

Large is the leisure of their peaceful days ;
For summer is a dream of flowers and bees,
Till autumn puts forth lengthening ivy sprays,
And from the orchard trees
With golden apples falling one by one
Counts the slow lapsing hours till all be done,
And winter tempests turned to sleep
Safe 'neath the shining stars the Happy Valley keep.

Small is the homestead, and a vapour thin
Thriftily oozes from the chimney stack ;
Behind, the high-roofed granaries hem it in
All orange-tiled and black ;
Like silent barges pilèd high
With golden grain, that moveless lie
About the craft, whose fires run low
Had power to draw them there but may no farther go.

O track too little for an empire's wheels,
Too humble for the gorgeous car of state,
All Heaven-high thoughts that human spirit feels
Find entrance at thy gate :