

Ere the sun's last faint tints have faded,
 While yet the tender radiance lingers,
 In heaven's softest colours shaded,
 By gentle twilight's fairy fingers.—
 The swain from healthful labour turns
 His lingering steps, as, dimly burns,
 Upon yon western summit's height,
 Sol's latest beams of golden light,
 To the dear cot where labors cease,
 And kind endearments whisper peace.
 Around their smiling father's knee,
 In unassum'd and heartfelt glee,
 The troop of little urchins press,
 And clamour for his fond caresses.
 Nor slighted is the dame's embrace,
 Proud of her simple, virtuous race.—