

- Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of  
cinders,  
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gather-  
ing darkness  
130 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through  
every cranny and crevice,  
Warm by the forge within they watched the  
labouring bellows,  
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired  
in the ashes,  
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going  
into the chapel.  
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swiftest  
the eagle,  
135 Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er  
the meadow.  
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous  
nests on the rafters,  
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,  
which the swallow  
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the  
sight of its fledglings ;  
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of  
the swallow !  
140 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer  
were children.  
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face  
of the morning,  
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
thought into action.  
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes  
of a woman.  
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called, for  
that was the sunshine