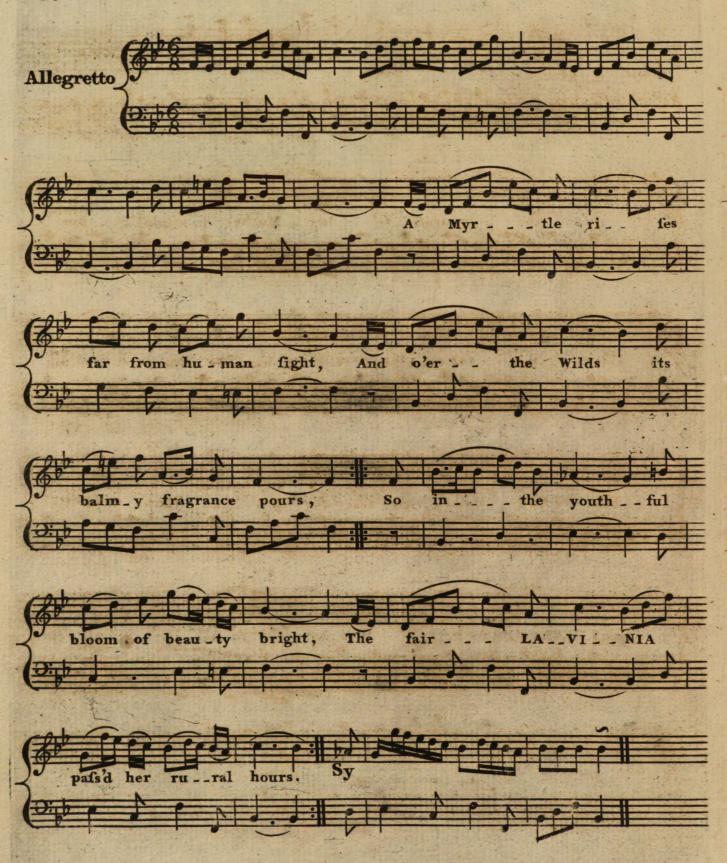


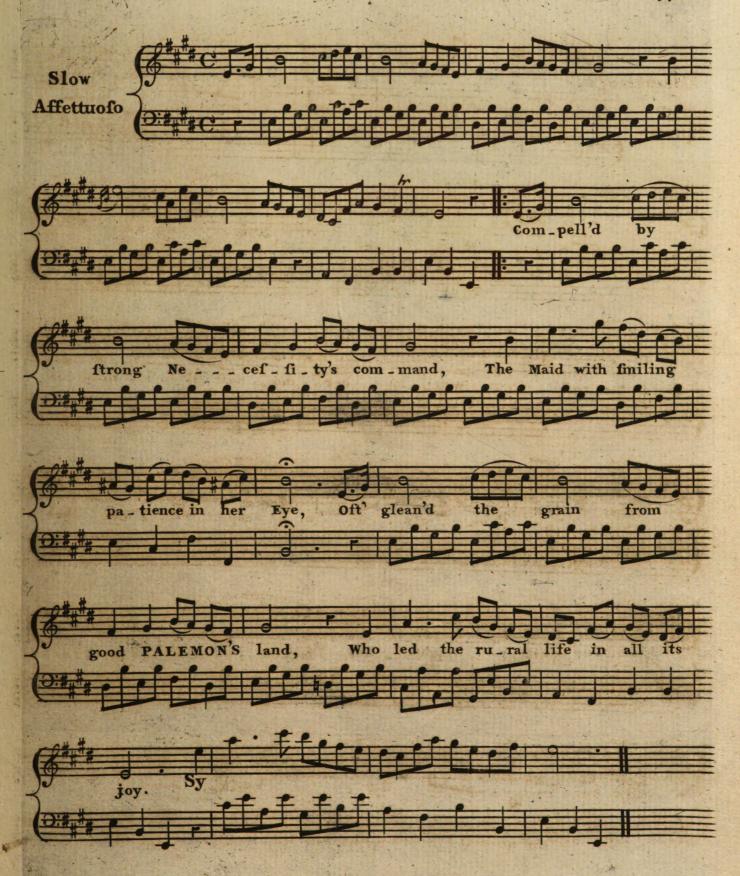


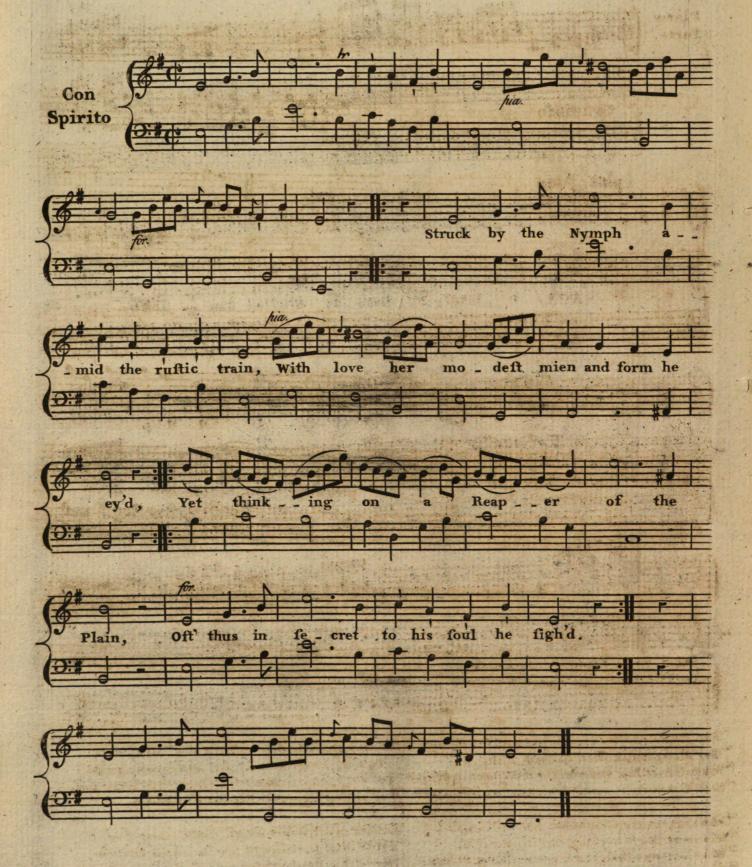


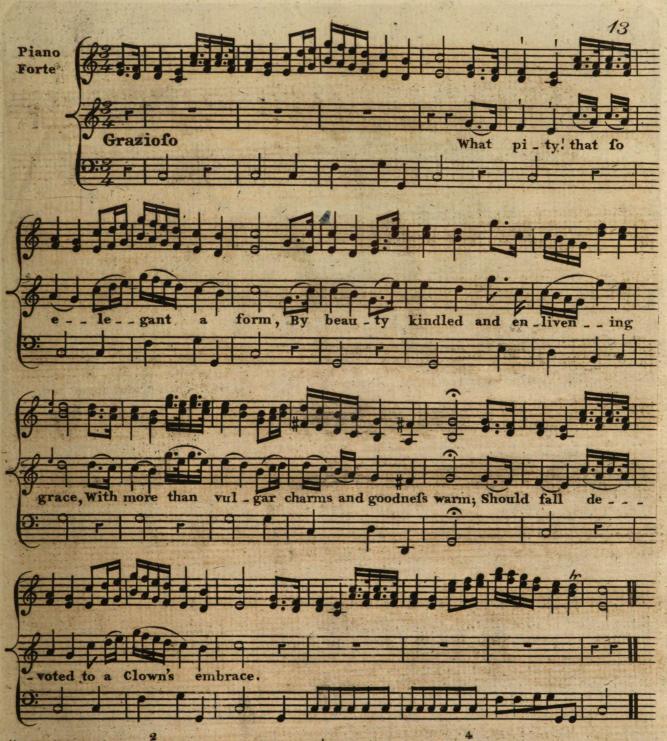












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