

Watched the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

The planter under his roof of thatch
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;
The slavers thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

Before them with her face upturned
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon Maiden stood.

Her eyes were large and full of light,
Her arms and neck were bare,
No garment save a kirtle bright,
And her own long raven hair.

The soil is barren — the form is old,
The thoughtful planter said,
Then looked upon the slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains,
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak ;
He took the glittering gold !
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hand as icy cold.

The slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land.