



JOHN STEVEN MCGROARTY

Collected Poems

POETRY, PAGEANTRY, AND THE ARCHIVAL RECORD

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

CONTENTS

Archival Images	5
Introduction	9
Editorial Note and Sources	14
Book One Just California and Songs Along the Way	16
<i>Just California</i>	17
<i>The Call of California</i>	19
<i>El Camino Real</i>	21
<i>In Monterey</i>	23
<i>The Hills of Santa Cruz</i>	25
<i>La Fiesta de las Flores</i>	27
<i>Back Yonder</i>	29
<i>The Captive Coyotes</i>	30
<i>The Bay of San Diego</i>	31
<i>A Prayer for Rain</i>	33
<i>Deo Gratias</i>	35
<i>The Marguerites of Paul de Longpre</i>	37
<i>In the San Joaquin</i>	38
<i>When It Rains in California</i>	40
<i>From the Hills</i>	41
<i>Things Is Lookin' Bully</i>	42
<i>Give Me Californy</i>	43
<i>Home</i>	44
<i>A Song Along the Way</i>	46
<i>The Dreams of Long Ago</i>	48
<i>The Ransom</i>	49

<i>The Song of the Flag</i>	51
<i>The Little Salvation Lassie</i>	52
<i>The Sailor of Genoa</i>	54
<i>The Gypsy</i>	56
<i>The Bell of Dolores</i>	57
<i>Africanus Triumphans</i>	59
<i>Death of Leo XIII</i>	61
<i>In Kastanienwald</i>	63
<i>Draga</i>	65
<i>Blow, Bugles, Blow</i>	67
<i>Roosevelt in the Yellowstone</i>	68
<i>A Sprig of Lilac</i>	69
<i>Easter</i>	70
<i>The Roof Tree</i>	71
<i>The Guardian Angel</i>	73
<i>Eirin Slainte Gal Go Bragh</i>	74
<i>The Ship o' Dreams</i>	75
<i>Always the Flag of the Free</i>	76
<i>She's an Old Sweetheart of Mine</i>	78
<i>The Dead Gun Maker</i>	79
<i>The Queen City</i>	81
<i>The Toiler</i>	83
<i>The Saddened Heart</i>	85
<i>The Old Churchyard</i>	86
<i>The Dreamer</i>	87
<i>The Return of the Iroquois</i>	88
<i>Praise</i>	90
<i>Good-Night but Not Good-Bye</i>	91
<i>St. John, the Evangelist</i>	92
<i>Robert Emmet</i>	93
<i>There Was a Lad Was Born in Kyle</i>	94
<i>The Old Regiment</i>	96
<i>As You Journey On</i>	98
<i>The Cossacks of the Don</i>	99

<i>The Port o' Heart's Desire</i>	100
---	-----

Book Two | Wander Songs

101

<i>Gray Men of Battle</i>	102
<i>The Green Glen of Glenties</i>	104
<i>The Escort of the Yellowstone</i>	106
<i>The Gray Road of Sorrow</i>	107
<i>The Town o' Croonin' Waters</i>	108
<i>Snug Harbor</i>	109
<i>Nogi</i>	110
<i>The East Wind</i>	113
<i>The Absent Brother</i>	115
<i>The Rough Riders</i>	117
<i>Roosevelt and Panama</i>	119
<i>Welcome to the Fleet</i>	121
<i>The Pathway of the Seas</i>	123
<i>Good-By, Brave Ships!</i>	126
<i>My Land</i>	127
<i>The Wine of Glorietta</i>	128
<i>The Navajo</i>	130
<i>Home Came the Sailor</i>	132
<i>The Long Road Home</i>	134
<i>Sunset</i>	135
<i>The Valley of Dunloe</i>	136
<i>You All</i>	138
<i>Feast of the Flowers</i>	139
<i>The New Star on the Flag</i>	141
<i>Lena of Muscovy</i>	143
<i>The Four Roads of Morning</i>	145
<i>Little Babe of Bethlehem</i>	146
<i>When Comes the Yule-Time</i>	147
<i>Stanley</i>	148
<i>All Souls' Eve</i>	149
<i>Kinship</i>	151

The Symphony of Life 152

The Rain 154

The Seven Glens 155

The First School Day 156

Farewell 158

The Gray Day She Died 159

The Land of Memorie 160

San Francisco 161

Requiem 163

Book Three | The King's Highway 164

Later Books and the Open Archive 232

Appendix | The Mission Play 233

The Mission Play 234

Prelude 235

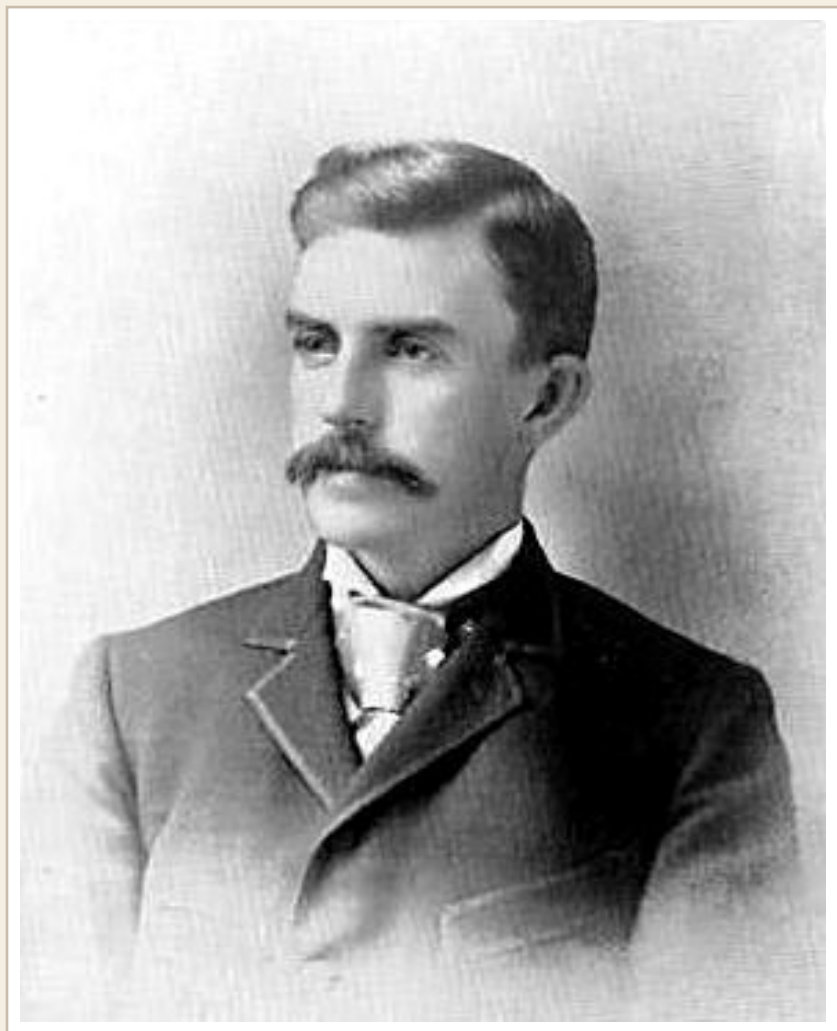
Act I 236

Act II 251

Act III 267

ARCHIVAL IMAGES

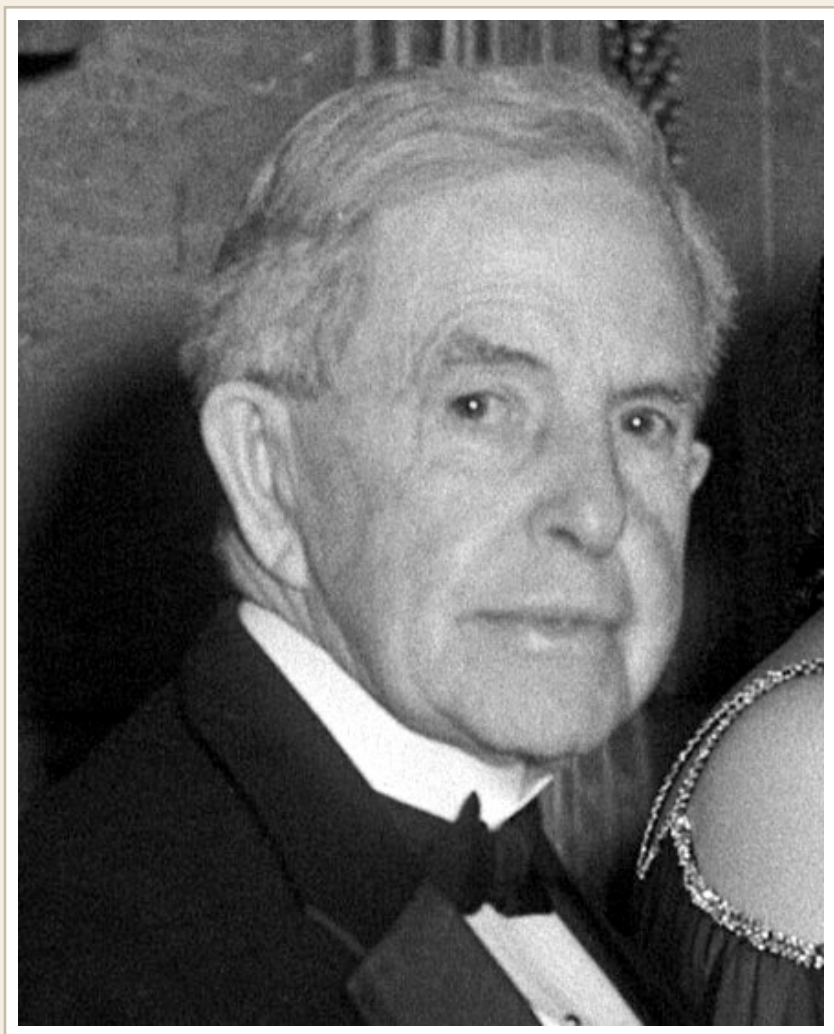
Portraits across McGroarty's public career



John Steven McGroarty in early middle age. Portrait reproduced in the supplied biographical source file; photographer unidentified.



McGroarty at the time of Wander Songs. The same portrait appears as the 1908 volume's frontispiece.



John Steven McGroarty, circa 1930. Los Angeles Times Photographic Collection, UCLA Library; CC BY 4.0.

INTRODUCTION

Poet, editor, historian, pageant-maker, and public man, 1862–1944

McGroarty's career is best understood not as a sequence of unrelated professions but as one long experiment in public authorship. Poetry, newspaper work, regional history, preservation, Catholic pageantry, tourism, and electoral politics repeatedly supplied one another with language and authority.

Origins in the Wyoming Valley, 1862–1896

John Steven McGroarty was born on August 20, 1862, at Buck Mountain in Foster Township, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, the youngest of twelve children in an Irish Catholic family. His parents were Hugh Montgomery McGroarty and a mother remembered in later accounts as a native of Donegal; family history linked his father to Richard Montgomery, the American general killed in the assault on Quebec. The regional biographies that McGroarty later supervised naturally magnify such genealogical claims, but the better-attested outline is clear. He attended parochial and public schools, taught for two years beginning at sixteen, and completed his education at Harry Hillman Academy in Wilkes-Barre. He published verse early and worked in journalism before public office. At twenty-one he became a justice of the peace; from 1890 through 1893 he served as treasurer of Luzerne County. He studied law, entered the Pennsylvania bar in 1894, and opened a Wilkes-Barre practice. He also acted as a regional canon-maker: *The Poets and Poetry of Wyoming Valley*, compiled while he was still in his twenties and published in 1885–86, gathered local literary history long before California became his defining subject.

Montana, marriage, and the move west, 1896–1901

McGroarty married Ida Lubrecht of Wilkes-Barre; the couple had no children. In 1896 he left Pennsylvania for Montana and held an executive or legal position with the Anaconda Copper Mining Company in Butte and Anaconda. The move placed him inside the corporate West associated with Marcus Daly, and later accounts add an unsuccessful Mexican mining investment. In 1901 John and Ida moved to Southern California. Official congressional biographies give Los Angeles as the destination, while the history of the later McGroarty Arts Center connects the move to his asthma and the cleaner air of the Verdugo foothills. His California life thus began at the meeting point of health migration, western industry, journalism, and a long-established appetite for regional myth.

The *Los Angeles Times* and the making of a California poet

A poem on the death of a German arms manufacturer brought McGroarty to Harrison Gray Otis's attention and led to a permanent place on the *Los Angeles Times* staff. He remained associated with the newspaper for more than forty years, eventually becoming known for the Sunday column *Seen from the Green Verdugo Hills. Just California and Songs Along the Way* appeared from the Times-Mirror Company in 1903. Its title poem answered Theodore Roosevelt's Ventura declaration that California was not merely western but 'west of the West.' The book combines booster lyric, Catholic devotion, Irish nationalism, topical political verse, memorial poetry, and comic dialect. *Wander Songs* followed from Grafton in 1908, greatly enlarging the range of the first book while revising many earlier poems. The separate illustrated *The King's Highway* of 1909 converted one of his most circulated lyrics into an art book with pictures by Langdon Smith. These books made McGroarty a familiar public poet in Southern California rather than a national literary modernist: his verse belonged to newspapers, ceremonies, recitation, tourism, and civic memory.

Editor, historian, and pageant-maker, 1906–1932

McGroarty edited *West Coast Magazine* from about 1906 to 1914 and helped shape a regional forum in which literature, promotion, history, and reform mixed freely. He edited a 1909 Lincoln centenary publication for the *Times*; later scholarship has noted that his public language on race could be unusually broad-minded for the paper and the period, even as other parts of his work participated in racial hierarchy. *California: Its History and Romance* appeared in 1911. Its narrative ease and mission-centered structure prepared for the achievement that dominated his reputation: *The Mission Play*. First staged at San Gabriel on April 29, 1912, the three-hour pageant narrated the missions from Franciscan founding through secularization and ruin. Frank Miller of Riverside's Mission Inn helped inspire and promote it; Henry E. Huntington, Harry Chandler, Edward Doheny, and other regional elites supported the enterprise. The dedicated Mission Playhouse opened in 1927. Contemporary and institutional accounts credit the production with roughly 3,000 to 3,200 performances and about 2.5 million spectators before the Depression ended its principal run.

The politics of the Spanish fantasy past

The popularity of *The Mission Play* cannot be separated from its historical work. It made colonial California beautiful, sacred, and consumable through bells, ruins, padres, costumes, music, architecture, and a providential story of loss and restoration. Modern scholarship calls this the Southern California 'Spanish fantasy heritage.' In that framework Indigenous and Mexican people remain visible but are denied control of the narrative; coercion, dispossession, and secularization become elements in an Anglo-authored romance. Charles F. Lummis privately mocked historical errors in the pageant, and later historians, especially William Deverell, have shown how the production helped whiten the Mexican past while furnishing newcomers with an apparently ancient regional inheritance. McGroarty's career therefore holds a genuine contradiction: he preserved landmarks and made California history publicly compelling, while the form of preservation sentimentalized colonial violence and subordinated the people whose past it claimed to honor.

Rancho Chupa Rosa and the public man

The McGroartys established their Tujunga home, Rancho Chupa Rosa, in the Verdugo Hills. The surviving house was built in 1923–24 on the foundation of an earlier residence destroyed by fire. It became both household and stage set for McGroarty's public identity: the poet-columnist speaking from a cultivated foothill retreat. He continued writing drama—*La Golondrina*, *Babylon*, and *Osceola*—as well as large regional histories and biographical compilations. Pope Pius XI made him a Knight of St. Gregory the Great. His 1932 *The Mass*, sometimes misclassified in short bibliographies as poetry, is a ninety-four-page prose explanation of Catholic liturgy intended especially for non-Catholics.

Poet laureate and Congressman, 1933–1939

On May 15, 1933, the California legislature designated McGroarty poet laureate. Times-Mirror issued *“Just California” and Other Poems* that year, a 205-page late gathering which remains essential to a definitive textual census but was not available as a readable scan for this edition. The honor recognized a civic spokesman rather than the verdict of a literary academy. Elected as a Democrat to Congress in 1934 and reelected in 1936, McGroarty represented California's Eleventh District from January 1935 through January 1939. He supported the Townsend old-age pension movement, opposed Franklin Roosevelt's court-expansion plan, and helped bring Yosemite Lumber Company lands within the national park. His political style could be theatrical and abrasive; the notorious letter telling an impatient constituent to take 'two running jumps' and go to hell later circulated as an example of congressional candor. He declined to seek another House term and lost the 1938 Democratic primary for California secretary of state.

Final years, death, and afterlife

McGroarty returned to journalism in Tujunga and continued the Verdugo Hills column. Ida died before him. He died at St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles on August 7, 1944, and was buried beside her at Calvary Cemetery after funeral rites at the cathedral. Congressional memorials and a contemporary Catholic obituary celebrated the poet of missions, faith, and California beauty; later literary history reduced him to a regional booster, while cultural historians rediscovered him as a central maker of public memory. His niece Margaret McHale inherited Rancho Chupa Rosa and sold the house and surrounding land to the City of Los Angeles in 1953. Now the McGroarty Arts Center, the property was designated Los Angeles Historic-Cultural Monument No. 63 in 1970. The institution preserves an appropriate double legacy: a working community arts center inside the home of a writer whose most consequential art was always institutional, public, and tied to place.

Editorial Note and Sources

This reading edition follows the established six-by-nine-inch format: mirrored book margins, EB Garamond, running heads, linked contents, PDF bookmarks, consistent verse type, and publication information after every poem. Book titles and journal titles are italicized. Clearly intentional verse-line indentation is retained; hanging continuations caused only by the narrow source page are rejoined for the wider measure. Stanza divisions are taken from the scans. Decorative capitals are regularized, em dashes are closed up, and OCR debris is removed only when the page image supplies a defensible reading.

The copy-text for the 1903 section is the clearer complete scan of *Just California and Songs Along the Way*. The copy-text for the 1908 section is the Google-digitized Harvard witness of *Wander Songs*. Every poem is extracted from those original scans rather than from the earlier user-created selected-poems PDF. Where the OCR produces implausible language or broken words, the relevant scan page is reread. The 1903 volume is printed complete. In the 1908 volume, poems already printed in 1903 are not duplicated unless they have been fundamentally reconceived; their later witnesses are instead recorded in variorum notes after the 1903 copy-texts. Poems first collected in 1908 are printed in the original book order.

The 1909 *King's Highway* is a separate illustrated resetting of the poem first printed as “El Camino Real” in 1903. The poem is therefore printed once, under its earliest collected title, and the complete illustrated book receives its own chronological facsimile section. *Out West* reprinted “Just California” in March 1917; that periodical witness is recorded in the title poem's variorum note rather than repeated as a separate section.

The appendix resets the complete 1952 acting version of *The Mission Play* from the original mimeographed leaves. Each recto was reread; blank reverse scans containing bleed-through were excluded. The reset preserves acts, speaker labels, stage directions, and the numbered Fiesta sequence while repairing typewriter-margin divisions and readings demonstrably corrupted by OCR.

Bibliographical research located *Five California Poems* (South Pasadena: W. A. Abbott, 1918) and the 205-page “*Just California*” and *Other Poems*

(Times-Mirror, 1933), but no complete readable scans were available locally or through open institutional access. The latter almost certainly contains late and revised verse and remains the most important missing witness. This edition identifies the gap instead of manufacturing a claim of exhaustiveness. *The Mass* (1932) is not a verse book: catalog records and a contemporary review identify it as a ninety-four-page prose explanation of Catholic worship.

Primary and documentary sources

- McGroarty, *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), complete local scans.
- McGroarty, *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), Harvard/Google public-domain scan.
- McGroarty, *The King's Highway*, pictures by Langdon Smith (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1909), complete local scan.
- McGroarty, *The Mission Play*, complete 1952 mimeographed acting version in three acts, California State University, Northridge digital collection; repaired local archival copy.
- U.S. House of Representatives, History, Art & Archives, “McGroarty, John Steven.”
- John Steven McGroarty, memorial notice, *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia* (1944).
- Los Angeles County, San Gabriel Mission Playhouse historic documentation (2018); National Register documentation.
- McGroarty Arts Center, “Our History”; City of Los Angeles cultural and historic-site documentation.
- William Deverell, *Whitewashed Adobe*; Franklin Walker, *A Literary History of Southern California*; later scholarship on the Spanish fantasy heritage.
- *Out West*, February 1912, June 1912, and March 1917, in the companion journal archive.

BOOK ONE | *JUST CALIFORNIA AND SONGS ALONG THE WAY*

Stage II | Times-Mirror Company, 1903

The complete first California collection follows in its original sequence. McGroarty's topical, devotional, Irish, military, comic, and regional poems appear together because the book's divided title does not imply two separately paginated volumes.

Just California

[When I come here to California I am not in the West; I am west of the West. It is just California.—From the speech delivered at Ventura, May 9, 1903, by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.]

'Twixt the seas and the deserts,
 'Twixt the wastes and the waves,
Between the sands of buried lands
 And ocean's coral caves,
It lies not East nor West,
 But like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath hung it,
 Down the middle of the world.

It lies where God hath spread it,
 In the gladness of his eyes,
Like aflame of jeweled tapestry
 Beneath His shining skies;
With the green of woven meadows,
 And the hills in golden chains,
The light of leaping rivers,
 And the flash of poppied plains.

Days rise that gleam in glory,
 Days die with sunset's breeze,
While from Cathay that was of old
 Sail countless argosies;
Morns break again in splendor
 O'er the giant, new-born West,
But of all the lands God fashioned,
 'Tis this land is the best.

Sun and dews that kiss it,
 Balmy winds that blow,
The stars in clustered diadems
 Upon its peaks of snow;
The mighty mountains o'er it,
 Below, the white seas swirled—
Just California stretching down
 The middle of the world.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 9.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 8. *Out West*, vol. 44, no. 2 (March 1917), p. 90, supplies a later periodical witness.

The Call of California

Of old she called with her lips of song,
 She called with her breath of musk
From peaks where the sunlight lingered long,
 And the vales in the purpled dusk;
She called to the seas with their tides of tang,
 To the ships of the far-off fleet,
And they came in the lure of the song she sang,
 With their white sails, to her feet.

So, like a mother with bursting breast,
 She claimed the brood of the seas,
And the flaming lips of her wild love pressed
 Upon them, about her knees;
She crooned them to sleep on her bosom fair,
 Where their happy hearts were lain,
And they laughed in her eyes that wrapped them there
 Like their old, warm skies of Spain.

With cheeks of olive and eyes of night
 They laughed in her glad caress,
And she gave them her Land of the Living Light
 For their wandering feet to press.
She gave them her Land of the Sun and Shine,
 Where the seas and the deserts part,
And they brought her their gifts of the fig and vine
 And wound them around her heart.

Yet, oft in the light of the mellow moons
 From the jaspered heavens hung,
'Mid the tinkle of soft Castilian tunes
 And bells from the Missions rung,
She dreamed of her bounty brimming o'er
 With its largess of field and plain,
And then from the sweep of the sunlit shore
 Her fond lips called again.

Again she called, and from far away,
 Over desert and mountain keep,
In lands where the wind-swept prairies lay,

And the ice-clasped torrents sleep,
They heard her voice, like a golden chime,
And in dreams they saw her rise
From golden streams in a golden clime
'Neath the blue of faithful skies.

Then forth from the toil of grudging field
And their grinding marts they fled,
While the good ship Argo sailed new keeled
Where the long sea journey led;
And anon through forests and wastes they fared,
Over trackless plain and hill,
And many a blood-stained trail they dared
To the voice that called them still.

They came, and she dowered with spendthrift hands,
The hopes of their wildest dreams,
And she flung at their feet the golden sands
That slept in her shining streams—
Saxon and Teuton and Celt that trod
The paths of her treasured springs,
With shoon of silver their feet she shod
And clothed them in robes of kings.

So hath she called with her lips of song,
Of old, with her breath of musk,
From hills where the sunlight lingers long,
And the vales in the purpled dusk;
And so from her soul's unwearied love
Rings the voice with its olden thrill;
From the seas below and the skies above,
She is calling, calling still.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 10.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 40.

El Camino Real

The King's Highway

All in the golden weather, forth let us ride today,
You and I together on the King's Highway,
The blue skies above us, and below the shining sea;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road for me.

It's a long road and sunny, and the fairest in the world—
There are peaks that rise above it in their snowy mantles curled,
And it leads from the mountains through a hedge of chaparral,
Down to the waters where the sea gulls call.

It's a long road and sunny, it's a long road and old,
And the brown padres made it for the flocks of the fold;
They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk that trod
From the fields in the open to the shelter-house of God.

They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk of old;
Now the flocks they are scattered and death keeps the fold;
But you and I together we will take the road today,
With the breath in our nostrils, on the King's Highway.

We will take the road together through the morning's golden glow,
And we'll dream of those who trod it in the mellowed long ago;
We will stop at the Missions where the sleeping padres lay,
And we'll bend a knee above them for their soul's sake to pray.

We'll ride through the valleys where the blossom's on the tree,
Through the orchards and the meadows with the bird and the bee,
And we'll take the rising hills where the manzanitas grow,
Past the gray tails of waterfalls where blue violets blow.

Old Conquistadores, O brown priests, and all,
Give us your ghosts for company when night begins to fall;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road today,
With the breath of God about us on the King's Highway.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 11.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 1. The poem was separately reset as the illustrated book *The King's Highway* (1909); the complete nonblank book sequence appears in its chronological facsimile section.

In Monterey

A Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson

When long ago he wandered here,
Heart-hungered, sick and poor,
No roof was bent to shelter him,
No welcome at the door.

In all the streets of Monterey,
With sun and shine aflame,
No word was passed that they might know
The Prince of Dreamers came.

There sped no song to meet him
From lute or lifted lyre,
When here the master singer passed
To seek his Heart's Desire.

No hand was raised to help him,
No lips with cheer to greet,
Till worn with fast and weariness
He fainted at their feet.

Then one there was who lifted up
The fever-tortured head,
And took him to his pitying heart,
And gave him drink and bread—

Gave him a shelter and a bed,
Nor asked his name to know,
And of all the men in Monterey
It is to him I'll go.

It is to this old, kindly man
That I will go today,
The thanks of all the grateful world
And my poor thanks to say.

Let from the shores the wild waves break
In mist and white sprays flung,
Let from the ancient Mission tower
The Angelus be rung,

Let all the tales they tell be told,
But just one tale for me,
And 'tis of him who sleeps afar
Beyond that sun-kissed sea;

Whose dreams I know, whose songs I sing,
Though dead he lies and still—
“The sailor who is home from sea,
The hunter from the hill.”

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 12.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 26.

The Hills of Santa Cruz

One time, in Springtime, God made a perfect day,
He woke me in the morning and hid my cares away,
He woke me with a thrush's song, and with the linnet's trills,
He took me in His hand and He set me on the hills.

He set me on the hills, on the topmost hill of all,
And I heard the piping morning winds and far sea-breakers call,
I heard the winds a-singing from the lands and waters met,
An' I live a thousand years, oh, I never can forget.

He touched my eyes with gladness, with balm of morning dews,
On the topmost rim He set me 'mong the hills of Santa Cruz,
And I saw the sunlit ocean sweep, I saw the vale below—
The veil of Santa Clara in a sea of blossomed snow.

It was Springtime and joy-time, and God had filled his loom
With woven plains of poppies and orchards all a-bloom,
With web of gold and purple in the fields and uplands green,
And the white woof of blossoms that stretched away between.

The bluest sky that ever shone stretched over me that day,
And I could see the ships that rode upon St. Francis Bay;
I could see the ships a-sailing with pennants flung elate;
I could see them win the harbor and pass the Golden Gate.

Up from the valley, with song and laughter, rose
The voice of happy peoples from the blossomed orchard snows,
The Spring's clear soprano from the gleaming, swaying trees,
And the basso crescendo of the surf-breaking seas.

One time, in Springtime, God made a perfect day,
He woke my soul to see it, and loosed my heart in play,
With the lark's song he woke me, and the gull's distant call,
And He set me on the hills, on the farthest hill of all.

Bright days of pleasure and gray days of pain—
I've had my willing share of both, and so I may again;
'Tis not for me to make them, 'tis not for me to choose,
But, oh, that day of splendor in the hills of Santa Cruz!

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 13.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 13.

La Fiesta de las Flores

I. MORNING.

Soul of the morning and balm of the sea,
Dawn in the fields of dew,
The breath of the west winds blowing free,
And the faithful skies of blue.

The silent mountains rising fair
From Aurora's golden flood,
While the roar of the city rends the air,
Where the old Pueblo stood.

The world's awake, and today is ours,
With spoils of the field and plain
Spread out for us in a feast of flowers,
As it was in the days of Spain.

So we'll seek a nook where the sunlight lies
Like a bright serape's fold,
And the laugh of a senorita's eyes
Brings back the days of old.

II. NOON.

O beggar who sat by the road with me,
In sighs and longings vain,
Lo, here is your ship at last from sea,
And your castles built in Spain.

Wreath and pennant and banners gay,
On the towers strung and gored,
And the long, gaunt streets of yesterday
Bright as the Cid's own sword.

The lips of Granada's women rave
As your champing steed in pride
Goes by with the caballeros brave,
Who glory with you to ride.

Mustard blossoms from fields of grass,

Roses and violets blue—
Oh, kiss your hand, Señor, as you pass,
And they rain them down on you.

III. NIGHT.

On the dream-kissed day the shadow falls,
Yet now in their splendor glows
A million lights on the castle walls
And the gilded porticos.

Flowers of the night that blossom, too,
As the gleam of a priceless gem,
And the laughter of glad hearts breaking through,
Where the feast is spread for them.

Music and song, and the tinkling tune
Of echoes that sound afar,
Like memories swept on the airs of June
From an old sweetheart's guitar.

But, what of tomorrow that brings no thrill,
With its old, sharp, waking cry?
Oh, the feast of flowers is waiting still,
Out under the wide, blue sky.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), pp. 14–15.

Back Yonder

Away back Yonder the wintry winds are chill,
In a winding sheet of snow lies the valley and the hill,
The patient cattle huddle in the shelter from the storm,
And the folks are all housed in 'round the fire, keeping warm;
It's a hard time they're having, and it sets a man to ponder
How glad he ought to be that he's not back Yonder.

I get to thinking of them, often, when alone,
Here with the birds and the bees' happy drone,
The flowers and the sun and the land with poppies gay;
Somehow through it all my thoughts backward stray,
And I catch myself a-dreaming of the old place, and wonder
If the skating's like it was when I lived back Yonder.

I wonder if they gather in the cold, crispy night,
With the moon's flooding glory on the fields still and white,
The lusty-throated boys and the laughing, rosy girls,
Their bright eyes dancing through their tantalizing curls,
When coasting's at its best and the ice is gleaming under
The bobsleds a-whizzing on the hills back Yonder.

I think I see the old folks gathered in the glow
Of the hearthstone's warmth that once I used to know,
The brown jug of cider of Nature's wholesome brew,
And the spoils of the orchard where the luscious apples grew;
I think, and I think, till I've half a mind to squander
The last cent I've got on a trip back Yonder.

But, of course, it's only dreaming; I wouldn't really go
Back to the howling winds, the blizzards and the snow,
Away from the flowers, and the sun and the bees,
The balm in the air, and the sunny days like these;
But I can't help knowing as far away I wander
That there's other kind of joy, and it's way back Yonder.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 16.

The Captive Coyotes

The gray thief's outcast brood,
 Trapped in the haunts of men,
And far away the sheltered wood,
 And far the desert's fen.

Far is the moonlit plain,
 Where they would wandering be;
They like not, through the window pane,
 The faces that they see.

No use to stretch a hand
 Of kind and friendly care;
They would not know nor understand
 The peace ye would declare.

The wild blood will not tame
 With one day's passing grace,
For know ye not from whence they came?
 That wild, marauding race?

For full a thousand years
 They've borne the bane and ban,
The bold, unshriven buccaneers,
 The gypsy's outlawed clan.

