

What I Would Be

Oh! would I were a silver lyre,
 Still thrilling with poetic fire!
 Or laurel leaf, whose lustre rare
 Twines sparkling round a hero's hair.
 Would I might be the ruby rose
 That on sweet Juliet's bosom glows;
 But oh! within those moonlit bow'rs,
 Her words alone are lovely flowers!
 I'd be Anacreon's gold'n bowl,
 In which he "cradled" all his soul;
 Yet spark of wit should not be drowned
 In foamy wine and choral sound —
 A gem of genius, richly wrought,
 I'd sparkle on the brow of Thought!
 And I'd be present e'en in death,
 And fling around my balmy breath;
 A stately lily, I'd illumine
 With paly splendor th' dismal tomb.