

**THE DESERTED
VILLAGE.
ILLUSTRATED**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649761128

The Deserted Village. Illustrated by Oliver Goldsmith & M. M. Taylor

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

OLIVER GOLDSMITH & M. M. TAYLOR

**THE DESERTED
VILLAGE.
ILLUSTRATED**



THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

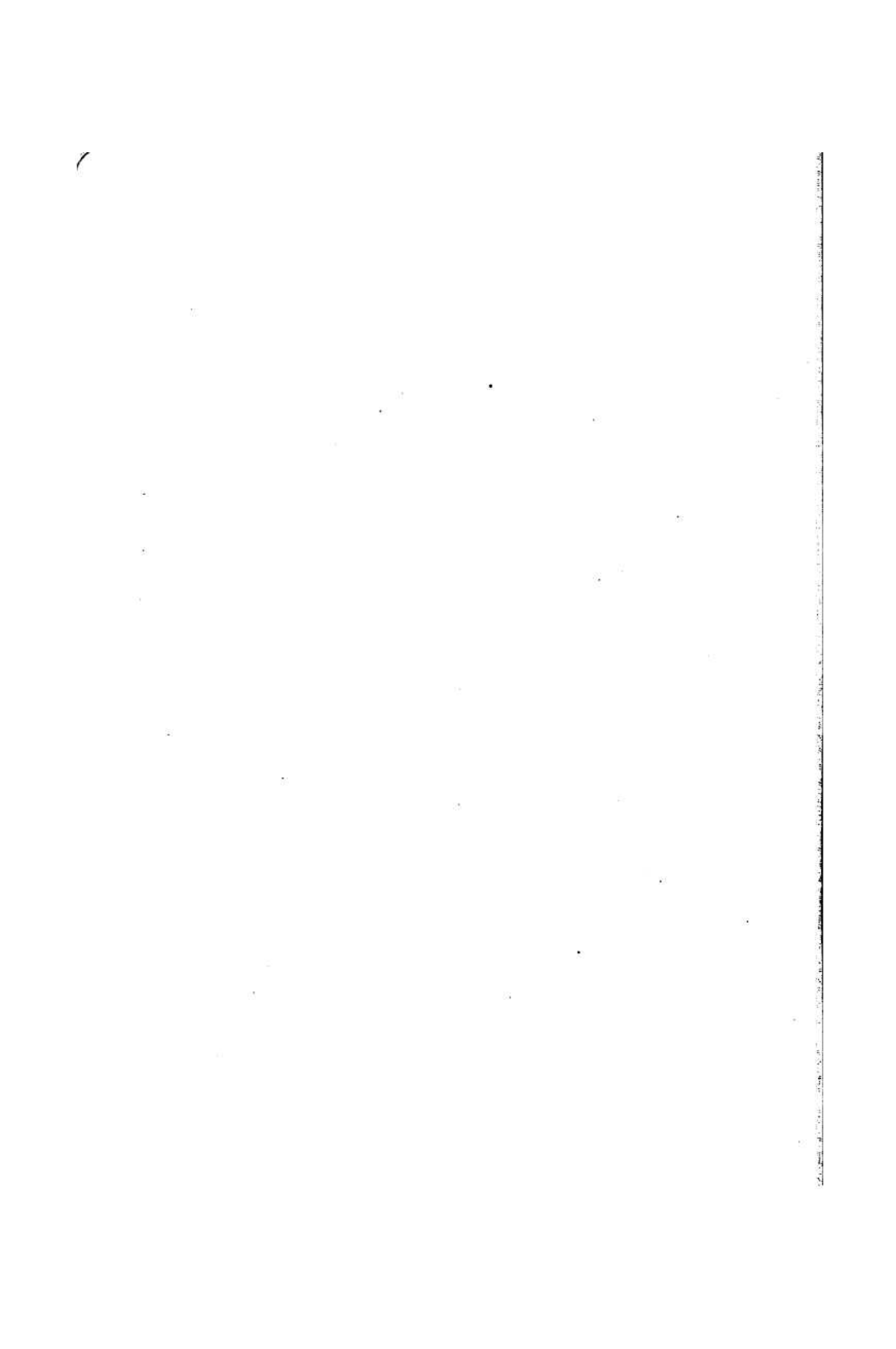
WITH ETCHINGS

BY
M. M. TAYLOR.

