

## 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 they verdant slopes!  
*No more!* alas, that magical sad sound  
Transforming all! Thy charms shall please *no more*—  
Thy memory *no more!* Accursed ground  
Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,  
O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!  
“Isola d’oro! Fior di Levante!”

[January, 1837]