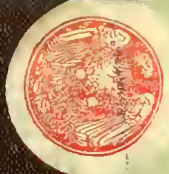


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# At the Foot of Pike's Peak



Lelah Palmer Morath  
with Illustrations by  
Anna M. Tweed





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LELAH P. MORATH  
1905  
COLORADO SPRINGS  
COLORADO

AT THE  
FOOT OF PIKE'S PEAK

BY  
LELAH PALMER MORATH



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
ANNA M. TWEED

DRAWINGS BY  
GEORGE HEMUS

Colorado Springs,  
Colorado

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## At the Foot of Pike's Peak.



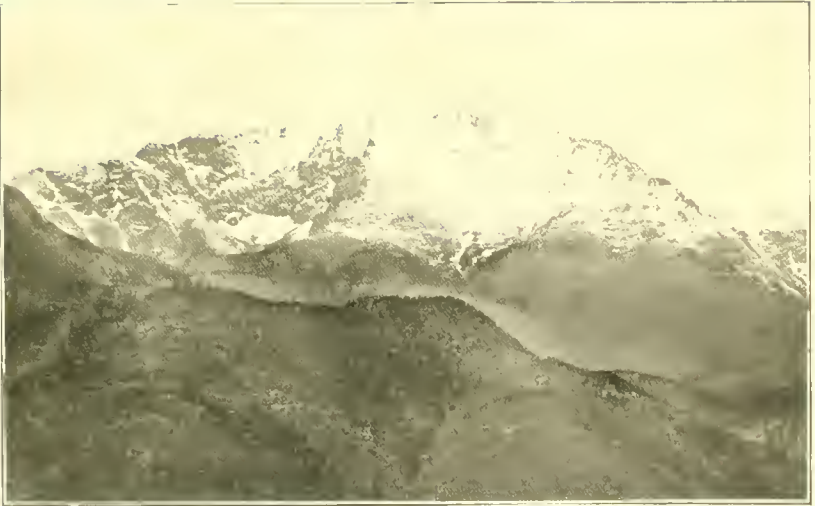
**W**HOOOR atoms of humanity  
Sore buffeted by destiny,—  
We feast our wearied eyes on thee,  
Emblem of mighty majesty,  
Unmoved as ages roll.

Could we, when storms of passion lower,  
Or maddening strife for wealth and power  
In which we waste life's golden hour—  
Makes us forget th' immortal dower  
From Him who made the soul,

But learn the lesson taught by thee  
In patience and humility:  
Thy silent, strong serenity,  
The beauty and the majesty  
Of calm and self control!







PIKE'S PEAK



GATEWAY, GARDEN OF THE GODS



BEAUTIES OF SOUTH CHEYENNE CANON

## “Ode” to Spring.



**S**PRING! Coy, capricious, wilful thing!  
At your call all earth awakes,  
From her winter bondage breaks.  
When the leaves begin to start,  
And life stirs in Nature's heart,  
Every rhymester tries to sing  
Something new in praise of Spring.

Spring! Hear the changes that you ring!  
Timid buds peep here and there,  
Bird-songs thrill the balmy air,  
Clouds arise and snow-flakes fly,  
Blot the brightness from the sky—  
Sunshades, snow-shoes, anything  
Seems appropriate for Spring.

Spring! See the troubles that you bring!  
Easter bonnets, gowns and frills,  
Moving-vans and kindred ills,  
Make us wish we might steer clear  
Of a season quite so dear.  
'Tis a melancholy thing—  
All the bills I've owed to Spring.

Spring! You're a sweet, coquettish thing!  
Clouds and sunshine, tears and smiles,—  
Just the same as woman's wiles—  
Gentle breezes, tender rain,  
Coax the earth to bloom again.  
After all, 'tis quite the thing—  
This ado to welcome Spring.

## Columbines.



“FAIR tender flowers! How meet ye seem  
Man’s frailty to portray!”  
With the passing of the summer-wind  
Thy beauty fades away.

