

## THE MOUNTAIN COTTAGE.

'Twas her own fond request, and she chose out the spot,  
Near an old wither'd elm, that bends o'er the fountain  
Which springs from beneath it, a thatch cover'd cot  
To build on the side of yon dark distant mountain.

I built her the cottage; and framed a green bower,  
With myrtle and woodbine around it perfuming  
The garden of roses, and home of each flower,  
That could charm and delight in its loveliness blooming.

And there stood the harp, whose soft seraphic sound,  
When touch'd by her hand in the calmness of even,  
Would stream thro' the depths of the valleys around,  
Like a strain from the skies of the music of heaven.

And Oh, we lived happy—as happy as love,  
In its fullness of blissful endearment could make us;  
Nor deem'd our enjoyment so fleeting could prove—  
That Life's fond joyous dream should so sudden forsake us.

But woman will err; and man scarce can forgive,  
When the heart which he took to his bosom deceives him,  
And plants there a sorrow which ever must live  
In the mem'ry of past joys of which it bereaves him.

That cot is in ruins, the garden a waste,  
And the voice of the seraph-toned harpstrings will never  
Again fling its spell round my soul, or be traced  
In the sweet mountain echo,—'tis silenc'd forever.

Oh I weep, when I look to the far mountain cot,  
And think, ere the blight of destruction came o'er it,  
How bright was the charm that once hallow'd the spot,  
And gladden'd a heart which but lives to deplore it.