

EVENING, A PASTORAL.

TO HENRY GRIMSTON*, ESQ. OF YORKSHIRE.

PHŒBUS now with fainter fire
Gilds the hamlet's pointed spire;
Dews descending blefs the foil,
Eve fufpends the peasant's toil;
O'er the panzy-chequer'd plains
Whiffling tread the jocund fwains;
Marking now with glif'ning eyes
Smoak afcending from the fkies,
Token of the houfwife's care,
Earneft of their fimple fare.

* The chofen, the beft beloved friend of Mr. B.'s youth; his amiable unwearied friend to his lateft hour. This excellent young gentleman devoted nearly two years, about the clofe of Mr. B.'s life, in accompanying him to Bath, to the fea, &c. and fpent a whole winter with him at Dr. Berkeley's in Berkfhire. Mr. G. mourned at Mr. B.'s death as for a brother, as did feveral other gentlemen of his intimate friends.

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

Rich without the miser's store;

Blest with love and rosy health,

Anxious for no other wealth.

Careless of the coming day,

Each pursues his homeward way.

In no borrow'd charms array'd

Mark the lovely Milking-maid,

Poising well the foaming pail,

Trip along the pasture dale;

To direct her True-love's way

Loud she tunes her cheerful lay;

He, descending from the hill,

Meets her by the clacking mill.

Homeward as they drive the cows

He repeats his artless vows:-

As the church they loit'ring pass

Rosy blushes tinge the lass;

If the theme the swain pursues,
Soon the priest shall have his dues.

Rustling from the noisy school,
Heedless of the ferril's rule,
Heirs to Nature's purest joys,
Mark the happy village boys,
(Foes declar'd to rest and peace,)

O'er the green pursue the geese;
Summon'd by their cackling cries
To the spot the housewife hies;
Arm'd with distaff, 'stead of steel,
Soon the foe her distaff feel:
Quickly scar'd, the truants fly:
Homewards now in haste they hie.

Guardians of the village wealth,
Foes declar'd to fraud and stealth,
Tenants of the chearful hearth,
Frequent cause of harmless mirth,

Welcome to their master's board,
 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,
 Echo quits her cave remote,
 Wandering o'er the dewy plain,
 Warbles still the varied strain.

Mark the village murmurs cease,
 Night appears with balmy peace.
 Each extend their silent reign
 O'er the peaceful village plain;
 Lovelorn maidens dream of bliss,
 Sleeping yield the balmy kiss;

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 blest'd,
 Crown's the cotter's peaceful rest.