

Juventus, "Address to Evening. Written in June"

Description

JUVENTUS

ADDRESS TO EVENING. Written in June

Modest Evening, come, O I breathe
 Thy cool zephyrs o'er the heath,
 On the craggy mountain's brow,
 Through the watery vale below,
 And along the grassy mead, 5
 Where the kine refuse to feed,
 Moving slow towards the gate,
 Where the blooming milk-maids wait:
 Now, with breath more rudely cool,
 Discompose the stagnant pool; 10
 Where little insects circles make,
 Dimpling soft the silent lake:
 Now direct thy quickening breeze
 Through the sable forest trees:
 Then approach the river's brink, 15
 Where the cattle bending drink,
 Where the painted vessel sails;
 There dispense thy pleasant gales:
 Westward, up the flow'ry lawn,
 Where the sun his shade hath drawn, 20
 Thither bending thy meek blast,
 Soon he *Aston's Hillock* past:
 Where the cuckoo, lonely bird,
 Ever with the Spring is heard:
 O'er the village-steeple fly, 25
 Turn the weather-cock on high,
 Glittering like thy favorite star,
 To the Cestrian Hills afar:
 Now descend upon the green,
 Where the rustic youths are seen, 30
 To toss the quoit, or pitch the bar,
 Or battle in fictitious war;
 While virgins twist the flowers that blow,
 To bind the conquering hero's brow.

