

PS

3545

I4B8

1912



BY

A WESTERN WAYSIDE.



Class PS334S

Book J4B3

Copyright N^o 1912

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



BY A WESTERN WAYSIDE

BY

MARGUERITE WILKINSON



SANTA BARBARA
CRAFT CAMARATA
1912.

PS 3545
I 4 B 8
1912

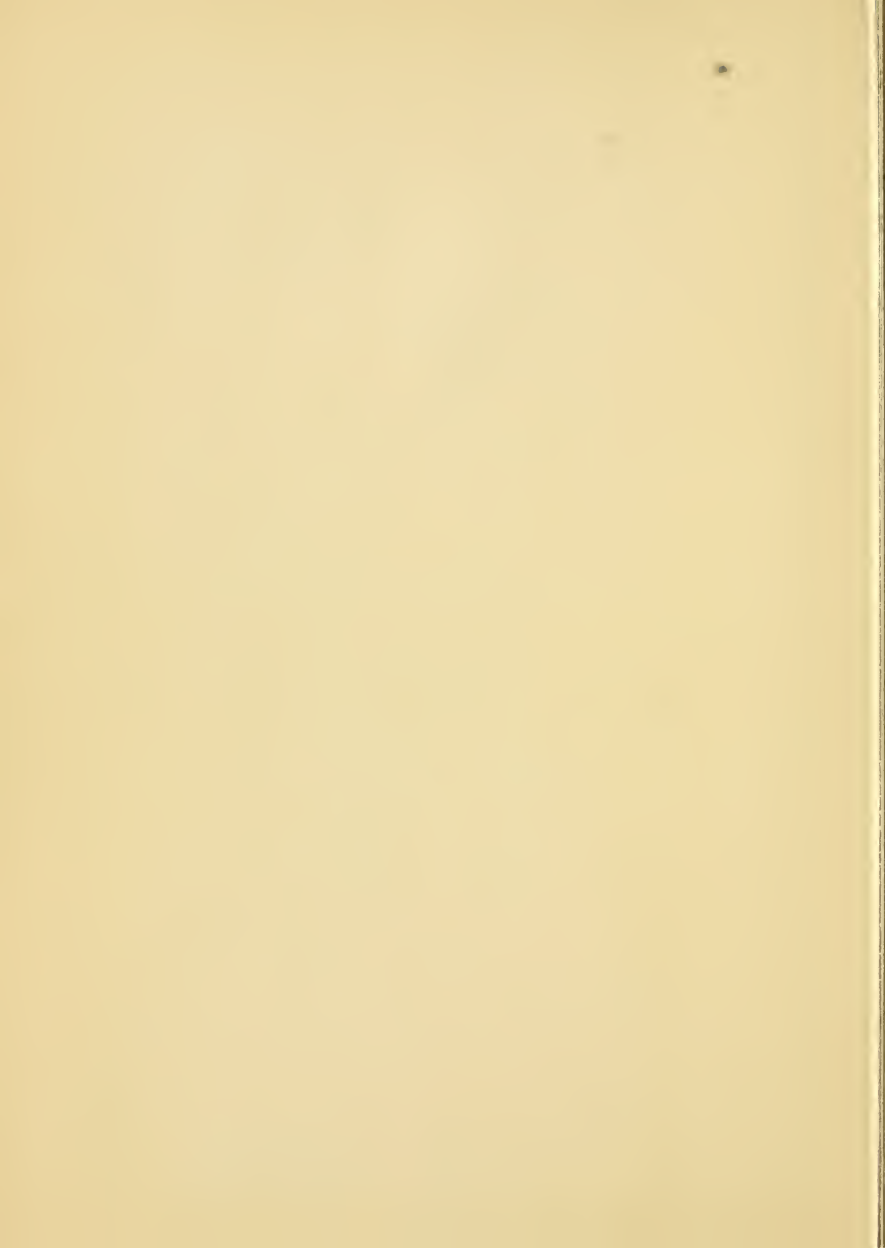
First Edition
Copyright: 1912
Donna I. Youmans

\$.50

© Cl. A330436

no 1

new Jan 3 '13.



NOTE

The thanks of the author are due to the publishers of the Los Angeles Times for permission to reprint "The First Rain," and to the publishers of the Graphic for permission to reprint "With The Trees," in this volume.





INVOCATION.

O pepper trees, that throw a shade of lace across the
noon,

O palms, that sharpen in the sky beneath a winter moon,
O liveoaks, trailing gray-green moss, none shall forget
you soon!

