

TO ONE DEPARTED.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Seraph ! thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea—
Some ocean vexed as it may be
With storms ; but where, meanwhile,
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

For 'mid the earnest cares and woes
That crowd around my earthly path,
(Sad path, alas, where grows
Not even one lonely rose !)
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of *thee* ; and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.