And so, when night stars pale,
 And wakes the desert's breeze,
If you should hear a she-wolf wail,
 It is for loss of these.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 17.

The Bay of San Diego

The sunlight of the morning across the far hills broke,
From the dawn the veils of mist fell and faded as I woke;
The sea was bathed with glory in a sweep of swirling fire,
And I wandered with my soul in the Land of Heart's Desire.

In the Land of Heart's Desire, in the dreamland of my soul,
And my boat was on the shore with its rudder and its thole,
With its white sails agleam and the soft winds blowing free,
And the Bay of San Diego shining blue against the sea.

Yonder from the hills blew the blithe breeze of morn,
The scent of the lemon on its breath of lotus borne,
The scent of the lemon from the mesas blowing down,
From Chula Vista's mesas to the sun-harbored town.

The lemon was in blossom, and, shimmered in between,
Glowed the gold of the orange and the olive's flash of green;
I could see them from the waters that rippled, blue and bright,
On the Bay of San Diego in the golden morning light.

On the billows' far horizon I saw a white ship sail,
And backward o'er the hills stretched the world-wearied trail;
But the ship lured me not that beckoned to the main,
And the trail was not for me, though with gold it were lain.

There was no road for me wheresoever it might lay,
Wheresoever o'er the land or the sea it stretched, that day;
All the voices of the world died and faltered, though they called,
When the Bay of San Diego held my soul, dream-enthralled.

Never dawned a day so fair and never set the sun
On a picture half so lovely when that day was done;
But, that day and this day, unchanging and the same,
'Tis still as God has made it since the first day that came.

'Tis still as God has made it in the gladness of His dreams,
With the never-ending summer that forever o'er it gleams—
The mystic seas beyond it in the sunlight's golden fire,
And the Bay of San Diego in the Land of Heart's Desire.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 17.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 35.

A Prayer for Rain

"And also I have withholden the rain from you."

Lord, see'st Thou not, beside the way,
The drooping flowers
That, week by week and day by day,
Cry for Thy showers?

Hear'st Thou not the plaintive song
The wild birds sing,
That in the withered woodlands throng
With dusty wing?

The bare, brown hills, the blanching plains,
The silent vale,
They fade and sicken for thy rains,
In sore travail.

The wild folk of the forest keeps
Wail in the night,
And, 'neath the loam, the poppy sleeps,
Shut from the light.

Lord, in thy wide-flung, bending sky
Afar there broods
Where veiled and mist-swept oceans lie,
Thy cloud-pent floods;

Send Thou from thence the singing rain,
The laughing streams,
On this dear land of hill and plain
Thou mad'st of dreams—

This land of dreams Thou mad'st so fair,
So fair and sweet,
Set like a jeweled footstool, there
To rest Thy feet.

The earth will blossom at thy word—
Oh, speak it, then;
We ask it of Thy mercy, Lord,
In Thy dear Name. Amen.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 18.

Deo Gratias

“And he prayed again and the heavens gave rain; and the earth brought forth her fruit.”—Jas. v, 18

And he prayed again and the heavens gave rain
; and the earth brought forth
her fruit.—Jas. v, 18.

Lord, when seared and dead were laid
The hill and plain,
Through days of trouble unto Thee we prayed,
And not in vain.

We cried to Thee from our poor heart’s distress,
We called Thy name,
And lo! from Heaven, like a fond caress,
The answer came.

The glad rain sweeping over vale and hill
Came from the sea,
And in the night we lay with souls athrill
That sang to Thee.

We bared our hearts to catch the trembling song
That whispering fell
From clouds and mists, singing the whole night long,
With lingering spell.

Far in its bed the waking poppy stirred,
The flowers rejoiced,
And in the tree the twitter of the bird
Its gladness voiced.

The wearied land tomorrow casts away
Its cloak of brown,
And dons its robes of green to greet the day
With Spring’s bright crown.

The fallow furrows, turned in wan despair,
And sown in grief,
When comes the happy harvests will be fair
With golden sheaf.

Dear Lord, to whom in vain no burden calls,
On land or sea,
We lift our faces through the rain that falls,
In thanks to Thee.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 19.

The Marguerites of Paul de Longpre

All in his fairy garden the myriad flowers grow,
The lilac and the buttercup, the stately Jacqueminot,
The fleur-de-lis, anemone, the pansy's changeful hue,
The yellow-robed acacia and violets of blue;
And, oh, the laughing daisies with eyes of welcome sweet—
The flower that he loves the best, the modest Marguerite.

Upon the walls of magic, within his fair roof-tree,
The flowers live and bloom again in shining panoply,
Plucked from stems that bore them, no more to fade and die,
With dews of morn upon them, and sheen of summer sky;
Yet there, like keys of minor that sigh upon a song,
The Marguerite's faint petals the splendid pictures throng.

Flowers of hill and valley, and all the dappled plains,
Glinted by the shimmered sun, kissed of singing rains,
Blossoms of the swaying tree, tender buds of spring,
Flaming banners of the vines that 'round dead towers cling—
They grow to make his kingdom of dream and color bright,
Limned by his fairy palette and pencils touched with light.

Every flower that blows he loves, yet one the best, of old,
The tender little daisy, with its sunny heart of gold,
With its heart of gold that cheered him when Fortune looked askance,
In his day of gloom and trouble 'neath the bending skies of France;
And now, with all the world and its laurels at his feet,
The soul of him cannot forget his first love—Marguerite.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 20.

In the San Joaquin

I watched the sun sink from the west,
 I watched the sweet day die;
Above the dim Coast Range's crest
 I saw the red clouds lie;
I saw them lying golden deep,
 By lingering sunbeams kissed,
Like isles of Fairyland that sleep
 In seas of amethyst.

Soft, through the amber twilight, stole
 One clear note of the lark,
As fell upon my wondering soul
 The desert's sudden dark;
It fell with trembling fear that broods
 When night steals o'er the plain,
And from the ghostly cotton woods
 The moody owls complain.

Then, through the long night hours I lay
 In baffled sleep's travail,
And heard the outcast thieves in gray,
 The gaunt coyotes, wail.
With seaward winds that wandering blew,
 I heard the wild geese cry,
I heard their gray wings beating through
 The star-dust of the sky.

Spent, through the wakeful gloom, I lay
 With my poor heart's distress,
And walked again the haunted way
 Of life's old loneliness.
The dead, from far graves come, I heard,
 I saw them rise and pass;
They spoke my name when, sighing, stirred
 The whispering pampas grass.

Yet, with the last grim, solemn hour,
 Stilled were the voices all,
And then from poppied fields a-flower
 Rang out the wild bird's call;
The glad dawn, deep in white mists steeped,
 Breathed on the day's hushed lyre,
And far the dim Sierras leaped
 In living waves of fire.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 21.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 21.

When It Rains in California

When it rains in Californy
 It makes the Tourist mad,
But folks that's got the crops to raise
 Is feelin' mighty glad;
I stand out in the showers,
 Wet as a drown-ded rat,
And watch the grain a-growin',
 And the cattle gettin' fat.

Sorry for them Easterners,
 Kickin' like Sam Hill,
But the sun-kissed land is thirsty,
 And wants to drink its fill.
Oh, hear the poppies laughin',
 And the happy Mockers sing,
When it rains in Californy,
 Through the glory of the Spring.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 22.

From the Hills

Yonder lies the restless town,
 'X I'm glad that I ain't there,
To listen to its roarin' noise,
 And breathe its stiflin' air;
The streets all jammed and crowded
 With a million flyin' wheels,
And them crazy autermubbles
 Cavortin' 'round your heels.

You git into a street car
 And a feller plugs you dead,
'Er climbs up through the winder,
 When you lay asleep in bed;
Dern poles all strung with lightin',
 Set 'round instead of trees—
No, sir, give me the country,
 With its poppies and its bees.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 23.

Things Is Lookin' Bully

All years is good years,
 There's never need to whine,
But some of them is better,
 And this one's extra fine.
Rains come when they orter,
 Early ones and late,
And things is lookin' bully
 All down the Golden State.

The meadow lark at evenin'
 Is pipin' you good-night,
And the mocker's song is ringin'
 With the peep o' mornin' light;
The poppies and the roses
 And the grain is growin' great,
And things is lookin' bully
 All down the Golden State.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 23.

Give Me Californy

Blizzard back in York State
Sings its frosty tune,
Here the sun a-shinin',
Air as warm as June.

Snow in Pennsylvania,
Zero times down East,
Here the flowers bloomin'
A feller's eyes to feast.

Shiverin' in Kansas,
The hull blame country froze,
Here the birds a-singin',
Girls in summer clothes.

It's every one his own way,
The place he'd like to be,
But give me Californy—
It's good enough for me.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 24.

Home

[Read at the Sixteenth Annual Reunion of the Pennsylvania Society of Southern California, held at Long Beach, Cal., June 20th, 1903.]

I.

Home, O home, and the name of it that we speak on a stranger shore,
And find in our hearts the old love still for the days and the things of yore;
The name of it and the love of it that nothing can lure away,
No matter how blue the skies that bend or the paths our footsteps stray;
Longing, and backward turning still, with memory fond that thrills,
As we think of the sweeping rivers and the stretch of the old blue hills.

II.

June is there, and the days are fair on the hills of Long Ago,
And the wild flowers are in blossom now, and soft the south winds blow,
The robin sings and the chewink cries, and the thrush is nesting there,
The sunlight sleeps on the fields of corn, and the clovered meadows fair,
And mountain rills, that flash and gleam in the light of the dewy morn,
They are singing the songs we used to know in the land where we were born.

III.

'Tis a brave old land where we were born, and goodly is its fame,
The glories of its past inwrought with its quaint old Quaker name—
There, where Liberty's cradle rocked, and its flag was first unfurled,
And the Bell with its deathless challenge rang that echoed around the world—
Our brave old State that storm and stress have never conquered yet,
That in Freedom's arch, in the days of old, as the strong Keystone was set.

IV.

Orchards bloom on her sunny slopes, the golden grain in her fields,
The anvil's music is ringing there from the arm that Labor wields;
Smoke from the grimy marts of toil, and the busy hives that glow
With the quenchless fires of Industry where the tides of Commerce flow;
Wealth of the cities pouring down where the crowded harbor lies,

And her name is written in furnace flame on the scroll of midnight skies.

V.

Here, from the sweet-strewn poppy fields and flash of sunset seas,
Where our feet have followed the stars of the West with their newborn
destinies,
Oh, oft we turn in our dreams again to the haunts where of yore we strayed,
And the croon of our cradle-song was sung and the graves of our dead are laid;
We turn again with a smile or a tear to the days we used to know,
And wander away 'mid the hills of Home in the Land of Long Ago.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), pp. 24–28.

A Song Along the Way

Always a little nearer,
The day of the last farewell,
Ever a little clearer
The sound of the warning bell;
The shadows closer creeping
Through fading skies of blue,
Then, where the dead are sleeping,
We'll lie and rest us, too.

So, as we journey, brother,
Through days that are left us still,
Let us share with one another
The road that winds the hill.
If burdens of pain we carry,
As we trudge along, the while,
By the green fields let us tarry,
And search them for a smile.

Useless, on weary shoulders,
The trappings of strife we bear,
And the hate in our hearts that smolders
Makes hard the way we fare.
Let us cast away the madness
Of swords with which we fought,
And share, alike, the gladness
Love's golden pennies bought.

Breasting the winds together,
 As we wander the age-worn way,
Peace, with its summer weather,
 Will light the skies of gray.
And then, with hearts grown fonder,
 Serene with their own delight,
We'll part in the twilight yonder,
 With a tender and fond good-night.

•

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 29.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 69.

The Dreams of Long Ago

From Memory's crowded closet-place, like faded leaves, sometimes,
I gather these old dreams of mine and kiss them o'er with rhymes,
And my foolish tears upon them will glisten like the dew
That used to gem the flowers that the old, sweet mornings knew.

I know the faded leaf hath lost the balm to soothe again
The heart that smarts from sorrow's scars and dagger thrusts of pain,
And I know that every dream of these will only bring regret,
Yet 'tis sweeter to remember than it could be to forget.

So I listen to the murmur of the brook's enchanting wave,
Singing mystic songs of glory that the distance never gave,
And I watch the summer rainbow down the heaven's vistas bend,
That vanished like the treasures that were hidden at the end.

The birds that sang at morning, the noon-hum of the bee,
The trees, the flowers, the waters, oh, they all come back to me;
Come like the tender glances that made sweet my mother's eyes,
And leave me like she left me when she fled to Paradise.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 30.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 78.

The Ransom

There was one sin that I loved most,
 One wish there was best loved of me—
I gave them to a dead man's ghost,
 To set his poor soul free.

I gave them from my heart's red core,
 And left it seared and gray with pain,
That he might burn in flame no more,
 Nor walk the night again.

He met me when the stars were deep,
 His lowly grave near-by was laid—
Oft, ere he went with death to sleep,
 In that same spot we strayed.

He met me there with pleading eyes,
 The same fond, tender eyes of old,
And, in my fear and dread surprise,
 My faltering blood ran cold.

He followed me within my door,
 Nor fled till day began to break,
The while he ceased not to implore
 With lips that could not speak.

But when, at length, he went away,
 Full well I knew what was to be,
What ransom it was mine to pay,
 What boon he asked of me.

And so, with heart grown old in grief,
 I went where shone the shrine of prayer,
And plucked my roses, leaf by leaf,
 And left them lying there.

My wayward soul I shrived full clean,
 With knout and lash my flesh I flayed,
In sackcloth, where dim altars lean,
 For his soul's peace I prayed.

But, oh, the dear sin, long enticed,

Drowned in that dregged and bitter cup;
And, oh, that wild wish sacrificed,
That then I offered up.

'Twould souls of thrice a thousand save,
'Twould 'fend a kingdom from God's wrath,
Which, to that dead man's ghost I gave,
Yon night he crossed my path.

Long since his happy feet are set
Upon the shining streets of gold,
But, in his joy, can he forget
His debt to me of old?

Will he forget when my soul waits,
And dark my days of trouble fall,
Or will he storm the jasper gates
To help me, when I call?

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), pp. 30–31.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 29.

The Song of the Flag

What song is the old flag singing,
As it ripples upon the breeze,
It's voice to the far lands ringing,
And its music upon the seas?
Oh, the light of its beauty's falling
From the sweep of its own fair skies,
Through the gloom where the weak are calling,
With hope in their lifted eyes.

Wherever its stars of glory,
And its bars of crimson glow,
They will shine with the deathless story
The world has thrilled to know.
And however the highways lengthen,
Where the feet of freemen fare,
The song of the flag will strengthen
The hearts that battle there.

And up where the white lands glisten
In their jeweled robes of snow,
For the song of the flag they'll listen,
With its music soft and low.
And down 'mid the palm trees sleeping,
On shores of the sun-kissed main,
From the faith of their soul new-leaping,
It will wake the glad refrain.

One land and one flag above it—
From the ice-floes still and cold,
Borne on by the hearts that love it
To the sunlit seas of gold;
With the gleam of its glory o'er them,
To the restless winds unfurled,
Let them bear to the years before them
Its challenge to all the world.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 32.

The Little Salvation Lassie

(Emma Booth-Tucker, killed at Dean Lake, Mo., Oct. 28, 1903)

Wreck and ruin their story tell,
And the whole world bows its head
Where the little Salvation Lassie fell,
Bleeding and crushed and dead—
Dead where the crash of flying wheel
Her gentle heart's blood spilled,
And who will teach us to know and feel
She died as God had willed?

The eyes she dried when she went away,
They will break in tears again,
And the hearts that loved her, what will they say
When they hear that she is slain?
What will they do in their hovels now,
With heads in grief low bent,
In the haunts of their sorrow, foul and low,
Where her footsteps gladly went?

Frail as the fairest flower that blows
In the south wind's soft caress,
She walked in the shadow of human woes,
To succor and help and bless;
In the gloom and slime of the nameless sin,
The light of her brave eyes shone,
And where never another entered in
She came with her song, alone.

Frail as a flower and fair as morn,
Her soul unstained of dross,
A soldier, she braved the sneer and scorn,
And her only shield the Cross.
Sleep, O Lassie with bloodstained brow,
The din of the battle dies,
And God's own arms are 'round you now,
In the peace of His sheltered skies.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 33.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 24.

The Sailor of Genoa

Westward he turned his daring prow,
Westward he sailed away,
Strange oceans beating upon his bows,
And dashing his sails with spray;
Strange winds, they whipped the bending spars,
But never a point he veered,
Though high above him the very stars
Were strange as the path he steered.

Tempest and storm and snarling sea
The path that he steered beset,
And the waves that broke to the wind and lee
No man before had met;
Sky that wrapped him and breeze that blew,
No man had known before,
Yet on he sailed with his scowling crew—
Straight on to the west he bore.

Westward, westward, till hope went down
In the black seas' deep abyss
From the hearts of his sailors, scarred and brown,
From every heart but his.
With fear and curses they turned from him
And scoffed at his mystic goal,
But fate nor furies could quench nor dim
The faith of his dauntless soul.

Westward, westward, till one fair morn,
The keels of his wandering fleet
Crept into the shallows the tides had borne
Around a new world's feet;
Around the feet of a world he won
From the veiled and pathless seas,
When sailed, in his Spanish galleon,
The immortal Genoese.
Songs Along the IT ay. 35

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 34.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 76.

The Gypsy

The king hath his castles,
And his wide lands in fee,
Yet the mountains shut them in,
And they end at the sea;
But the gypsy, oh, the rover,
With every wind that's blown,
He tramps the whole earth over,
And claims it as his own.

By the bright, running waters,
On every slope of green,
O'er all the rising hills
And the fields that lie between,
With his brown brood he'll wander,
His light heart a-thrill,
And the world is his to squander,
And to barter as he will.

The rich man in cities,
He counts his store of gold,
Yet it rings not with music,
And the touch of it is cold;
But the gypsy mints the treasure
Of golden days of sun,
And spends it without measure,
Nor reckons when 'tis done.

He follows where the swallow
Its wing southward dips,
He is back with the wren,
And the song upon his lips;
With his foot for the clover,
And the stars above him dim,
Oh, the Romany, the rover,
And the glad heart of him.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 35.

The Bell of Dolores

The bell of Dolores.

 Upon the midnight rang,

Oh, weird was its music

 And the wild song it sang;

While the priest of Dolores

 Then spoke the fateful word,

And put aside his golden stole

 And girded on his sword.

O'er the hills in the starlight,

 Thick with bending-speared maguey,

By the paths in the valleys

 Where the haciendas lay,

From the deep, shadowed canons,

 Where the cool waters fall;

They leaped from their slumbers

 And answered to the call.

In the gloom and the shadows,

 At the wild call they came,

And the voice of Hidalgo

 Spoke out from lips of flame:

“Oh, follow me, my children,

 Tonight we strike a blow

For freedom and for liberty,

 For God and Mexico.”

Few were their numbers,

 But every arm was steeled

With the swift strength of vengeance,

 And they swore not to yield.

With liberty for guerdon,

 On the proud foe they fell,

And the red fields of slaughter

 Have told their story well.

From the fierce years of battles,
 From black years of pain,
They wrung the hard-wrought victory,
 And broke the yoke of Spain;
They broke the gyve and shackle,
 For they swore they would be free
When the bell of Dolores
 Rang out for liberty.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 36.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 60.

Africanus Triumphans

[Read before the Afro-American Congress at Pasadena, Cal. August 19, 1903.]

When, out of the chaos, earth was hurled,
And God's great mandate spread;
When he made the races to fill the world—
Yellow and white and red—
There was one made black, and the other three
Seeing him, asked to know
Whence, from what darkness cometh he?
And whither does he go?

And the black man said God made us free,
White and black men all,
Yellow or red, whichever we be,
There shall be no bond or thrall;
But they said his lips had spoken lies,
For the brand was on his cheek,
And they dulled their ears to his children's cries,
And the word his tongue would speak.

So, through the centuries hath he borne,
With shoulders bowed to the wheel,
The whole world's burdens and its scorn—
Its bloodhounds at his heel.
Bound he stood in the palace hall,
He was chained in the galleyed ships,
Yet, with deathless courage he braved it all,
With the challenge upon his lips.

Out from the ages, stained and dim
With curse and wrong and hate,
He comes with the patient heart of him
Unbent of Time or Fate.
Lash and shackle and gyve and goad
He bore through grief and dole,
Yet stands at last, from the weary load,
Erect with dauntless soul.

There was never an hour of the countless years
When the Slavers' white sail gleamed,

But through the rain of his blood and tears,
Of his birthright still he dreamed;
There was never a night of gloom and pain
But brought him its hope of morn,
With the vision of Liberty dawned again,
And the freedom he lost, new-born.

He comes with his glory from wars of death
For the flag that made him free,
He comes from the cannon's thundrous breath
That he faced all fearlessly;
He comes with the songs his poets sing,
With the pictures his painters drew,
With the music the tongues of his pleaders ring,
And the things that his hands can do.

He comes, my brother, whoever you be—
Yellow, or white, or red—
In the fair, full light of his destiny,
With the word that, of old, he said.
Gentle and patient and brave and strong,
With the faith of his soul unworn,
And the time is past for shackle and thong,
And the time is past for scorn.

O olden race of the jungle and hill,
O olden race and strong,
Brave be your hearts with the challenge still,
And glad be your lips with song.
Look up to the glory that flames the skies,
The gloom of the night is done;
Oh, shout to the morning with victor cries,
For the long, hard fight is won.
Songs Along the IT ay. 39

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), pp. 37–38.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 83.

Death of Leo XIII

Under the blue Italian skies,
By Tiber's yellow tide,
Low the Lion of Judah lies.
In the streets where Caesar died.

The golden censer its incense spills
'Xeath Peter's towering dome,
And a hush is over the seven hills
Of old, imperial Rome.

He sits no more on his ancient throne,
With the triple crown he wore,
The Fisherman's ring that flashed and shone
Gleams from his hand no more;

While Death, that waited so long for him,
Hath passed with victor tread,
Sheathing his sword in the starlight dim—
For Leo, the Pope, is dead.

Leo is dead in the Vatican,
He is dead, and the cry will go
Wherever wander the feet of man,
Wherever the four winds blow.

It will still the rush of the restless tide,
'Mid the cities' ceaseless roar,
And wherever the ships at anchor ride,
They will signal it from shore.

The soldier will hear it upon the wall,
It will sound with the sentry's cries,
And echo from kings' ancestral halls
To the tribes 'neath desert skies.

And wherever men go and whatever they be,
They will stop a while to say,
As they toil on the land or sail the sea,
'Twas a good man died today—

There's a great heart stilled in yonder place,

'Mid his altars high and dim;
There was not a soul of the human race
But had the love of him.

Jew and Gentile, whate'er their creed,
Or the child of whatever land,
It was he who solaced them in their need,
And joined them hand in hand.

The cry of the weak to him went up
That he shielded from the strong,
And he gave them to drink from love's sweet cup,
And he smote no thing but wrong.

And so, tho' the alien lands they dare,
Or sit 'mid the lights of home,
Today the hearts of the world will fare
On the roads that lead to Rome.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 39.

In Kastanienwald

(To B. P. K.)

What is it like in Kastanienwald?

Oh, I think it is like to be very fair,
For, yesterday, in a dream I called,
Called, and sat for an hour there.
I came from the hills and wandered down
By pathways strewn with old memories,
'Till I saw it lying beyond the town,
With its groves of clustered chestnut trees.

An old, gray dog at the sunny gate
Rose up to meet me with friendly bay,
The catbird cried to his noisy mate,
And the robin sang to me on the way.
Through towering branches the sunlight came,
Lighting the wood with a tender glow,
And the laurel flower was all aflame,
And the blackberry blossoms white as snow.

There were sheltering eaves that I walked beneath,
I passed unchallenged across the hall
Where hung the sword in its battered sheath,
With shield and buckler on the wall.
And there, in his fortress, dream-enthralled,
Sat he who rode to the joust and fray
Long time ago, ere Kastanienwald
The cry of the battles drove away.

I had tales to tell him of sunlit seas,
Of fields where the golden poppies throng,
Of meadow larks and the hum of bees,
And snow-capped hills, and the mockers' song;
Tales of the peaks where the starlight broods,
And blue skies bending the livelong day,
But I left him there in his quiet woods—
It was only a dream, and I could not stay.

'Twas only a dream, but sometime, anon,
When my soul a-wandering goes, again,
Away through the great, dim shadows, yon
'Mid the old, old hills, where mine own are lain,
I will seek him out from his quiet nooks,
With a jest, mayhap, or a tear recalled,
And he'll lift his eyes from his well-loved books,
And will know I am there in Kastanienwald.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 40.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 88.

Draga

Draga is dead, who was so fair,
Her dumb lips 'reft of their luring smile,
Her heart's red blood in her matted hair,
And splashed on her soft, white hands the while.
Her eyes of glory, that flamed and burned,
Have veiled their fires of love and hate,
And the bucklered hosts of the foes she spurned
Stand guard, tonight, at her palace gate.

Tomorrow they'll set the crown she wore,
With its flashing gems, on a rival's head,
And the realm is safe—they will say—once more,
It is safe, for Draga, the Queen, is dead—
She is dead, the Queen with the wanton eyes,
Who laughed to ruin the goodly State,
And low in the cloisters of doom she lies,
Strong-barred 'gainst envy and fear and hate.

'Twas a far, mad journey, the way she came,
Up from the plebeian paths, alone,
Trailing her garments of sin and shame,
To flaunt them forth from the purpled Throne;
But farther still is the journey now
That she takes in the dark, alone, again,
The cerecloth bound on her snowy brow,
And Death's gaunt courtiers in her train.

Unshrived, in an outcast grave she sleeps,
Near the quiet lanes where, of old, she played;
And the long, dim shade of the spire creeps
Where in childhood's hours she sang and prayed.
And you, O Masters, who cast the stone,
As we speak the word you would have us say,
Will the same word serve at the great White Throne,
When she pleads for herself on the Judgment Day?

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 41.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 93.

Blow, Bugles, Blow

Blow, bugles, blow, soft and sweet and low,
Sing a good night song for them who bravely faced the foe;
 Sing a song of truce to pain,
 Where they sleep nor wake again,
 'Neath the sunshine or the rain—
Blow, bugles, blow.

Wave, banners, wave, above each hero's grave,
Fold them, O thou stainless flag that they died to save;
 All thy stars with glory bright,
 Bore they on through Treason's night,
 Through the darkness to the light—
Wave, banners, wave.

Fall, blossoms, fall, over one and all,
They who heard their country's cry and answered to the call;
 'Mid the shock of shot and shell,
 Where they bled and where they fell,
 They who fought so long and well—
Fall, blossoms, fall.

Sigh, breezes, sigh, so gently wandering by,
Bend above them tenderly, blue of summer sky
 All their weary marches done,
 All their battles fought and won,
 Friend and lover, sire and son—
Sigh, breezes, sigh.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 42.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 127.

Roosevelt in the Yellowstone

Above him the wild skies bending,
 Beneath him the wastes of snow—
Through the hush of the forest wending,
 And over the bleak plateau,
He rode, with his strong heart glowing,
 In a clime of old, held dear,
And the winds of the West were blowing,
 With the music he loves to hear.

Beside him, with clanking saber,
 The brown-cheeked trooper rode,
Yet, he passed, as friend and neighbor,
 Where the things of the wild abode—
Where the things that people the places
 Of mountain and hill and fen,
Were waiting, with kindly faces,
 To welcome the chief of men.

And so that they, too, might render
 Their tribute of love to him,
Forth, then, in their strength and splendor
 From the forests dark and dim,
From the wastes and the gushing fountains
 Like a leaping wave of flame,
The antlered kings of the mountains
 In royal escort came.

Down through the wild wastes riding,
 They followed him over the snow.
By the peaks in the cloud-mists hiding,
 And down to the broad plateau;
And never, in song or story,
 In tourney, or feast, or fray,
Rode king of khan in his glory
 As this man rode that day.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 43.

A Sprig of Lilac

A little sprig of lilac, its fragrance in the air,
And, oh, lonely heart, if we could again but fare
Across the weary miles that we've wandered, to the door
Where once bloomed the lilac in the happy days of yore.

If time could backward turn, o'er the years that are so long,
And we could see her standing there and hear the lilting song,
Her face with its glory and her lips with gladness kissed,
It's little that we'd care for whatever else we've missed.

It's little we would care for the dreary days of pain,
The tears and the loneliness, if she were there again,
Her dear arms to fold us, and her tender eyes aglow,
Beside the bonnie lilac bush she planted, long ago.

A little sprig of blossoms, their perfume in the air,
But oh, the weary heart that can not forget its care;
The memory-haunted years, and the lilacs 'round the door
Where once was the welcome that now is there no more.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 44.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 47.

Easter

His footsteps trod the weary way,
 He lived His life's sad story,
That, at the end, might come this day
 Of triumph and of glory.

It was for this one hour He bowed
 His gentle heart before them,
The mocking and the ribald crowd,
 That bent the thorn-crown o'er him.

He bore the faithless taunt they flung,
 The cruel lash that flayed Him,
And on Golgotha's dark cross hung,
 When Judas had betrayed Him.

But, lo, when angels rolled aside
 The stone that locked death's prison,
The lowly Nazarene who died
 Was Christ, the Lord, arisen.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 44.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 87.

The Roof Tree

Once on a time a strong man hewed
A roof tree for his little brood;
His sinewy hands its rafters reared,
His swinging-ax the forest cleared,
'Till orchard-bloom and fields of loam
Smiled 'round it, and he called it Home.

And there, for many a happy day,
He heard his children shout at play,
Or watched them, barefoot, wading through
The clovered meadows, steeped in dew;
And, one by one, he saw them fare
Forth from the fold the world to dare.

Then came a time when 'neath the shade
Of arbors that his hands had made,
They laid him in the soft, cool mold,
His labors done, his story told.
And silence breathed its hush and spell
On that dear place once loved so well.

The roof tree crumbled, spiders wove
Their fairy webs its eaves above;
But yonder, in the world's wild way,
Those who had loved it in their play,
Stopped oft, through days that care beset,
To name it with their heart's regret.

A rich man in his halls of pride,
Through many an hour of longing sighed
For its bright, flowery paths again;
And one who lay in fevered pain
On glory's field, near death's dim brink,
Cried for its sweet, cool springs to drink.

And there was one poor Ishmael,
Who, when his ill-starred fortunes fell,
Turned like a hunted dog at bay,
Backward, o'er many a devious way,
To lay him down with death, care free,
Once more within the old roof tree.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 45.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 91.

The Guardian Angel

I.

“Whence,” said the Soul that in God’s great glory glowed,
“Came my wandering footsteps here and who guided me the road
Past the yawning pits of hell and the darkness and the dread,
The jibes of all the living and the terrors of the dead?”

II.

From the ringing choirs of Heaven and the shining Cherubim,
They brought the Guardian Angel of his life to answer him.
And the Angel’s was the face that had haunted all his years
When the song was on his lips or his eyes were dimmed with tears.

III.

“It was thou,” said the Soul, “that made hard my days for me
With the dreary curse of toil, and thou wouldst not set me free,
When the face of Pleasure smiled and its pathway glittered near—”
“Yea,” smiled the Angel, “it was thus I led thee here.”

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 46.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 102.

Eirin Slainte Gal Go Bragh

[Passage of the Irish Land Bill of 1903 in the British House of Commons.]

Lift up your head and dry your tears,

Sweet land of Innisfail,

'Tis not today your lover hears

The banshee's lonely wail,

But, from the harp on Tara's walls,

So long in grief unstrung,

The lilting tune of gladness calls,

The song of joy is sung.

'Tis not the day of Sarsfield's dream,

When ebb'd his heart's red tide,

'Tis not the day on Shannon's stream

For which your Emmett died,

But 'tis a day of hope and life,

Of wrong made right again,

That heals the bloodstained scar of strife,

The gaping wound of pain.

I wonder if the dead that sleep

Beneath the shamrocks low,

Or far, where alien rivers sweep,

Will thrill again to know

That from the Norman's hand of steel

Is loosed the grasp of power,

And burst death's bonds the joy to feel

Of this long-prayed-for hour?

