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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

# Eulalie

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 vapour can make  
With the moon-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,  
And all day long  
Shines, bright and strong,  
Astarté within the sky,  
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye—  
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.