

MUSIC WAREHOUSE'S  
Bedford Row and  
St. James's Street  
Piccadilly.

M  
G. 807. a  
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# Savinia

from THOMSON'S SEASONS,

Set to Music

BY

Thomas Billington.

Price 4<sup>s</sup>

L O N D O N :

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where may be had Composed by the above Author

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43  
LAVINIA. from THOMSON'S SEASONS 1

1  
When morning gives the blushing day,  
The Reapers form'd in blithe array;  
Each, onward in his labour moves,  
Delighted near the nymph he loves.

2  
The rural tale, the rural jest,  
With artless innocence express'd;  
Makes each amidst his labours smile  
And lose in harmless mirth his toil.

3  
The Master views on ev'ry side  
With pleasure—Plenty's golden pride;  
Whilst gleaning—busy far behind,  
The Poor a scanty pittance find.

4  
Ye Lab'ers, fling the lib'ral grain,  
Nor let the fainting poor complain;  
Who, like th' inhabitants of air  
Demand alas! your soft'ring care!

5  
Oh grateful—meditate awhile.  
The God of Harvest's gracious smile  
Diffus'd his bounty night and morn  
Wide o'er—thy waving fields of corn.

6  
Tho' Fortune now her gifts bestow,  
Not always shall her favours flow;  
Your sons may want while yet they live  
The boon, your hands reluctant give.

7  
The fair LAVINIA once her friends could boast,  
And Fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth;  
For in her helpless years, her ALL was lost  
Her ev'ry stay—save innocence, and worth.

8  
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.

9  
Bless'd as the birds that sung them to repose,  
They knew no sorrow, nor heart-swelling care,  
From Nature's common food, content they rose,  
Content—and careless of to-morrows fare.

10  
Her form was fresher than the blushing rose  
Whose leaves are moisten'd by the dewy morn;  
All fair—and spotless as the mountain snows,  
Or fragrant lillies that the Dale adorn.

11  
Off when the mournful tale her Mother told  
How fair her faithless fortune had begun  
LAVINIA sigh'd!—nor tears her eyes could hold  
Which (like dewy Star of Evening) shone.

12  
A Myrtle rises, far from human sight  
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.

13  
Compell'd by strong Necessity's command,  
The MAID, with smiling patience in her eye;  
Off glean'd the grain from good PALEMON'S land,  
Who led the rural life in all its joy.

14  
Struck by the Nymph amid' the rustic 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 sigh'd.

29  
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, & one bright gleam

15  
"What pity! that so elegant a form  
"By beauty kindled, and enlivening grace;  
"With more than vulgar charms & goodness warm  
"Should fall,—devoted to a Clown's embrace.

16  
"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.

17  
"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.

18  
"Tis said—that some obscure and lonely ways  
"(Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride);  
"Far from those scenes which knew their better days  
"His aged Widow and his Daughter hide.

19  
"But yet my fruitless search could never find,  
"Those dear remains of my lamented friend;  
"Would this, the daughter were that gleams behind,  
"I'd soon with joy! my grateful succour lend.

20  
When strict enquiring from herself, he found  
ACASTO'S daughter in the lovely maid;  
The bounteous good ACASTO, heav'nly found,  
To whom, when poor himself, he ow'd his bread.

21  
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 still more and more,  
While he pour'd out the rapture of his breast.

22  
"And art thou then ACASTO'S dear remains,  
"She, whom my restless gratitude has sought:  
"So long in vain, through deserts, woods, and plains  
"Till Chance at last thy charming form has brought.

23  
"The softned image of my noble friend,  
"Alive his ev'ry look, his ev'ry line;  
"Propitious Heav'n has deign'd again to send  
"His face,—more elegantly touch'd in thine.

24  
"In what sequester'd desert, on thee shone  
"Heav'n's kindest aspect, and indulgent care;  
"Into such beauty and so fairly blown,  
"Sweeter than spring! thou sole surviving fair.

