

***ELLA WHEELER
WILCOX***



***POEMS
OF SENTIMENT***

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Poems of Sentiment

EAN 8596547357001

DigiCat, 2022

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A wild Pink nestled in a garden bed,
A rich Carnation flourished high above her,
One day he chanced to see her pretty head
And leaned and looked again, and grew to love her.

The Moss (her humble mother) saw with fear
The ardent glances of the princely stranger;
With many an anxious thought and dewy tear
She sought to hide her darling from this danger.

The gardener-guardian of this noble bud
A cruel trellis interposed between them.
No common Pink should mate with royal blood,
He said, and sought in every way to wean them.

The poor Pink pined and faded day by day:
Her restless lover from his prison bower
Called in a priestly bee who passed that way,
And sent a message to the sorrowing flower.

The fainting Pink wept as the bee drew near,
Droning his prayers, and begged him to confess her.
Her weary mother, over-taxed by fear,
Slept, while the priest leaned low to shrive and bless her.

But lo! ere long the tale went creeping out,
The rich Carnation and the Pink were married!
The cunning bee had brought the thing about
While Mamma Moss in Slumber's arms had tarried.

And proud descendants of that loving pair,
The offspring of that true and ardent passion,

Are famous for their beauty everywhere,
And leaders in the floral world of fashion.

NEVER MIND

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Whatever your work and whatever its worth,
No matter how strong or clever,
Some one will sneer if you pause to hear,
And scoff at your best endeavour.
For the target art has a broad expanse,
And wherever you chance to hit it,
Though close be your aim to the bull's-eye fame,
There are those who will never admit it.

Though the house applauds while the artist plays,
And a smiling world adores him,
Somebody is there with an ennuied air
To say that the acting bores him.
For the tower of art has a lofty spire,
With many a stair and landing,
And those who climb seem small oft-time
To one at the bottom standing.

So work along in your chosen niche
With a steady purpose to nerve you;
Let nothing men say who pass your way
Relax your courage or swerve you.
The idle will flock by the Temple of Art
For just the pleasure of gazing;
But climb to the top and do not stop,
Though they may not all be praising.