

VI.

Two farms at friendly distance were their homes,
 Whence every day, or to some fav'rite knowl,*
 Or under some old tree, still constant comes,
 That which from little task the earliest stole —
 Ah' but the hours too swiftly o'er them roll,
 Thrown on the green, night finds them unawares,
 Mocking the night-hawk,—pointing at the stars.

VII.

Whole hours again, all by some noisy brook,
 Gath'ring white pebbles—white and crystalline,—
 Or, thread for line, and crooked pin for hook,
 Scouting horn'd-daces, with a vain design :—
 Their sinless thoughts an undiminish'd mine,

* Obsolete in England, but still used in America to denote a little hill.