

15 THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA

In a cottage, by the sea,
By the ever-rolling sea;
Where the surges rage and roar,
As they dash along the shore,
With their foaming crests of white,
Sparkling with reflected light;
Where the winds are moaning low
To the water's ebb and flow;
In the pleasant days gone by,
Fled -- alas! how silently!
In that cottage, by the sea,
Dwelt a maiden fair with me.

I remember how of yore
The twain wandered on the shore,
How we gathered from the strand
Sea-shells mingled with the sand;
How we listened all the while,
As in some cathedral-aisle,
To the music, soft and low,
Of the waters in their flow;
While the organ of the sea
Played for us a symphony,
Or anon, with lighter strain,
Breathed a musical refrain.

O, I loved her passing well,
Dearly loved my Claribel;
But the days flew quickly by,
As the clouds along the sky;
As the stars that gem the night
Fly before the dawn of light.
Gone are all my hours of pleasure,
Vanished with my vanquished treasure;
For a deathly shadow fell
On the brow of Claribel;
In my cottage, by the sea,
No one dwelleth now but me!

Sources:

Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion, May 7, 1853.

Newsboy, October, 1962.

Alger Street, 1964.

Newsboy, March, 1970.