

- 17 Languid is the landscape round',  
 Till the fresh descending show'r,  
 Grateful to the thirsty ground',  
 Raises ev'ry fainting flow'r.  
 18 Now the hill—the hedge—are green,  
 Now the warblers' throat's in tune';  
 Blithsome is the verdant scene',  
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon'!

## EVENING.

- 19 O'ER the heath the heifer strays  
 Free'; (the furrow'd task is done';)  
 Now the village windows blaze',  
 Burnish'd by the setting sun'.  
 20 Now he sêts behind the hill',  
 Sinking from a golden sky':  
 Can the pencil's mimic skill',  
 Copy the refulgent dye'?  
 21 Trudging as the ploughmen go',  
 (To the smoking hamlet bound',)  
 Giant-like their shadows grow',  
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground'.  
 22 Where the rising forest spreads  
 Shelter for the lordly dome'!  
 To their high-built airy beds',  
 See the rooks returning home'!  
 23 As the lark', with vary'd tune',  
 Carols to the ev'ning loud';  
 Mark the mild resplendent moon',  
 Breaking through a parted cloud'.  
 24 Now the hermit owlet peeps',  
 From the barn' or twisted brake';  
 And the blue mist slowly creeps',  
 Curling on the silver lake'.  
 25 As the trout in speckled pride',  
 Playful from its bosom springs';  
 To the banks a ruffled tide',  
 Verges in successive rings'.  
 26 Tripping through the silken grass',  
 O'er the path-divided dale',  
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass',  
 With her well-pels'd milking pail'!  
 27 Linnets with unnumber'd notes',  
 And the cuckoo bird with two',