

EULALIE—A SONG

I dwelt alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride—
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

Ah, less, less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl,
And never a flake
That the vapor can make
With the morn-tints of purple and pearl
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and
careless curl.

Now Doubt—now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh
While all day long
Shines bright and strong
Astarté within the sky,
And ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye—
And ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

*[August 9, 1845; written
circa February, 1844]*