

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared  
in the meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by  
a penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by  
the road-side,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed  
image of Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the  
well with its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough  
for the horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north,  
were the barns and the farm-yard.  
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the  
antique ploughs and the harrows ;  
There were the folds for the sheep ; and there,  
in his feathered seraglio,