TO FRANCES S. OSGOOD

Beloved! amid the cares—the woes
  Crowding around my earthly path—
(Sad path, alas! where grows
Not ev'n one lonely rose)—
  My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of sweet repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
  Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea—
Some lake beset as lake can be
  With storms—but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
  Just o'er that one bright island smile.

[July, 1835]