

MELODIES OF VERSE

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Melodies of Verse by Bayard Taylor

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BAYARD TAYLOR

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OF VERSE**

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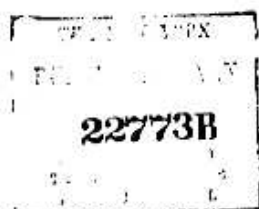
BY
BAYARD TAYLOR



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MELODIES OF VERSE.

IMPROVISATIONS.

A GRASS-BLADE is my warlike lance,
A rose-leaf is my shield ;
Beams of the sun are, every one,
My chargers for the field.

The morning gives me golden steeds,
The moon gives silver-white ;
The stars drop down, my helm to
crown,
When I go forth to fight.

Against me ride in iron mail
The squadrons of the foe :
The bucklers flash, the maces crash,
The haughty trumpets blow.

One touch, and all, with armor cleft,
Before me turn and yield.

6 *MELODIES OF VERSE.*

Straight on I ride : the world is wide ;
A rose-leaf is my shield !

Then dances o'er the waterfall
The rainbow, in its glee ;
The daisy sings, the lily rings
Her bells of victory.

So am I armed where'er I go,
And mounted night or day :
Who shall oppose the conquering rose,
And who the sunbeam slay ?



The star o' the morn is whitest,
The bosom of dawn is brightest ;
The dew is sown,
And the blossom blown
Wherein thou, my Dear, delightest.

Hark, I have risen before thee,
That the spell of the day be o'er thee ;
That the flush of my love
May fall from above,
And, mixed with the morn, adore thee.

... V ...

IMPROVISATIONS.

7

Dark dreams must now forsake thee,
And the bliss of thy being take thee !
 Let the beauty of morn
 In thine eyes be born,
And the thought of me awake thee !

Come forth to hear thy praises,
Which the wakening world upraises ;
 Let thy hair be spun
 With the gold o' the sun,
And thy feet be kissed by the daisies !



Though thy constant love I share,
 Yet its gift is rarer ;
In my youth I thought thee fair ;
 Thou art older and fairer !

Full of more than young delight
 Now day and night are ;
For the presence, then so bright,
 Is closer, brighter.

In the haste of youth we miss
 Its best of blisses :