

And we assisted in the busy spell ;

We gathered chips and set the brush on fire ;
And this was work, but it was play as well,
Till we were sated, and began to tire.

But when the play-work could no longer bear
The double name beneath the torrid sun,
We were respited to the shade, and there,
"Babes in the Wood," asleep, we play'd till noon.

And after dinner and it's hour of rest,
Our father, needful of our mite of aid,
With lavish praise revived our morning zest,
And we returned like men for service paid.

But when the forest donn'd its summer guise,
Again in rapture to its shades we flew ;
And as in forest craft we grew more wise,
The circuit of our rambles wider grew.

We kept our latitude by certain trees,
Known by unwonted attributes possess'd,
That we had seen before and noted—these
Relieved the 'wilderling sameness of the rest.

And when another autumn strew'd the ground
With faded foliage, we had far explored
The woody wild that girted us around,
And nuts, and grapes, and plums in plenty
stored.