Unfurl the green flag to the breeze,

There's none to say it nay,

For e'en the Saxon from his seas

Salutes its folds today.

Beneath the mists of Erin's skies

May ne'er its luster pale;

Lift up your head and dry your eyes,

Dear land of Innisfail.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 46.

The Ship o' Dreams

The Ship o' Dreams, it sails afar
Where moonlit isles of lotus are,
And 'round its prow the soft seas break
And croon and whisper in its wake,
And all the guides its sailors see
Are stars of faith and memory.

Bound outward, with the gentle wind,
The shores of care are left behind,
The mart's loud, jarring noises die,
Faint falls its challenge and its cry;
The moan of pain, the drip of tears,
They fail and falter on our ears.
Starboard and port, from rail to rail,
'Tis with our heart's best loved we sail;
The wanderers from the roof-tree fled,
The lost ones whom we mourned as dead,
They crowd the decks, and, unafraid,
We watch the golden anchors weighed.
Forth fare we then, with lute and lyre,
By lands of hope and heart's desire,
By blossomed slope and flowered plain,
Where rise our castles built in Spain;
And peace is there, and o'er us gleams
The sky that folds the Ship o' Dreams.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 47.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 6.

Always the Flag of the Free

Who fears for the flag that freedom blest,
 'Though it wanders afar from home,
By the winds caressed, to the east or west,
 Wherever its sons may roam?
In the calm of peace, or the storm of wars,
 On land or the bounding sea,
With its silver stars and its crimson bars,
 It is always the flag of the free.

Far from the cradle where Liberty reared
 Its brood of free-born men,
That banner fared and has onward dared
 Full many a league since then;
Like a strong young eagle, on wings elate,
 It has followed its destiny
From the old Bay State to the Golden Gate—
 The fetterless flag of the free.

South, where the far Antilles lie,
 It smiled to the glowing dawn,
It soared on high in the sunlit sky
 On the hill above San Juan.
It has followed its well-loved ships away
 To the uttermost alien sea,
And it floats today in Manila Bay,
 The conquering flag of the free.

God speed the flag that never has quailed,
'Though it rode o'er the Spanish main;
When by foes assailed that never has failed
Humanity's need and pain.
It shall bless the slave whom its valor frees,
And its glory shall 'round him be;
On its own loved breeze or the Orient seas,
It is always the flag of the free.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 48.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 129.

She's an Old Sweetheart of Mine

The Venezuelan Incident

Feller name of Bowen says he's been a-thinkin' some
Of gettin' up a Nation's Ball, invitin' all to come;
Says he thinks it's only fair to hand around the fun
And not confine it merely to the "Goth and shameless Hun,"
So they're pickin' out their partners to join the grand sashay,
And your Uncle Sam'll be there when the band begins to play.

Billy Hohenzollern will make things sort o' warm
When he waltzes down the middle with Miss Guelph upon his arm,
Some big guns will applaud him as glidin' on he goes,
With his little Dago valet a-holdin' up his clothes,
They'll holler "Hoch der Kaiser," and throw the English sop
To keep John Bull from faintin' at the Venezuelan hop.

But wait till Uncle Sammy, with his partner, "La Belle France,"
Drops in to cut some pigeon wings at that there Nation's Dance.
He'll teach them how the Boston dip caught on in gay Paree,
And they'll make the prettiest couple that you possibly could see.
And if they ask him questions anywhere along the line,
He'll say: "Why, don't you know her? She's an old sweetheart of mine?"

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 49.

The Dead Gun Maker

Dead! and the belching thunder
Of the guns, on sea and shore,
Tho' they rive the world asunder,
Can break on his ears no more.

Forth from his hands he sent them,
Wherever men met as foes;
And, wherever strong hands unbent them,
The cry of the wounded rose.

The groans of the maimed and dying,
The moans of the ebbing heart,
On the fields of the dead, low lying,
Were the praise of his master art.

Wherever the ocean's billows
The ships of the fleet have sped,
Deep over the coral pillows,
Where the wild seas keep their dead;

Wherever, in rush or rally,
Man clashed in the strife with man—
In Paardeberg's war-strewn valley,
Or the red heights of Sedan—

Death and blood and disaster
Spoke his great name in dread;
But now, in his shroud, the master
That fashioned the guns lies dead.

And, wishing him naught of sorrow,
No curse o'er his grave, nor ban,
How well it would be, if tomorrow
The art could die with the man—

If brothers, the wide world over,
 Would drink from Love's brimming cup,
And cover the guns as they cover
 The dust o'er the grave of Krupp.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 49.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 95.

The Queen City

Seattle, 1897

The shelter-craving sea
 Crept to her feet,
The west wind, strong and free,
 In her face blew sweet.
And oft, as the breath of the main
 Her bosom kissed,
She hid in her cloak of rain
 And veils of mist.

The Sailor wandering far
 The trackless deep,
Turned to the steadfast star
 That watched her sleep.
And the dauntless Pioneer,
 Through forests wide,
Blazed the bleak pathway clear
 That reached her side.

They throned her on the hills
 Of changeless green,
'Mid the gleam of mountain rills
 And lakes' soft sheen;
They filled their souls with her name,
 Her love and grace,
And the sons of the four winds came
 To see her face.

Jewels and gems they brought,
 And raiments gay,
Treasures the looms had wrought,
 In far Cathay;
Gifts from the vales and plains
 And marts of old,
And the north from its frozen veins
 Poured out its gold.

Then her wild pulses stirred,
 Her warm heart beat,
She sang that the whole world heard,
 And the song was sweet.
The salt rains swept her lips,
 Still, from the skies,
She laughed to the crowding ships
 Through sunlit eyes.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 50.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 106.

The Toiler

(Eckley Brinton Coxe, died May 13, 1895)

Smokeless towers and silent wheels,
Today on the lonely hill,
And the restless hands are folded,
And the tireless heart is still.

The eyes that pierced the darkness
Of the very earth are dim,
And of all his wide dominions
There is only a grave for him.

He walked wherever the toiler
Had shapen his sturdy tread,
When the scented way of the roses
Was his, if he cared, instead.

And wherefore hath he striven
If not for gold and gain?
Did he fashion his wheels of iron
For torture and human pain?

Answer, O lips that tremble!
Answer, O tearful eyes!
That ask God's peace and blessing
Upon him where he lies.

Yea! 'twas for you, my brothers,
With tireless brain he strove,
And the smoke from his grimy towers
Was the incense of his love.

And after the weary struggle
No curse falls on his head,
No trail of blood to tarnish
The blameless life he led.

Peace and farewell, O Toiler!
God grant that some day shall see
This sad old world as happy
As your dream would have it be.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 51.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 97.

The Saddened Heart

I need not say that I am sad,
 For every one is so;
The world is for a moment glad,
 And then 'tis full of woe,
And even while we laugh, a tear
 Falls through the music that we hear.

The saddest hearts I met today,
 The eyes that sorest wept,
Last night were full of mirth and gay,
 And changed but while I slept;
But then the sky was bright and blue,
 While now it wears a somber hue.

He who, with voice of silvery ring,
 Told me one hour ago
That life was such a happy thing,
 With curses deep and low
Avers that now he does not care
 For life or death in his despair.

And thus it is, and thus 'twill be,
 E'en as 'twas long ago—
You need not speak your grief to me,
 With every one, 'tis so;
And you, and I, and all, but tread
 Unto the hope that shrouds the dead.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 52.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 104.

The Old Churchyard

In the old churchyard, tho' the sun at morning gleams,
They who sleep within its bosom never waken from their dreams,
Nor answer when you call them, nor listen when you speak,
Nor know you weep above them, and that your heart may break.
But still, amid the silence, 'neath the soft, green mantled sward,
They slumber on forever in the old churchyard.

Yet, somehow, when the gentle winds across the grasses blow,
There is something in its whisper like the voice you used to know,
And you dream that, as it passes, every gleaming drop of dew
Is a tear that some lost loved one has left behind for you,
And the soul leaps through the gate that Death, for pity, leaves unbarred
'Twi'x't you and those that love you in the old churchyard.

Mine own are there, mine own that left me lonely long ago,
For whom my heart full long hath cried and wept and hungered so;
No stranger sleeps, among them all, not one but, could he rise,
Would welcome me with all the dear old gladness in his eyes.
And I bend my face above them, feeling still their love may guard
And cherish him who mourns them in the old churchyard.

Oh, the old churchyard! Though I wander o'er the sea
And the farthest league of distance, it is ever near to me.
Life brings me no new lesson that can teach me to forget
The love that first it brought me, and is the fondest yet.
And when the days are ended, and the Night comes on, unstarred,
There is rest for hearts awearry in the old churchyard.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 53.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 99.

The Dreamer

(John Boyle O'Reilly, died Aug. 10, 1890.)

With sleepless eyes and head bent low,
Oft hath he listened long nights through,
And all the wandering winds that blow
Were voices that he dreamed he knew.
And when the haggard light of day
Crept through the valleys, wrapt and dim,
He rose to do, like one to pray,
What bidding night had given him.

For 'tis upon the winds that blow,
When night hath come, that every need
Of hearts that ache in pain and woe,
For pity through the wide world speed.
And we that sleep, we never hear
The pleading voices as they creep,
But he, awake with listening ear,
With pity wept, and could not sleep.

And so, when day's deep noises stirred
The fretful world to strife and greed,
He gave all that he had, a word,
A touch, a tear, a generous deed.
And all the poor who hungered so
For love to bless or bread to eat,
Rose from the sorrow and the woe
Of bitter hours that he made sweet.

But once he slept; The voices cried
Still as of old, the long night through;
Yet, heedless all, and heavy-eyed,
He would not hear the winds that blew.
And when the dawn in solemn gray
Came forth, its early light to shed,
His lips had no fond word to say,
Night's tears were vain, for he was dead.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 54.

The Return of the Iroquois

(Wyoming Valley, 1778.)

“Maughwama!” they cried from the war canoes,
And the hills that slept in the morning dews;
“Maughwama, valley of stream and plain,
Lo, thy children are come to thee again.”
And their wild cry echoed from hill to hill,
And the winds from the river, that loved them still.
Caught up the greetings their mad lips gave,
And swept its music from wave to wave.

“Welcome, oh welcome,” the free winds cried,
“Welcome, oh wanderers,” the forests sighed;
“Mohawks, bold in the battle’s strain,
Oneidas, patient of hunger and pain,
Senecas, swiftest the tribes among,
Cayugas, generous, kind and strong;
Wise Onondagas, whose silvered speech
From the council fires the Nations teach;
Wild Tuscaroras, unbent and free,
Welcome, oh welcome, to all and thee.”

Wyoming! and these were the scattered seed
Of her Nations, remnanted, spent in their need,
With the ruin and wreck of the strangers’ wars
Writ on their faces in ashen scars,
And the haunting wail of their lost and dead
Like a mock’ry following them where they sped.
From steepes where the northern rivers run,
From the purple skies of the setting sun,
Of all their wide land nothing left,
Of kindred and glory and home bereft;
Back in their reeling defeats they came,
Blazing their pathway with ruin and flame;
Till thus they gazed from the frowning crest
That rose o’er the valley their hearts loved best.

From the clasp of the mountains with gold and gleam
Of the sunlight kissing its winding stream,

Fair Susquehanna the exiles bore;
They moored their boats on the shallow shore;
They clambered to beckoning hill and plain,
And the old, sweet places they claimed again.
Theirs the bright streams and the swaying trees,
'Ere the pale robber had crossed his seas,
With his false heart smiling upon his lips,
And the fires of death in his cruel ships,
Grasping, with insolent greed and might,
All that by birth was the red man's right,
Setting his fields in the virgin wood
Where the first born, rightful race had stood,
'Till with ruthless courage his ploughshares swept
The very graves where their fathers slept.

"Hal-loo-o! Hal-loo-o!" from peak to peak
The shuddering sound rolls back, the shriek
Of the Iroquois rose on the quivering air!
Alas, O Wyoming, sun-kissed and fair,
For the new brood suckling at thy breast!
Better yon distant mountain's crest
Had never its nodding grasses bent
'Neath the feet that Connecticut wandering sent
To seek fresh grooves for the Yankee plow.
Lo! the day of ire is upon them now.
They need not fear and they need not care
That Tory and Briton confront them there,
But well may they fly to the strong support
Of the sheltering timbers of Forty Fort,
That the wronged and the robbed and the homeless race
Hath come again to its rightful place.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 55.

Praise

How art thou praised? By word or look?

Yet still not so shall I praise thee.

I would as lief the shallow brook

Had taught its fickle kiss to me

As seek by speech or glance the ways

That I would fashion for thy praise.

I'll praise thee by remembering—

Songs will I make thee from the sighs

Of mine own heart, and as I sing

The gentle river winds will rise,

As when, one day, their touch made rare

Aeolian music through thy hair.

I'll praise thee by forgetfulness—

I will forget the light of morn

Was ever fair, it is so less

Fair than thine eyes; so, borne

Into one long sweet dream of thee

Past and to come shall all dreams be.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 56.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 56.

Good-Night but Not Good-Bye

Grieve not to say good night, dear,
 Good night is not good-bye;
And 'though at morning's light, dear,
 Long miles 'twixt us shall lie,
Some time I will come back to thee,
As happy as of old to be.

And every lonely day, dear,
 That parts our lives in twain,
At last will pass away, dear,
 And we shall meet again.
So why should tears dim thy fond eye?
'Tis but good-night and not good-bye.

We've known full share of pain, dear,
 Of heartache and of tears;
Fond hopes we knew were slain, dear,
 And love grew sick with fears,
But soon the shadows all will flee,
And we no more will parted be.

And when you're all my own, dear,
 Like blessings then will fall
The sorrows we have known, dear,
 The loneliness and all.
So wherefore tears to dim thine eye?
Good night, dear love, but not good-bye.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 57.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 74.

St. John, the Evangelist

Midst all the palm-crowned company
He seemeth always something more than they—
“Christ’s own beloved John.” Not Peter,
Even, the rock on whom he builded,
Nor Paul, the matchless silver-voiced,
Nor Thomas, with his hands upon his wounds,
Nor any of them all, down to this latest day,
Seem, my fair saint, so fair as thou,
“His own beloved John.”

Calm-eyed and sweet,
Almost as Christ to look upon, was he;
Almost the same soft, gentle way; with hair
That fell in waving locks his shoulders o’er,
And perfect brows, and perfect moulded mouth;
Too sad to smile, and yet in his fair face
Something more sweet and tender dwelt
Than that which lights the fondest mother’s smile
Above her sleeping babe.

Beside Golgotha’s cross
I often see that John divinely stand,
The last to hear his Master’s last farewell
Through the drear agony of human pain.
I see the women clutching at his feet
Where stayed he when all other men had fled.
And then I love to watch him standing so,
To catch the glory of his dauntless eye,
And know that he who was the best beloved
Was faithful in the last and mightiest hour.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 58.

Robert Emmet

Alas, poor dreamer, and poor dream, alas!
Both memories blent as one, together they
Down the sad silence of the ages pass,
Facing forever each new-born day.

He is the dream, e'en as the dream is he,
Inseparable from each other wrought;
His name unchiseled 'till his land be free—
The ghost from out the very phantom caught.

A beauteous dream! (And, ah, he was so fair,)
Its own ideal he, and it was his ideal;
Both gone; so 'tis dreams fade in air,
The real pitiless of the unreal.

And as the dream is beautiful and sweet,
In that same measure is the waking pain.
Alas, O Freedom! when shall vision greet
So fair a fancy in its realms again?

Immortal dream! Dreamer immortal, too!
Undying both, for never Gael shall spring
To tread the earth but all his fancies through
Sounds from that dream like clashing swords shall ring.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 58.

There Was a Lad Was Born in Kyle

Robert Burns, born January 25, 1759

“There was a lad was born in Kyle,”
In Kyle among the hills of heather,
And ’tis tonight we’ll sit a while
The songs he made to sing together;
Full many a stave that well we ken,
The lilts beloved beyond all others,
The which that lifted lowly men
As high as kings, and made them brothers.

With his dear ghost we’ll linger long,
Beside the hearthstone’s glowing embers,
To dream of Robin and his song,
The songs that all the world remembers;
We’ll wander o’er the bonnie braes,
With warlocks and the dancing fairy,
And linger by the winding ways
Of Doon, to think of Highland Mary.

Dust are the heroes of the sword,
Forgotten as the wars of Flanders,
With all the suns and rains that poured
On slaughtered hosts and dead commanders.
What names they won who now will care?
Time’s mists enfold them and their story,
While from the hallowed fields of Ayr
One plowman stands in deathless glory.

Let Time forget whoe'er it may,
 Its warrior sons, their deeds of wonder,
But he who woke the minstrel's lay
 In memory lives that e'er grows fonder.
O songs that made the sad heart light,
 That cheered the wavering soul and lowly,
That set the wrongs of centuries right,
 And save the name of manhood holy!

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 59.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 183.

The Old Regiment

Long ago, on a summer's day,
Over the hills they marched away—
Kinfolk, friends, and the boys we knew
In childhood's blossoms and fields of dew,
Changed in that hour to full-grown men,
When the song of the bugle rang down the glen
With its wild appeal and its throb and thrall
And they answered "Yea" to their country's call.

Then in the furrow the plowshare slept,
O'er wheel and anvil a silence crept;
All night long through the village street
Thundered the rhythm of marching feet,
With clash of steel and the saber's clang
And the gray commander's stern harangue,
Till morning broke, and they marched away,
Long ago, on a summer's day.

We watched them go, with their guns agleam,
Down past the mill and the winding stream,
Across the meadows with clover deep,
By the old stone wall where the roses creep.
We watched them go till they climbed the hill,
And they faced about, as the drums grew still,
And they waved their caps to the vale below
With its breaking hearts that loved them so.

Forth they leaped to the surging fray,
Shoulder to shoulder in brave array;
Their strong souls steeled to their lips' light song,
And their ranks of blue were a thousand strong.
Bright were their banners, and bright each sword,
When the peals of the cannon upon them roared.
Their brave eyes still to the foeman turned
Where the sweep of the battle flamed and burned.

Onward still through the seething hell
Of war's dread slaughter they fought and fell;
Forward still through the blinding gloom

Of reeking carnage and death and doom;
Binding their wounds in the moan-filled night,
After the stress of the day's fierce fight,
When tears were wept for the silent slain
In the hurried graves of the red field lain.

Save for the maimed and the shattered few
They come no more to the vale they knew
In the old dear days of their childhood's dreams;
But far away, by the alien streams,
On the scenes of their struggles their still hearts sleep,
Lying unnamed in the trenches deep,
Where the foe at Antietam stormed the lines
And the bloodstained bayonets at Seven Pines.

They wake no more to the battle's noise—
Kinfolk, friends, and the neighbors' boys;
But oft, when the starlight fills the glen,
In phantom marches they come again,
And over the walls where the roses creep,
And the dew-kissed meadows with clover deep,
I see them still as they marched away
Long ago, on a summer's day.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 60.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 144.

As You Journey On

Waiting for the Spring through the winter's clouds of gray,
Fretting through the night for the coming of the day,
Praying mid the battle for the peace that is to be,
Watching on the shore for the ships to come from sea,
Looking for tomorrow and the joy that's far away,
When all the things we long for are at our feet today.

For the heart makes its own summer, whether skies be blue or no.
And there's glory in the doing that will set the soul aglow;
There's music on the shore, though the ship may never fare
To the harbor where you wait with your weeping and your care;
So join in the song and the laughter and the strife,
And, as you journey on, make the best you can of life.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 61.

The Cossacks of the Don

The bugle rings, his steed he strides,
The battle calls him on,
And forth to meet its shock he rides—
The Cossack of the Don.
The fierce, red Tartar blood that flows
Down from unconquered sires,
Wakes, with the joy his wild heart knows,
When blaze war's flaming fires.

God help the foe that meets them when
The Cossacks ride to war;
The strong, swift, bearded, fighting-men
Whose friends the gray wolves are;
Who make their coverlets the snows
When they lie down to sleep,
Who faster ride than wind that blows
When they their saddles leap.

No man has seen the Cossacks' sword
Turn downward in the fight,
In vain have tides of battles poured
Against them in their might;
The hoof-beats of their steeds are known,
With all their wandering clan,
From bleak Siberian highways down
To sun-kissed Astrakhan.

When sits the White Czar on his throne
Within his guarded gate,
Brooding, with brow of gloom, alone,
Upon his Empire's fate,
He knows, through every vague alarm,
While ships and men fight on,
He still may trust his strong right arm—
The Cossacks of the Don.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 62.

The Port o' Heart's Desire

Down around the quay they lie, the ships that sail to sea,
On shore the brown-cheeked sailor-men, they pass the jest with me,
But soon their ships will sail away with winds that never tire,
And there's one that will be sailing to the Port o' Heart's Desire.

The Port o' Heart's Desire, and it's oh, that port for me,
And that's the ship that I love best of all that sail the sea;
Its hold is filled with memories, its prow it points away
To the Port o' Heart's Desire, where I roamed a boy at play.

Ships that sail for gold there be, and ships that sail for fame,
And some were filled with jewels bright when from Cathay they came,
But give me still yon white sail in the sunset's mystic fire,
That the running tides will carry to the Port o' Heart's Desire.

It's you may have the gold and fame, and all the jewels, too,
And all the ships, if they were mine, I'd gladly give to you,
I'd give them all right gladly, with their gold and fame entire,
If you would set me down within the Port o' Heart's Desire.

Oh, speed you, white-winged ship of mine, oh, speed you to the sea,
Some other day, some other tide, come back again for me—
Come back with all the memories, the joys and e'en the pain,
And take me to the golden hills of boyhood once again.

Publication. *Just California and Songs Along the Way* (Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Company, 1903), p. 63.

Variorum. The later witness preserves the same poem with local changes in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, line setting, and occasional wording; it is not reprinted separately here. Later witness: *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), p. 4.

BOOK TWO | *WANDER SONGS*

Stage II | Grafton Publishing Company, 1908

This section prints the poems first collected in *Wander Songs*. Ordinary reprints from the 1903 book have been collated into the variorum record attached to their earlier copy-texts, preserving one readable poem sequence without disguising the later book's contents.

Reprints represented by earlier copy-texts: The King's Highway; The Port o' Heart's Desire; The Ship o' Dreams; Just California; The Hills of Santa Cruz; In the San Joaquin; The Little Salvation Lassie; In Monterey; The Ransom; The Bay of San Diego; The Call of California; A Sprig of Lilac; Praise; The Bell of Dolores; A Song Along the Way; Good-Night but Not Good-Bye; The Sailor of Genoa; Dreams of Long Ago; Africanus Triumphans; Easter; In Kastanienwald; The Roof-tree; Draga; The Dead Gun Maker; The Toiler; The Old Churchyard; The Guardian Angel; The Saddened Heart; The Queen City; Blow, Bugles, Blow; Always the Flag of the Free; The Old Regiment; Cossacks of the Don; There Was a Lad Was Born in Kyle.

Gray Men of Battle

Blow a note on the bugle,
Wake a throb of the drum,
As down the Springtime highways
The old, gray soldiers come;
Bugle and drum to thrill them,
And quicken the step that lags—
Bugle and drum and old, gray men.
And the folds of tattered flags.

Room for the war-worn column
That wavers along the street,
Room for the crutch and empty sleeve,
And the slow, uncertain feet;
A hush on the shout and clamor,
As they pass with faltering tread—
The gray men of the battles
Who pass to seek their dead.

Room for the men of Antietam,
Where charged their battered lines;
Room for the lions of Malvern Hill
And the eagles of Seven Pines;
Room for the clanking saber,
And the foot that once swung free
Through Shenandoah with Sheridan,
And with Sherman to the sea.

Old and bent in the highways,
Their tattered flags on the breeze,
Never leaped at the jaws of death
Such fighting men as these;
Never saw flame of rampart,
When battle tides ran red,
The like of these old, gray soldiers
Who seek today their dead.

These are the men of Shiloh,
Who pass with footsteps slow,
The steeled brigades that stormed the clouds

Of Lookout with Fighting Joe.
These are the stubborn legions
That on Chickamauga hung,
When the bugles sang of slaughter,
And the old, gray men were young.

O lingering note of the bugle,
Throb of the muffled drum,
As down the Springtime highways
The old, gray soldiers come!
Only a few more twilights
On the wavering ranks and thin,
Then night and folded banners,
And the sabers gathered in.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 10–12.

The Green Glen of Glenties

The green glen of Glenties, the mountains behind it,
The blue sky above and the wild seas below,
'Tis far on the way and the road's hard to find it.
But still 'tis the road that I'm weary to go.

'Tis the road I shall fare when free from the tether,
Though highways and byways to cross me may throng;
Some day from the hilltops all purple with heather,
I'll look on the green glen that waited so long.

It's little I thought when at night 'round the fire,
Your hands in my hair as I curled on your knee,
The long years would pass and the laverock tire
In the green glen of Glenties still waiting for me;

It's little I thought with my arms clung about you,
I would wander the years through the sun and the rain.
And come, at the end, to the green glen without you,
And sit by the Aeny and call you in vain.

And yet, well I know, at the white gate of Heaven,
You'll hear the deep cry of my soul in its pain,
And you'll say to the Keeper: "Oh, let me be given
This one day on earth in the green glen again;

For my wanderer is there, who to wander was ready,
He fared with the sun and the Winter's cold blast—
Mine own 'Shawn-na-Feepa,' my wee sleepy laddie,
In the green glen of Glenties he wanders at last."

You'll not leave me alone; you will come like the sighing
Of the breath of the glen in the blossoms of sloe,
And I'll rise from the clover, where low I am lying,
To kiss the dear sod that your feet used to know.

And not as I knew you—O fond heart and tender—
But fair as they told me you were, at the dawn
You'll trip through the dew in youth and in splendor,
Your cheeks like the roses, your step like the fawn

'Tis far on the way and the road's hard to find it,

Yet, sometime, at last, on a morning in Spring,
I shall see the green glen and the mountains behind it,
And sit by the Aeny and hear the thrush sing.

But when that day comes 'tis tears will be near it.
Like tears that would fall through lilt of your song,
That none knew as I—and again I shall hear it
In the green glen of Glenties that waited so long.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 16–18.

The Escort of the Yellowstone

Cinnabar, Mont., April 23, 1903—President Roosevelt's vacation in Yellowstone Park is at an end; Associated Press dispatch

Above him the wild skies bending,
 Beneath him the wastes of snow;
Through the hush of the forest wending,
 And over the bleak plateau,
He rode, with his strong heart glowing,
 In a clime of old held dear,
And the winds of the West were blowing,
 With the music he loves to hear.

Beside him, with clanking saber,
 The brown-cheeked trooper rode,
Yet, he passed, as friend and neighbor,
 Where the things of the wild abode—
Where the things that people the places
 Of mountain and hill and fen,
Were waiting, with kindly faces,
 To welcome the chief of men.

And so that they, too, might render
 Their tribute of love to him,
Forth, then, in their strength and splendor
 From the forests dark and dim,
From the wastes and the gushing fountains,
 Like a leaping wave of flame,
The antlered kings of the mountains
 In royal escort came.

Down through the wild wastes riding,
 They followed him over the snow,
By the peaks in the cloud-mists hiding,
 And down to the broad plateau;
And never, in song or story,
 In tourney, or feast, or fray,
Rode king or khan in his glory
 As this man rode that day.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 19–20.

The Gray Road of Sorrow

The world has many a road for the feet of you and me,
They cross the winding hills where the winds are blowing free,
They dip down the valleys and through many a place they're cast,
And the gray road of sorrow, oh, we come to it at last.

We come to it at last, in the mists and sighing rain,
And though we leave it oft the whiles, we come to it again;
We come to it again with the sighing rains that fall
On the gray road of sorrow that loves and lures us all.

Once I thought to never walk that gray road hedged with yew,
Nor ever did you think to come, if I can read you true—
'Twas then that life and love were young, our blood with youth aflame,
Yet I found you on the gray road when first to it I came.

I found you in the sighing rain, beside the hedge of yew,
With the trouble dim upon your eyes that once were dancing blue,
With the trouble in the eyes of you, the hot tears on your cheek,
And the lips of you a-tremble with the word you could not speak.

And yet, oh, heart of me, as we wander down the years.
We fear it less and love it more, that gray road of tears—
The gray road of sorrow with its whispering yew and rain,
Its heartaches of memory, its trouble and its pain.

For, trod we ne'er the gray road, but always laughed along
The paths of the primrose and the sunlit trails of song—
Had we walked but where the happy throngs of mirth and pleasure go,
The throb of the gray road we had not learned to know.

And 'tis not when the laughter and lilt of joy and song
Rings down the way of roses, where the gay and happy throng,
That life has most to give us, but it is when falls the rain
On the gray road of sorrow with its heart-break and pain.

So, here's my glass to yours, and I'll quaff with you the wine,
And I'll give you back another song for that you gave for mine,
But when God calls us near Him, with souls and hearts laid bare,
The gray road of sorrow is the road that we must fare.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 32–34.

The Town o' Croonin' Waters

The town o' Croonin' Waters, I dreamed of it today,
Though since my feet have wandered there long years have passed away;
Full many a year has passed me since last I wandered down
The pathway through the meadows to Croonin' Waters town.

God knows how many miles there be that lie 'twixt here and there,
How many miles of lifted hills and valleys sleeping fair,
But, through the distance fading, they fell and passed away,
And back to Croonin' Waters in a dream I walked today.

I saw it lying as of old, the shaded streets and all,
Where, from the hillside's emerald breast the tumbling waters fall;
I heard the waters falling with their old, enchanting croon,
And the music of their laughter through the drowsy afternoon.

'Twas there that in the days long dead, beside that whispering stream,
With boyhood's sunny heart of gold, I used to sit and dream,
When life and love and I were young, and when my soul was fair
As the white mists of waterfall that hung above us there.

Oh, town o' Croonin' Waters, may God be with it still,
The meadows green below it and the mists upon the hill,
The shine of sun, the singing rain, the starlight shimmered fair,
And the heart of me that's far away yet longing to be there.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 38–39.

Snug Harbor

It's just a place, Snug Harbor is, it may be here or there,
Wherever moons are soft at night and suns at morning fair;
It's just a place for sailormen, or yet for you or me,
A shelter from the off-shore winds or winds that blow from sea.

There's some that call it Port o' Dreams when distant tides they roam,
And some that call it Heart's Desire and some that call it Home;
But let them call it what they will, it's still their hearts will yearn
For the peace within Snug Harbor where the lights of welcome burn.

There's some that never wander far, but when the evening falls
Their ears may hear the cry of home that through the twilight calls;
Though rains by day, from windy hills, upon their heads are bent,
At night beside their firesides they sit in warm content.

But many a one must toil and strive far on the stormy waves,
And many a one must beat the trails where winter's tempest raves,
And 'tis the hearts of them that dream, through darkness and the cold,
For the shelter of Snug Harbor and the welcome lights of old.

O wanderer on the ancient seas or trails of exiles new,
Come back and I will heap the fire with blazing logs for you;
I'll wrap you in my morning cloak and set the room aglow,
And I'll watch your eyes a-smiling like they used to, long ago.

For some they call it Port o' Dreams, and some they call it Home,
And some they call it Heart's Desire when far away they roam;
But you will call it by the name that still you loved the best,
When you slept within Snug Harbor upon your mother's breast.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 44–46.

Nogi

Nippon gave him horse and man,
She gave him sword and gun,
Foot and dragoon and tribe and clan,
And banners of the Sun.

She gave them from her reckless soul,
With neither sigh nor ruth,
That he might deck his muster roll
With flower of her youth.

The bravest and the strongest all,
With eyes unwet nor dim,
She flung them at his bugle's call
And gave them up to him.

'Neath Fusiya's peaks of flame,
Where Yeddo's green vales lie,
From lake and gawa forth they came
Strong and blithe to die.

Ready and glad to fight and fall
For gods that o'er them beamed,
When flashing to the trumpet's call
The sword of Nogi gleamed.

