

I KNOW A COT.

I know a cot, a humble cot,
 It standeth all alone,
With honeysuckles, twining round,
 With ivy overgrown.
The king may own his palaces,
 The lord his stately hall;
I'd rather own this humble cot,
 Than any of them all.
Inside this cot a lassie dwells,
 She's beautiful, she's fair,
And o'er her face there's not a cloud,
 She's free from every care,
She has a heart that's kind and true,
 She's winning, she's divine,
And O, this lassie's charms and smiles,
 Hath won this heart of mine.