

And then I'd drive afield
My sturdy team to stir the soil,
And aid my sons in springtide toil,
Or reap fair autumn's yield.
'Twere better thus for age to toil
Than search thro' land and sea for hunter's spoil.

And when the darg is done,
How sweet to rest beneath the tree;
To list the soft wind's melody,
And mark the setting sun
Paint o'er with gold the waveless sea,
Till heaven seems near and earthly shadows flee.

But hark! yon dolesome owl
Has launched his plaint upon the air,
That echoes back, as in despair,
Some wild, weird, wolfish howl,
That springs the red deer from his lair,
And almost human hearts his larum share.

So flits this passing gleam,
So fades my house beside the shore;
And still-born thoughts that fancy bore
Prove but a waking dream.
My hundred leagues are yet in store;
I drop my wings, and bend me to my chore.