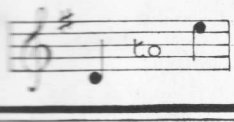
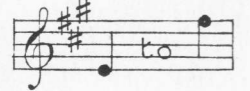


N<sup>o</sup> 1 IN G



N<sup>o</sup> 2 IN A



# EULALIE

SONG

THE WORDS BY

ALICE PARSONS

The Music by

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

PRICE 2/- NET

BOOSEY & C<sup>o</sup>  
295, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.  
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*Boosey & Co*

## EULALIE.

---

EULALIE, the day is dying,  
Softly fall the shadows gray,  
And the Alleghany mountains  
Fade, and fade, and fade away.  
'Tis the hour of rest, my honey,  
All the long day's toil is o'er,  
And in solitude I ponder  
On the days that are no more.

Little bride of Alleghany,  
Are you listening to me?  
Do you know that I am calling?  
That my tears are softly falling?  
Eulalie, my Eulalie!

Eulalie, the stars are shining,  
How I wonder if 'tis true  
That each one's a door in heaven,  
And the angels, looking through,  
See the big world rolling, rolling,  
Vast and shadowy and gray,  
Hear the voices of their lov'd ones  
Calling to them far away.

Little bride, &c.

Eulalie, the dawn is breaking,  
Brighter glows the Eastern sky;  
All the shadows of the night-time  
Ever Westward, Westward fly.  
In your home beyond the shadows,  
Where all pain and sin are past,  
Wait a little while, my honey,  
I shall come to you at last.

Little bride, &c.

ALICE PARSONS.

# "EULALIE."

Words by  
ALICE PARSONS.

Music by  
S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

Con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Eu - la . lie, the day — is

dy . . ing, Soft . ly fall the sha - dows gray, — — — — — And the All . e .

. ghan . y moun . tains Fade, and fade, and fade a way. — — — — — 'Tis the

dim:

hour of rest, my hon - ey, All the long days

*cresc.*

toil is o'er; And in so - li -

- tude I pon - der On the days that are no

*poco rall.* more. *a tempo* Lit - tle bride of

*poco rall.* *mp*

Al - le - ghan - y, Are you list - ning,

are you list - 'ning to me?

*mf* *dim.*

Do you know that I am call - ing?

*mp*

That my tears are soft - ly fall - ing?

Eu - la - lie, my Eu - la - lie,

Eu - la - lie, my Eu - la - lie!

*mp* *rall.* *pp*  
*p* *rall.* *pp*

*a tempo*  
*mp*

*dim.*  
*p*

*mp*  
Eu - la - lie, the stars are shin - - ing, How I won - der if 'tis  
*mp*

*cresc.*  
true. That each one's a door in heav. en. And the an - gels, the  
*cresc.*

*f*  
an - gels look - ing through, See the big world  
*f*

roll - ing, roll - ing, Vast and shad - wy and

gray, Hear the voi - ces of their lov'd

ones Call - ing to them far - a - way.

*rall.*

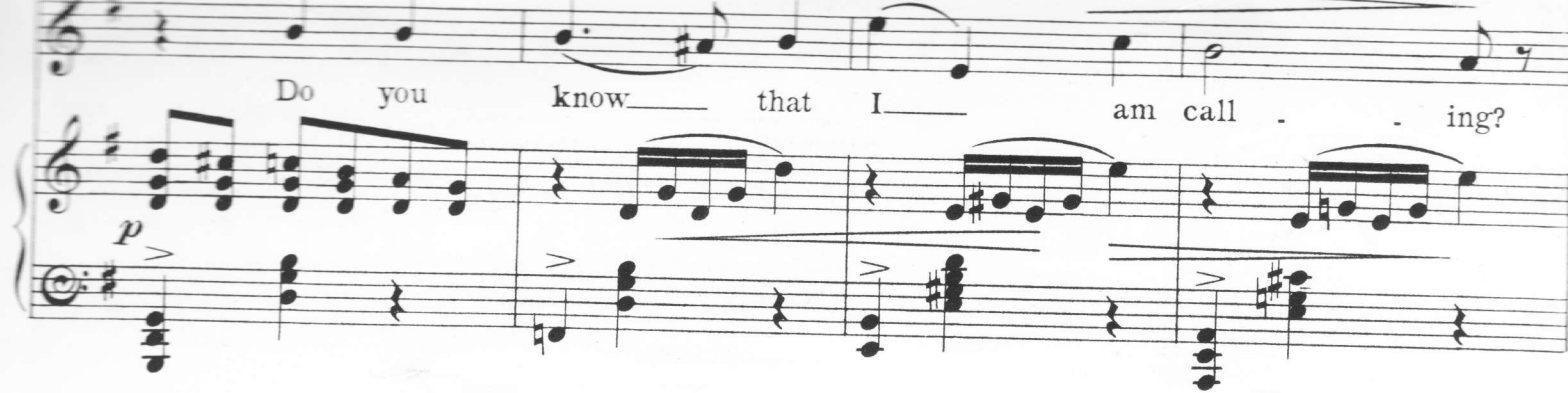
*a tempo*  
*mp* Lit - - - tle bride of Al - le - ghan - y, Are you

*mp*

*cresc.* list - 'ning, are you list - 'ning to me?

*dim.*

Do you know that I am call . . . ing?



That my tears are soft ly fall . . . ing?



*f appassionato*  
Eu - la - lie, my Eu - la - lie!



*p* *rall.*  
Eu - la - lie, my Eu - la - lie!



*atempo*  
*mp* *cresc.*





dim. *p*

*mf*

Eu - la - lie, the dawn - is break - ing, Bright - er

*mp*

glows the East - ern sky: All the sha - dows, the sha - dows of the

*cresc.*

night - time Ev - er - West - ward, West - ward fly.

*f*

*f dim.*

In your home be - yond the sha - dows, Where all

*dn.* pain — and sin are past, *p* Wait — a lit - tle

while, my hon - ey, I shall come — to you — at

*rit.*

last. Lit - tle bride — of

*mp a tempo*

*pp* *rall.* *mp*

Al - le - ghan - y, Are you list - 'ning,

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

are — you list - 'ning to me?

Do you know — that I — am call . . . ing?

That my tears — are soft . . . ly fall . . . ing?

*f appassionato* Eu . . la . lie, my Eu . . la . lie! *p* Eu . . la .

*molto rall.* . lie, I shall come at last, my Eu . . la . lie! *a tempo*

*dim.* *rit.* *p*