25  
"O let me now transplant the charms I've found  
"To richer soils,—where vernal suns and show'rs  
"Diffuse their warmest influence around,  
"And of my garden be the pride of flow'rs.

26  
"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.

27  
Here ceas'd the Youth, yet still his speaking eye  
Express'd a sacred joy from this event  
Won by the charm of goodness, with a sigh!  
In sweet disorder lost,—she blush'd consent.

28  
The news she gladly to her MOTHER brought,  
Who,—pierc'd with anxious sorrow 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 setting life a chearful beam.



**Pastorale**

When Morning gives the blushing day, The Reapers form'd in

blithe array ; Each onward in his labour moves, de -

lighted near the Nymph he loves,

The rural Tale, the ru - ral Jest, with artless in - no -

**Allegretto**

- cence express'd ; Makes each a - midst his la - bour smile, And lose in

harmless mirth his toil.

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



Andante *Affettuoso*

Ye  
Lab - 'rers fling the lib - 'ral grain , Nor let the  
fainting Poor com - plain Who like th'in - ha - bi -  
- tants of Air , De - mand a - - las ! your forring  
care . Sy *pmo*

2

Oh grateful — meditate awhile ,  
The God of harvests gracious smile ;  
Diffus'd his bounty night and morn ,  
Wide o'er — thy waving fields of Corn .

3

Tho' Fortune now her gifts bestow ,  
Not always shall her favours flow ;  
Your Sons may want while yet they live ,  
The Boon , your hands reluctant give .



**Grazioso**

The fair LA - VINIA once her friends could boast, and

Fortune smild deceitful on her birth, For in her helpless Years her all all was

*mo f*

lost; Her evry stay save innocence and worth.

*Sy*

**DUET**

Joind with her aged Mo - - ther lo! the Maid livd

Joind with her aged Mo - - ther lo! the Maid livd

Slow

in a lonely Cottage far re - - tird; A - - mid' the Valleys

in a lonely Cottage far re - - tird; A - - mid' the Valleys

deep furrounding shade, With Virtue pleas'd nor by Ambition fir'd.

deep furrounding shade, With Virtue pleas'd nor by Ambition fir'd.



Allegro

Bles'd as the Birds that sung them to re - - pose , They

knew - - no for - - row , nor heart swelling care ,

From nature's common food , con - tent they

rose , Con - - tent and careles of to - morrows

fare .



Andante Affettuoso

Soprano  
Her form was fresher than the blushing rose, Whose

Alto  
Her form was fresher than the blushing rose, Whose

Tenor  
Her form was fresher than the blushing rose, Whose

Bass  
Her form was fresher than the blushing rose, Whose

leaves are moisten'd by the dewy morn, All fair and spotless

leaves are moisten'd by the dewy morn, All fair and spotless

leaves are moisten'd by the dewy morn, All fair and spotless

leaves are moisten'd by the dewy morn, All fair and spotless

as the mountain snows Or fragrant Lil . lies that the Dale a . dorn.

as the mountain snows Or fragrant Lil . lies that the Dale a . dorn.

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Oft' when the mournful tale her Mother told, How fair her

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faithless fortune had begun; LA - VI - NIA figh'd nor

faithless fortune had begun; LA - VI - NIA figh'd nor

faithless fortune had begun; LA - VI - NIA figh'd nor

faithless fortune had begun; LA - VI - NIA figh'd nor

Tears her Eyes could hold, Which like dewy Star of Ev'ning shone.

Tears her Eyes could hold, Which like dewy Star of Ev'ning shone.

Tears her Eyes could hold, Which like dewy Star of Ev'ning shone.

Tears her Eyes could hold, Which like dewy Star of Ev'ning shone.



