

That roved the pure and sunlit air
 Of twenty summers; in her hair
 A glint of gold; bright eyes of blue,
 With lashes long and deeper hue
 Than those of stately Geraldine;
 The voice of my own Ernestine,
 For mellow laughter and for song,
 Such as it was when we were young.
 A sunbeam to my lonely hearth
 In infancy; in childhood mirth,
Naïveté in maidenhood;
 All innocent, and pure, and good;
 A face so radiant with smiles,
 Her many winsome ways and wiles
 Live in my heart, and that would flee
 To be with her beyond the sea.
 God grant she be restored to me !

No miser prized his treasure more
 Than I my dear Eléanore,
 Nor watched it with more careful eye,
 Lest it should vanish, than did I
 Her health, till my anxiety
 At each slight change grew so intense
 I ill could bear the deep suspense,
 And longed her safety to insure
 Against the curse, and would endure