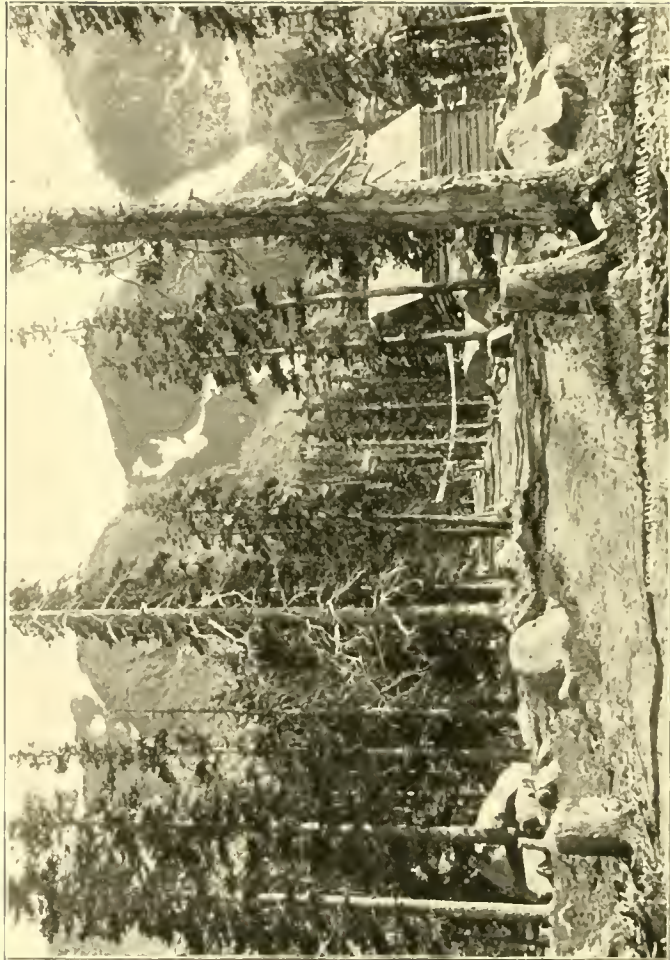
So Death breathes over the world of men,  
Like flowers we soon are gone,  
And the gay world laughs as merrily  
When thou and I pass on.

But Earth would be a dreary place  
Without a flower to cheer,  
Or a lark’s sweet call, or a robin’s note  
To tell that Spring is here.

So may we like the fair wild flowers,  
Each humbly do his part  
To brighten the world with a sunny face  
And the joy of a cheerful heart!



THREE STATES FALLS - CHEYENNE CANYON



GLENGOVI PEAK'S PEAK CARRIAGE ROAD

ELEVATION 12,000 FT

## A Midsummer Fancy.



WHO would not love to steal away  
Some long and weary summer day,  
To quiet mountains whose soft air  
Might woo the tired soul from care!  
Where strange and lovely flowers grow,  
And murmuring pine and cedar blow;  
While through the glens, where shadows lie,  
The streamlet croons a lullaby!

Who would not love to while away  
The moments of this precious day,  
With friends whose friendships wax not cold,  
The friends whose hearts grow never old,  
Whose faithfulness and love endure  
Forever steadfast, ever sure!  
Then much of grief would pass Earth by  
Like cloudlets on a summer sky.

And who can fail such friends to find  
Within a favorite book enshrined!  
For, in the mystic realms of Thought,  
Where master minds have, earnest, wrought,  
They live with him who walks apart,  
In spirit kinship—heart to heart;  
Afford the soul sweet recompense,  
For that which fails the mortal sense.

## A Colorado

**A** Zephyr one day took a spin down the street,  
To gambol with all that he happened to meet,  
When he snatched off my hat in his innocent play,  
And compelled me to follow his roystering way.

I pursued it in very undignified haste,—  
Tho' my valuable time most unwilling to waste,—  
When the Wind spied a tourist, bewitchingly neat,  
And my five-dollar Stetson was tossed at her feet.



Her rosy cheek paled with  
And for some occult reason  
Till I whispered the quiet  
heart:

“Tho' so sudden we meet



For she seemed to my fancy  
Which has a sad trick of  
But in this happy instance  
And gave me the reason

The rest of my courtship  
But the end of the romance  
I am thanking a flirtatious  
For she promised to “blo



# Zephyr.

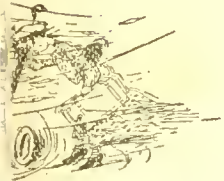
She stooped to recover my vanishing life,  
With an exquisite blush and a ravishing smile,  
When that impudent zephyr swooped down with a  
whirl,  
And into my arms flung the fair, charming girl.