O'er bloody seas and land's red rood,
Where death and ruin steals,
So sped he with the tiger's brood
That followed at his heels.

Above them roared the cannon's wrath,
And from far ramparts fell,
Seething upon their desperate path,
The leaden rains of hell.

They saw the guns flash through the night
From slopes and quaking crests;
The bayonet of the Muscovite
By day was at their breasts.

For thrice an hundred days it fell,

That withering fire of death,
The blazing, scorching wind of hell
That burned them in its breath.

For thrice an hundred days and nights
The battle swept and swirled,
While 'gainst the grim and gory heights
The tiger's brood was hurled.

Flower of Nippon, tribe and clan,
Down to the furies hurled,
There, at the word of one gray man—
The wonder of the world.

And deep the bloody chasm yawned
And still his strong hand flung,
Like eggs that War's red dragon spawned,
The flower of Nippon's young.

But with them went the heart of him,
Flesh of his flesh—his own—
Bone of his bone clutched in the grim,
Fierce chance that he had thrown.

Sons of his soul, he saw them lay
Dead in the tides of gore,
With lips that had no word to say,
And eyes that smiled no more.

Clear rang his bugle's victor blast
From ramparts stormed and won,
And from the far heights flashed at last
His banners of the sun.

He heard the banzais' thunders play
From echoing hill and wall,
But, old and worn and bent and gray.
He gave no heed at all.

Triumphant shrieked the trumpet's blast,
Won was the mighty goal—
He heard alone the dead that passed
And whispered to his soul.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 49–52.

The East Wind

It's a dour wind, the East wind, a dour wind and cold;
Many a time and many a time 'twas so I heard them say,
Yonder 'round the fires in the lost land of old,
Yonder in the lost land that guards the gates of day.

Strange I used to think it, strange that they should speak
Ill of the East wind that went with me at play,
As kind to me as any, with its breath upon my cheek,
Yonder in the lost land that guards the gates of day.

They were gray folk that said it, gray folk and wan,
They trembled like the aspen and shivered in the cold;
But warm was my heart and I laughed till break of dawn,
Yonder 'round the fires in the lost land of old.

The gray folk they're gone now, gone this many a day,
No more do they gather at the chimney moaning dree,
But, tonight, 'round my fire, heap the fagots as I may,
The East wind is blowing and it chills the heart of me.

Far lies the lost land; the road that leads from there
Is the gray road of sorrow winding down the exile years,
The gray road of sorrow that I never thought to fare,
With the yew tree for hedge, and its white mist of tears.

Oft in the lost land when huddled 'round the fire,
I smiled to the gray folk and cuddled at their knees;
I told them I would travel to the land of Heart's Desire,
And sail on ships o' dreams across the swelling seas.

'Twas then they'd put their hands upon my tossing hair,
Saying, "God bless the laddie where'er his pathway goes,
God bless you, dearie, wherever you may fare,
And shield you from the East wind when bitterly it blows."

God took the gray folk, they lie in dreamless sleep,
No more around the fires do they gather as of old,
And it's I who from the East wind to seek a shelter creep,
Heaping high the fagots to warm me from the cold.

It's a dour wind, the East wind, and so I oft was told;
Many a time and many a time 'twas so, I heard them say,
Yonder 'round the fires in the lost land of old,
Yonder in the lost land that guards the gates of day.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 53–55.

The Absent Brother

Tho' a man when he lived were harsh and cold,
And his hands were cruel in grasping gold,
His name dishonored, and veiled deceit
The way he sought for his restless feet;
Tho' he soothed no sorrows and fed no fires
But the sordid flame of his own desires,
Some heart would pity him after all,
A tear from somewhere would softly fall,
And a prayer from the fane of some kindly creed,
That never has failed in the sad world's need,
Would ask that his soul be gently sped
To the Isles of the Blessed when he were dead.

The scope of our wrongs and antipathies
Is not so wide as are things like these:
The shut lips mute as in dread surprise,
And the pitiful sight of the sightless eyes.

Oh, these would disarm us of every hate
Tho' we came to curse at the dead man's gate.
It were better to write on the shifting sand
The faults that a brother could not withstand,
And to chisel whatever his virtue be
On the tablets of love and of memory;
For the noblest creed, 'neath the skies above,
Is Charity, Justice and Brotherly Love.

'Tis the worst of death that we take away
To the last, long home in the house of clay,
Not one dear gift from the life we knew—
The clasp of a hand that was warm and true,
The sound of a voice that was sweet to hear,
And the smile on the lips that our hearts held dear.
When we lie with Death, in its endless sleep,
No dream of this all may we take or keep,
But must cast them away like a robber's gain
When his race is run, and the jailor's chain
In the dungeon's fettered and silent gloom
Links fast his hopes to his hopeless doom.

And yet, it must soften the warning knell
To know we shall long be remembered well;
That the old companions in life's bright bowers
Whose mirth and music once, too, were ours,
Will speak the name of the well-loved dead
When the song goes 'round and the feast is spread.
'Though empty-handed we sink away
To the sunset hills and the shadows gray,
The light of Memory's lifted face,
As she sits for us in our wonted place,
Will smile to the hour when the toast is o'er;
"To The Absent Brother Who Comes No More."

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 57–59.

The Rough Riders

(Read at the unveiling of the Roosevelt Rough Rider Equestrian Statue of Capt. William O. ("Bucky") O'Neill, in the Plaza at Prescott, Arizona, July 3, 1907.)

Souls of rough riding men, the first-born and the last,
Come and gather 'round us from out the storied past.
Come from the field of Monmouth, the red-dyed Rapidan,
Come with Putnam and Marion, Stonewall and Sheridan;
Far from silent bivouacs that sleep in ancient dust,
Leap again to saddle, unsheathe your swords of rust.
List to the bugle ringing, clear on the desert sky,
Calling the war-worn troopers that now go riding by.

Come and gather 'round us, souls of hard riding men,
Who fought with swinging sabers, of old, o'er hill and glen,
Souls of the strong adventurers who blazed the bloody trail,
Down from the guns of Lexington to Shenandoah's vale;
Halt your ghostly riders, your squadrons side by side,
While they ride by who rode, as you, upon the battle's tide,
Wanderers of the savage hills and desert's blinding plain,
Who spilled their eager hearts against the chivalry of Spain.

We'll dream again they're gathered from near and far away,
That host that to the Alamo rode down one sun-kissed day—
The bronco busters of the plain, the hunters from the hill,
The keepers of the rainless wastes that love and lure them still;
Brood of the trackless wilderness, swart with desert's breath,
Spawn of the brown Southwest whose trails are dim with death—
We'll dream once more they're mustered, here 'neath skies aglow,
A thousand strong in the rendezvous as then at the Alamo.

And as the dust-brown columns sweep on with thunder tread,
Full will we fling a cheer for him, the chieftain at the head,
A cheer for him the chieftain, who led them on the way,
At whose clear call to glory they galloped to the fray,
Him they trailed to victory where flamed the flag unfurled,
The one great heart of all best loved of all the world—
We'll lift our hearts to greet him as breaks the vision, then,
Of Roosevelt still riding with his rough riding men.

Sing from your throat, O bugle, as they ride forth at dawn,

From Caney and Guaysimas and the hill at San Juan;
Turn again, O Memory, with heart that holds them dear,
Again their steeds are champing, the hoof-beats sounding near;
Home from crimson fights they won, home they come at last,
To ride in full review before the spirits of the past,
Here, where one silent trooper waits upon the way
The last rung trumpet call that wakes the Judgment Day.

Onward they come in full review, the living and the dead,
Troop and the plunging squadron, their leader at the head;
And he will halt his charger while all the columns wheel,
Where face to face they stand again—Roosevelt and O'Neill.
Up to the Colonel's lips will leap his saber in salute
To him, the well-loved Captain, who sits the stirrups mute,
Smiling as when he answered to freedom's crowding roll,
And death flung to the darkness his wild and gallant soul.

So shall they come with Memory from near and far away,
The host that from the Alamo rode out one sunlit day—
Back they come to mountain and desert's shining plain,
The living and the gloried dead, the wounded and the slain;
Every saddle set once more as when they rode to war,
To strike for a new republic, to die for a new-born star;
Not a gap in the ranks of dream that sailed the tropic sea—
Colonel, Captains and troopers all, home from Cuba free.

So shall they come and pass away as evening's shadow falls,
And good-night songs and reveille the singing bugle calls,
Leaving this one lone sentry upon the grim plateau
Over the purpled buttes aflame and shifting dunes below,
Here in his silent stirrups with desert stars a gleam,
Soul of the wild adventure, heart of the deathless dream,
One faithful, sun-browned trooper that waits upon the way
The last rung trumpet call that wakes the Judgment Day.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 63–68.

Roosevelt and Panama

Behold the gateway of the seas,
 Unlocked of fate till now,
That barred the ancient argosies
 And turned the eager prow;
Against its doors in sullen wrath,
 In vain the tides have raved,
Across the sailor's stormy path,
 Since first the seas he braved.

Here came the Argonauts of old,
 With pennants fair unfurled;
Here came upon the quest of gold
 The fleets of all the world;
Here, where with longing eyes they saw
 The continents cleft twain,
Save where the hills of Panama
 Rose on the Spanish Main.

Here came the Flemish engineers
 With Phillip's dream of fame,
And here, in long, dim after years,
 Full many another came;
The Spaniard cursed it from the waves,
 With Saxon, Goth and all,
And rusted shovels filled its graves
 Where failed the daring Gaul.

Still, 'gainst the waters' heaving strength,
 They saw it boldly stand,
Dauntless and grim it stretched its length—
 That one strong neck of land.
Still the great oceans stormed and plead
 To break its grip of scorn,
And still the weary fleets were sped
 To round the distant Horn.

But now, behold, its bars shall ope
 To spume and foamy trail,
While through its sunny door of hope

The stately ships shall sail.
When now from Ind and far Azores
The galleons shall win,
The waves shall leap the broken shores
And let the wanderers in.

Yea! stubborn shores that would not break,
Now riven shall they be,
From tide to tide the ships shall speak,
And sea shall wed with sea;
The voices of the wind elate
Shall sing, from sun to sun,
The triumph over Time and Fate
That one strong heart has won.

Strong heart that did the deathless deed,
While others dreamed and drawled,
For him shall be the golden meed,
For him the dream recalled:
No ship that cuts the world in twain,
Through unborn ages dim,
Shall hoist a sail in sun or rain,
Without the thought of him.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 71–73.

Welcome to the Fleet

Down to the deep seas under the world,
 In their wake the white spume trailing,
With pennants flung and flags unfurled,
 The ships of the line went sailing;
Out from Atlantic's wintry gates,
 Past the headlands grim and hoary,
To the golden shores whose welcome waits,
 They turned their prows of glory.

From dark, bleak seas where tempests ride,
 They sailed with gray gulls flying,
South with songs of the running tide,
 Where the isles of the sun are lying;
South, still south, on green waves hurled,
 With the sun and the stars unfailing,
Down to the deep seas under the world,
 The ships of the line went sailing.

On, still on, till the skies were hung
 With strange new stars of wonder,
Forth on the tides the ships were flung
 Far down to the deep seas yonder;
With flame of funnel and decks of steel,
 Though the night came on to blind them,
They left in the wake of the swinging keel
 The uttermost capes behind them.

Up, up from under the world they come,
 Their dauntless prows still steering,
And the sailors sing of home, sweet home,
 As the harbor of home they're nearing—
Harbor of home that in longing waits
 With the heart's best love and tender,
For them who sailed from the wintry gates
 To the sunlit shores of splendor.

Sing, O sailormen, crowding the rail,
 From the storm-tossed ocean hoary,
Sing now the chantey of ships that sail

To the golden coasts of glory;
Sing to the harbors that wait for you
With the Summer that's never ending,
And faithful skies that are ever blue,
Down to the bright waves bending.

Welcome, oh, welcome, ships of the line,
At last is the long quest over,
With arms wide flung in the sun and shine
Waits the golden land like a lover;
The gloried hills with their peaks of snow,
They beckon through cloud-wracks rifted,
And the upland slopes in the morning glow
With the flame of the poppies lifted.

There was never a fleet like this sailed yet
Since God first made green water;
And never has fleet such welcome met
In peace or in war's red slaughter;
There was never welcome as this shall be,
In the lilt of song or of story,
To the ships that sailed from the wintry sea
To the golden coasts of glory.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 80–82.

The Pathway of the Seas

(Read by the Author at the San Pedro Harbor celebration. July 4, 1908.)

Old was the pathway of the seas
 When, from the land-worn trail,
The swart Phoenician to the breeze
 First flung his magic sail;
Old was the moon-drawn tide's desire
 With lure of harbors won,
Before the ships were sped from Tyre
 With spoils of Babylon.

Old are the seas, the sails and all,
 The stars and singing tide,
The siren's song and gray gull's call
 On waters stretching wide;
Old the ships as the first strong tree
 The primal forests grew,
But tides and stars and running sea
 Are yet forever new.

Gray was the pathway of the seas
 Before a keel was lain—
Long ere the dauntless Genoese
 Clove sea and sky from Spain;
'Twas bright with joy and dark with wrath
 Ere Egypt hailed a sail,
And none knew when the seaward path
 First leaped the land-worn trail.

'Tis many a harbor they have found,
 The sun-browned sailors all,
Since first the ships went outward bound,
 Lured of the wander call.
Around the swinging world they sped,
 And with the winds they fared
Past tropic isles and ice-locked head,
 'Till all the seas were dared.

And there was one who, wandering far,
 Sailed long with sturdy keel,

And flew to sun and beckoning star
The banner of Castile;
Beyond the gleam of hilled Azores
He fared with sails flung free,
To win, at least, the golden shores
That guard the Sunset Sea.

Brave old Cabrillo of the ships!
From dreams of long ago
His name leaps to a million lips
Where sunlit harbors glow.
Here sleeps he where his galleon
With winds that never tire,
First sailed the pathway of the dawn
To lands of Heart's Desire.

Gone are the dust-deep centuries,
In Time's dim shadows lost,
But here are still the path-strewn seas
The Spanish sailor crossed;
Here where his ships at anchor lay,
Lone in the misted past,
The long, white road is thronged today
With many a swaying mast.

Down to the old sea, ever new,
Still bends the land-worn trail
O'er hill and vale, in sun and dew,
To seek the waiting sail;
Though here, where land and waters meet,
Cabrillo steers no more,
A new-born race has come to greet
The ships that crowd the shore.

Fair is the past with gloried dreams,
Its wraiths of fight and play,
But fairer still the light that gleams
On land and sea today—
Dreams of peace on sunlit hill,
On plain and golden fields;
The anvil's ring in vales that thrill
With blows that labor wields.

Dawn of today athrob with hope,
 Serene with dreams come true,
It signals, from the mountain slope,
 The waters vast and blue;
It calls the ships in sunset's fire,
 And countless argosies
Shall sail to Port o' Heart's Desire
 The pathway of the seas.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 108–112.

Good-By, Brave Ships!

Good-by, brave ships, that yester morn
 Sailed from the harbors of the sun—
God keep you on the green waves borne,
 And where the tides of wander run;
Beyond the capes, beyond the isles,
 Upon the far-flung paths of foam,
God speed you well and safe, the whiles,
 And bring you back to ports o' home.

The golden coast with welcome thrills,
 The watch fires gleam along the way
From Santa Barbara's shining hills
 And cypressd vales of Monterey;
Where'er to lag the anchors choose,
 'Mid salvos and hosannas wait
The flower-flamed shores of Santa Cruz,
 The splendor of the Golden Gate.

Good-by, brave ships, that seek the shores
 Of far, strange lands and alien seas,
Beyond the moonlit-drenched Azores
 And siren-songed Hesperides;
So strong to strike and quick to dare,
 Your pennants to the wild winds flung,
Yet shall your guns, as forth you fare,
 All lily-wreathed with peace be hung.

The welcome waits on every strand,
 On ocean wide and narrow sea;
They throng to greet, in every land,
 The starry banner of the free.
God guard the sailors' venturous path,
 As with the sun and stars they roam—
From snarling tide and tempest's wrath,
 God save the ships and bring them home.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 113–114.

My Land

My land, mine own land, girt round with misted seas,
Headlands breasting to the winds, and sunlit harbor lees,
Running tide and oceans wide, shores of flashing green,
Mount and vale, hill and dale and stretching fields between;
Jeweled with the stars of night, bright with dews of morn—
O my land, mine own land, the land where I was born.

My land, mine own land, the fairest and the best
Of all the lands in all the world, or go you East or West;
East or West, or North or South, in rain or sun or snow,
You'll find no land like my land wherever you may go.
Follow all the running tides and every sea bird's call,
And you will find that my land's the loveliest of all.

Here are roses for your breast and poppies for your hair,
Ravished from the heart of Spring—there's many another there;
Here are jewels for your brows that like the opal glow,
I found them in the forests deep that sleep in winter snows;
Here are golden harvest sheaves from Summer's scented breeze,
I reaped them in mine own land between the misted seas.

Give me the star-crowned hills I know, the valleys in the sun,
Fields that hold the patriots' dust where many a fight was won,
Rivers sweeping to the sea with crystal flash and sheen—
And give me then my staff of sloe, my gypsy cap of green,
And you may go what way you will, and come again or no,
But, up and down mine own land 'tis wandering I will go.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 115–117.

The Wine of Glorietta

Oh, but to drink of that wild wine
The winds of morning spill,
With balsamed sweetness of the pine,
On Glorietta's hill;
Cool from the caves of dawn it slips,
Soft with the desert's mull,
And once I pressed it to my lips
And drank it to the full.

I drank it to the full and more,
I drank it deep and long,
And, weary though the heart I bore,
It woke its pulse to song.
It set my care-filled heart aglow,
It set my soul athrill—
Wine of the wandering winds that blow
On Glorietta's hill.

Green-garlanded through desert sands
The Pecos wanders there,
And o'er it many a mountain stands,
Serene, dream-kissed and fair;
But none, like Glorietta, lifts
Its crest so high and bold
When low and wan the night star drifts
Within the dawn's red gold.

And, once upon a wandering day,
Beneath that tender sky,
On Glorietta's peaks I lay
And let the world go by;
Above, the blue of heaven bent,
Below the white sands shone,
And glad in mine own heart's content
I claimed them for my own.

I claimed them as mine own that day,
And still I dream them mine—
Yon hill of glory far away,

The Pecos and the pine,
The sands asleep in desert drouth,
The sentried peaks updrawn,
With Glorietta of the South
And the wind's wine at dawn.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 118–120.

The Navajo

At morning, when the red sun leaps
 On desert waste and buttes of sand,
Yonder where yet the cactus keeps
 Its stubborn clutch with deathless hand,
The Navajo's wild song of praise
 Rings out across his wind-blown hill
To thank his gods, in his own ways,
 That he may walk his own land still.

Land of much sun and seldom rain,
 Land of the silence and the light,
Land of the softened, shadowed plain,
 Dim 'neath the starlit paths of night,
Land of great moons that come and go,
 Of deep arroyos dead and dried—
Serene hath here the Navajo,
 Since years forgotten, lived and died.

Here through the years with plenty filled,
 Or lean with hunger, want and thirst,
Whate'er the gods he worshipped willed,
 With much or little blessed or cursed,
Still to his own land hath he clung,
 Still on its ancient trails he went,
His spells he wove, his songs he sung,
 Glad in his soul and well content.

Where'er your land may be, or mine,
 Lush with green fields and fertile vales,
Rich with its herds and fat with kine,
 Fair with soft hills and meadowed dales;
Though towering dome and penciled spire
 Up to the skies our hands have thrown,
Yet, in his Land of Heart's Desire,
 The Navajo will seek his own.

Gods of the sun and singing rains,
 Spirits of noon and dusky night
That brood above the desert plains,

Winged with the darkness or the light,
Your blessings to his scant fields bring;
 Make full his springs to leap and flow;
Make glad the songs his lips shall sing.

And peace be with the Navajo.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 121–123.

Home Came the Sailor

(Admiral John Paul Jones, off the Chesapeake Capes, July 22, 1905.)

Home came the Wanderer
Across the tumbling sea,

Home came the Sailor,
And the Prince of them was he—
The Prince of all the sailormen
That ever whipped a mast,
And he sailed to many a harbor,
But home he came at last.

Home he came at last,
When sailed the stately fleet,
But silent on the deck he lay,
The flag his winding sheet.

The surf was at the rudder,
The prow was whipped to foam,
But dull his ears and dim his eyes,
When came the Wanderer home.

Home came the Sailor,
Across the bounding deep,
Home from his exile long
And from his aliened sleep.

Long was he lost ashore,
But they found him there at last—
The Prince of all the sailormen
That ever whipped a mast.

The flag was his winding sheet
When home the Wanderer came,
It wrapped him with its silver stars
And with its folds of flame—
The fairest flag that ever flew
O'er land or ocean free,
And he it was who flew it first
Upon the ships at sea.

The first was he to fly it,
 With its azure field of stars,
The first to raise upon the masts
 Its flame of crimson bars,
The first to blaze its victor path
 Around the swinging world,
When on the blood-steeped tides of war
 Its glory was unfurled.

White the waves against the shore,
 The tide it homeward runs,
And hoarse with welcome is the roar
 Of iron-throated guns.
Home again, oh, home again,
 With the stately fleets came he—
The Prince of all the sailormen
 That ever sailed the sea.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 124–126.

The Long Road Home

It was ever the long road—the long road home—
'Tis long for the bare feet that in the twilight roam,
'Tis long for the sailor who is far away at sea,
But it never was the long road that now it is to me.

Once 'twas just a mile or more, yet in the evening gloam,
When the bee fled the clover and I heard the call of home,
When the bird's drowsy head beneath his wing was curled,
The long road home was the longest in the world

And many is the time, in the years that followed fast,
I sat with the stranger by his alien hearth, at last,
With the fisher by the sea and the hunter in the fen,
And many were the miles that I had wandered then.

Still, then it was no matter, for never came the day
That I could not wander back—it was well I knew the way—
With the hunger in my heart and memory aflame,
Though long was the road I could trudge it as I came.

Yet now the hills may beckon and the bright trails bend,
But no more they beckon me on the road that has no end;
In vain shall I yearn for the welcome at the door
On the long road home, for home is there no more.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 131–132.

Sunset

Sunset, and the night comes on,
The shouts, the clamors cease;
Upon the day's fierce Marathon
Soft falls the hush of peace.

Light thou thy lamp that we may go
Forth, and with silent tread,
Search for the fallen, lying low—
The wounded and the dead.

The dead that we find lying there.
They will not hear us call.
But we can ask, with many a prayer,
Christ's pity on them all.

Fill thou thy gourd and we will roam
Across the foughten fields,
And gently bear the wounded home
Upon their broken shields.

We'll find them in the dew-red grass,
Where they lie bruised and spent—
Nor shall we linger as we pass
The victor's boisterous tent.

We shall not wait to join his song,
Nor sip his wassail free,
But press to where the conquered throng,
And where the vanquished be.

While high the victor's paeans roll,
We'll seek with hurrying feet,

The wavering heart, the faltering soul,
That cower in defeat.

Sunset, and the night comes on,
The stars gleam overhead—
Come, let us seek through Marathon,
The wounded and the dead.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 133–134.

The Valley of Dunloe

Sometime, when shines the gypsy star
 Deep in the skies and low,
I'll leave dull care behind me far,
 And wandering I will go.
I'll take my gypsy cap of green,
 My old, loved staff of sloe,
And never stop till I have seen
 The valley of Dunloe.

Though up and down the world I went,
 This long and many a day,

'Tis strange that I have never bent
 My wandering steps that way—
'Tis strange, indeed, that, dry or wet,
 With all the winds that blow,
A foot of mine trod never yet
 The valley of Dunloe.

But never other road I'll fare,
 Nor rest content the same,

Until I see the spot from where
 The homesick people came—
The homesick people loved of me,
 'Round firesides of old,
When chimney winds were singing dree,
 And winter nights were cold.

In the valley of Dunloe—they said—
 The primrose fairest grew;
From skies of morning, overhead,
 Rained showers of honeydew;
The lark's song was the sweetest there,
 And oft, I've heard them tell,
That, better there than anywhere,
 The fairies loved to dwell.

There was a hill from which, the whiles
 When blew the west wind free,

You'd fix the peaks of Darragh's isles
Far out upon the sea.

And down through many a winding brae,
Where fields of barley gleamed,
With lilting songs upon its way
The Aeny's waters streamed.

'Tis yet the fairest place, by far,
In all the world, I know;
And so, when next the gypsy star
Beams from the skies aglow,
The homesick people that I knew,
When exiled, long ago,
Will see my green cap nodding through
The valley of Dunloe.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 135–137.

You All

You all never reckoned when I said good-bye that day,
How hard it was to choke the tears and turn and go away—
To go away with all the tears welled up, like Summer rain,
Behind the smile that I put on to hide the hurt and pain.
And, as with outstretched hands I stood, when came the hour to part,
Oh, you all never knew the dreary hunger in my heart.

Down through the sun-kissed valley, its circled hills between,
Down with the winding river through the meadows soft and green,
Beyond the waving fields of grain just touched with harvest gold,
And the happy scenes of boyhood that I knew and loved of old,
Outcast and aliened from it all, as in a dream, I passed,
But, oh, dear hearts, 'twas you all I thought of at last.

There's many a winding river and many a sun-kissed vale,
On a wandering day, between the dawn and fall of twilight pale,
There's many a harvest field of gold and meadow soft and green
The two wide tumbling oceans and the lonely seas between,
But they never seem the same to me, they never look so fair,
And I know it's only just because that you all are not there.

Oh, you all so beloved of me, oh, you all, so far away,
You lie with me in dreams at night, you walk with me by day;
In the silence and the loneliness when no one ever hears,
I tell your names like one who prays on rosaries of tears;
There's kindly hearts where'er I go and life has still its task,
But if God would give me you all, it's all that I would ask.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 138–140.

Feast of the Flowers

(La Fiesta de Las Flores)

They came from the dewy meadows,
Down to the roaring street,
Down to the heart of the crowded mart,
Where the dusty highways meet;
They came from the hills of glory,
From many a sunlit lea,
And up from the broad campagna
That stretches to the sea.

Upland and sheltered canyon,
Where the laughing waters fall,
Field and fell and the woodland dell
Where the wild birds pipe and call,
From the magic groves of wonder,
And hedges swept with flame,
Sweet with the dews of morning,
Kissed of the sun they came.

Flower and bud and blossom,
Light of the hill and plain,
One fair morn of the sun god born
And the song of dancing rain;
Nursed to petal and glowing leaf
By winds of the West and East,
We plucked them from their scented beds
And brought them to the feast.

Down to the feast we brought them,
Where the mart-browed city waits,
On a dream-wrapt day of glowing May
To the guest within the gates.
To the wandering feet of the stranger
Far from his wintry skies,
Flower and bloom to the feast we brought
To gladden his longing eyes.

Soft sang the heart of the city
When the blossoms wrought their spell—

From field and fen on the haunts of men
The odorous breezes fell.

The stranger dreamed within the gates,
And the guest from far away
Full feasted then on the red-lipped South
With her laughing eyes of May.

They feasted full on her beauty,
Her brows as the lilies fair,
The lotus pressed to her warm, soft breast,
And the roses in her hair.
They drank the kiss from her dewy mouth,
And her breath of perfume yet
Will follow anon in the haunting dreams
Their hearts can ne'er forget.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 141–143.

The New Star on the Flag

(Oklahoma admitted to the Union June 16, 1906.)

Signal the fleets at sea,
 Shout to the forts ashore,
Round the world where the flag's unfurled,
 Let the deep-mouthed cannon roar.
On the singing winds of morn,
 Kissed by the drenching dew,
Old Glory waves, and a new star's born
 To gleam on its fields of blue.

Blow, O bugles, blow
 To echoing peak and crag,
And trumpets ring with a song to sing
 For the new star on the flag—
Another star is agleam,
 In the fadeless azure hung,
'Mid stripes of crimson and white that stream
 Wherever the flag is flung.

Tonight when o'er the deep
 The path of the stars is spread,
Ghostly and pale again will sail
 The ships of our mighty dead.
And John Paul Jones will cross the bai,
 As oft in the deathless past,
And hoist the flag with its new-born star,
 And nail it to the mast.

The word will pass, anon,
 To the soldiers of the line,
To the camps ashore where met of yore
 The bayonets at Brandywine;
From Monmouth's field 'twill speed
 Onward to Marion's men,

And up where Mad Anthony sits his steed
 In Stony Point's dim glen.

The new-born star will glow

On the spires of Fredericktown,
On the reeling lines at Seven Pines
And Mayre's Heights a-frown;
From Chickamauga's bloody tide,
And red Chantilly's fray,
'Twill follow on the dauntless ride
Where Sheridan won the day.
Blow, O bugles, blow,
O'er the hills and vales afar!
O'er peak and crag where flies the flag,
There glows another star—
Deep where the shining cluster gleams,
In the fadeless azure hung,
There's another star to light our dreams
Wherever the flag is flung.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 147–149.

Lena of Muscovy

(During the Russo-Japanese war, the little Russian gun boat "Lena" put into the harbor of San Francisco and placed itself under the protection of the United States.)

In, to the sun-kissed harbor,
 In, through the Golden Gate,
Under the mouths of the silent guns
 Where the brown hills watch and wait;
Like a hunted thing to the haven,
 Like a wounded gull from sea,
Asking a shelter for old time's sake

Sailed Lena of Muscovy.

From decks in the fog-wrapped waters,
 From folded sails on the mast,
The sailors saw the dim cliffs rise
 With their memories of the past;
From the foam-swept bow they saw them
 In the mists of the morning cold,
And they saw the gleam of the starry flag
 They knew and loved of old.

The brown hills closed around them,
 The waves of the bay sang low,
And the flag flung out its welcome
 To the friends of the long ago.
And though from the fortress leaning
 The shore guns stirred nor spake,
In their iron throats their voices longed
 To shout for "the old sake's sake."

Welcome, brave hearts that loved us,
Whose strong swords failed us not
When the traitor struck in the darkness
And the envying world forgot—
White ship from the tumbling ocean,
Lone wanderer from the sea,
Fold your worn sails in the friendly port,
O Lena of Muscovy.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 152–153.

The Four Roads of Morning

The four roads of morning it's them that I remember,
As now from out the evening fires I watch each dying ember;
The long roads, the sunny roads that crossed and stretched away,
And the eager feet that waited there when broke the golden day.

The long roads, the sunny roads, we saw them wind and bend,
And whichever one we chose to take held gladness at the end.

There was gladness at the end of them before the sun would set—
Oh, the four roads of morning, I see them smiling yet.

Some there were who took the road that led to wealth and gold,
And some who took the winding way where Fame her scroll unrolled,

And some went down the Primrose path in pleasure's gay attire,
But the one road for me was the road of Heart's Desire

Oh, the road of Heart's Desire 'twas the one road for me,

For I dreamed that, somewhere on the way, that you would waiting be.
And what was wealth or gold to me, the pleasure or the fame,
If another road would find you waiting for me when
 I came?

The four roads of morning, it's them that I remember,
With the dreams of you to warm me as dies the day's last ember;
The dreams of you that warm me, as I light the evening fire
With tinder-sticks of memory from the road of Heart's Desire.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 154–155.

Little Babe of Bethlehem

When sang the stars together in the morning, long ago,
The little Babe of Bethlehem slept in a manger low,
And wings of myriad angels swept the trembling mists of morn
When He who was the Prince of them in Bethlehem was born.

And yet, there was no diadem upon His brow to rest,
He had no pillow but the heart within His mother's breast;
His palace was a stable, bare of knight or paladin,
When Christ the Lord from Heaven came to free the world of sin.

His eyes were soft as summer skies, His brow as white as snow,
And round His head a halo shone like sunlight's golden glow,

But He lay an outcast, hidden from Herod's cruel harm—
The Lamb of God that nestled upon His mother's arm.

