

## *TO HELEN [STANNARD]*

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,  
That gently, o'er a perfum'd sea,  
The weary, way-worn 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,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

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

[1831]