

Their infant years were spent together,—oft
 Link'd hand in hand, so fondly they were seen,
 Ranging the fields when spring's young blossoms, soft
 And tender in their dress of new-born green
 With fragrant life and love imbued the scene.
 Lost in each other all the livelong day,
 Life was to them but one full hour of play.

III.

At times their little heads were seen to shoot,
 And move half-lost amid the tangling grass;
 Bearing aloft the richly-cluster'd fruit,
 To add it proudly to the growing mass,—
 While mutual praises on the pile they pass,
 Heap'd up for younger urchins,—num'rous fry
 Who met it ever with devouring eye.