O little Babe of Bethlehem, I see Thee sleeping there;
I see Thine eyes like summer skies, Thy brow so white and fair;
At Thy feet I see in wonder kneel the shepherds of the fold,
And I see the wise men's gifts of myrrh, and frankincense and gold.

I see Thy mother Mary as in awe her hands caressed
Thy haloed head of glory as it lay upon her breast;
I hear her crooning to thee in her mother love that clings
To the soft hands that touch her lips as tenderly she sings.

And, O dear Lord and Master, here is this heart of mine,
Here is my homage and my love, and I am liege of Thine.

Mine eyes behold Thy glory, at Thy feet my head bends low,
As the shepherds bent when sang the stars of morning, long ago.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 156–158.

When Comes the Yule-Time

"Perhaps some one was thinking of me in another country."—Robert Louis Stevenson

When comes the Yule-time of the year,
 With fall of eve and dawn of morn,
'Tis then my dreams fly far from here
 To seek the hills where I was born.
'Tis then the scenes I used to know
 Call to my soul with hungering cry—
Mine own white valley in the snow,
 My river and the starry sky.

Here round me lies the flower-flamed land
 That knows no winter's sore travail,
'Tis welcome-warmed of heart and hand,
 And kindly with good friends and hale;
And yet, and yet, oh, heart of me,
 When on the year the Yule days come,
'Tis then one far white land I see—
 Mine own land and the hills of home.

Tonight, with dreams of long ago,
 I'll walk the well-loved paths of yore,
Across the moonlit fields of snow,
 Braving the winds from door to door;
And I shall see the glad surprise
 In faces fond that used to be,
As from their Christmas fires they rise
 With wide-flung arms to welcome me.

So shall I sit the hours that pass,
 The places loved and lost among,
Still as of old, with pipe and glass,
 As once when life and love were young;
And I shall hear the North wind blow,
 That calls me now, with haunting cry,
To mine own valley in the snow,
 My river and the starry sky.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 159–160.

Stanley

Set his staff within the hall,
Lift his shallop to the shore—
Winds that wake the wander-call
Sing for him no more.

Sun and stars that blaze and pale
Over jungles dank and dim,
Ne'er again, through distant trail,
Shine and gleam for him.

Ships shall from far oceans meet
In stately harbors where he led,
While daisies fair and primrose sweet
Deck his dreamless bed.

Sails will sweep white inland seas
That brooded in the twilights long,
But in yon new world's destinies
His memories will throng.

And, while eager feet of men
Crowd Africa for gold and fame,
They'll think of this old wanderer then
And speak anon his name—

Him 'neath skies of England lain,
His staff long mouldered in the hall,
His shallop worn with wind and rain,
Deaf to the wander-call.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 161–162.

All Souls' Eve

Clean shall the hearthstone be tonight,
 With glow of welcome spread
For them who come with footsteps light,
 The loved and wandering dead—

The dead who wander in the dark,
 Lonely and yet unshriven,
Till God on some glad day shall mark
 The sins of them forgiven.

For some there shall be glad release
 When dawns another morrow,
And some go still unblessed of peace
 Through many a day of sorrow.

But, one and all, tonight they'll come
 Through darkness and the cold,
Silent of step, unseen and dumb,
 To haunts beloved of old.

Then will the cheery embers glow,
 The waiting lamp be set,
That each dim, silent guest may know
 He is remembered yet.

The feast is spread with kindly grace
 On spotless linen fair,
And in each old, familiar place
 There waits the vacant chair.

O wandering dead tonight, who come
 Through darkness and the cold,
I sit not in the light of home
 To greet you as of old.

The waiting feast, all spread for you,
 No touch of mine shall know,
But you must still believe me true
 As in the long ago.

And when you look and find me not,

You'll know, 'neath other skies
I keep your vigil unforgot,
And sit with sleepless eyes.
The wanderer by his roadside fire.
His watch nor fails nor sleeps,
But, in his hungering heart's desire,
The love of you he keeps.
And maybe so, with night still dim,
'Ere light of morning streams,
Your wandering steps may come to him,
To cheer his lonely dreams.
And he may rise to feel you near,
Rejoiced to know you came,
His soul athrill with joy to hear
The whisper of his name.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 163–165.

Kinship

Lure of the winding trail,
Croon of the coaxing sea,
Song of the wind and sail,
Well were they loved of me.

And I wandered far and wide
With the gypsy's wild desire,
Till yon night you sat beside
The glow of my roadside fire.

Under the starlit skies
We sat till the dawn stole in,
And then, when I looked in your eyes,
I saw that we two were kin.

Red from the ancient past,
In our veins the same blood creeps
Of our fathers bent to the mast,
Who toiled on the windy deeps.

Afar lies the coaxing sea,
And the trail in the morning dew,
But in vain they call to me
At the roadside fire with you.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 166–167.

The Symphony of Life

God gives to all the task of toil,
Alike to many and the few,
The plow to break the fruitful soil,
The seed to plant in sod and dew,
The lamp to tend, the wheel to spin,
The path to blaze through forests free,
The hail to signal when comes in
The freighted ships from sea.

All for the best each one is sent,
As God has chosen, on the way,
Some with their burdened shoulders bent
To bear the heat and dust of day;
Some in lone solitudes to wait,
Some to fall, fainting in the town;
And now and then, one strong and great,
To bear the burden of a crown.

Sometimes they stumble with a groan,
And yet, again, the shackle slips,
Their tired hearts forget to moan,
And laughter steals upon their lips;
Sometimes they falter in the dark,
Groping to bind the wound of pain,
Yet rise to whistle with the lark,
When dawn is on the fields again.

And each man has his task to do,
Each one his toil as God has willed,
The old, lost trails to find anew,
What Time destroyed again to build;
The calm of peace, the noise of strife,
The kiss of love, the clash of wars—
So runs the little dream of life
That sleeps to wake beyond the stars.

There comes amid the surging throng
One with dreamer's lute loose swung,
On whom God lays the gift of song,

The art to speak in every tongue.

Sometimes they hear his step that leaps
With music on a sunny day,
Sometimes they find him where he weeps
With one who strayed and lost the way.

Tonight he banquets with the King;
He drinks the golden goblet's wine
And lifts his pipes of Pan to sing
Where lamps of jasper shine;
Tomorrow on the road he'll fare,
And sit him down in rags and dust,
With still the same good heart to share
The wandering beggar's crust

Where'er he finds a drooping heart
He leaves a song to lift it up,
Balm has he for the wounds that smart,
And honey for the bitter cup;
He weaves a croon 'round cradle-time,
A paean shouts when bright swords ring—
With dreamer's lute and scroll of rhyme
God sends him forth the song to sing.

So passes on his Nomad way,
By quiet field and sounding spire,
With moon by night and sun by day,
The poet with his luring lyre.
And, wandering o'er the brooding plain,
Or 'mid the city's din and strife,
He sings, with David's soul again,
The changeless symphony of life.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 168–171.

The Rain

I woke in the night and thought I heard you calling,
But 'twas another music, 'twas the soft rain falling;
It tripped with lilting whispers from the warm skies of Spring,
And it sang me a song like the songs you used to sing.

'Twas the mid-hour of night and the embers in the fire
Were cold as your folded hands and dead as your desire,
But my heart was warm with memory, it heard the beating rain,
And dreamed it was your luring lips that called to me again.

Night and the rain and the dead, ashen ember,
These are for me—for me that must remember;
The embers and the rain and the night in shadows set,
These are for you—for you who can forget.

Never comes the rain and the wet winds sighing.
But I must awake, though deep in slumber lying,
Thinking 'tis your voice again, soft and sweet and clear,
Sighing to my soul the songs that I no more shall hear.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 172–173.

The Seven Glens

The seven glens where I was born,
 'Tis I can see them all,
Green in the Spring with springing corn,
 And golden in the Fall.
White they lie with Winter snow,
 Gray with the misted sky,
And wandering still, where'er I go,
 For the seven glens I sigh.

Kind has the stranger been to me,
 His hearthstone clean and bright,
Open his hand, his welcome free,
 His shelter warm at night.
His salt I ate, I broke his bread,
 And gave his gods their fee,
But ne'er a place I've lain my head
 Like the seven glens to me.

Now, if 'twere so that I could be
 In the seven glens once more,
And I could have you there with me
 To pass from door to door;
Trudging around each rolling hill,
 The wayside roofs and fens,
You'd see how well they love me still
 Within the seven glens.

Fair is the land where you belong,
 And sweet your hearts and true,
And many is the lilting song
 That I have made for you.
There's many a land that's bright with morn,
 And soft with stars aglow—
But the seven glens where I was born,
 'Tis there that I would go.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 174–175.

The First School Day

The bells rang out their wild alarms,
 One morning sweet and cool,
And then they scrubbed his wee brown arms
 And sent him off to school,
They robed the wee brown legs of him,
 They shod his bare, brown feet,
And sent him with his bright eyes dim,
 The vague, dread task to meet.

The squirrel on the old fence rail
 Looked sad when he passed by,
And signaled with his bushy tail
 The bee and butterfly.
He wandered o'er the dimpled stream,
 That wept its tears of mists,
To see him pass from lands o' dream
 With gyves upon his wrists.

Many a lingering look he turned
 Upon his fearsome road,
And hot his heart within him burned
 Beneath the cruel goad;
And when he turned and saw her there—
 His mother at the gate—
He wrestled with his first despair,
 And railed his first at fate.

Well it was for his grand emprise
 That sped by mire and moat,
He could not see his mother's eyes
 Or hear her sobbing throat;
He could but hear her cheery calls,
 And see her proud, high glance,
That bade him storm the foeman's walls
 With shield and lifted lance.

He left, at last, his native street,
 To brave strange fields and new,
The surging, alien crowds to meet

Where friends were all too few;
He bravely passed with sturdy tread,
Nor quailed at shout and din,
And lifted high his sunny head
When closed his dungeon in.

O little boy, with heart care-free,
O little bare, brown feet,
That wandered with the bird and bee
On mornings cool and sweet,
Rough is the path you now must dare
O'er valley, plain and hill,
But then, as now, while on you fare,
May God be with you still.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 176–178.

Farewell

(To G. W. B.)

We will not say good-bye, for good-bye is long to say,
'Tis a dim road to travel and 'tis very far away,
'Tis a road that has no end and dusty with the feet
Of old friends that parted no more again to meet.

So, when the curtain falls and rings the prompter's bell,
We will not say good-bye, but 'tis we'll say farewell—
Farewell to him that's going in sunshine or in rain,
And well may he fare when he turns home again.

Here are his trinkets, his quips and his jest,
His jewels made of tears when he loved us the best,
His keepsakes of memory to mind us still of him
When we sit with our dreams and the lights burn dim.

And we will bring him roses with morning dewy deep,
And poppies when night comes to drowse him to sleep;
The roses for remembrance and the poppies to hold
The love that we gave him in their goblets of gold.

A clasp of the hand and a word from lips that smile,
And we'll say that he's going, for just a little while,
'Round the bend of the road, and not too far away
But he can wander back again some homesick day.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 179–180.

The Gray Day She Died

The gray day she died, oh, 'tis long to recall,
It is long to remember and long to forget—
The gray hill and glen and the white mists over all,
The dreary, dreary rain and the east winds wet.

It is long to remember, but I cannot forget;
Though many a pathway my feet have wandered wide,
There never comes a gray day but I can see them yet,
The hill and the valley and the place where she died.

They brought in the candles to light the solemn gloom—
Candles for her feet and candles for her head—
We sat with broken voices in the silent, aching room,
With the white mists weaving a shroud for the dead.

We saw the folded hands across the quiet breast,
Her fingers entwined with her rosary of prayer,
And the east wind sobbing—it would not sink to rest—
And the gray mists falling wet upon her hair.

It is long to remember, 'tis many a year since then,
But I mind you coming in as though 'twere yesterday,
Saying, God was good to us and well He loved us when
He came on a gray day to take her away.

'Tis you that were knowing, 'tis you that were strong,
When the white mists fell and the wet winds sighed—
Had a bird in the sun woke the lilt of his song
Our hearts ne'er had borne it the gray day she died.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 181–182.

The Land of Memorie

It lies beyond the sunset hills, far and beyond them all,
Yet when the twilight shadows creep, I hear its voices call;
I hear its voices calling, an you will come with me
We will trudge away together to the Land of Memorie.

And whither lies the way to go I have no need to tell;
The way is by the path of dreams, 'tis you that knows it well;
'Tis you that knows the way to go, and well I know it, too,
You'll follow where the voices call and I will go with you.

The voices there, that call us, we knew and loved of old,
We knew them 'round the firesides when winter nights were cold;

The friendly word, the welcome word, they kept for you and me
Through sunlit days of gladness in the Land of Memorie.

We'll take the winding pathway and leave our cares behind—
The loneliness, the hunger and homesick tears that blind.
We'll leave them all and hasten, until at length we twain
In the happy land of Memorie have set our feet again.

And, oh, when then our footsteps tread the paths of long ago,
It's you may turn what way you will, and I will leave you so;

But I must hurry, hurry on—we've just a while to stay—
And there's many a door to open 'ere fades the dream away.

There's many a door to open where sits the kindly smile,
And many an arm in welcome flung that waits forme the while;

And 'neath the whispering grasses, where solemn shadows fall,
There's one who, lying lonely, was the best beloved of all.

'Twill pass and fade, 'twill sink away, and we must turn anew
To face the burdens of the day, the tasks we have to do;
But yet, anon, some hungering hour, you'll come again with me
And we'll steal away together to the Land of Memorie.

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 185–187.

San Francisco

—April 18—1907.

Night with its revel and its song,
Night with the lights agleam—
And some sat with the festal throng,
And some lay down to dream.

Some they quaffed life's purple wine,
And watched its bubbles play,
And some before the cloistered shrine
Bent low their heads to pray.

And over all who, staying late,
Kept tryst with good or ill,
The sea fogs through the Golden Gate
Crept white on bay and hill.

Soft and white the sea fogs lay
On hill and wave and shore,
While yet, before the break of day,
One grim hour waited more.

One grim hour more and then unbent
The battle guns of hell,
And from the hills the veil was rent
Where white the sea fogs fell.

Dead failed the morning wind that fills
The galleon's eager sail,
While yet the city's tumbling hills
Were rocked as in a gale.

Steeple and tower and stately mart,
Shrine and the lair of lust,
Like toppling cards were flung apart
And crumbled in the dust.

Some to grasp her trembling knees
From blasted altars came,

Some with Christ's bitter agonies,
And some with cheeks of shame;

Moan of the stricken hearts that rushed
To dust and flame-swept sky,
Till all the seven seas were hushed
And stricken with the cry.

That day the world forgot to hate,
To her its tears were sped—
The Keeper of the Golden Gate
Who wept above her dead!

O yesterday and yesteryear,
Deep in the dust ye lie,
Dried and forgotten is the tear,
Forgotten is the cry!

Up from the ashes of the past,
From sorrow and travail,
She greets again the bending mast,
She greets the singing sail.

Steeple and tower she lifts anew,
With the dauntless arm of old;
New-born she greets the skies of blue
Where gleam the Gates of Gold.

From thrice her seven hills again,
Ringing and sweet and clear,
O'er sunlit seas and stretching plain
She sends her song of cheer.

Within her heart the blood beats warm,
Her great soul leaps elate—

God save her so, safe from all harm,
The Keeper of the Gate!

Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 188–191.

Requiem

When I have had my little day,
My chance at toil, my fling at play,
And in the starry silence fall

 With broken staff against the wall,
May some one pass, God grant, that way,
And, as he bends above me, say:

“Good night, dear comrade, sleep you well,

Deep are the daisies where you fell;
 I fold your empty hands that shared
 Their little all with them that fared
Beside you in the rain and sun—
Good night, your little day is done.”

Or, when my little hour has sped,
When night comes, and 'tis time for bed,
 The windows closed, and locked the door.

 And I lie down to wake no more,
May some one, at the break of day,
That comes to rouse me, wait to say:

“Farewell, dear comrade, mine no more;
A bird is singing at your door,
 And all the highways are athrong
 With steps you lightened with your song;
They come to call you from your bed—
Farewell, your little hour is sped.”

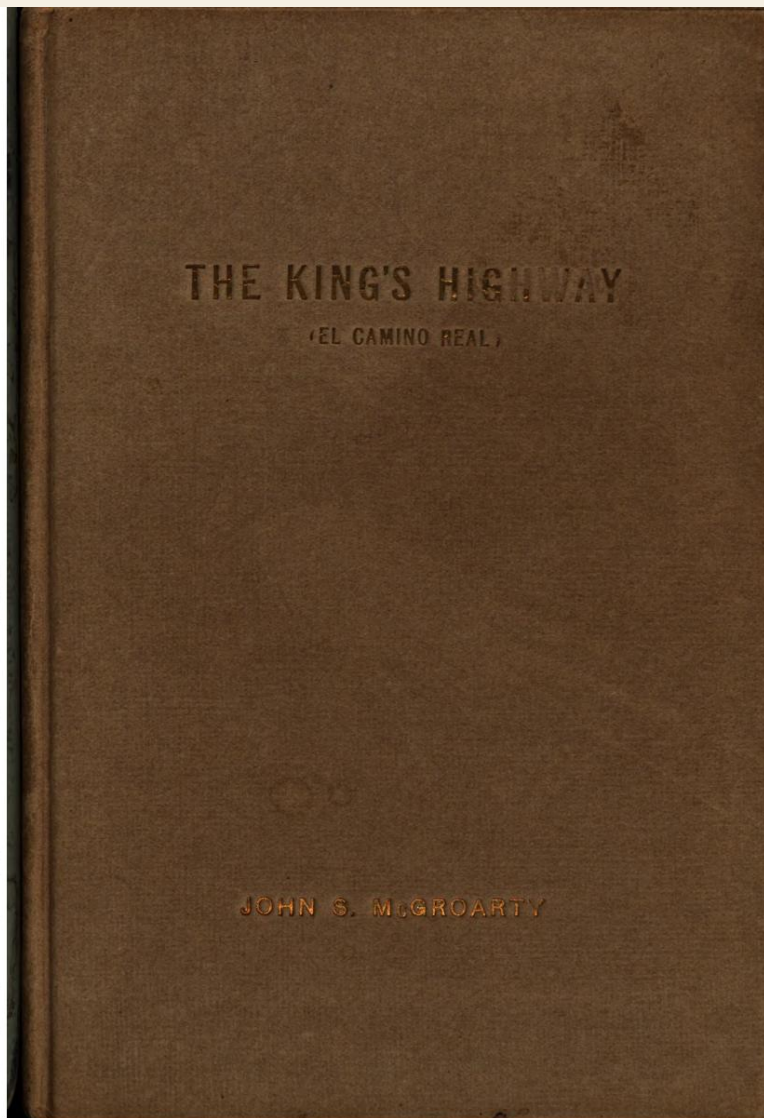
Publication. *Wander Songs* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Company, 1908), pp. 192–193.

BOOK THREE | *THE KING'S HIGHWAY*

Stage II | Illustrated poem, Grafton Publishing Company, 1909

Langdon Smith's illustrated setting turns the poem into a sequence of typographic and pictorial leaves. The transcription appears earlier under the 1903 title, "El Camino Real"; the complete nonblank book sequence follows here in facsimile, including its covers, ownership leaves, title matter, poem settings, illustrations, and final full-text leaf.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-18 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

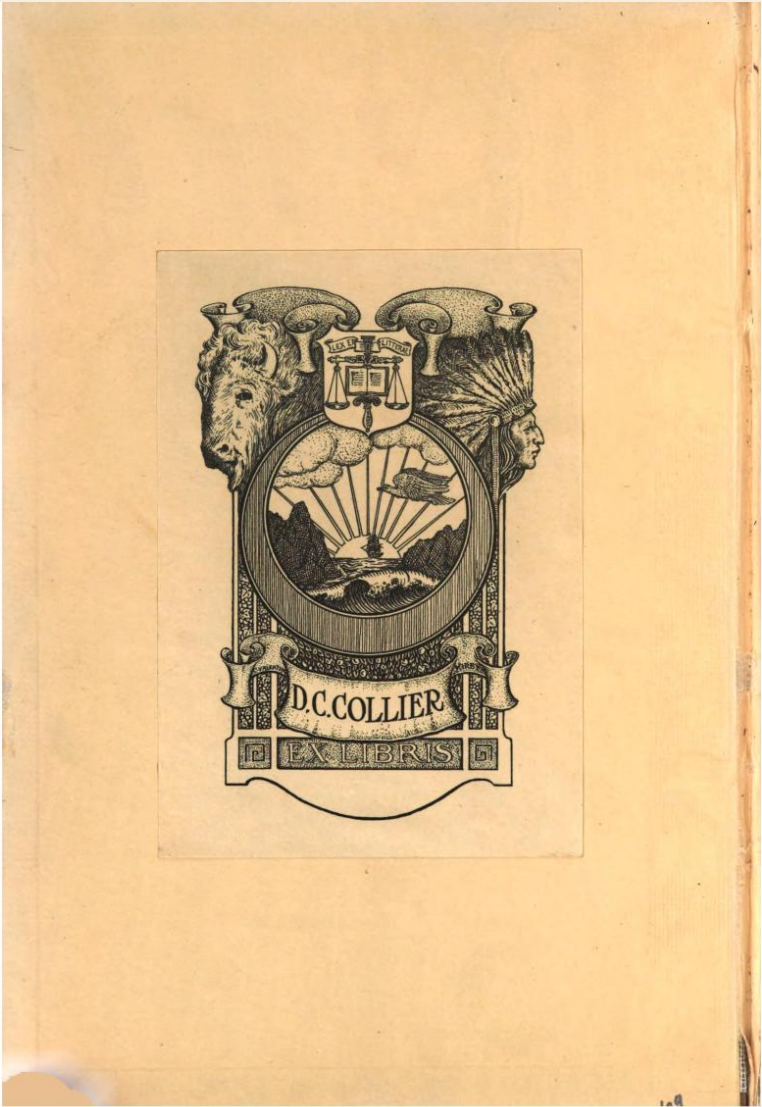


Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 2; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

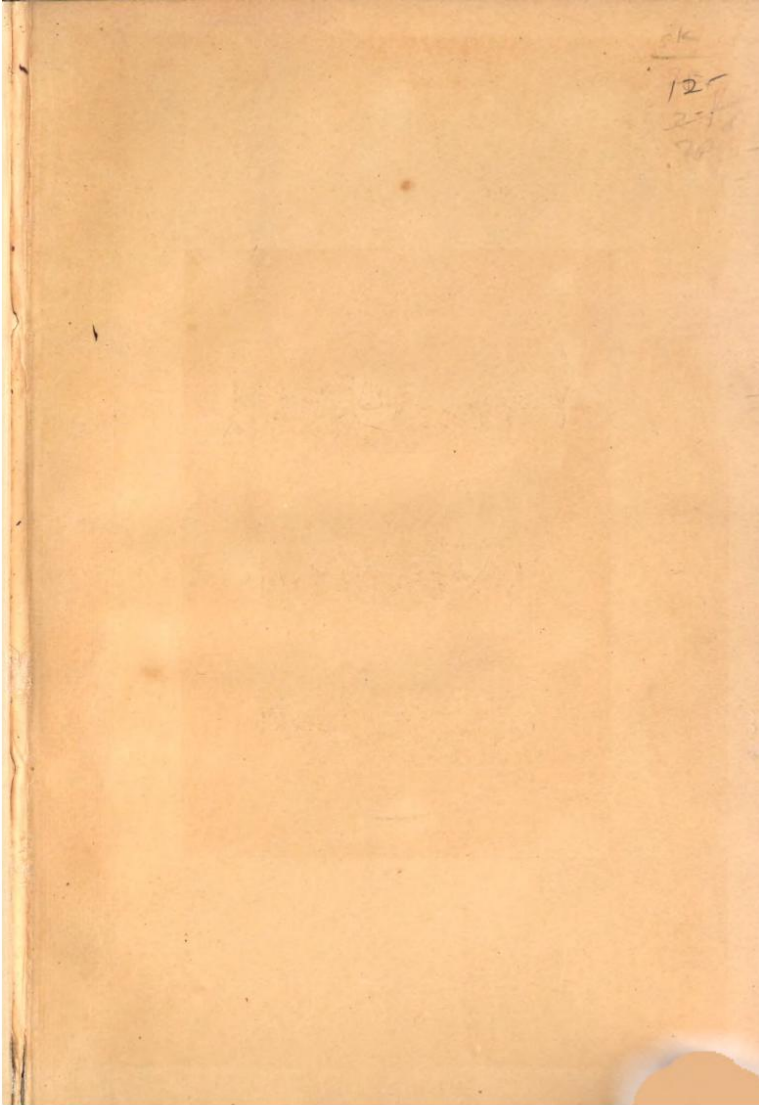


Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 3; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038286611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



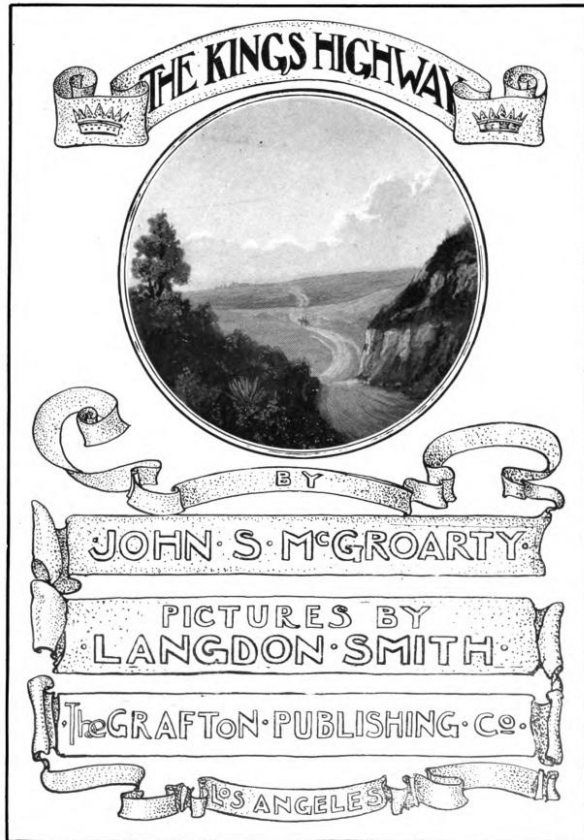
Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 4; pictures by Langdon Smith.



The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 8; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-19 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 10; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.3182203826611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 11; pictures by Langdon Smith.

All in the golden weather, forth let us ride today,
You and I together on the King's Highway,
The blue skies above us, and below the shining sea;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road for me.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822/038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 12; pictures by Langdon Smith.

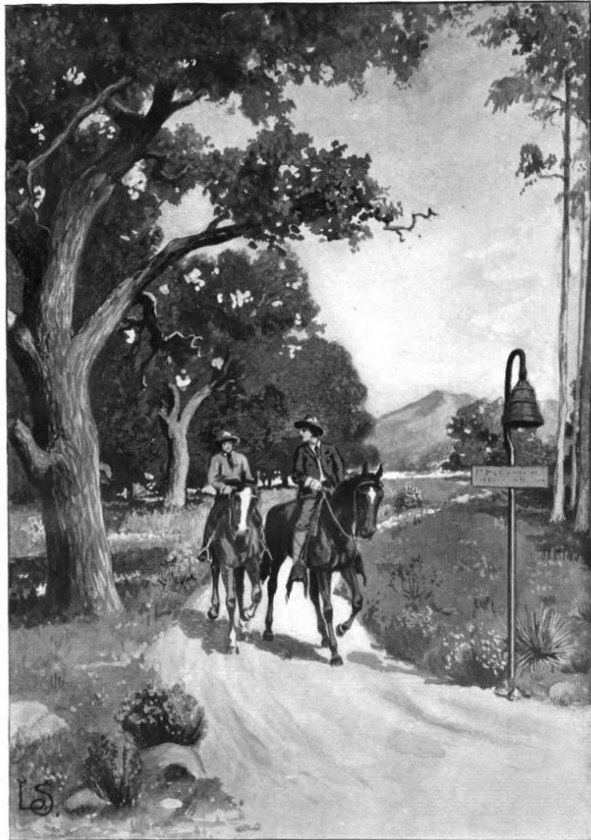
*All in the golden weather, forth let us ride
today,
You and I together on the King's Highway.*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-18 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd_google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 13; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038296611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 14; pictures by Langdon Smith.

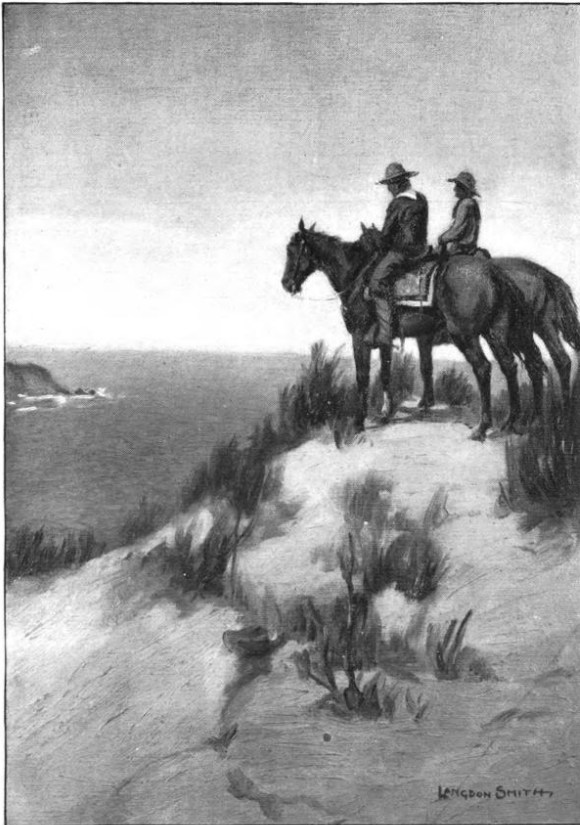
*The blue skies above us, and below the shin-
ing sea;*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206011>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 15; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038296611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 16; pictures by Langdon Smith.

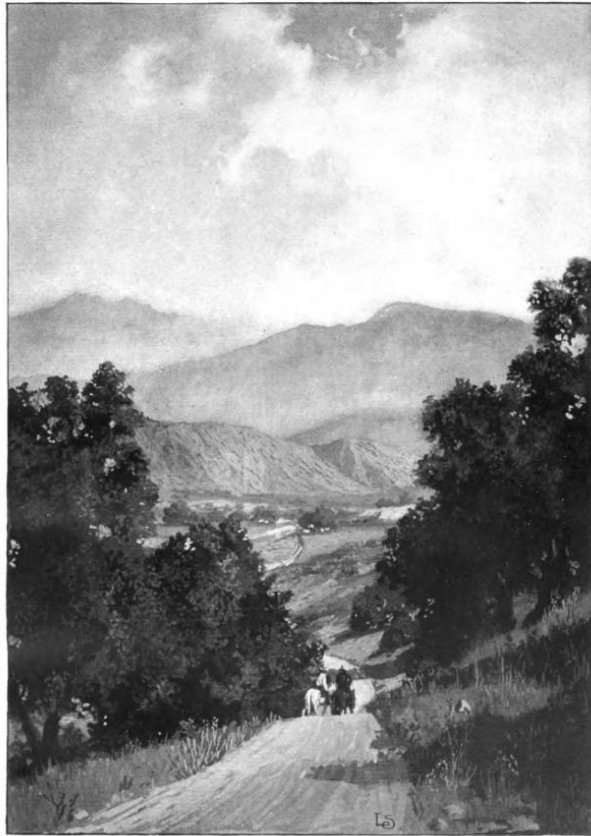
*There's many a road to travel, but it's this
road for me.*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038286611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 17; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-16 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 18; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038206011>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 19; pictures by Langdon Smith.

It's a long road and sunny, and the fairest in the world—
There are peaks that rise above it in their snowy mantles curled,
And it leads from the mountains through a hedge of chaparral,
Down to the waters where the sea gulls call.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 20; pictures by Langdon Smith.

