

TO HELEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home

To the glory that was Greece —
To the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in that shadowy window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The folded scroll within thy hand —
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy-Land!