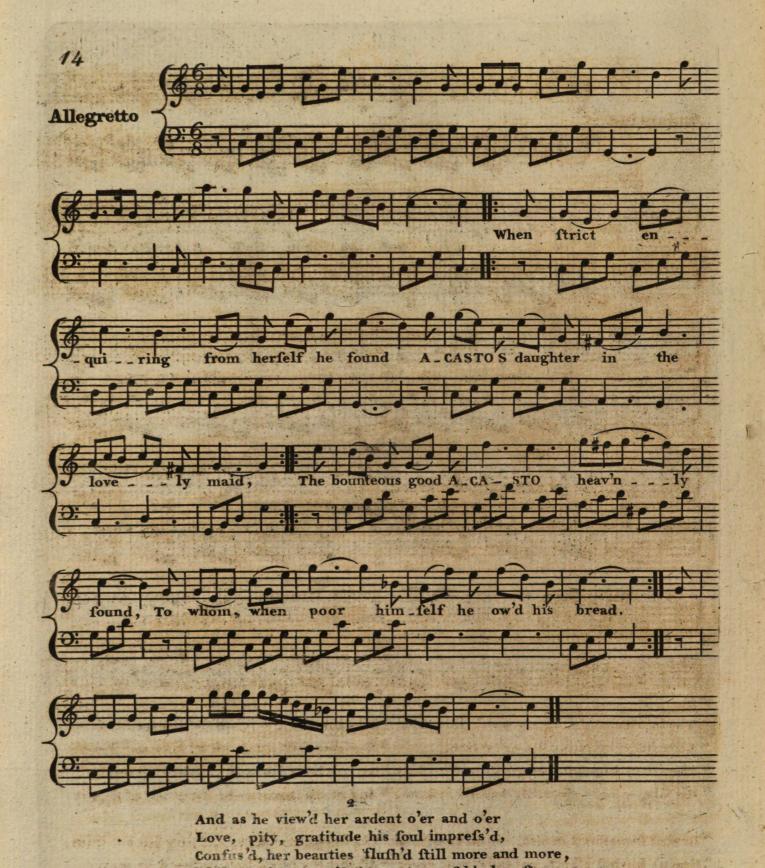
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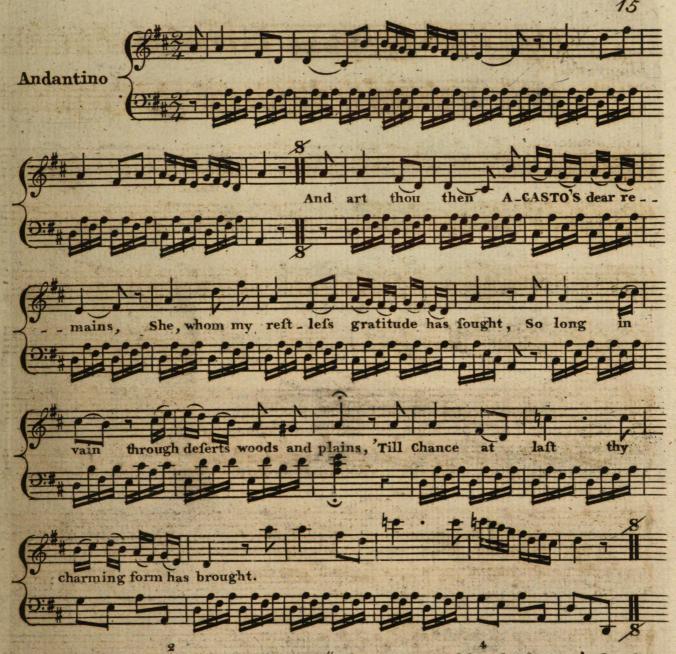
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"O let me now transplant the charms I've found

"To richer foils, where vernal funs and show'rs

"In what sequester'd desert, - on thee shone "The fields, - the Master, - all, - my fair are thine,

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