O sea of many mighty moods, of challenge, cry and call,
A vari-colored voice thou hast, and melody for all,
And by thy song, thy rage, thy dream, behold us, held
in thrall!

O sere brown summits, rusty bent below the fadeless
blue,

O luring hills, wrapped in grey fog and shyly peering
through,

O merry heights, made green by rain, we lift our hearts
to you!

O hearken all, great brotherhood of earth and sea and
air,

Dear sisterhood of growing things, sweet walks and
gardens fair,

Through you we seek a larger love and make more
valiant prayer!

ON THE EAST BOULEVARD

By a Western wayside,
Walking hard and slow,
Foot a-lag, heart a-sag,
Farther yet to go,
I was clean discouraged,
Beaten and forspent,
Till I heard a hearty voice
Ringing with content—
In a rancher's wagon,
Half a yard from me,
Sat a stranger—brother—
“Would you like a lift?” said he.

Many a time I've heard it,
With a thrill of joy,
Heard it from the millionaire
And the market boy ;
Motors, proudly speeding,
Stop beside the shore,
Mexicanos' weary nags
Pull one weight the more.

Friends, no introduction
Needs to make you mine,
You, who hail the Father-Love
By this brother-sign,
Glad to share your comfort,
Rich—when such as we
With cheerier soul press to the goal
Our faith has power to see.
Many a time we hear it,
By the Western way,
From a kindly stranger,
“Would you like a lift to-day?”





THE FIRST RAIN

We, the hills, are athrill with life, new life,
Granted after the sere and sun-baked days;
We dress us anew in a fair green gown of praise;
We have kissed the mist and into the cañons rush
The streams, new born to murmuring after the hush
Of the soft, dry summer. Ah, let the summer wane!
And now, all hail, the rain!

I, the sea, am glad as the hills can be—
Out of my bounty into the sky I gave—
That returns which was once the foam of my wave!
All the summer, erect they have stood apart—
Now the hills are drawn, drawn down to my heart—
The treasure they yield the freshet my tides shall
gain;
The rain! All hail, the rain!

We, the birds, can rejoice no more to rise
Out of the valleys higher and higher still
To find the assuaging drop, the little rill
That splashes cool on our rusty, dusty wings.
Lo! In a day the valley shrills and sings,
Drenched with music, mad with the new refrain,
"The rain, all hail the rain!"

We, the liveoaks, we, the little brown buds,
We, the seedlings, hidden under the earth,
Quiver afresh with the lust of life and birth;
We, the sycamores, we, the olive trees gray,
We, the golden poppies, awake and pray—
Join with us, ye, who harvest the fruit, the grain!
All hail the rain! the rain!

By permission of The Los Angeles Times.

OUR BUNGALOWS.

Little redwood shingles
Laid in careful rows,
On the beams of redwood
Build our bungalows.
Never mind foundations,
Cellars we forget,
Such-like excavations
Soon would make us fret !

Never mind a furnace,
Build a fireplace wide.
Logs of eucalyptus
Soon shall glow inside;
Chaparral shall kindle,
Oak shall warm the guest;
We can toast our faces,
Never mind the rest!

Little rooms are cosy,
Furnished with big chairs;
Little rooms have meanings
Every comrade shares.
On the table, raisins,
And a walnut bowl,
Grapes from sunny Sespe,
Apples sound and whole.

Never mind your costume,
Never mind your purse;
You, we love no better,
You, we like no worse;
For that you are shabby,
For that you are gay;
If your heart be with us,
Enter, friend, and stay !

Stay to lunch or dinner,
Breakfast if you will;
Dad can make the coffee
Many cups to fill,
Never mind the housework;
Dishes? They can wait!
Such a rich mañana
Is our blessed fate!

Only feather dusters,
Hanging at each door,
Say, "Good friend have pity,
Think about my floor;
In the dusty autumn,
Ere the rainy days,
Prithee suit your manners
To our Western ways!"

Look! The day is sunny.
Through the windows peer.
Buds of many roses
Nodding in good cheer.
Grace and loving kindness,
Fragrant as the rose,
Plentiful as blossoms,
Bless our bungalows!



WITH THE TREES



The liveoaks are my soldiery, gnarled and resistant, bearded with grey-green drooping mosses. They stand about my dwelling staunch, tireless, unflinching, the brave masters of to-day and to-morrow.