I had always been taught opportunity placed  
Directly in view should be promptly embraced,  
So I haste to assure you, I held her quite fast,  
And resolved that sweet moment should not be the  
last.

the sudden alarm,  
she clung to my arm,  
on that flamed in my  
why so suddenly part?"

a good gift of Fate,—  
iving too late,—  
came in ON TIME,  
scribbling this rhyme.

leave you to guess,  
I'm proud to confess:  
reeze for my wife,  
me the rest of my life.



## Call to the Hills.

(An Autumn Hymn)

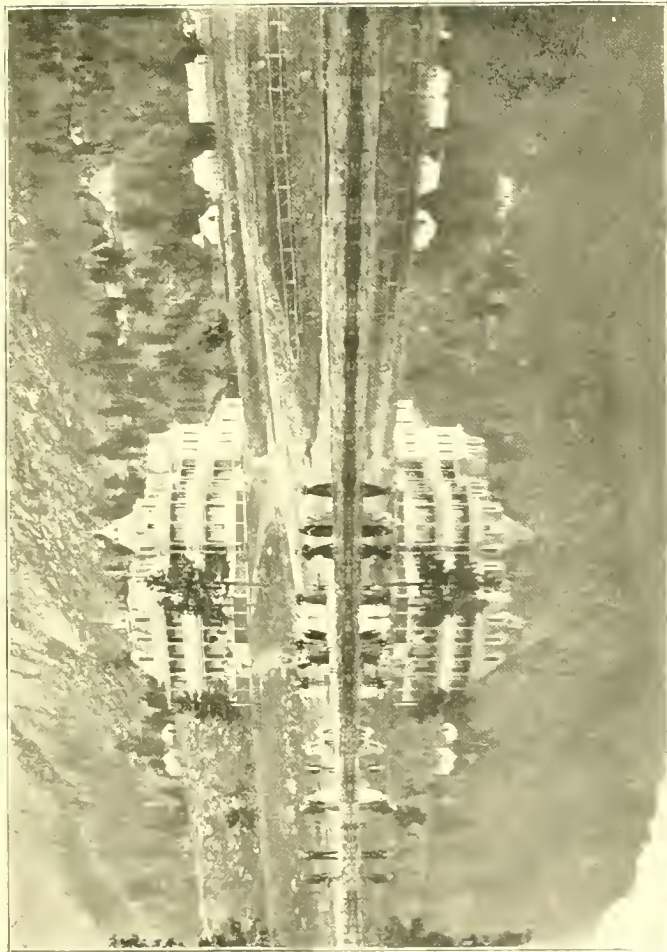


OH, come, come away where the hills are alight  
With the glory of Autumn's bright glow!  
Every shrub, every tree is in splendor bedight,  
Through the woodland and valley below;  
'Tis the year's dying smile; it is Flora's last blush  
As she passes from earth for a space,  
But the golden-rod's glow and the sumac's red flush,  
The roses of summer replace.

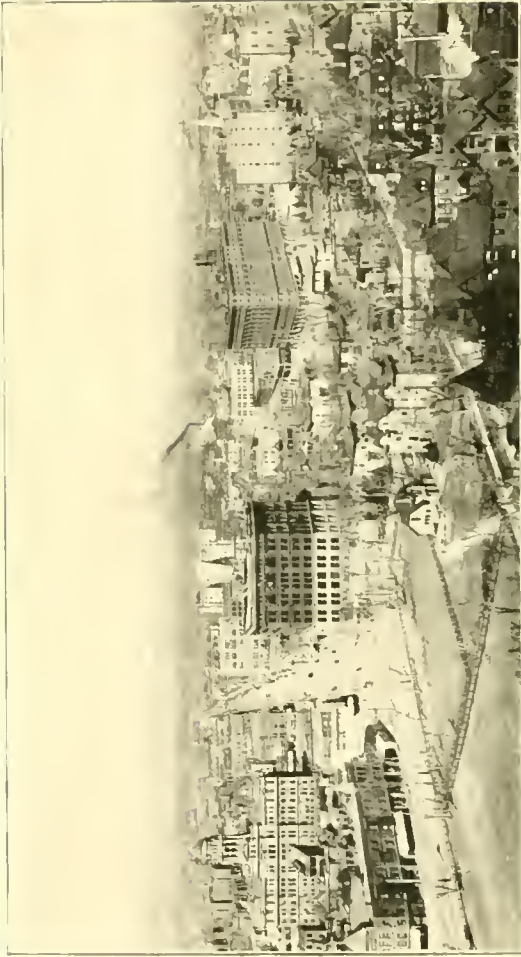
Oh, come, come away from the clamor and rush  
Of this hurrying tumult called Life!  
Drink deep of the beauty, the peace and the hush  
Of the woods, where sweet odors are rife;  
The dack trees are veiled with the clematis fair,  
And the red berry\* glows 'neath the vine;  
While the pine's fragrant breath fills the sweet autumn air,  
And the sunlight is golden as wine.

