

Then might you see them by some bank alone,  
Tearing wild flowers, to strew them on the ground;  
Or pulling out the balls of thistle-down,  
To call them birds, and chase them round and round;  
Laughing till echo caught the jovial sound,  
To hill and dale repeating as she went,  
The native strains of youthful merriment.

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And often when the wood at rosy dawn,  
Wak'd its wild harmony and dropt its dew,  
Stealing out silent o'er the drizzling lawn,  
Their search the cat-bird's lowly nest pursues,—  
She, every step with painful flutt'ring views :—  
They peep into it, "but they would not touch  
Those pretty eggs,—the old birds loved so much."

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