*It's a long road and sunny, and the fairest in
the world—
There are peaks that rise above it in their
snowy mantles curled,*

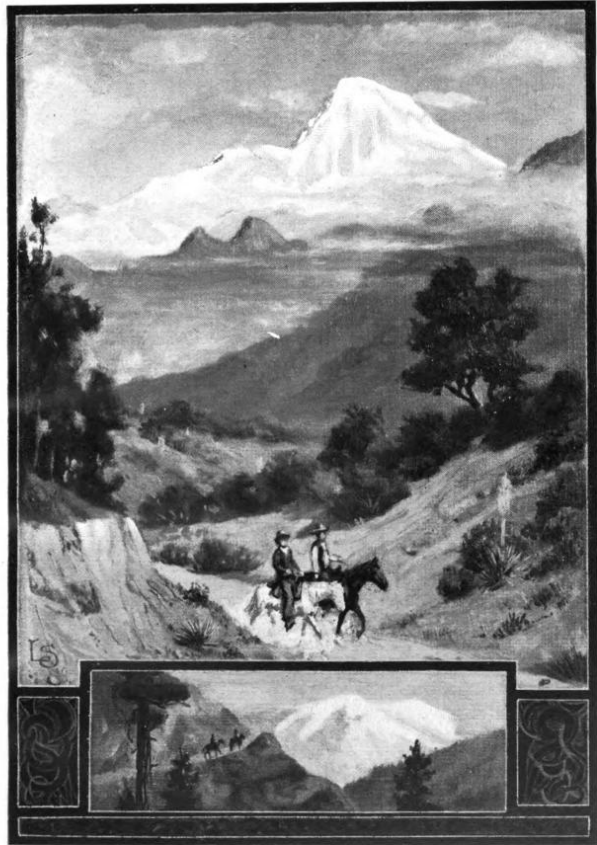
Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31022038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 21; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822638206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd-google



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 22; pictures by Langdon Smith.

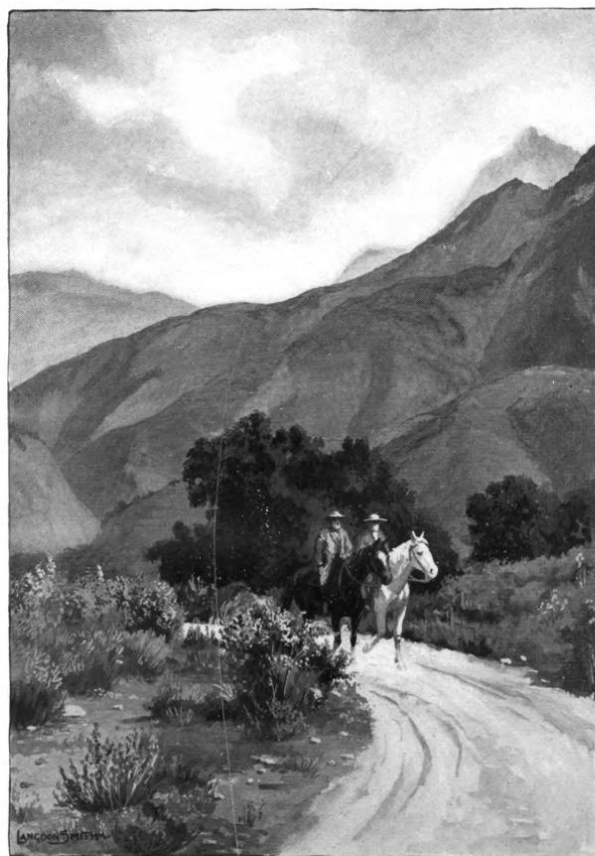
*And it leads from the mountains through a
hedge of chaparral,*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038206011>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 23; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038206011>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 24; pictures by Langdon Smith.

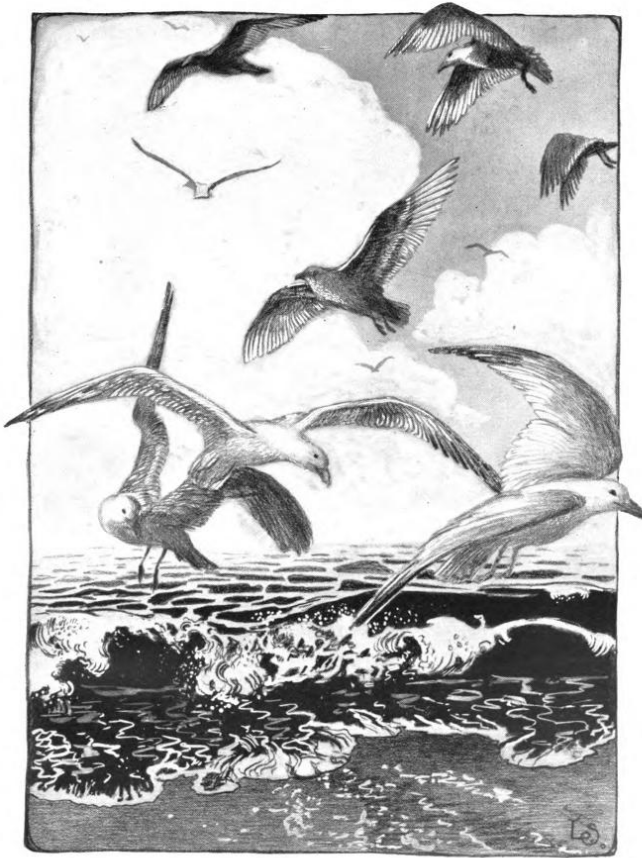
Down to the waters where the sea gulls call.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 25; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038296611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 26; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038266011
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 27; pictures by Langdon Smith.

It's a long road and sunny, it's a long road and old,
And the brown padres made it for the flocks of the fold;
They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk that trod
From the fields in the open to the shelter-house of God.

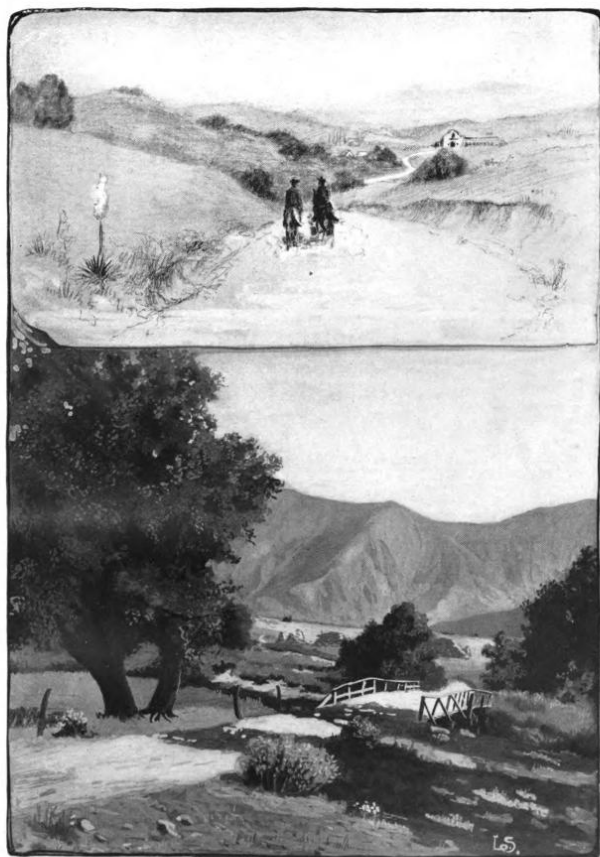
*It's a long road and sunny, it's a long road
and old,*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.3182203826611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 29; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038206011>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 30; pictures by Langdon Smith.

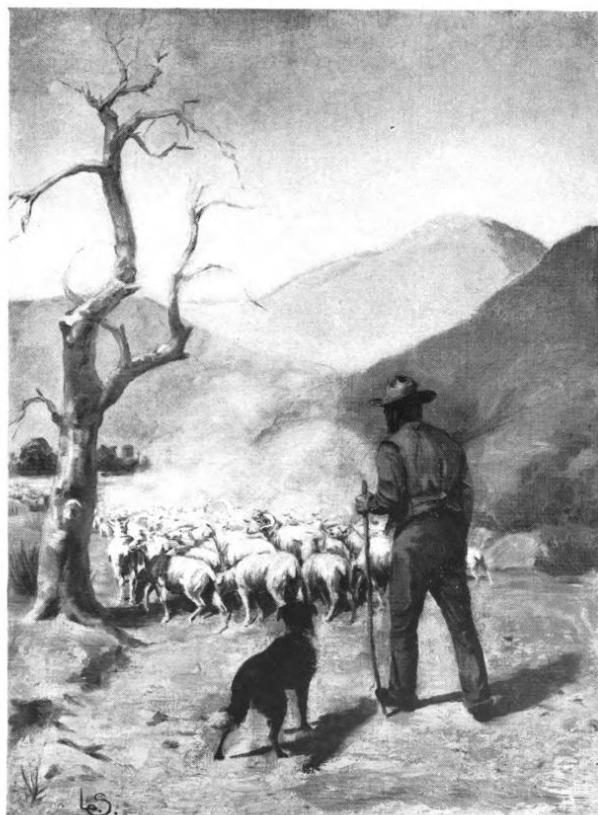
*And the brown padres made it for the flocks
of the fold;*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 31; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 32; pictures by Langdon Smith.

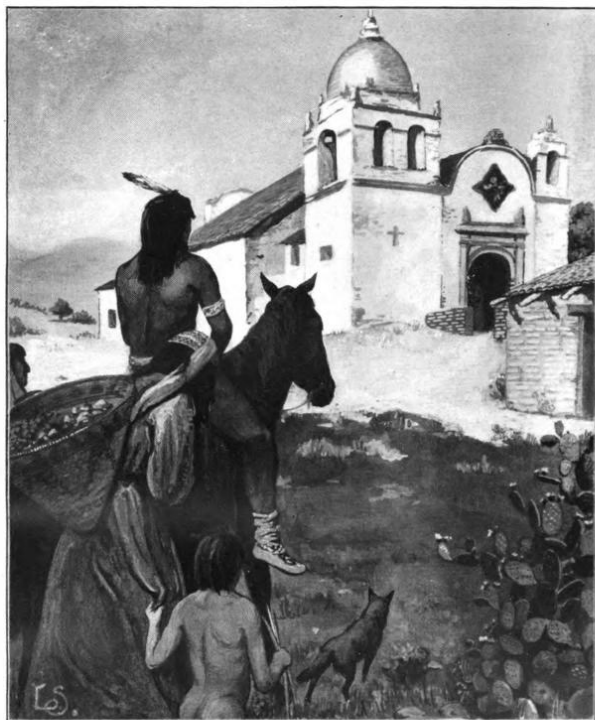
Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038266611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

*They made it for the sandals of the sinner-
folk that trod
From the fields in the open to the shelter-
house of God.*

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 33; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038296611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 34; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822030206011
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 35; pictures by Langdon Smith.

They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk of old;
Now the flocks they are scattered and death keeps the fold;
But you and I together we will take the road today,
With the breath in our nostrils, on the King's Highway.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822638206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 36; pictures by Langdon Smith.

*They made it for the sandals of the sinner-
folk of old;*

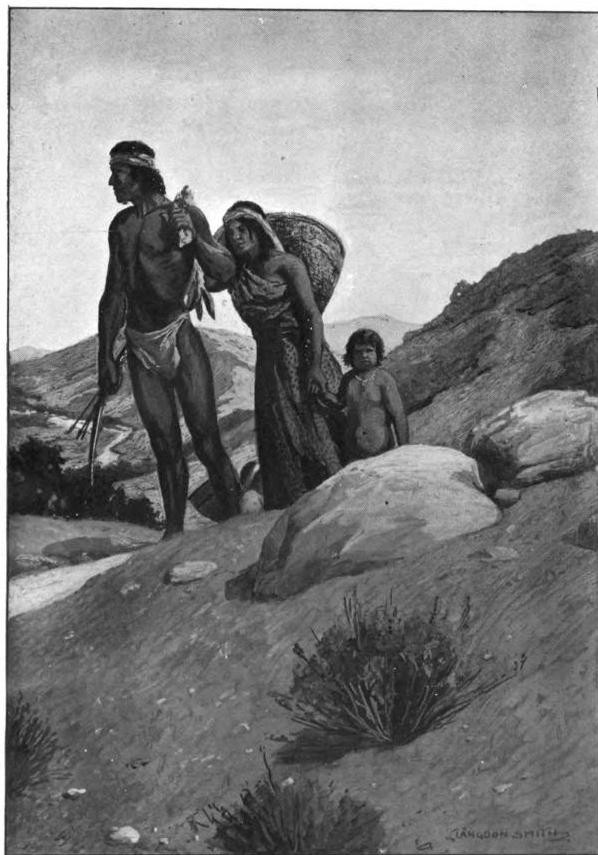
Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 37; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd_google



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 38; pictures by Langdon Smith.

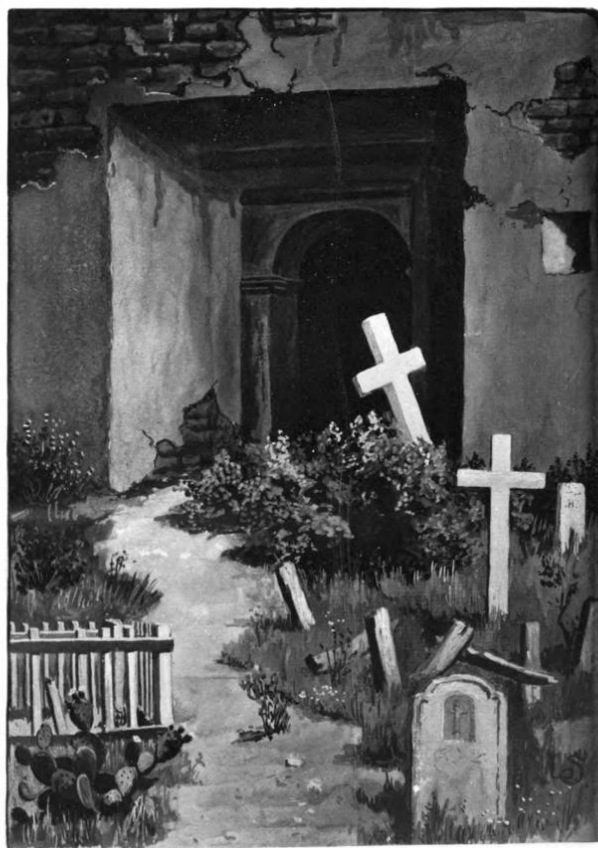
*Now the flocks they are scattered and death
keeps the fold;*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 39; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.3182203206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 40; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

*But you and I together we will take the road
today,
With the breath in our nostrils, on the King's
Highway.*

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 41; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-18 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 42; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 43; pictures by Langdon Smith.

We will take the road together through the morning's golden glow;
And we'll dream of those who trod it in the mellowed long ago;
We will stop at the Missions where the sleeping padres lay,
And we'll bend a knee above them for their soul's sake to pray.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822/038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 44; pictures by Langdon Smith.

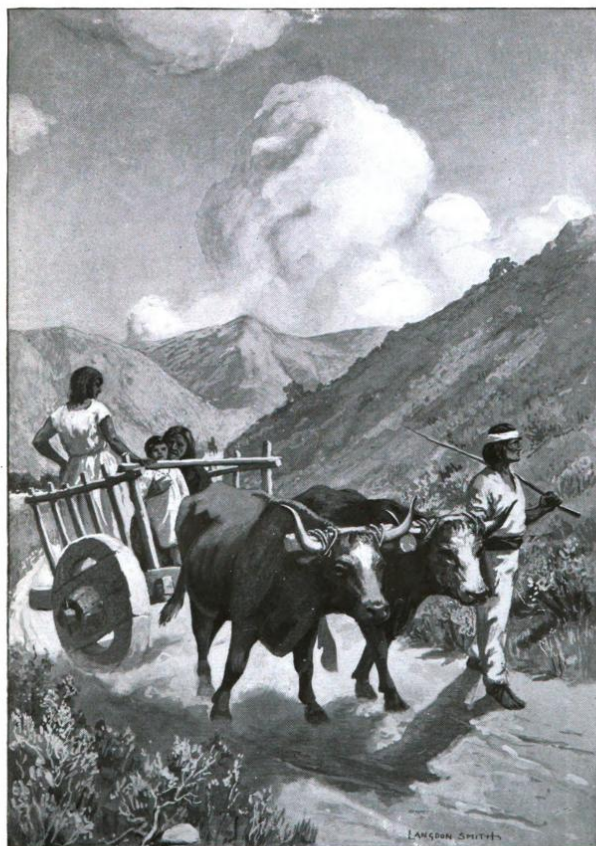
Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822/038296611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

*We will take the road together through the
morning's golden glow,
And we'll dream of those who trod it in the
mellowed long ago;*

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 45; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.3182283206011>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 46; pictures by Langdon Smith.

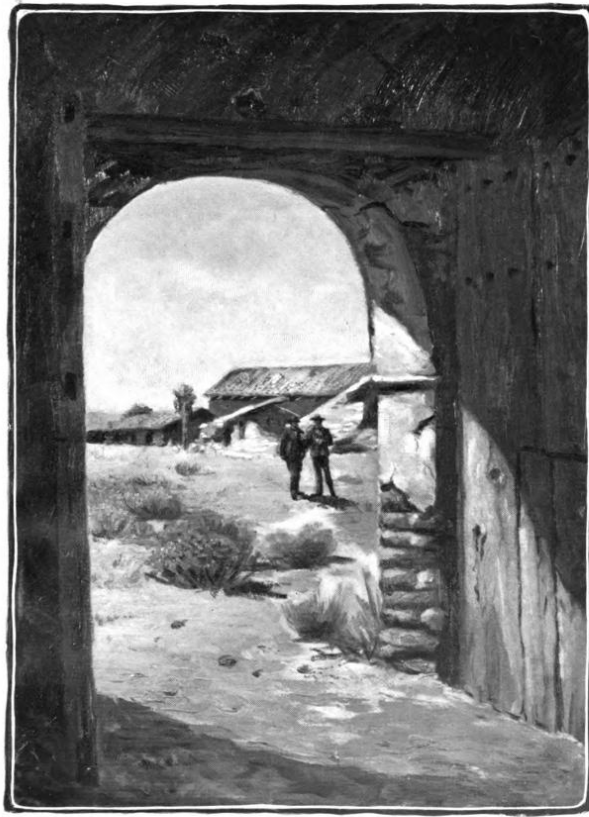
*We will stop at the Missions where the sleep-
ing padres lay.*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 47; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.3182203826611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 48; pictures by Langdon Smith.

*And we'll bend a knee above them for their
souls' sake to pray.*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038286611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 49; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.3182203826611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 50; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 51; pictures by Langdon Smith.

We'll ride through the valleys where the blossom's on the tree,
Through the orchards and the meadows with the bird and the bee,
And we'll take the rising hills where the manzanitas grow,
Past the gray tails of waterfalls where blue violets blow.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 52; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

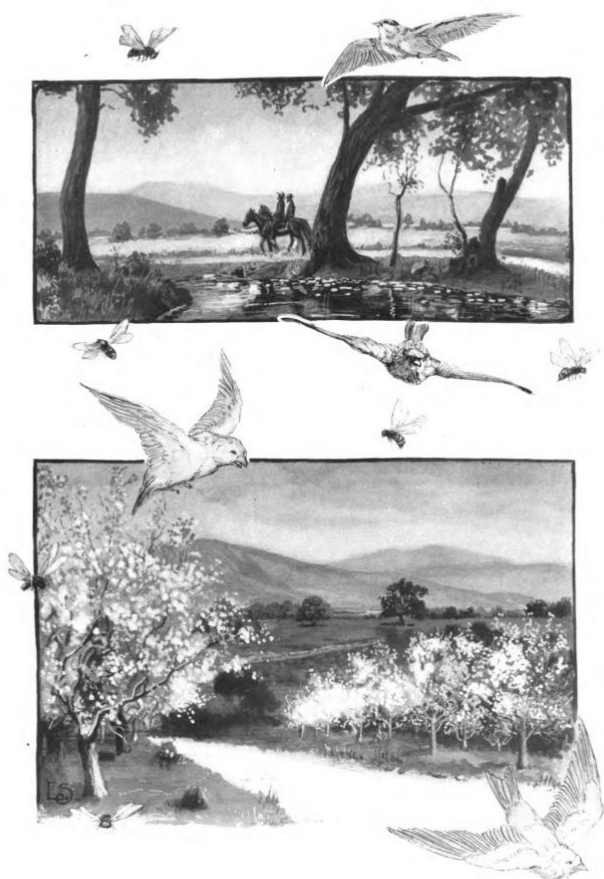
*We'll ride through the valleys where the
blossom's on the tree.
Through the orchards and the meadows with
the bird and the bee,*

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 53; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822638206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd-google



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 54; pictures by Langdon Smith.

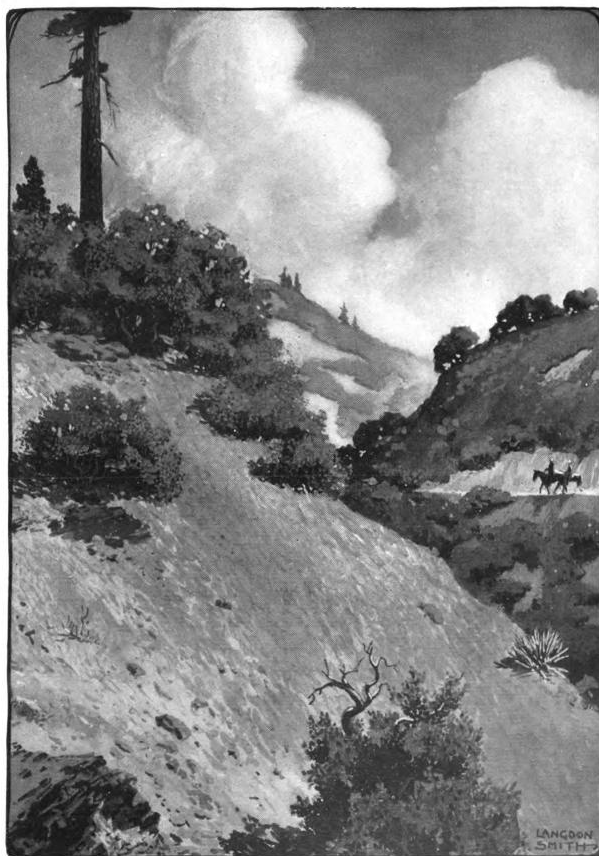
*And we'll take the rising hills where the
manzanilas grow,*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 55; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 56; pictures by Langdon Smith.

*Past the gray tails of waterfalls where blue
violets blow.*

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd_google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 57; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038296611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 58; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206011>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 59; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Old Conquistadores, O brown priests, and all,
Give us your ghosts for company when night begins to fall;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road today,
With the breath of God about us on the King's Highway.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.3182203826611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 60; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Old Conquistadores,

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 61; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.3182283826611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 62; pictures by Langdon Smith.

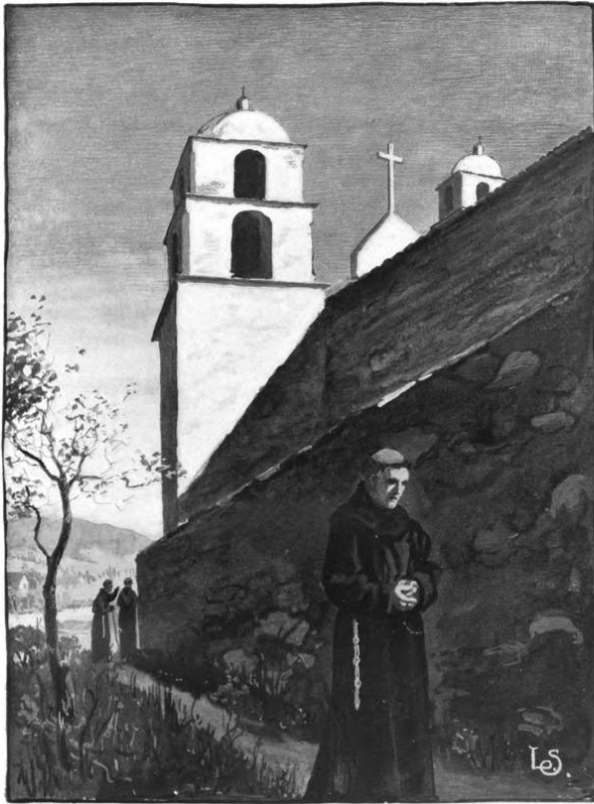
O brown priests,

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-18 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038286611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 63; pictures by Langdon Smith.

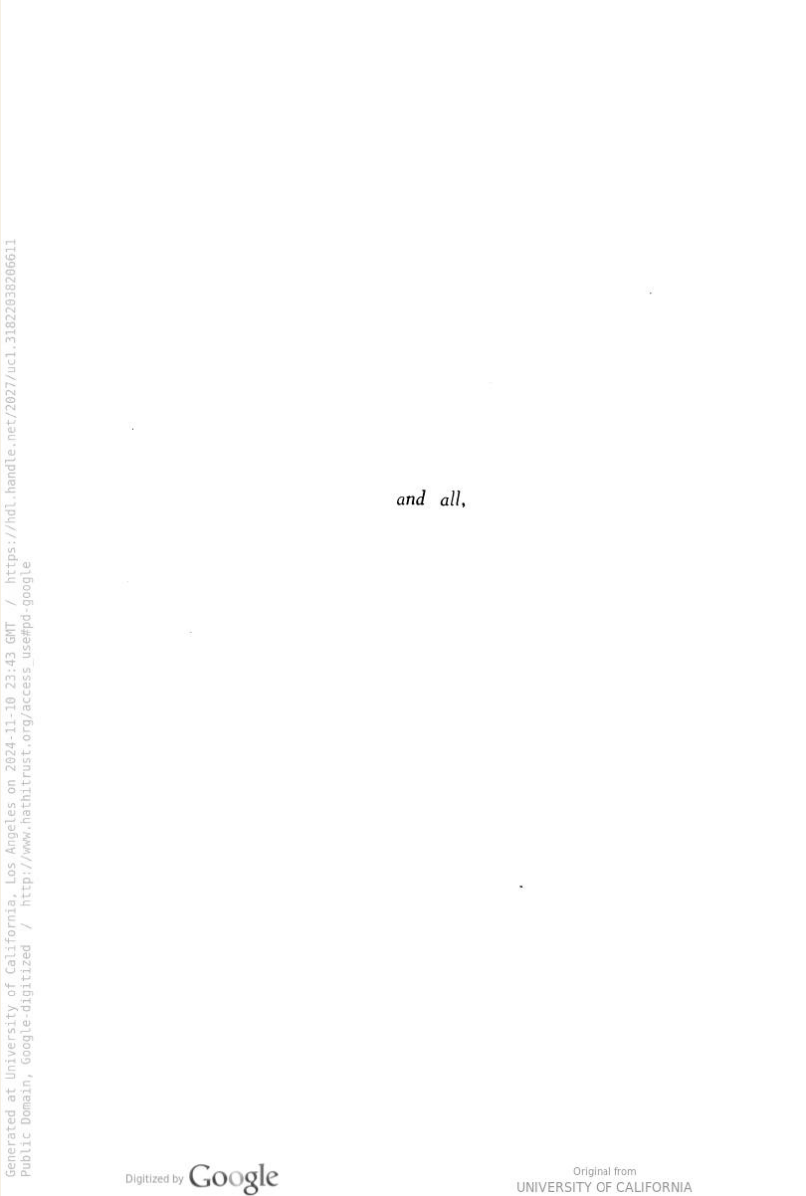


Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038206011>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

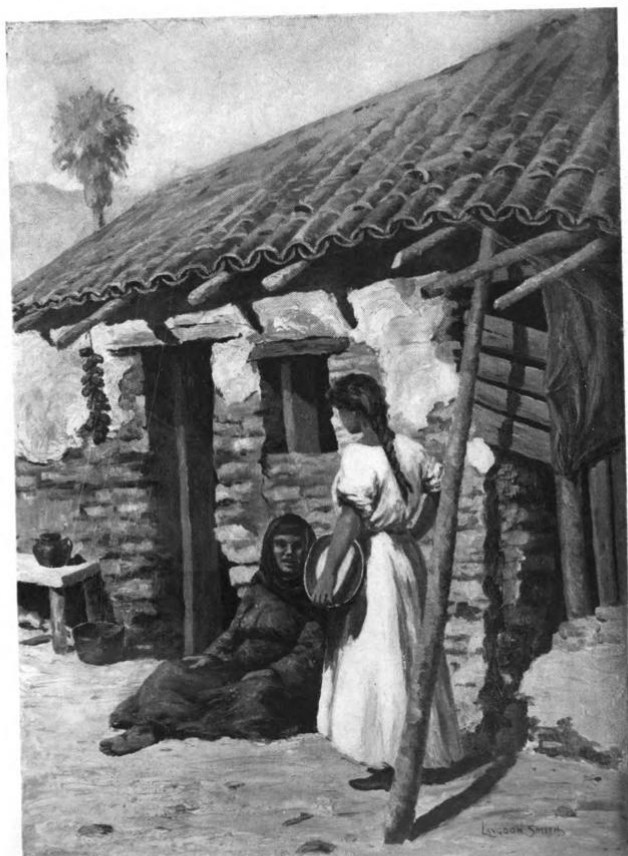
Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 64; pictures by Langdon Smith.



The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 65; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpd_google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 66; pictures by Langdon Smith.

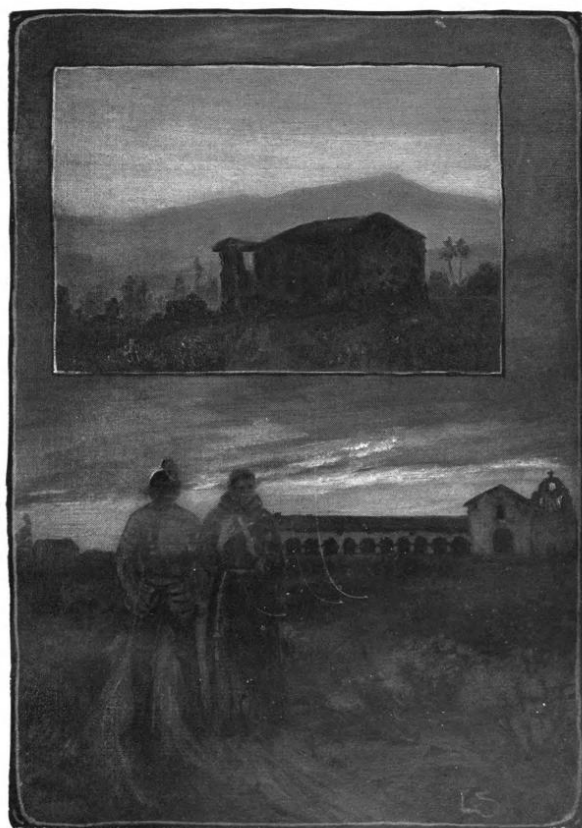
Give us your ghosts for company when night
begins to fall;

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.3182203826611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 67; pictures by Langdon Smith.



Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/ucl.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_userpgd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 68; pictures by Langdon Smith.