## For the Harpsichord or Piano Forte

Andante

Affettuoso

Her Form was fresh - - - er than the blushing

Rose, whose leaves are moisten'd by the dew

morn; All fair and spotless as the mountain

Snows, or fra - - - grant Li - - - lies that the dale a -







## Allegretto

A Myr - - - tle ri - - fes

far from hu - man fight, And o'er - - the Wilds its

balm - y fragrance pours, So in - - - the youth - - ful

bloom of beau - ty bright, The fair - - - LA - VI - NIA

pas'd her ru - ral hours. Sy



Slow  
Affettuoso

Com\_pell'd by

ftrong Ne - - - ces - si - ty's com - mand, The Maid with smiling

pa - tience in her Eye, Oft' glean'd the grain from

good PALEMON'S land, Who led the ru\_ral life in all its

joy. Sy



Con  
Spirito

Struck by the Nymph a - -

- mid the rustic train, With love her mo - dest mien and form he

ey'd, Yet think - - ing on a Reap - - er of the

Plain, Oft' thus in fe - cret to his soul he sigh'd.



Piano  
Forte

Grazioso

What pi - ty! that fo

e - - le - - gant a form, By beau - ty kindled and en - liven - - ing

grace, With more than vul - gar charms and goodness warm; Should fall de - - -

- voted to a Clown's embrace.

<sup>2</sup>  
 "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.

<sup>3</sup>  
 "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.

<sup>4</sup>  
 'Tis said, — that some obscure and lonely ways  
 "(Urg'd by remembrance sad and decent pride)  
 "Far from those scenes which knew their better days  
 "His aged widow and his daughter hide

<sup>5</sup>  
 "But yet my fruitless search could never find  
 "Those dear remains of my lamented friend;  
 "Would this, the daughter were that gleans behind,  
 "I'd soon with joy! my grateful succour lend.



Allegretto

When strict en

- qui - ring from herself he found A - CASTO S daughter in the

love - - - ly maid, The bounteous good A - CA - STO heav'n - - - ly

found, To whom, when poor him - self 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 still more and more,  
 While he thus pour'd the rapture of his breast.



Andantino

And art thou then A-CASTO'S dear re - -

- mains, She, whom my rest- less gratitude has fought, So long in

vain through deserts woods and plains, 'Till Chance at last thy

charming form has brought.

<p>2</p> <p>" The softned image of my noble friend ;</p> <p>" Alive his ev'ry look, his ev'ry line;</p> <p>" Propitious heav'n has deign'd again to send</p> <p>" His face, — more elegantly touch'd in thine.</p>	<p>4</p> <p>" O let me now transplant the charms I've found</p> <p>" To richer soils, where vernal suns and show'rs</p> <p>" Diffuse their warmest influence around,</p> <p>" And of my garden — be the pride of flow'rs.</p>
<p>3</p> <p>" In what sequester'd desert, — on thee shone</p> <p>" Heav'n's kindest aspect, and indulgent care;</p> <p>" Into such beauty and so fairly blown,</p> <p>" Sweeter than spring, thou sole surviving fair.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>" The fields, — the Master, — all, — my fair are thine,</p> <p>" All, that thy lib'ral Sire bestow'd on me;</p> <p>" Then crown his lavish gifts, — and thou resign</p> <p>" Thyself, — and make me blest, — in blessing thee."</p>



Larghetto  
Cantabile

Here

ceas'd the Youth, yet still his speaking eye, ex-

-prefs'd a sacred joy from this e-vent;

Won by the charm of good-ness with a

Sigh, in sweet dis-order lost She blush'd con-

-fent.



Finale

The news she gladly to her

Mo...ther brought, who pierc'd with anxious sorrow pin'd a-way, the pain-ful

moments for LAVINIA'S lot, Nor guess'd the motive of her Child's de-lay - -:

Amaz'd and scare be-lieving what she heard, Joy

feiz'd her wither'd veins, joy feiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam on the glad A - - ged

Mother's brow ap - - pear'd, And gave her setting life a cheer - - ful Beam.

cheer - - ful Beam.

*Cres.* *il* *for:* *pmo*