

SONNET TO ZANTE.

Fair isle, that, from the fairest of all flowers,
Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take!
How many memories of what radiant hours
At sight of thee and thine at once awake!
How many scenes of what departed bliss!
How many thoughts of what entombed hopes!
How many visions of a maiden that is
No more—no more upon thy verdant slopes!
No more! alas that magical and sound
Transforming all! Thy charms shall please *no more*—
Thy memory *no more!* Accursed ground
Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamell'd shore,
O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
“Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!”

EDGAR A. POE.