

# **EARLY POEMS**

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Early Poems by Moody Currier

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**MOODY CURRIER**

# **EARLY POEMS**



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BY

MOODY CURRIER E

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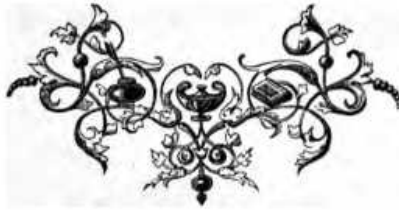
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## STANZAS.

### A HEBREW MELODY.

Soft winds still blow o'er Jordan's stream,  
And curl its restless flood,  
As when along its banks of green  
The sons of Judah trod.

The stars look down as fair and bright,  
On hill and plain and stream,  
As when the Prophet watched at night  
Their silver shining beam.



On Carmel's distant waving fields  
Still creeps the clust'ring vine;  
And still the rose of Sharon yields  
Its fragrant sweets divine.

Though winds are soft and stars are bright,  
O'er distant field and flood,  
As when the beams of sacred light  
Shone round the Ark of God;

No more is heard the Levite's song,  
No more the Prophet's dream;  
No more the choral virgin throng  
On Zion's hill is seen.

The Hebrew maids in Gentile lands  
Now seek an exile's home;  
And where their father's grave-stones stand,  
The sons of Hagar roam.

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## THE ROSEMARY.\*

There is a flower that never dies;  
Its beauties ever bloom;  
Among the dead its petals rise,  
And cling around the tomb.

When winter's storms are cold and drear,  
And fierce the tempests rave,  
Its brightest flowerets then appear,  
And smile upon the grave.

\* The rosemary is said to bloom in winter, and is planted around graves and tombs by mourning friends, as an emblem of that love and friendship which live even in death.

Come, sweetest flower, a wreath I'll twine,  
To friendship's sacred name;  
A brighter, holier branch than thine,  
Not friendship's self can claim.

Like youthful love, thy summer bower  
A living fragrance brings;  
Like friendship's tear, thy wintry flower  
'Mid cheerless tempests springs.

"Come, fun'ral flower," I'll plant thy root  
Beneath the cypress shade;  
And let thy lowly blossoms shoot  
Where man's last home is made.

And when, sweet flower, that home is mine,  
A living perfume shed;  
And kindly o'er the lonely shrine  
Thy softest tendrils spread.