*There's many a road to travel, but it's this
road today,
With the breath of God about us on the
King's Highway.*

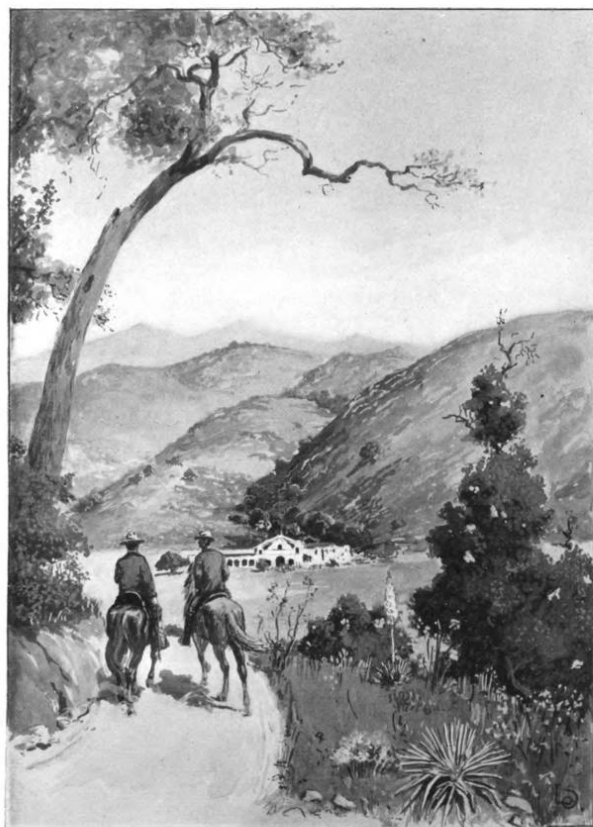
Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.318220328611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 69; pictures by Langdon Smith.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822/038296611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 70; pictures by Langdon Smith.

The King's Highway

(*El Camino Real*)

All in the golden weather, forth let us ride today,
You and I together on the King's Highway,
The blue skies above us, and below the shining sea;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road for me.

It's a long road and sunny, and the fairest in the world—
There are peaks that rise above it in their snowy mantles curled,
And it leads from the mountains through a hedge of chaparral,
Down to the waters where the sea gulls call.

It's a long road and sunny, it's a long road and old,
And the brown padres made it for the flocks of the fold;
They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk that trod
From the fields in the open to the shelter-house of God.

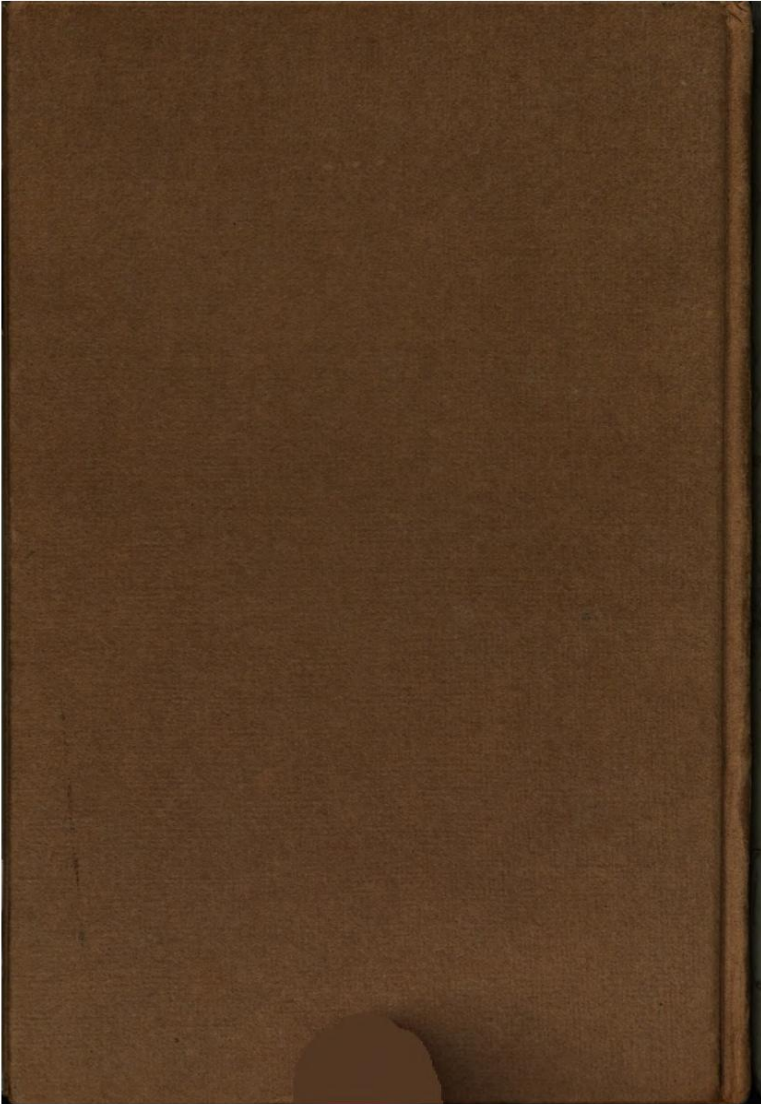
They made it for the sandals of the sinner-folk of old;
Now the flocks they are scattered and death keeps the fold;
But you and I together we will take the road today,
With the breath in our nostrils, on the King's Highway.

We will take the road together through the morning's golden glow;
And we'll dream of those who trod it in the mellowed long ago;
We will stop at the Missions where the sleeping padres lay,
And we'll bend a knee above them for their soul's sake to pray.

We'll ride through the valleys where the blossom's on the tree,
Through the orchards and the meadows with the bird and the bee,
And we'll take the rising hills where the manzanitas grow,
Past the gray tails of waterfalls where blue violets blow.

Old Conquistadores, O brown priests, and all,
Give us your ghosts for company when night begins to fall;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road today,
With the breath of God about us on the King's Highway.

Generated at University of California, Los Angeles on 2024-11-10 23:43 GMT / <https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31822038206611>
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The King's Highway (1909), source scan page 77; pictures by Langdon Smith.

LATER BOOKS AND THE OPEN ARCHIVE

Stage IV–V | 1918–1944

Five California Poems, 1918

Bibliographies identify a mailing edition issued by W. A. Abbott in South Pasadena. No complete scan or contents list was located in the supplied files or open institutional sources. Its title suggests a small selection rather than a new full collection, but that inference is not used to suppress any poem.

The Mass, 1932

Published in Los Angeles by the Michael J. Halloran Publishing Company, this ninety-four-page book is prose religious exposition. Library cataloguing assigns it the subject 'Mass—Celebration,' and a contemporary review calls it an informative study written primarily for non-Catholics.

"Just California" and Other Poems, 1933

Times-Mirror's 205-page volume is McGroarty's major late collection. A readable scan was not locally available and no open full-text witness was located. It must be collated before a future edition can claim a definitive lifetime poem census; the present book neither silently omits the title nor reconstructs it from sales descriptions and snippets.

Newspaper and program verse

McGroarty's decades at the *Los Angeles Times*, his *West Coast Magazine* editorship, civic speeches, mission programs, and Pennsylvania journalism make further occasional poems likely. The Huntington's *Times* records, CSUN's Mission Playhouse collections, and Pennsylvania newspapers remain the principal repositories for future recovery.

APPENDIX | *THE MISSION* *PLAY*

A pageant play in three acts | 1952 acting version

The complete acting text is reset here from the twenty-seven recto leaves of the surviving 1952 mimeograph. The intervening reverse scans contain only bleed-through and are not treated as text. Spelling and dramatic wording are retained; typewriter-margin word divisions and unmistakable OCR substitutions are silently repaired. Speaker labels, stage directions, act divisions, and the Fiesta sequence follow the scan.

The Mission Play

A Pageant Play in Three Acts

by John Steven McGroarty

Acting version. Copyright 1911 by John Steven McGroarty; copyright 1939 by Margaret M. McHale. Vari-typed and mimeographed for Margaret McHale by Antonio "Tony" Altamirano, May 1952.

Prelude

I

The Mission Play is preceded by a Prelude in pantomime, in which ghostly figures before the curtain recall from the misty past the three great epochs which the Play portrays. The savage sensing the approach of his White conquerors. A mysterious blue light illumines the curtain. The savage appears C. with folded arms. Suddenly, he bends low, and, shading his eyes, looks stealthily R. and L. Exit the savage through curtain c. During the entire pantomime Gounod's "Ave Maria" is heard.

II

Specter of the faded military glory of the Spanish conquest. A white-bearded Spanish Soldier, in helmet and cloak, enters R. He walks slowly c; throws his cloak over his shoulder, and continues walking L. Exit Soldier L.

III

Spirit of the everlasting Faith of the cross of Christ. Chimes are heard off L. A Padre enters L., his hands before his breast, in the attitude of prayer. He slowly crosses C; stops; extends his hands toward the audience in benediction, and continues walking R. Exit Padre R,

Act I

SCENE: The scene of Act I of "THE MISSION PLAY" is the shores of San Diego Bay in the year 1769, "when California began." Point Loma is shown shouldering out to sea, enclosing the waters of the beautiful harbor. On the shore there are some rude tule huts erected as the habitations of the Padres, soldiers, Indian Neophytes and muleteers from Mexico who form that part of the expedition that came to Christianize and settle California, the other portion of the expedition being absent at this time under command of the Governor, Don Gaspar de Portola in search of Monterey. The old Presidio Hill is shown anchored in the harbor,

DISCOVERED AT RISE—At rise a Catalonian corporal and three soldiers are seen sitting dejectedly in the sun—Corporal Jose and Privates Pedro, Miguel and Andres. Father Fernando, A Franciscan Padre, sits dozing on a bench against a tule hut.

TIME: 1769

PEDRO. *(Rising and throwing away his cigarette disgustedly)* Well, here's another day wearing away and still no sign of the return of the Gobernador, Don Gaspar de Portola, and his men from that supposed-to-be port called Monterey, I don't believe there is such a port or that there ever was. And, furthermore, I believe that Don Gaspar de Portola, the Gobernador, and all his men are dead—killed by those damnable, treacherous, sneaking Indians of California.

CORPORAL JOSE. *(Yawning and stretching his arms lazily)* You seem to be in bad humor, Pedro.

PEDRO. If I am in bad humor I have good reason to be so. We are starving in this wretched port of San Diego; nearly everyone is sick and every day somebody dies

CORPORAL JOSE. Well, perhaps we shall soon have good news, The Gobernador may be even now on his return. Do you go up the hill, Pedro, and see if there is any sign of Don Gaspar and his men.

PEDRO. *(Sitting)* No, thank you. The exercise would be sure to give me an appetite, and you know there is nothing more to eat until tomorrow,

CORPORAL JOSE. Then you go, Miguel,

MIGUEL. No, señor Corporal, I cannot go, it is very warm and I am not yet strong from my sickness.

CORPORAL JOSE. Then good Andres, the duty falls on you. 'Tis but a few steps to the top of the hill and you may have the honor of bringing back the great news that Don Gaspar, the Gobernador, and his men have returned to San Diego after

their long search for the grand port of Monterey.

ANDRES. (*Shakes his head*) I thank you for your great kindness, señor corporal, but my boots are very bad and I got my feet filled with stickers the last time I climbed the hill to look for the coming of the Gobernador and his men,

CORPORAL JOSE. (*Rising wrathfully*) O, you lazy Catalonian dogs! You are no better than muleteers, You disobey the orders of your commander, were I not a good Christian man, fearing to have your deaths on my soul, I should have you shot this minute,

PEDRO. Be patient, señor corporal, there is no need to shoot us; we shall soon starve to death,

CORPORAL JOSE. Must I go up the hill, myself?

MIGUEL. It is very warm, señor corporal; be careful.

ANDRES. And there are many stickers, señor corporal.

CORPORAL JOSE. (*mollified*) Ah, chivalrous soldiers of Spain! You are so considerate of your commander. It is indeed very warm and the stickers on the hill are villainous. Besides, as good Pedro says, there is nothing to eat until tomorrow, I shall sit down and conserve my waning strength. (*Sits down lazily with a sigh.*)

PEDRO. Would that we were back in Spain and, better still, in our beloved Catalonia where we were born and reared.

MIGUEL. Or even if we were back in Mexico, it would not be so hard to bear. Mexico is not so bad at all.

ANDRES. Ah, there are pretty señoritas in Mexico from whom a handsome soldier like myself can pick a sweetheart and dance the Fandango.

PEDRO. And there is plenty to eat, and wine to drink and tobacco to smoke.

MIGUEL. Señor Corporal, what black curse from heaven was it that brought us to this benighted land of California anyway?

CORPORAL JOSE. We came, sir, as you well know, to Christianize the heathen Indians and to bring them into the fold of the true faith.

MIGUEL. Well, I say then, that it is time wasted. We have seen the California Indians who shoot cowardly arrows at us and steal everything they can lay hands on. They are not fit to be Christians.

CORPORAL JOSE. But wait until you see what Father Junipero shall do with the Indians. Father Junipero works miracles.

MIGUEL. He can work no miracles here. The Indians of California are beyond the power of miracles. If you were to pour holy water or any other kind of water on a

California Indian he would jump out of his skin. The task is too great even for Father Junipero.

FATHER FERNANDO. (*awakening from his siesta*) Did I hear you speak the name of our good Father Junipero, my children?

CORPORAL JOSE. Si, Padre, we were speaking of the miracles he worked among the Indians of Mexico and we were saying he would work even greater changes among these wretched natives of California.

FATHER FERNANDO. Has Father Junipero been here while I was taking my siesta?

CORPORAL JOSE. No Padre, he has been in his hut the whole morning kneeling before his crucifix in constant prayer,

FATHER FERNANDO. I should have been there with him, praying also. No doubt he has been praying for the safe return of Don Gaspar de Portola, the Gobernador, from Monterey.

PEDRO. Padre, there is no such place as Monterey.

FATHER FERNANDO. Oh, yes, my son, there is indeed such a place as Monterey. Cabrillo, the great Portuguese sailor, found it when he discovered California more than 200 years ago, and Viscaino saw it again in 1602 when he landed there and planted the Cross. We shall build a Mission there and one here at San Diego and another at a port in the North called San Buena Ventura, These were the orders of the Viceroy when we left Mexico, and is also Father Junipero's burning desire. And, after that, with God's divine assistance, we shall build many more Missions in California,

CORPORAL JOSE. I fear, good Padre, that we shall starve to death instead. We cannot endure these hardships and sufferings much longer.

FATHER FERNANDO. Shame on you, corporal Jose, to speak such words—you a soldier, used to hardships all your life. Think of the hardships that Father Junipero has endured—he who is so learned and who was reared so gently by our holy Mother, The Church. He could have remained in Spain where even the King came to hear him preach, he was so eloquent. You know very well he could have been a cardinal with a palace to live in and servants to wait upon him, He might even have become Pope. But he put all worldly honor from him, as did our Father St. Francis, to bring the heathen to Christ.

MIGUEL. (*growling*) Priests do not suffer as soldiers suffer.

FATHER FERNANDO. Miguel, you are a hopeless sinner. Do you not know that Father Junipero suffers every moment of his life from that terrible wound in his leg that he received among the Indians of the Sierra Gorda mountains of

Mexico? He never has a moment's peace from pain. He sleeps on a hard board or on the bare ground. He eats no meat, drinks no wine, as you do, and has no comforts. Miguel, are you not sorry to speak as you do?

MIGUEL. Forgive me, Padre mio, Father Junipero is a Saint and I reverence him.

FATHER FERNANDO. Well spoken, Miguel, now, if you would come to your confession, the Lord would love you. (*off right*)—

JUNIPERO. Father Fernando! Father Fernando!

CORPORAL JOSE. Attention! Father Junipero comes! (*Enter Father Junipero from hut*)

(*As Junipero enters the soldiers recover and stand at respectful attention*)

JUNIPERO. Is there yet no sign of Don Gaspar, the Gobernador and his men?

FATHER FERNANDO. We still have no tidings of them,

JUNIPERO. (*Address Corporal Jose*) Have your men kept watch from the hill, Corporal Jose?

CORPORAL JOSE. (*Embarrassed*) Wh—Why—we shall go now, Padre Junipero.

MIGUEL. I shall go at once, Father Junipero. (*Exit Miguel up the hill in comical haste*)

ANDRES. I shall go also, Father Junipero, (*Exit Andres up the hill as Miguel*)

PEDRO. My eyes are sharper than theirs, Padre, I shall go and look for the coming of the Gobernador, (*Exit Pedro up the hill as Miguel and Andres*)

CORPORAL JOSE. Those lazy fellows may fall asleep on the hill top, I shall go and stand over them with my sword, Padre. (*Exit Corporal Jose, hurrying as his soldiers did before him*)

JUNIPERO. (*looking after soldiers toward hill*) Poor fellows! How eager they are to be of service.

FATHER FERNANDO. (*aside*) Hum—yes, the lazy dogs! (*To Junipero*)—They are rather discouraged. Sickness and hunger and death have made sad inroads on our ranks since the departure of the Gobernador and his expedition in search of Monterey.

JUNIPERO. Alas, you speak truly, Father Fernando, but I trust you do not complain of God's will,

FATHER FERNANDO. God forbid that I, a sinner, should complain against His holy will. But our soldiers and our muleteers—so many of them have died in San

Diego and so many of them are sick and hungry,

JUNIPERO. Do the Christian Indians whom we have brought from Mexico also complain?

FATHER FERNANDO. No. They seem to be made of better stuff than we Spaniards.

JUNIPERO. Good Father Fernando, go you and bring Vincenzo, my beloved Indian convert whom we have brought from Mexico. Bring him here to me that I may question him as to what success he has had today with these Gentile Indians of San Diego.

FATHER FERNANDO. Vincenzo returned from the hills an hour ago. I shall go and find him. (*Exit Father Fernando, Right 2*)

JUNIPERO. (*aside*) How beautiful is this land of California! How bright are the waters of yonder bay—that noble and lovely Harbor of the sun. The wild grape grows in the valleys and the roses are like the roses of Castile, How my soul longs to bring this land under the banner of our Lord and Savior. (*Junipero takes crucifix from his girdle and holds it aloft*) Grant, O Lord, that thy unworthy servant may convert this heathen land to Thee, save starving San Diego and bring back Don Gaspar and his men safely from Monterey, that we may go there also and complete Thy work, Desert us not in this hour of our most bitter need, (*Junipero kisses his crucifix and stands with bowed head in silent prayer*) (*Reenter Father Fernando, Right 2*) (*Enter Vincenzo, the Indian Neophyte, Right 2, accompanying Father Fernando*)

FATHER FERNANDO. (*Gently*) Father, I have brought Vincenzo, the Indian, to you, as you wished,

VINCENZO. (*kneeling*) Padre mio, I, Vincenzo, am here.

JUNIPERO. (*Rousing himself from his deep meditation and prayer*) Rise, my good Vincenzo. Son, do you love God?

VINCENZO. Si, Padre, I do love God.

JUNIPERO. Vincenzo, have you talked today with the Gentiles, the Indians of San Diego?

VINCENZO. Padre Junipero, I seem to be able to do nothing with them.

JUNIPERO. Oh, you have not yet learned to speak their words—is not that the trouble, Vincenzo?

VINCENZO. I have learned many of their words, Padre; and I can make them understand a great deal by signs. But they do not like our God. They still say their own gods are better.

JUNIPERO. (*distressed*) Alas, alas. You must pray for greater power, Vincenzo. We must say a special Mass tomorrow that God may strengthen you. Do not the Indians treat you kindly?

VINCENZO. Si, Padre, they treat me kindly. They see that I am also an Indian like themselves.

JUNIPERO. (*Suddenly growing cheerful and enthusiastic*) We shall yet win them, Vincenzo. You are greatly honored, my son. You are God's ambassador to the Gentiles of this port of San Diego. You must go forth to the Indians again, this very hour. Father Fernando, bring me our prettiest and handsomest beads and most beautiful piece of cloth that we have reserved for a supreme occasion. Be quick, go, Father Fernando. Vincenzo shall win the victory for us this day and bring us an Indian child for baptism.

FATHER FERNANDO. (*Exits saying these lines*) Si, Father Junipero; I shall hurry. (*Exit FATHER FERNANDO to hut*)

JUNIPERO. (*Addressing Vincenzo*) Vincenzo, you will surely bring the Indians in to me today with a child for baptism. Oh, think, Vincenzo, we have been here all these weeks—it is now indeed, nine long months—and we have not yet baptized one single Indian Gentile, It must be that we are very sinful, and God is not pleased with us.

VINCENZO. I shall try hard today, Padre mio.

JUNIPERO. (*Placing his hand affectionately on Vincenzo's shoulder*) Ah, good Vincenzo, you renew my courage.

VINCENZO. But these Indians here are very bad Indians, Padre.

JUNIPERO. But God is all powerful, my son. I remember that your father and his people in the Sierra Gorda were just like these Indians, when the missionaries came among them, Yet your father and his people are now good Christians. They are also good workman—they know many trades and they can play music, speak Spanish and sing the Mass as you sing it,

VINCENZO. Were my people ever so bad as these people, Padre?

JUNIPERO. Your people were not bad, Vincenzo; they were just ignorant; they did not know God, It is the same with these Indians in San Diego, but God will bring them also to Him. You will try hard, today, my son?

VINCENZO. Si, Padre, I will try harder than ever before, (*RE ENTER FATHER FERNANDO holding beads and a piece of bright cloth in his hands*)

JUNIPERO. Here is Father Fernando with the beautiful presents for the Indians.

(*Junipero takes beads and cloth from Father Fernando.*)

FATHER FERNANDO. I have brought the prettiest things we have.

JUNIPERO. It is well, for Vincenzo is to bring us a great victory today—our first child for baptism. Is it not so, Vincenzo?

VINCENZO. I will try hard, Padre.

JUNIPERO. Ah, Vincenzo. (*Displaying piece of cloth*) This is the cloth I wrapped around your own little body that day your father brought you to me for baptism. You were such a wild little fellow and you looked at me in such a frightened way when I poured the waters of everlasting life on your head. Then I taught you to say the prayers and gave you your first communion as you grew big, and confirmed you and taught you to sing the Mass and to work at useful trades. Are you sorry that this has happened to you, Vincenzo?

VINCENZO. (*Quickly takes Junipero's hand kisses it*) Ah, no, Padre; I am very glad.

JUNIPERO. So will it be with these poor Gentiles of San Diego, my son. They also will be glad. Go forth, and bring them to me. If it be God's will we shall baptize our first child this day, and there shall be great joy in heaven. (*Junipero makes the sign of the cross on Vincenzo's forehead*) Go forth, my beloved son, and God go with you. (*Exit Vincenzo. Right 3, carrying beads and cloth with him.*)

(Junipero stands with bowed head, clasping his crucifix to his breast in silent prayer as Vincenzo departs.)

FATHER FERNANDO. (*gently*) Father, you have not broken your fast today. Come, let me give you at least a little broth,

JUNIPERO. No, I do not need it; give it to someone who is sick.

FATHER FERNANDO. You need it more than anyone.

JUNIPERO. Father Fernando, we shall hear great news of some kind today. While I was at prayer there came to me a sign that there would be great news for San Diego before the sun sets.

FATHER FERNANDO. Come, you are worn with prayer and fasting. Come and rest if you will not eat. (*A gunshot from the Presidio Hill is now heard, followed instantly by two other shots. Junipero and Father Fernando start from their talk excitedly.*)

JUNIPERO. (*In a strong, excited tone of voice*) Here comes the news, whatever it may be, I knew there would be news for San Diego before the sun would set this day.

FATHER FERNANDO. (*Grasps Junipero's arm*) Let us hasten to the cover of the huts. The soldiers have been attacked,

JUNIPERO. No it is something else. Perhaps Don Gaspar, the Gobernador, has returned from Monterey. (*Re-enter Corporal Jose, Miguel and Andres, the soldiers, rushing pell-mell down Presidio Hill; holding their guns aloft.*)

CORPORAL JOSE. (*shouting*) The Gobernador! The Gobernador! Don Gaspar and his men have returned from Monterey! Quick—Andres, Miguel, Pedro, get the banner and the drum. We shall march forth to meet them! (*Exit Andres, Miguel and Pedro, Right 2*)

JUNIPERO. You saw them with your own eyes, Jose?

CORPORAL JOSE. (*still greatly excited*) Si, Padre; With my own eyes I saw them. They are very near at hand.

JUNIPERO. (*Fervently*) Now, thanks be to God, our long waiting is at an end. (*Re-enter, Right 2, Miguel, Pedro, and Andres bearing with them banner (Andres) and drum (Pedro)*) They array themselves, shoulder to shoulder, Miguel shouldering musket. Corporal Jose draws his sword with spectacular effect and takes his place in front of soldiers facing them, Christians Indians of the camp and Muleteers swarm on the stage from Right I, 2, and 3, some looking weak and haggard, others almost crawling, all ragged)

CORPORAL JOSE. (*Turning about face*) Forward, march! (*Exit Corporal Jose, Miguel, Andres, Pedro, Christian Indians and muleteers, left I, These exits must be made with great spirit. Corporal Jose leads his soldiers with much pomp, the soldiers following with heads erect, the banner flying and the drum beating. The motley crowd follows shouting lustily. After the exit, the drum beat grows fainter and fainter and the shouts are, now and then heard, always more indistinctly, to give the effect of ever increasing distance.*)

JUNIPERO. (*With sudden decision*) I shall also go forth to meet Don Gaspar and his men. (*Turns to left.*)

FATHER FERNANDO. (*Gently restraining Junipero*) No, Father Junipero. You remain here to greet them and I shall go forth.

JUNIPERO. Very well then, Father Fernando, go and I shall remain. (*Exit Father Fernando, left I.*)

JUNIPERO. (*Aside, slowly soliloquizing*) I wonder what news Don Gaspar, the Gobernador, brings back with him? I wonder if he has found the port of Monterey, and what he accomplished there? God grant that we shall now really begin the evangelization of California, (*Holds crucifix to breast and looks up to heaven*) O God, strengthen Thou Thy servant. Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, give us today a lamb from the fold of the Gentiles that we may celebrate Don Gaspar's return from Monterey with the baptism of just one Indian

child today.

(Cannon booms distantly from ship in harbor.)

JUNIPERO. Ah, Don Gaspar draws near, my heart beats with new courage and new faith.

(Drum beats sound approaching and growing louder and nearer. Junipero looks to left eagerly. Enter Don Gaspar, left, eagerly. He wears the uniform of a Spanish captain, travel-stained and dusty.)

DON GASPAR. *(Joyfully)* Father Junipero! *(Falls to his one knee, doffing hat for Junipero's blessing)*

JUNIPERO. *(Stooping, places arms around Don Gaspar and raises him up)* Don Gaspar, my beloved son. welcome back from Monterey. Thank God you are safely returned.

(Junipero and Don Gaspar embrace)

(ENTER FATHER FERNANDO, LEFT L, AND ENTER FATHER CRESPI, LEFT L, ALSO travel-stained and dusty, in Franciscan habit and sandals and wearing broad brimmed white sombrero such as the Padres wore then when traveling.)

FATHER FERNANDO. Father Junipero, here is Father Crespi, also safely returned.

FATHER CRESPI. *(Falling on knees)* Father Junipero! Father Junipero!

JUNIPERO. Welcome, O welcome, beloved Brother! *(Embraces Father Crespi)* It is a happy day. My heart almost breaks with joy and thanksgiving to God. *(Re-enter Corporal Jose, Miguel, Andres, and Pedro in marching order, left.) (Enter several soldiers, muleteers, and Christian Indians of Portola's expedition, left.) (Reenter muleteers and Christian Indians of the San Diego camp) (There is much tumult and babel of voices on the stage as the great reunion takes place. Suddenly Corporal Jose orders all to repair to the Presidio for food.)*

CORPORAL JOSE. *(In a loud voice of command)* Attention! Attention! Fall in and forward march to the Presidio! *(Exit corporal Jose, Miguel, Andres, and Pedro, right, in marching order followed in mob by all except Junipero, Don Gaspar, Father Fernando and Father Crespi.)*

JUNIPERO. *(Addressing Don Gaspar and Father Crespi)* I am consumed with anxiety to hear the story of your travels, but you are weary, Don Gaspar; and you also, good Father Crespi. You must rest and refresh yourself and then we shall hear the great story.

DON GASPAR. We are weary enough, God knows, good Father Junipero, and we are pitifully worn with all we have gone through during these terrible months since we saw you last, but you must hear at once the story. First tell me how you have fared here in San Diego since we left?

JUNIPERO. Alas, we have fared but ill, Don Gaspar but now that you have returned and Monterey is found we shall enter upon new days of success.

DON GASPAR. But I have not found Monterey.

JUNIPERO. (*Astonished*) What! Monterey not found?

DON GASPAR. It is, alas, too true. And worse, many of my men died on that long and fruitless search, and those who are left are half dead with sickness and hardships. I have much bad news to tell you, Father Junipero.

JUNIPERO. But you saw many Indians?

DON GASPAR. Yes, thousands and thousands of them. California is filled with Indians, but they are nearly all like these wretched natives of San Diego.

JUNIPERO. Then we have not come in vain. There is work for us to do. These Gentiles must be brought to God.

DON GASPAR. Have you succeeded in bringing any of the San Diego Indians into the faith?

JUNIPERO. No, not yet, but they will come in God's good time,

DON GASPAR. Have you performed a baptism?

JUNIPERO. Not yet, but we will.

DON GASPAR. (*Ruefully*) Ah, Father Junipero, it is as I feared. There is no hope. We must go back to Mexico. We shall sail with the tide tonight,

JUNIPERO. (*Passionately*) what are those wild words that you are saying, Don Gaspar? We shall NOT abandon California.

DON GASPAR. (*Gently taking Junipero's arm*) Come, let us sit down. I have much to say to you, (*Father Fernando and Father Crespi arrange benches so that Junipero and Don Gaspar are seated together facing the audience. Father Fernando is seated to Right, and Father Crespi to left.*)

DON GASPAR. It is now 166 years since Viscaino sailed these shores, and the port of Monterey has doubtless been obliterated by the forces of nature during that time. At any rate, we have been unable to find the port after a weary and terrible search of more than six months. But let Father Crespi speak.

FATHER CRESPI. Father President, in view of what has been said, and of our not finding in these regions the port of Monterey, so celebrated and so praised in their

time by men of character, skillful, intelligent and practical navigator, who came more than a century and a half ago to explore these coasts by order of the King, we have to say that Monterey is not found, though the efforts to find it has been made at great hardship and diligence by Commandante, officers and soldiers who formed the expedition. Moreover, the Indians whom we met at the point where Monterey was said to be, as well as the Indians we met upon our entire journey, are the rudest and most degraded savages in the world.

JUNIPERO. The ruder these savages are and the more degraded they are, the greater shall be our determination, with God's assistance, to bring them to the Cross of Christ. (*Addressing Don Gaspar*) Do not consider that your expedition was fruitless, Don Gaspar, since California is peopled with Gentiles awaiting the light of Christianity to break upon their spiritual darkness.

DON GASPAS. I have to report to you, Father President, that although we failed to find the port of Monterey, we found another port many leagues northward, which is beyond doubt, the grandest harbor in all the world,

JUNIPERO. (*Eagerly*) Yes? I had a premonition of that. Go on—tell me about this grand harbor.

DON GASPAS. It was on the second day of November that some of my soldiers who had gone forth from camp to hunt game, came back and reported that they had seen a great arm of the sea stretching far inland, Next day, accompanied by the whole expedition, I climbed a brown hill, and looked down upon that mighty harbor. Not in Spain, Father President, nor anywhere that a ship has ever sailed, is there a port to rival the port which we that morning beheld with our wondering eyes.

JUNIPERO. (*With great enthusiasm*) O noble Don Gaspar, and you my brethren behold how wonderful are the ways of God! The harbor of St. Francis has been found!

DON GASPAS. (*Wonderingly*) The harbor of St. Francis?

JUNIPERO. (*With increasing enthusiasm*) Aye, the harbor of St. Francis—nothing—less—the grandest harbor in all the world as you have said, Do you not remember that when our expedition was leaving Mexico our orders from Don Jose Galvez were to found a Mission here at San Diego a second at Monterey and a third at a place between to be called San Buenaventura?

DON GASPAS. Yes, Father President, I remember well the words of Don Jose,

JUNIPERO. And you must also remember that I protested to Don Jose that he had made no provision for a Mission to be named in honor of our Father St. Francis?

DON GASPAR. Yes, and I remember that Don Jose replied: "If St. Francis desired a Mission let him cause his port to be found and we shall build his Mission there."

JUNIPERO. (*Joyfully*) You have remembered well, and St. Francis has chosen you to find his port. That great harbor in the north which you have found, that grandest of all harbors, shall be called, henceforth, San Francisco, and we shall build a Mission there for St. Francis, Great is the honor which has come to you, Don Gaspar de Portola.