The sweet pepper trees are my fellows and companions, full of sympathy, gay, friendly, delicate and tactful, demand-

ing neither too much nor too little of me, waving long plumes in the breeze, flashing bright berries in the sun. When I go out I seek them, and when I come in I bring them with me.

The eucalyptus trees are my poets and idealists, stripping off ruthlessly the binding withered bark of to-day, ready to stand nude under the sun in the truth of to-morrow, with high borne heads, acquiescent in the beauty of life and death.

The sycamores are my choice and careful advisers, remote and infrequently sought, demonstrating clearly that one way is not so good as another, profiting by the tears shed in springtime, taking the way of their nature, following the course of the hill streams, discriminating between this and that.

The olive trees are my ghosts, my memories of all that has been, lingering in silver-grey presence near the life that now is, turning my thoughts back and inward upon grey days of pain and sadness, or silver days of joy, that I may remember and be wise.

Below me and about me are also the fair fruit trees that live but for the hope of fragrant blossoms, that are to me as souls that strongly love.

At night, slowly and serenely, rises the mist from the ocean till it encloses my hillside dwelling, wrapping me close in tremulous silence with the trees. And, in the morning, comes the sun, the revealer, to give us over to each other anew.

Make me to understand you aright, I beseech you, my soldiers, my friends, my poets, my prophets, my ghosts, my radiant lovers, my trees fair favored and at peace!

Make me hardy and determined as yourselves, O live-oaks near my dwelling!

Grant me somewhat of your strange, silent sympathy, sweet pepper trees!

Inspire me to the quest of beauty and truth, beloved eucalyptus!

Counsel out of many sorrows grant me, O distant and sagacious sycamores!

Yield me prescience and wisdom, O ghostly olives!

Make my love to be fragrant and mighty as yours, dear trees of blossom and fruit burden.

Give me abundantly, all of you, of your manifold gifts, for all I am and for all that I give forth!

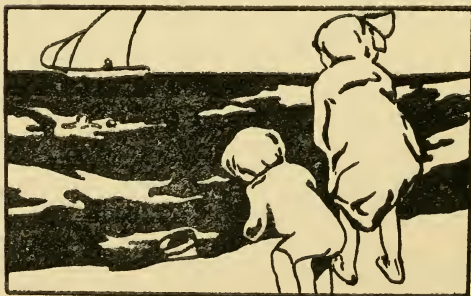
Such is my desire while I am with the trees.

By permission of The Graphic.

AT THE PLAZA

Who shall be kings of the West?
Who shall be queens by the sea?
Who but our bravest and best—
Who but our fairest could be?
Who shall have power in the land?
Who shall be honored afar?
The children who play in the sand
At the plaza,
Los Baños del Mar.

Here is our pride and renown,
Here is our laughter and wealth,
Wading stout legged and brown,
Ruddy with sunshine and health;
Wonderful castles they build—
Quaint little builders they are—
Weary old hearts they have thrilled,
At the plaza,
Los Baños del Mar!



They will make reins of the kelp,
Driving us into the blue;
Fearless, they clamor for help
When the great combers pursue;
Fearless, they swim and they dive,
Jollier than a Jacktar,
Long may their jollity thrive,
At the plaza,
Los Baños del Mar !

Who shall be kings of the West?
Who shall be queens in the land?
These little princes unguessed,
These little maids by the strand—
Heirs of devotion complete
By their dear magic they are;
Hail to the royalty sweet,
At the plaza,
Los Baños del Mar !

SANTA BARBARA.

O little town beside the sea,
Below the hills and near my heart,
How few, who come and go, can tell
The secret of thy witchery!
Yet has thy sea the glint of it,
Thy hilltops wear the tint of it,
My heart has caught a hint of it.

O little town of fragrant nights
When all the essences of day
Are shed upon a spendthrift breeze.
Cool, cool and sweet—thy quaint delights—
Whatever fortunes fall to me,
When dreams and love are all to me,
Thy fragrant nights shall call to me.

O little town, thy sunny days
Have bred a folk with sunny lives,
With sunny thoughts and sunny moods,
And pleasant, gentle, kindly ways,
What many have been sent to find,
And most were never meant to find,
Thy witchery, content to find.

O little town beside the sea,
Below the hills and near my heart,
How few, who come and go, can tell
The secret of thy witchery !
But those who guess the heart of it,
Will stay to learn the art of it,
And so, become a part of it !









~~DEC 11 1912~~
DEC 26 1912



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 378 333 6

