

# O give me a cot

♩ = 120

O give me a cot in the land of the mountains,  
There let me abide amid torrents and fountains,  
Secluded Marioneth who name I love well  
That leap on the hill-side and spring in the dell  
O would I might ramble  
all day through the meadows  
Charmed by the soft murmurs of wandering bees  
Or listen while evening is casting its shadows  
To frolicking birds in the boughs of the trees

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