

WOOD BLOOMS

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Wood blooms by John Vance Cheney

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JOHN VANCE CHENEY

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BY

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

Author of "Thistle-Drift"



NEW YORK

FREDERICK A. STOKES & BROTHER

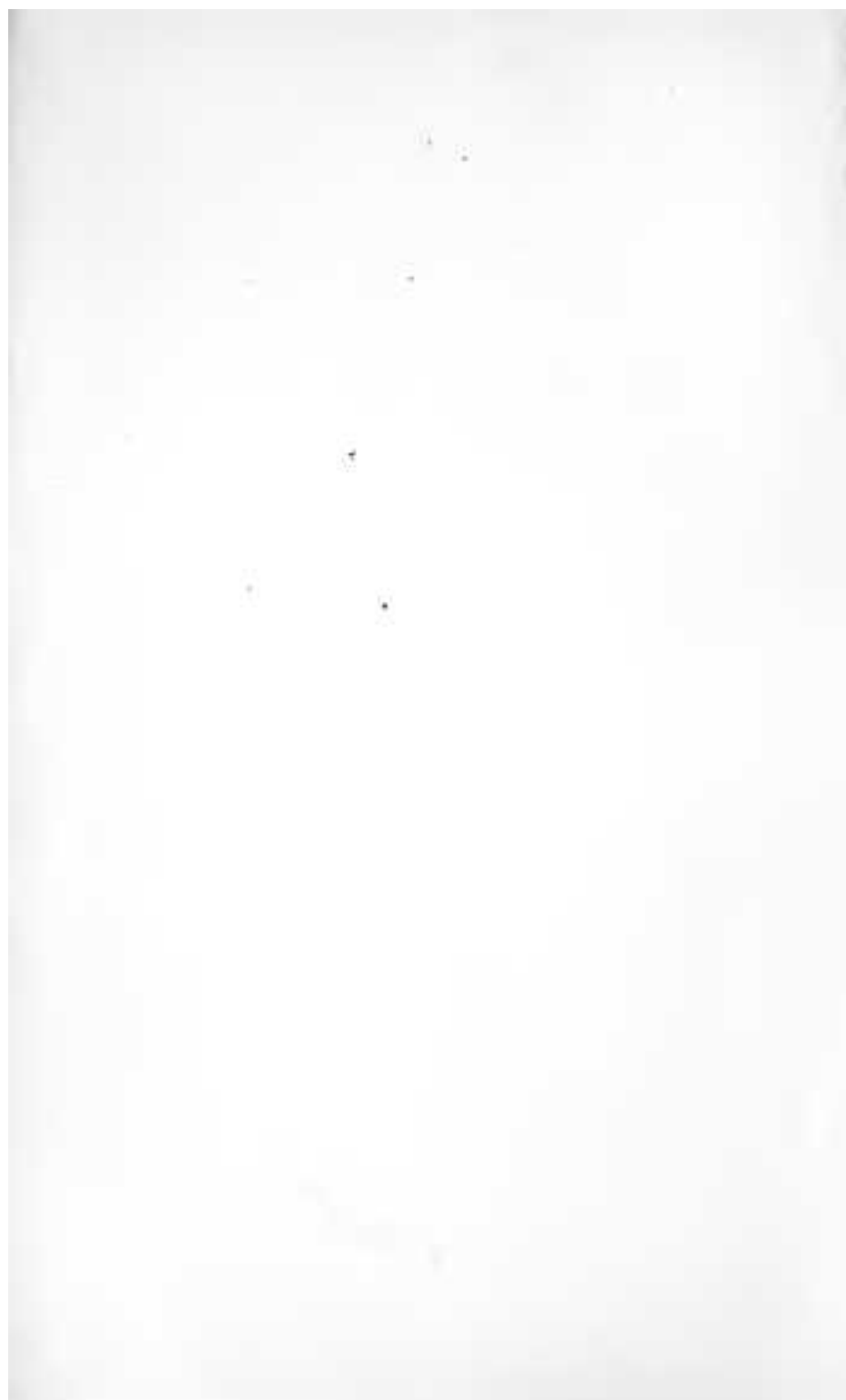
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TO
MY FATHER



THE SINGER OF TO-DAY.

MUCH as Callisto stood before
Diana's maids, the time she was
Heavy with child of Jupiter,
Stands Genius, great with thought, before
The reproving world. Whoso, indeed,
Dare not declare the gift from Heaven,
Must blush with a fair shame; confused,
Must bring his little light as one
That bears a candle to the air
In the scant hollow of his hand.
Doubt follows like a shadow, faith
Does shake, troubles beset the way;
And yet the son of song, true born,
Holds onward. What he is, he is;
And nurslings of a lesser breed



*Cannot undo his birth, nor end
His work. The harvest may be light,
But what is reaped will wear the gold :
This is enough. Nor let them chide,
His brawny brothers, called to put
The sickle in a fuller field :
Forsooth, stronger than they as they
Than he, have been. The ground is old ;
Ay, what is left for any, now ?
Simply to fitly echo—pass
The great First Voices down the years.
Exceeding few may be far heard—
Too true ; still it is a brave reach
To sweetly take the nearest heart.*



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