

COTTAGE IN THE WOOD

I sigh to dwell in that sweet cot,
Down in the forest wild,
Amid the green wood's tow'ring trees,
Neath zephyrs soft and mild,
For there for ever I could dwell
In its deep solitude,
With nought but thee my gentle maid
To cheer me in the wood.

I love to roam the forest paths,
Amid wild flowers fair,
Who glad'ning look and fragrance sweet,
Perfumes the summer air.
And O, at night how sweet to hear
Philomel in her mood,
What else would I, with thee my love,
And that cot in the wood.

And when the winter nights appear,
So biting, keen, and hoar,
O sweet it is to list unto
The wild tempest roar,
Amid such scenes for ere I'd dwell,
Tho' they are wild and rude,
If I had thee, my own sweet love,
And that cot in the wood.