



# I Wish

York

The organ of the chapel I wish to be  
And have the singers as my company,  
Gazing down on chaplain and the mass  
And hearing merry voices of bless.

The snow before the hall I wish to be  
And meet the lively faces of youth.  
Grabbed up perhaps for some times,  
And trigger a burst of innocent smiles.

The piano in the room I wish to be  
And hear them progressing their pieces;  
My lips jumping up and down in grace  
And singing my best to earn some praise.

But up with the wind they blend  
Deep down my memory.  
I wish to forget  
what I can never retrieve.