

# *Eulalie*

**Edgar Allan Poe**

1845

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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.

And ah! less bright  
The stars of the night  
Than the eyes of the radiant girl,  
And never a flake  
Their lustre can make  
Of the vapor and gold and pearl  
Can vie with the sweet young 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,  
And ever to it dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye -  
And ever to it young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

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