Oh, come, come away where the calm hills look down  
On the passing of man's little day!  
The smiling of Fortune, Adversity's frown,  
And the pleasures that vanish away!  
Commune with the heart, bid its restlessness cease,  
Stay thy soul with the Infinite Love,  
For the heart's passions burn and destroy that sweet peace  
Which deriveth its source from above.

\*Kinnikinnick.



REFLECTION - GREEN MOUNTAIN FALLS



DENVER, FROM CAPITOL BUILDING.

## A Winter Night.



THE winter moon is flooding earth with cold, refulgent gleam,  
And silv'ry dimples glimmer in the silent, ice-bound stream ;  
The planets glisten brightly from their distant azure deeps,  
And in the Frost-King's icy arms the whole of Nature sleeps.

The winter wind is sighing through the gaunt denuded trees  
Where dead leaves cling and shiver in the chill December breeze ;  
The city lies below me all begemmed with radiant light,  
Like a diamond-cluster sparkling on the ebon breast of Night.

The starry dome above me and this throbbing heart below  
Are borders of the Infinite, where Science may not go :  
But my spirit, rapt in homage, from behind earth's prison bars  
Yearns to know what waits the weary soul beyond those silent stars.

## Winter Sunshine.



**H**AVE you seen the snow-clad mountains gleam against  
the turquoise sky,  
Have you watched the sunrise chase away the snowy clouds  
that lie  
Just beneath their mighty shoulders like a scarf of fleecy  
white,  
That the grim old Peak draws 'round him in the dark and  
chilly night?

Have you noticed diamonds dancing in the crisp and bra-  
cing air,  
When Jack Frost is gayly scattering his jewels every-  
where?  
Have you not been warmed and gladdened by the sun-  
light's loving kiss?  
Oh, Winter's well worth living in a sunny land like  
this!



OS. 1. 1883

D. 1. 6. 6. 6.



ST. PETER'S DOME.

U. S. GEO. SURV.



## Her Vocabulary.



**A** COLLEGE professor once hied him away  
From his books and his study-time,  
When the beauty and charm of the pine-clad hills  
Wooed him to Point Sublime,

Where Nature has lavished her sculpture and art,  
Unmatched by the skill of men,  
And revels in colors and scenes which defy  
Depiction of brush or pen.

He was Master of Arts and Professor in Greek,  
And familiar with classical lore,  
Could you name all the points upon which he could speak,  
There wouldn't be one point more.

Yet he found not a word in his well-stored mind,  
For the grandeur that lay at his feet,  
But a girl at his side with a giggle cried;  
"Oh! Isn't it just too sweet!"

## To the Shade of Zebulon Pike.



**W**HEN Zebulon Pike and his weary men  
Tramped through valley and canon and glen,  
They stopped at the base of the mountain side—  
The royal old mountain that is our pride—  
The Peak of world-renown.

They marched over deserts bare and brown,  
Where since has blossomed a beautiful town,  
But their courage failed and left them so weak  
That they feared the climb to the top of the Peak,  
The Peak of world-renown.

Refrain: Oh, Zebulon Pike! Poor Zebulon Pike!  
To give your ghost a jog,  
Say, let him come down to Manitou Town,  
And we'll take him up the Cog!

Could he but know of the wondrous plan,  
Conceived by the mind of a brainy man,  
To ride to the summit in comfort and ease,  
And look at the sunrise, if you please,  
From the Peak of world-renown!— Refrain:



ZELON PIKI

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12







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