

- There rose a rustic cot. It fronted northward
As it were, with an open front upon
95 A rivuleted vale—a narrow vale
But richly dow'r'd, alike the fairy hill,
Save more luxurious. Fair in it sparcely grew
Tall, droop-bough'd elms, some lesser shafts, and knots
Of shrubbery blown, and flowers without number -
100 Exchanged, there, kisses with the love-sick breeze;
And at the farthest edge, afront the cot,
A dainty grotto nestled in the hill
Whence issued purling waters. To and fro
Birds flitted through the dell, and limp-legg'd hares
105 Did tease the spiry grass with their light tread;
And e'en the doe with her most scary fawn
Browsed there, and dallied, verily, they did,
As if acquaint with the o'er-looking cot,
And fed there but to make its brightness brighter.
- 110 Beyond this scene lay other hills and gulches
And vales a tithe leß fair than where the cot,
Yet monstrous pleasant to the eye beholding.
Afar, huge foresters hurdled and bivouac'd
Like bold battalions o'er their mountainous field,
115 With their gnarl'd arms stretched far aloft upbearing
Not only nuts and leaves but eagles' nests
And those of frisking squirrels. These—all this
And myriads more that north front oped upon;
But looking southward, e'en on whence I came,
120 A meek but cool and airy vine-clad stoop
Shaded an open window, it, itself,
Wreathed 'round with ivy, and so deep it most
Was like a door—a very welcome door,
For, from its goodly distance, there, it smiled
125 So on me, so invitingly smiled on me,
Its salient secret drew me more than near;