To Helen

By Edgar Allan Poe

Helen, thy beauty is to me
   Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
   That gently, o’er a perfumed 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 yon brilliant window-niche
   How statue-like I see thee stand,
   The agate lamp within thy hand!
   Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
   Are Holy-Land!