

# "CLAUDE MELNOTTE."

Inscribed to Col. ————.

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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Oh, I had loved him for the glorious gleams  
Of poetry that from his lip would break,  
The fairy palace that he built in dreams  
For the sweet shores of Como's lonely lake ;  
And those wild tempests of the heart whose flame  
His young impassioned breast so fiercely burned—  
Yet when I heard the romance of his name  
Upon *thy* voice, to love him *more* I learned.

Softly, my friend, I've heard his radiant words  
Fall from thy lip at twilight's haunted hour,  
And their sweet spell has hushed my bosom's chords  
Into the silence of a dream whose power  
Will linger with my spirit evermore.

Ay, evermore—on earth it cannot flee,  
And I will pray that to the angel-shore  
That wild'ring music may ascend with me.

My *almost brother*, though within thine eye  
The darkness grows half mournful, and thy brow  
Is gathering shadows—in the years gone by  
Thou couldst not have entranced me more than now  
And when I hear thy soft-attuned guitar  
And softer voice in star-light cadence blend,  
I send a tone of murmured joy afar  
To thank the angels that thou art *my friend*.

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