

# POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649673254

Poems by Mollie E. Moore

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**MOLLIE E. MOORE**

**POEMS**



DAVIS, M. E. M.

P O E M S

BY

MOLLIE E. MOORE.



HOUSTON, TEXAS,  
E. H. CUSHING.  
1872.

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In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

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LEON, LITTLE & HICKMAN,  
PRINTERS, ELECTROTYPERS AND STENOGRAPHERS,  
108 to 114 WASHINGTON ST., N. Y.

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## DEDICATION.

TO MRS. M. J. C.

LIGHTLY the sunbeams fell  
Over the broad varandah, and they glanced  
Through the long windows, open to the east,  
In silver lines that rose, and ran, and danced  
Hither and there, like guests at some fair feast ;

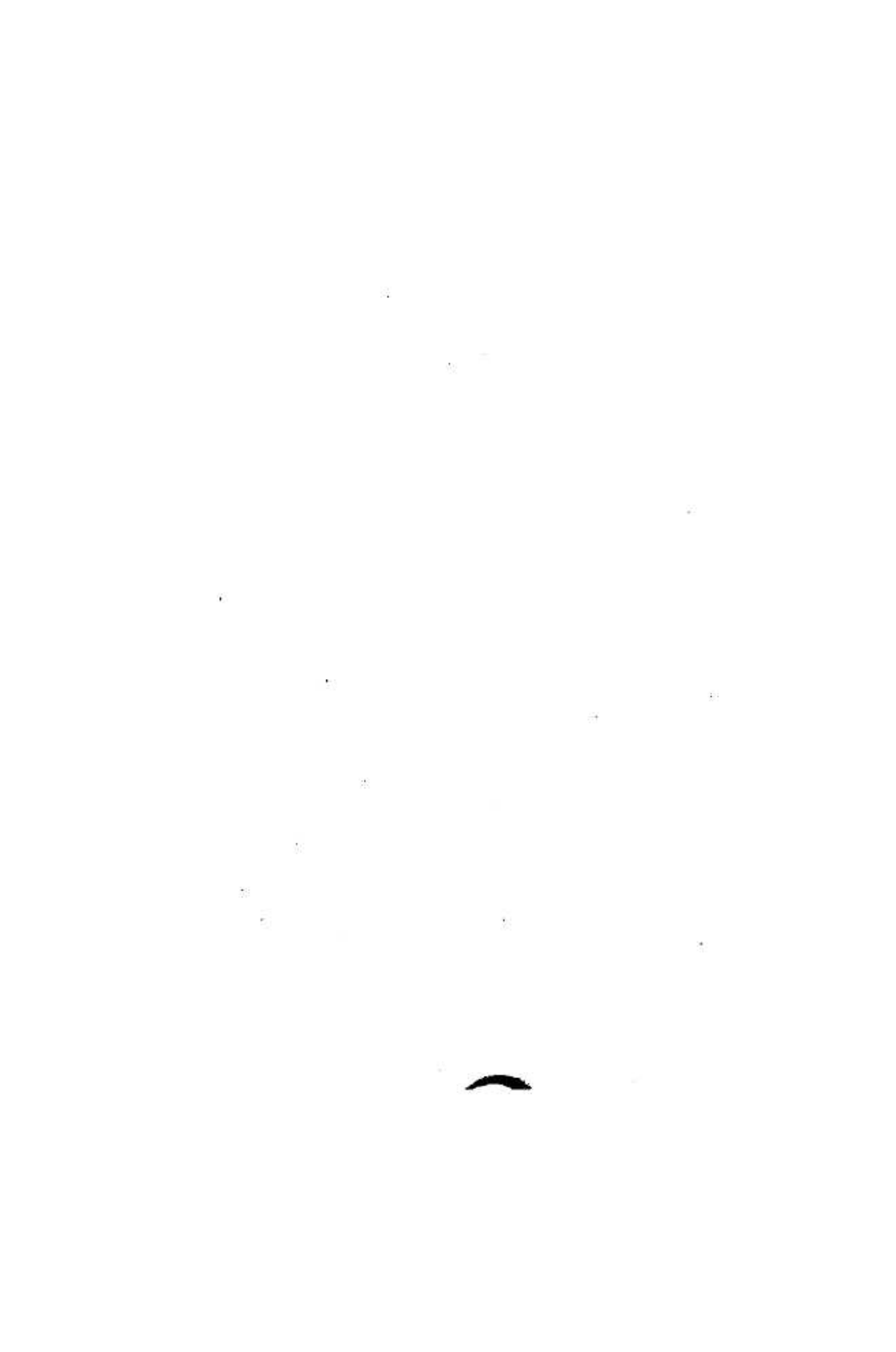
And in that calm, deep room  
We sat together, you and I ; and you—  
As lightly shot your needle's shining glow—  
Were busied with some dainty work that grew  
Under your hands as fairy work doth grow.

And I—an idler there—  
Sat carelessly in some deep-cushioned chair,  
And watched your snowy fingers as they moved,  
And dreamed the dreams I bring to crown you here—  
Of hopes that bloomed, and hearts that lived and loved.

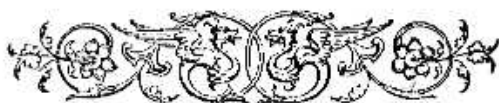
For in those April days,  
So golden with sunlight rich and rare,  
Unto my faithful heart I softly said :  
" Now, when these idle buds have blossomed fair,  
They shall be wreathed to crown her queenly head !"

MOLLIE E. MOORE.









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