EVENING, A PASTORAL.

Pleas'd the toils of day are o'er,

TO HENRY GRIMSTON *, ESQ. OF YORKSHIRE.

PHŒBUS now with fainter fire and additional Gilds the hamlet's pointed spire; and additional Dews descending bless the soil, be would on all Eve suspends the peasant's toil; who said the Mo'er the panzy-chequer'd plains

Whistling tread the jocund swains; and said the Marking now with glist'ning eyes

Smoak ascending from the skies,

Token of the housewise's care,

Earnest of their simple fare.

^{*} The chosen, the best beloved friend of Mr. B.'s youth; his amiable unwearied friend to his latest hour. This excellent young gentleman devoted nearly two years, about the close of Mr. B.'s life, in accompanying him to Bath, to the sea, &c. and spent a whole winter with him at Dr. Berkeley's in Berkshire. Mr. G. mourned at Mr. B.'s death as for a brother, as did several other gentlemen of his intimate friends.

Pleas'd the toils of day are o'er,

Rich without the mifer's ftore;

Bleft with love and rofy health,

Anxious for no other wealth.

Careless of the coming day,

Each pursues his homeward way.

In no borrow'd charms array'd

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Mark the lovely Milking-maid,

Poifing well the foaming pail,

Trip along the pafture dale;

To direct her True-love's way

Loud fhe tunes her chearful lay;

He, defcending from the hill,

Meets her by the clacking mill.

Homeward as they drive the cows

He repeats his artlefs vows:

As the church they loit'ring pass.

Rofy blushes tinge the lass;

If the theme the swain pursues,

Soon the priest shall have his dues.

Ruftling from the noify school,

Heedless of the ferril's rule,

Heirs to Nature's purest joys, though and to allow the

Mark the happy village boys, he bear of the town

(Foes declar'd to rest and peace,) linding aid don't

O'er the green pursue the geese;

Summon'd by their cackling cries of the land well

To the spot the housewife hies; was and ship odd

Arm'd with distaff, 'stead of steel, 's and start of steel, 's and s

Soon the foe her distaff feel: being od line wold we

Quickly scar'd, the truants fly:

Homewards now in hafte they hie.

Guardians of the village wealth,

Foes declar'd to fraud and stealth,

Tenants of the chearful hearth,

Frequent cause of harmless mirth,

Partners of his scanty hoard.

See before the wicket gate,

Curs parade in mimic state,

Heedless of the proffer'd bone,

Eager still to guard their own,

Each his faithful service pays,

And with threat'ning aspect bays.

Waken'd by the various note, individual and bland of Echo quits her cave remote, who and and took and of Wandering o'er the dewy plain, that the bank Warbles still the varied strain.

Mark the village murmurs cease, but by the village Night appears with balmy peace. Won abusement Each extend their filent reign want to anaibuse O'er the peaceful village plain; but to buse and to anaibuse Sleeping yield the balmy kiss; and to always the peaceful village plain; but to always the same of blifs, and an anaibuse of the same of t

Coy, no more with rapture crown

Those on whom they us'd to frown.

Prudence, leagu'd with subtle art,

Sways no more the yielding heart.

Fancy now, with visions bless'd,

Crown's the cotter's peaceful rest.

Ah! lovely Maid, no longer frown, shire are sleg soft.
But each fond hope with rapture crown! assessed but have the form the second has been think; though in the by Angel charms, good short!

That Time will linger in thy arms; out ylead a right.

Oh! no; his feythe thall crop the refeeder on adow.

That on thy check divinely blove, row and the filled.

From forth her dark, minone'd thick.

But ere the ruffing riot there, which out well betraque?
To Nature yield, enchanting fair of it aver vitaled but.
Nor more my ardent with reprove.

For know, Life's richeft boon is Love.