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Dolores

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DOLORES

Yes, I found her in this valley
By the clear blue mountain waters
In the early part of summer
When the woods were filled with flowers,
And the streams with flashing fishes.
But I lost her in the Autumn
At a time when all seemed passing.
And the fruits of Nature shrunken
By the waning of the season.

Oh, you ask me do I love her?
Am I longing for her always?
Like the eagle for high places
And the moon-light for still waters.

Her eyes smiled softly; often brightly.
And her face was always smiling
As an image of her passions.
Like an Angel sent from Heaven,
Pure in soul and oh, so lovely.
I was swept before her charming
Just as tall green grass is driven
By the soft warm rains of Springtime.
Resisting, yes—but always yielding.

Now she's gone and I am lonesome.
Nothing more in this green valley
Fills my heart to overflowing.
I go now, but not to seek her.

In my heart there dwells a lady.
She is mine to hold there always.
Even now the North winds seek her,
But 'tis sure they will not find her,
For in revelry; sweet, eternal
We lie there in godly splendour.
We know now 'tis truly spoken,
"All sorrows on Earth
Are healed in Heaven."

—*Jim Dale*

These lines were written as a sort of mental epitaph to Dolores M., who Jim met last summer a few days after arriving at Lake Quinalt, on the Quinalt Indian Reservation in western Washington. Jim wrote the first four stanzas on the night before he came back to Ames, and finished the poem some time after he arrived here last fall.

Jim says that words have no feeling—that it is very difficult to describe one's feelings. We think he has done a fine job.