

THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

Child of beauty,
Flower of Love,
Benediction
From above,
Robed in grace and winged with lightness,
Clad in purity and brightness,
Sweet my *Eulalie*.

When life's burdens
Bear me down,
And my pleasures
All are flown,
Be thou still my angel treasure,
Love me without bound or measure,
My own *Eulalie*.