

PROTEAN WISHES.

I WOULD I were the Grass,
 Where thy feet most often pass,
 I would greet thee all the day;

Or but a Drop of Dew,
 Then gladdened at thy view,
 I'd reflect thee all the day;

I would rise a purple cloud!
 I would weave a fairy shroud,
 And attend thee all the day.

I would I were the Night,
 For when banished by thy light,
 I would praise thee all the day.

I would I were the Sun,
 Then wherever I shone
 I would sing thee all the day.

I would I were the Skies,
 For then with thousand eyes,
 I would see thee all the day.
 But I'd rather be the Air,
 Then in thy presence fair,
 I'd be blest all the day.

How blest is he who sits beside
 Thee his Maiden, thee his Bride;
 Like the Gods is he.
 He hears thee speak, he sees thee smile,
 With rapture burns his heart the while,
 Yet beateth mild and tranquilly.

The lingering sun-beams round thee play,
 And in their warm, rejoicing ray
 Thy golden tresses shine.
 Who calls thee Friend is richly blest:
 Sister or Child — has heavenly rest:
 Who calls thee Wife becomes divine.