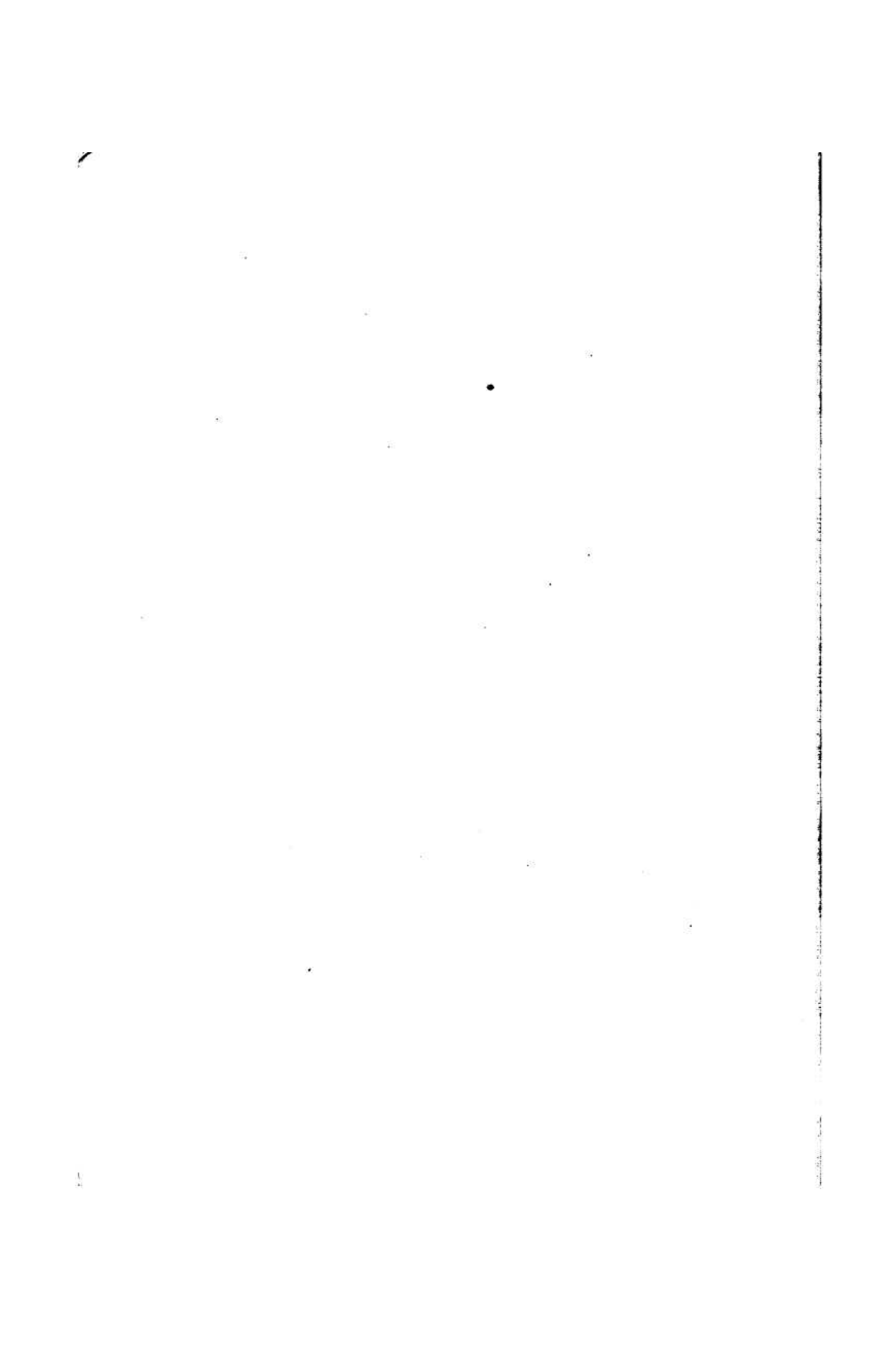
PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1888.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THY SPORTS ARE FLED, AND ALL THY CHARMS WITHDRAWN	Page 11
THE SWAIN RESPONSIVE AS THE MILK-MAID SUNG	19
TO SEEK HER NIGHTLY SHED, AND WEEP TILL MORN	21
THERE, IN HIS NOISY MANSION, SKILLED TO RULE	27
HE DRIVES HIS FLOCKS TO PICK THE SCANTY BLADE	37
DOWNWARD THEY MOVE, A MELANCHOLY BAND	45







THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed—
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,