

To the One I Love

Would I might be the glass, love,
That's by thy fingers clasped!
'Twould flutter to thy lips, love,
And fill itself unmasked.

Would I might be thy shoon, love,
To lift thee from the sod;
They'd tread upon the stars, love,
Be winged like Hermes' rod.

Would I might be the breeze, love,
That rocks thee to thy rest,
When Day, his journey o'er, love,
Takes off his golden vest.

Would I might be the grave, love,
To hold thee when thou'rt dead;
And oh! I'd be the star, love,
That crowns thy angel head!