DON GASPAR. (*Sadly*) But, alas, Father Junipero, of what avail is it?

JUNIPERO. Of what avail? Do you not see that the hand of God is guiding us?

DON GASPAR. (*Rising and speaking solemnly*) Father President, I am responsible for the safety of every soul in this expedition including yourself. And the hand of God, as I see it guiding me, is pointing now to yonder ship lying in this harbor on whose decks I am to deliver you all back to Mexico, Starvation and death stare us in the face, we shall sail tonight, Prepare to abandon California, Father Junipero. I shall issue at once my orders to sail tonight.

JUNIPERO. (*Grasping Don Gaspar frantically*) No! No! You cannot mean what you have said. We shall NOT abandon California. What! Shall we depart and leave these Indian Gentiles in heathen darkness? Though you were to go, I would remain alone,

DON GASPAR. (*Gently*) Ah, Padre, these Indians are hopeless. See, you have been in San Diego two-thirds of a year and not a single Indian man, woman or child has been baptized.

JUNIPERO. But we shall begin now. Vincenzo will bring me a child for baptism this very day. He went to the hills an hour ago. Where can he be? (*Turns to left I, shouting*) Vincenzo, HO! Vincenzo! (*Re-enter Vincenzo L.*)

VINCENZO. (*excitedly*) Si, Padre! Prepare for the baptism. The Indians—the Indians are coming. (*Wheels about facing left, holding up beads and cloth and motioning with hands to unseen Indian child and Indians to follow*) (*Enter Indian bearing in arms an Indian child*) (*Other Indian men are naked except breech clouts, the woman wearing grass garments reaching from necks to knees, leaving legs bare. The men are painted and all show their wild states of savagery.*)

JUNIPERO. (*Shouting joyfully*) A baptism! A baptism! At last! Quick. Father Fernando, bring the ritual and the holy water. (*Holds out hands beseechingly to Indians*) Come, O gentiles! Come to Christ! (*Exit Father Fernando to the tulle hut*)

(*Re-enter corporal Jose, Miguel, Andres, Pedro, and Portola's soldiers, muleteers, and Christian Indians from right I, 2, and 3, evidently attracted by Junipero's voice.*)

JUNIPERO. *(To Vincenzo)* Thou hast at last won the victory. Vincenzo. *(To Don Gaspar)* Thou shalt stand sponsor for the child, Don Gaspar. It shall be said of thee in after years that thou wert the godfather of the first Gentile to the faith of Christ in this heathen land.

DON GASPAR. You honor me, Father Junipero. Gladly will I stand as the child's godfather. *(Re-enter Father Fernando bearing baptismal font and book.)*

FATHER FERNANDO. Here are the ritual and the holy water, Father,

(Junipero now in ecstasy wraps the Indian child in the bright cloth and places the child in Don Gaspar's arms. The Padres arrange themselves at Junipero's side, Father Fernando holding the baptism font and book. Father Crespi places a violet stole around Junipero's neck. All is excitement, the Indians muttering wondering and the Spaniards showing intense interest.)

PEDRO. *(Stepping forward)* Don Gaspar, will you call the child Ubaldo in honor of our brave captain who was lost at sea?

DON GASPAR. Ubaldo? Is it permitted, Father President?

JUNIPERO. Yes, gladly will I christen the child Ubaldo, *(Taking book)* Brethren, we are assembled here in a strange new land to witness the first victory of the gospel of our Lord and Savior over the powers of darkness. We are about to be rewarded for our faith and sufferings in this heathen land, The first child of the Indian Gentiles of California is about to receive the saving sacrament of Baptism. The waters of everlasting life are to be poured on this little head and a soul brought to Christ that otherwise might never have seen the glory of heaven. Lift up your hearts in thanksgiving to God, O my brethren, and pray that this the first fruit of our labors in the new vineyard may be but the beginning of the conversion of this whole race of Gentiles to Christianity. *(Opens book and reads aloud the Latin ritual of Baptism)* Et hoc signum sanctae crucis quod nos fronti ejus damus, tu, maledicte diabole, nunquam audeas violare. *(Dips hand in font and moves to pour water on the child's head when the Indian father quickly and madly grabs child from arms of Don Gaspar de Portola with savage yell which other Indians repeat. The Indians then all rush frantically from the stage. Exit Indians, left.) (Junipero stares as man roused from dream, his hands fallen at his side, book falls to the ground, look of horror on his face. Loud murmurs of horror and indignation heard from assembled company as each one shows some attitude of effect of scene.)*

VINCENZO. O poor Padre mio!

JUNIPERO. Gone, Gone! O my God, have pity upon me; It is because I am unworthy, O mea culpa! mea culpa! *(moans pitifully, then falls to knees)* I let pride enter into my heart, I was boastful and God has punished me. *(Fiercely)* O wretched sinner that I am. Send down Thy tortures upon me O Thou who died

upon the cross of Calvary. (*Madly draws lash from his robe, opens robe and cruelly flays himself on bosom and shoulders till blood appears, while whole company stand bowed and silent in expression of infinite pity.*) Mea culpa! Mea culpa!

DON GASPAR. (*Stooping gently lifts Junipero*) Dear Father Junipero, you wrong yourself. Oh, I pray you torture yourself no more.

JUNIPERO. (*Moaning*) Mea culpa! Mea culpa!

DON GASPAR. Come to your hut and rest, dear Father, strengthen yourself for the journey to the ship. Tonight we sail for Mexico and you shall be happy again among your brethren in your beloved college of San Fernando.

JUNIPERO. You go, but I shall stay.

DON GASPAR. I have ordered everyone to be on the ship at sunset.

JUNIPERO. Go you, Don Gaspar, and take my brethren and all the people with you. I will not go. Alone shall I remain in California.

DON GASPAR. (*Horried*) The Indians will kill you.

JUNIPERO. I cannot expect so great a boon. I am not worthy to be given Christ's crown of martyrdom.

DON GASPAR. Come, prepare yourself for the ship.

JUNIPERO. (*Appealingly*) Don Gaspar, wait still just one more day. Don Jose promised to send a ship for our relief loaded with supplies, and all things needful for our sustenance until we shall be able to care for ourselves. (*Here stage darkens slightly, showing the approach of evening.*)

DON GASPAR. (*Very tenderly*) Padre mio! The relief ship was promised us to be here in San Diego one month after our arrival. The month passed and it did not come, and now it is almost a year and still no ship. You know, Father, as we all know that either the ship never was sent or else it is long since at the bottom of the sea. They have forgotten us in Mexico or they are all dead or too deep in their own troubles ever to give a thought to us again, The ship that you hope for will never come.

JUNIPERO. Oh, it must come, for God will send it.

DON GASPAR. (*Firmly*) Father, this is no time to play the child. Back to Mexico we shall sail with the tide this very night.

JUNIPERO. No, oh no. If we abandon California, so also will God abandon us. The ship must come, the ship must come. (*Here the sky begins to redden with the sunset*)

DON GASPAR. The sun is about to set. Father, we dare not leave you here alone among these murderous savages. If you do not come of your own free will, we shall be obliged to force you.

JUNIPERO. *(Dropping to his knees in wild and frantic appeal to heaven)*
Almighty Father, hear my prayer. Desert us not in our hour of need. From the face of the great waters, from the waves of the ocean send us the ship that was promised. Inflict upon me O God, all the sufferings that were inflicted upon Thy Divine Son of Calvary, Burn me with fevers and rack my bones with torture. Make of me what sacrifice Thou wilt, but save starving San Diego, save California, Hear me, O God, Hear me. *(The sunset deepens, the sky turns to flame as the white sails of a ship are seen on the far horizon sailing into the Bay of San Diego.)*

VINCENZO. *(Wildly shouting)* A sail! A sail! Look, Father Junipero! God has answered your prayer. *(Wild tumult on stage, participated in by the whole company, crying, "The ship! The ship! San Diego is saved! San Diego is saved!" Exit at L., whole company crying, "The Ship! The Ship!" Darkness falls, leaving Father Junipero still bowed in prayer. A soldier crosses stage with lighted torch. He stops a moment at the bowed and tragic figure of Junipero, throwing his figure into dramatic clearness.)*

End of Act I

Act II

SCENE—The scene of the second act of THE MISSION PLAY is laid at the Mission of San Carlos at Carmel, near Monterey—"Father Junipero's own Mission." The action takes place in the great patio, or court, of the Mission. The beautiful old church is shown L. The patio is enclosed R. and at the back with typical Mission arches, L. C. up-stage, against the walls of the church, a long rough table, eight small stools and a large chair. Farther L. C. at back, the great Mission cross, erected as at Santa Barbara. Pepper tree L, at back L, Through the rear arches can be seen Carmel Bay and the sea.

TIME—1784

AT RISE—The stage is dark. There is only a small light in the church window L. The hour is just before daybreak. Soon the first gray streaks of dawn appear. The morning hymn is heard off sung by the Padres and the communicants of the church. As the sky reddens and the full light of day comes, seven gray-robed Franciscans, preceded by two altar boys carrying censers, enter from R., downstage. The seven Franciscans are followed by FATHER PALOU AND FATHER JUNIPERO. They all kneel at the cross in turn, and then exit L., into the church, leaving the door open. Light appears through the doorway as soon as the first Padre passes in. A crowd of communicants Indians and Spaniards, enter, singing, through the arches, R., downstage, and at the back, same business. Then a number of children, each with a small bouquet of flowers, enter R., downstage, followed by two Indian women. same business. Enter R. at back, corporal Jose, Pedro, Andres, and Miguel, in the order named, They have naturally grown somewhat older during the fifteen years that have elapsed since the first act. The singing stops, A young Indian enters R., downstage, and runs across the stage toward the church door. He is stopped L. by Corporal Jose.

CORPORAL JOSE. Ubaldo, you young scoundrel, you are late again for Mass today. What would your godfather, Don Gaspar, and Father Junipero say if they heard of this? Go into the church and attend Mass, and after, don't forget to kneel at the cross and do penance. Go! (*Exit Ubaldo into church. "Kyrie Eleison" is heard sung off in church. Another young Indian enters R. downstage, and runs swiftly across the stage, Corporal Jose turns R. to stop him, but the boy eludes him and enters church.*)

(*Five Spanish women enter R. downstage, laughing and chatting, and cross C. The soldiers greet them.*)

FIRST WOMAN. (*suddenly*) Dios mio, we are late for Mass! What shall we do?

SECOND WOMAN. Let us sing it outside, (*"Christe Eleison" is heard off, then the "Kyrie" The women and soldiers group themselves L, and c. facing the church,*

and sing, The singing stops. The women bid the soldiers "Adios," and exit into church)

CORPORAL JOSE. There are so many people here to-day in our beloved Mission of Carmelo that there is not the slightest fear of an attack from the few still savage Indians left in the mountains. So I can easily spare one of my brave soldiers from the ranks to attend Mass. My brave Pedro, I will give you the opportunity, I relieve you from duty, Go into the church and attend Mass.

PEDRO. I thank you very much for your kindness, señor corporal, but I refuse to desert my commander in the hour of peril. I shall remain outside on guard.

CORPORAL JOSE. Then you may go, Andres.

ANDRES. *(R.C.)* No, señor Corporal, I also refuse to desert my noble commander,

CORPORAL JOSE. Then good Miguel, the opportunity is yours. It is to be only a short Mass.

MIGUEL. *(R.)* Señor Corporal, the shortest Mass is too long for a soldier. Besides, I also refuse to desert my brave commander in the hour of peril.

CORPORAL JOSE. Well, have it as you will, my brave soldiers. I am giving you very much your own way these past few years. I take into account your long service in the army of our King here in this once heathen land. Fifteen years have passed since we landed in San Diego. That was in the year 1769, and it is now the year 1784. Soldiers of Spain, we have grown to be veterans in the service of the King!

(They all present swords; then immediately replace them in their scabbards.)

PEDRO. But we have not grown as old as Father Junipero. He is now past his seventieth year. I fear this will be his last.

ANDRES. So we thought a year ago, and also the year before that, but he still works harder than ever, although he suffers more and always gives himself less comforts.

CORPORAL JOSE. Aye, he sleeps on a bare board at night, and he eats no meat and drinks no wine.

MIGUEL. Yes, and he has only a day ago returned from a journey on foot that covered the whole length of California. He walked all the way to San Diego from Monterey and back again.

PEDRO. And he has no sooner returned here to Carmelo than he walked to San Francisco and back again. There are now nine Missions, and in this last journey Father Junipero visited them all on foot. No one can induce him to ride on mule back, let alone in a carretta. He is indeed a true Franciscan.

MIGUEL. How many times, altogether, do you suppose Father Junipero has walked through all these wild places, across mountains, through valleys, between the Missions of San Diego and the Mission of St. Francis.

CORPORAL JOSE. Only the good Lord knows, but I suppose it must be as many as twenty times.

PEDRO. This is to be a great day here at the Mission of San Carlos of Carmel—so I am told, señor corporal.

CORPORAL JOSE. It is, indeed, to be a great day, The Fathers Superiors of all the Missions are here to make their reports to Father Junipero. Soon after the Mass the Indians of this, Father Junipero's own Mission of San Carlos, are to show the visiting Fathers what they can do in the way of work. Then there is to be a holiday, and We shall have Indian and Spanish dances and music and songs and feats and all kinds of fun.

PEDRO. It is a great change that has been wrought by Father Junipero and the Padres in these fifteen short years that we have been In California

ANDRES. A great change! You well may say it—Madre de Dios! Were savages so stupid, so dirty, so hopeless ever seen as were these Indians when we landed at San Diego fifteen years ago?

PEDRO. Who can forget that terrible day. Father Jayme was the first martyr to the faith of Christ in California. *(The soldiers remove their hats and bow their heads for a moment.)* When Father Junipero heard of it he said: "Thanks be to God, the land is now watered by the blood of a martyr. Now will follow the conversion to Christ of the Indians of San Diego."

MIGUEL. And Father Junipero spoke truly. The Indians of San Diego are now good Christians. It is a miracle. When I see these Indians at work in the fields, planting the seeds and reaping the harvests; when I see them making tiles and brick and working at masonry, building churches and houses; when I see women weaving and making garments, and all those wild red men who were naked when we found them, now wearing clothes like Christians and saying their prayers like Christians I can hardly believe my senses. *(Chimes are rung three times off L.)*

CORPORAL JOSE. Attention! The sanctus! *(The four soldiers present swords and stand in line, facing the church—CORPORAL JOSE L., PEDRO C., ANDRES R.C. AND MIGUEL R. The sanctus is sung off L. As soon as the singing stops, the dialogue continues.)*

ANDRES. Well, the Indians will have a grand time today showing themselves off before the Padres,

PEDRO. Yes, and we shall have a holiday from our hard work. *(Pause)* I wonder if any of the Spanish dancers and singers from Monterey will be here?

CORPORAL JOSE. To be sure they will be here. Were you thinking of any one in particular, Pedro?

PEDRO. Why yes, I believe I was, Do you remember Margarita, who dances with the castanets?

CORPORAL JOSE. Who can forget Margarita, who once has seen her.

PEDRO. Well, will she be here?

CORPORAL JOSE. Yes, she will be here. *(Pause; crosses C.)* And her old squaw mother along with her! *(He strikes Pedro on the back.)* *(Laughter)*

PEDRO. Her father is a good Spaniard, anyway. That's where she gets the merry feet she has. Lots of Spaniards are marrying Indian women nowadays. I have half a mind to marry Margarita myself.

CORPORAL JOSE. Bah! She wouldn't even look at you! *(The first few measures of the "Agnus Dei" played on an organ, are heard off in church. Corporal Jose goes to the church door and pushes it gently open)*

CORPORAL JOSE. Elena, of Monterey, is going to sing the "Agnus Dei" *(A light appears in the window above the church door, and a woman is seen, singing. At the end of the song the light disappears, and a voice chants off L. "Ite Missa est."*

PEDRO, ANDRES AND MIGUEL, who have been listening attentively to the singing, now group themselves about the pepper tree R., upstage, laughing and talking together.)

CORPORAL JOSE. *(L.)* Hush, the Mass is finished! Rise, you lazy dogs, and stand at attention! The Padres will be here in a moment. *(Crosses C.)* Attention! *(The soldiers do not hear him; they laugh among themselves.)* Attention! *(more laughter)* ATTENTION!! *(The soldiers rise abruptly and cross C.)*

(The Indian men, women and children, together with the Spanish muleteers and poblandores, all laughing and talking, come trooping out of the church and disperse through the arches at back and R. Exit CORPORAL JOSE R. downstage, arm in arm with a pretty senorita. As Pedro is walking R. C. with his lady, he sees young UBALDO hurrying off R. PEDRO leaves his lady for a moment and escorts UBALDO to the cross, before which he is forced to kneel. Meanwhile, ANDRES proffers his arm to the lady; she accepts it, Exit R. downstage, ANDRES and his companion. PEDRO suddenly discovers his loss, Miguel laughs; points his finger derisively at PEDRO and exit R. PEDRO shakes his fist after the absconders and follows them) (RE-ENTER PADRES JUNIPERO, LASUEN, SITJAR, CALZADA, CARALLAR. PALOU, AMMURRIO, MURGIA AND

DUMETZ from church L., preceded by the two altar boys, who place ink wells, plumes and paper on table, The two altar boys kneel before FATHER JUNIPERO; he blesses them, and they go off R. Several Padres move the table, stools and chair L. C. downstage.)

PALOU. (*R. of cross*) (*Upstage*) Ubaldo, you young rascal, you were late at Mass this morning.

JUNIPERO. (*L. of cross, upstage*) Chide him not. Ubaldo, was the first gift of the faith in California. (*Exit Ubaldo R.*) Now, my brothers, having thanked God for His mercies, let us begin the day's work. You have traveled far from our Missions to make your reports, and I am eager to hear what you have to say. Please be seated. (*Pause*) Now we shall take up the business which has brought us together. (*The Padres seat themselves at a long rough table L. C., Father Junipero is seated at the right side of the table in the large chair with PALOU at his left, and SITJAR at his right.*)

PALOU. Father President, the dreams that you and I had of the conversion of the Indians are coming true. These are the things of - which we dreamed when we were boys together.

JUNIPERO. You speak truly, dear Father Palou. How fares the work of God in your Mission of St. Francis?

PALOU. You were there but lately, Father President, and you have seen for yourself.

JUNIPERO. Yes, I have finished a tour of all the Missions, and I have been greatly edified with what I saw, But we shall make our reports now, the one to the other, since we are gathered together for that purpose. Next year some one of you will be in my place. I have only a little while longer to remain on this earth.

PALOU. I trust you are deceived, Father President. We cannot spare you yet.

JUNIPERO. It is as God shall will. Let us hear your report, Father Palou.

PALOU. (*Rising*) As you know, the Mission of St. Francis, yonder on the greatest harbor in the world, was established only eight years ago. As you also know, the Indians there were pitifully wretched when we found them. The men wore no clothes whatever, and in the winter they could keep themselves warm only by covering their bodies with mud. Now we have four hundred Christian Indians in the Mission, all well clothed and fed. They have been trained to work and to speak Spanish, as well as to read. We have seventeen hundred sheep, and eighteen hundred head of cattle; thirty-two hundred bushels of grain, and a plentiful supply of many other needful things. (*He seats himself.*)

JUNIPERO. Thanks be to God! We must make your Mission the greatest in all California, if only in honor of our Father St. Francis, for whom it is named. (*He turns to PADRE SITJAR*) And now, Father SITJAR, you will let us know how you fare at the beautiful Mission of San Antonio, which I founded myself on a lovely sunny day, We are told that the most splendid horses in all California come from San Antonio.

SITJAR. (*Rising*) It is true that we have the best horses, Father President. And we have many thousands of bushels of grain, and thousands of sheep and cattle, as you will see set forth accurately in this report. And we have at san Antonio Mission one thousand and eighty-four Christian Indians. (*He seats himself. The remaining Padres do the same after their reports.*)

JUNIPERO. Ah, that's the news we want to hear! The harvest of souls for the Lord is the harvest that we have come to reap, And what from San Gabriel, Father Calzada—San Gabriel away down there in the valley of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels?

CALZADA. One thousand Christian Indians, all trained to work. We have built a ship at San Gabriel which our Indians have launched in the harbor at San Pedro.

JUNIPERO. Next, San Luis Obispo! What have you to tell, good Father Caraller?

CARALLER. We have had much to suffer at San Luis Obispo. Fire twice destroyed all we builded. But we are now prospering. We have six hundred and sixteen Christian Indians, well-clothed and taught several trades. The curved tile, which we have invented for roofing, is now used in all parts of California.

JUNIPERO. Those red curved tiles were an inspiration. I am very proud of San Luis Obispo. What of San Juan Capistrano Father Ammurria?

AMMURRIA. Four hundred Christian Indians are now sheltered and fed and taught at our Mission; and our crops are wonderful, San Juan Capistrano is a place of plenty, Our Indians are very gentle and quick to learn, we are about to begin the finest church in California, which the Indians themselves will build.

JUNIPERO. Blessed San Juan Capistrano! Now we shall hear from beautiful Santa Clara.

MURGIA. One thousand and eight hundred Christian Indians; two thousand five hundred head of cattle; eight hundred sheep and bursting granaries are at Santa Clara, besides a splendid church, which the Indians have already built with their own hands.

JUNIPERO. Well worthy of the Mission of Santa Clara of the holy name it bears. (*TO PADRE DUMETZ*) Have you anything to tell of your Mission of San Buenaventura, dear Father Dumetz?

DUMETZ. Father President, I have nothing to report.

JUNIPERO. I suppose not. You have just begun. To think that San Buenaventura was established only a few months ago—A mission which was to have been the third in this new land. But it will soon be a great Mission, I am sure. Let us hear now from Father Lasuen, who has in his charge our first old Mission of San Diego, the place where California began, where the first martyr died for the faith, where the first palm and the first olive tree were planted—beautiful San Diego that stands by the shores of the Harbor of the sun. It is there that the roses are like the roses of Castile.

LASUEN. We progress well at San Diego, Father President fully half of all the Indians in that part of California have been Christianized and we shall, in God's good time, convert them all. (*Sits immediately*)

JUNIPERO. Great is the harvest of field and plain, but greater still is the harvest of souls. (*Pause*) Before the year is done I shall have departed from you. Remember me in your prayers.

PALOU. Father President, we shall first pray that God will still spare you to us and to California. But some day we must all die. And if it be that God is to call you soon, remember us when thou comest into the Kingdom of Heaven and stand face to face with our Lord and Savior whom thou hast served with thy whole heart and whole soul from the day of thy youth.

JUNIPERO. (*Tenderly*) If it shall be granted me to stand face to face with our Father, who is in Heaven, I promise you, my brethren, that my first word shall be of you. I shall ask God to so prosper your work that every Indian of California shall be brought to the light of faith.

PALOU. You have greatly loved California, Father President, Nor in the centuries to come will you be forgotten in the land you loved. California will regard you as her patron saint. Your name shall be spoken in those valleys that sleep in the purple dusk of time, yes, and from the shining mountaintops—your name shall be spoken even among the Gentiles, until California is no more and God calls back the sea and rolls the heavens as a scroll. (*He seats himself.*)

JUNIPERO. (*Rising*) Francisco, my beloved brother, and you, my brethren all, bear me witness that I have never sought for worldly honors. I have asked only to serve God in the wilderness, laboring to bring the light of Christ to the heathen, I would gladly be forgotten when I lie down with death, in this poor robe of our Franciscan brotherhood, my hands empty, rich only in the love of God and of my fellow men. But, oh, California—it is dear to me. It is the country of my heart, It were sweet to be remembered by the peoples here who shall someday crowd these golden shores and pass these sweet valleys and shining hills that I have loved so

well. My feet have wandered every mile of the way between our Mission of St. Francis and our Mission of San Diego, so many, many times. And on this last journey which I have just taken, stopped often amid the oaks and cypress, kissing the ground in loving farewell, I have looked down from the hilltops and embraced in my soul every vale, carpeted with poppies and aflame with wild flowers, as the mocking bird and the linnet sang to me on the way. To be remembered in California—Oh, God grant that I shall not be forgotten in this dear and lovely land.

(Junipero, as he concludes this speech, falls into his chair and bows his head on the table, overcome with emotion. PADRE PALOU rises and lays his hands lovingly on Junipero's head, The other Padres then rise, and as they cross in back of Junipero to positions C, and R. C. each in turn catches JUNIPERO'S robe and kisses it.)

PALOU. *(Gently)* Lift up your head, Father Junipero! There is still work to do. The Indians are eagerly waiting to show us the work of their hands.

JUNIPERO. *(Rising his head.)* Forgive my weakness, brethren. Let us again to the tasks before us. *(Sound of galloping horses is heard off R. upstage the noise increases. A voice cries: "Halt! Dismount!" Rattle of sabers, The Padres are startled.)*

JUNIPERO. Horsemen! What does this mean? *(Re-enter Corporal Jose at back R. in military fashion, with PEDRO, ANDRES AND MIGUEL following. The three soldiers station themselves at the back, in a line. CORPORAL JOSE advances C.)*

CORPORAL JOSE. Reverend Fathers, El Capitan, Commandante of all the Presidios of California, has just arrived with a troop of cavalry from the Presidio of San Francisco. The commandante asks admittance and a hearing with Father Junipero and Father Palou.

JUNIPERO. *(Excitedly)* What work of Satan can he now be having on his hands?

PALOU. I think I can explain the Commandante's mission to Carmelo at this time, Father President. We have in the mission of San Francisco a beautiful half-blood girl named Anita. She is the child of an Indian mother and a Spanish father. The Commandante has long desired her, and he has made frequent demands on me to give the girl into his keeping, I have been preparing her for marriage. Fearing that the Commandante would steal the girl from our Mission of St. Francis during my visit here at Carmelo, I brought her and her Indian lover with me. They are here now. Apparently, the Commandante has discovered what I have done and has come here to storm us with wrath, and to carry out his sinful designs upon the girl.

JUNIPERO. (*Wrathfully*) Dare he fly in the face of the authority which the church has given the missionaries over the Indians?

PALOU. The commandante is bold enough to do anything.

JUNIPERO. (*Sternly*) Then I shall teach him a lesson.

PALOU. Be calm, Father President. The Commandante represents the Governor.

(Junipero straightens himself out to his full height, and the burden of the years seems to fall from him.)

JUNIPERO. It matters not though he represents the King! Even though it were the King, and not the commandante, who stood within these Mission walls to sin against God and commit a crime against his fellow men, I should bar his path with my very life's blood. (*To CORPORAL JOSE*) Admit the commandante, (*Movement from corporal Jose*) but tell him he must come alone. We shall allow none of his troopers to set foot within these walls!

(Exit CORPORAL JOSE at back R. Junipero and the other Padres stand expectantly. Bugle call. ENTER THE COMMANDANTE at back R. He doffs his plumed hat, sweeping the ground in a profound yet mocking bow.)
(Commandante, R., downstage)

COMMANDANTE. Ah, Father President, and you Reverend Fathers, I salute you humbly, as becomes a dutiful son of the church!

JUNIPERO. (*L.C.*) Señor Commandante, have done with mockeries, What is your business here within the sacred walls of the Mission of San Carlos?

COMMANDANTE. My business is with Father Palou.

JUNIPERO. (*Crossing L. and sitting*) Then state your business to him.

COMMANDANTE. (*Crossing C.*) With pleasure. I would have a word with you in private, Padre Palou.

PALOU. (*L.C.*) There can be nothing of a private nature to pass between me and any person whatever, that cannot also be heard by the Father President and my brethren here assembled. State your business here and now, openly and above board.

COMMANDANTE. (*Sneeringly*) Very well, then, have it what you will, I am the Commandante of all California. Surely I need not waste time in parleying with friars, (*Stepping nearer*) My business here is to secure possession of the girl, Anita, whom you have spirited away from the Mission of San Francisco without permission from the authorities.

PALOU. There is no authority over the Christian Indians except the Missionaries. I had every right to remove the girl Anita to another Mission when I saw fit to do

so.

COMMANDANTE. The girl is half Spaniard.

PALOU. But she is also half Indian, and were she only one-tenth Indian, I would still have authority over her. You cannot have Anita.

COMMANDANTE. I appeal then to the higher authority of the Father President. (*Crosses L.*) Father Junipero, I want possession of this half-blood girl, Anita.

JUNIPERO. For what purpose, may I ask?

COMMANDANTE. (*Sneeringly*) Oh, well, let us say that I desire her for a servant in my quarters at the Presidio. One reason is as good as another.

JUNIPERO. You know very well, señor Commandante that we do not allow Indian girls or women to serve in the quarters of the soldiers. Their place is here in the woman's quarters of the Missions, and, in case of married women, their places are with their husbands.

COMMANDANTE. Yes, but you forget that I, El Capitan, am the Commandante of all the King's soldiers in California, and that if I wish to break a silly, little rule of the friars, I can as well do so as not. (*He crosses R.C.*)

JUNIPERO. (*Rising and crossing C., sternly.*) Señor Commandante, your insolence is ill-timed. I fear you not though you were ten times the commandante, My authority as Father President of the Missions, is as well defined as your authority in military affairs, and I tell you now that your journey with your troopers is in vain, except under certain conditions.

COMMANDANTE. And what are these conditions, pray?

JUNIPERO. That you secure the full and uncoerced consent of the girl to marry you, and that the marriage be performed according to the rules and the rites of the church before another step is taken.

COMMANDANTE. What! I, Commandante of the King's troops and a gentleman of Spain, marry a half-breed Indian girl! Father President, had a man other than yourself intimated a thing so disgraceful concerning me, my sword would find his heart!

JUNIPERO. (*Calmly*) Well, then, you see, señor Commandante, that it is impossible for you to secure possession of this girl, Anita.

COMMANDANTE. (*Wrathfully*) But I will have her, I tell you! am here to take her, and take her I will.

JUNIPERO. (*Calmly*) Oh, señor Commandante, you so foolishly think to frighten old Father Junipero?

COMMANDANTE. I do not seek to frighten you, Father Junipero, but I am here to take this girl Anita back with me to San Francisco.

JUNIPERO. Just one moment then, señor Commandante, and we shall settle the matter once and for all, (*Turning to Father Palou*) Good Father Palou be so kind as to bring here to me at once, Anita and the Indian neophyte to whom she is betrothed.

(*Exit Palou at back R.*)

COMMANDANTE. What is the meaning of this?

JUNIPERO. (*L.C.*) You soon shall see. In the meantime, señor Commandante, I beg of you to dwell upon this act which you have had under contemplation I have never upbraided you or the many acts of interference which we Missionaries have had to suffer at your hands and the hands of the Gobernador, Don Felipe de Neve, but this is a matter which concerns your immortal soul. Unless you repent, you shall suffer the torments of hell.

COMMANDANTE. (*Disdainfully*) Bah! Preach not to me, Father Junipero. I am not a child. (*Crosses R.*) (*Re-enter Palou at back with ANITA and PABLO, the Indian Neophyte.*)

PALOU. (*At back, R. C.*) Here is Anita, Father President, and Pablo, the Indian Neophyte, to whom she is betrothed. (*With an exclamation of pleasure, the COMMANDANTE advances upstage toward ANITA, She cries out in dismay. PALOU holds up his arm, as if to protect her.*)

JUNIPERO. Anita, my child, come here to me. (*Anita and Pablo cross L. to Junipero*)

ANITA. Si, Padre.

JUNIPERO. Anita, the Commandante here desires to take you with him to the Presidio of San Francisco. Do you wish to go?

ANITA. (*Recoiling in terror*) NO! NO, Padre!

JUNIPERO. Would you rather remain here and wed with Pablo, your betrothed?

ANITA. (*Hangs her head shyly.*) Si, Padre.

JUNIPERO. Pablo, my son, come here to me.

PABLO. (*Crosses to Junipero from L.*) Si, Padre.

JUNIPERO. Pablo, would you wed Anita?

PABLO. (*Bashfully*) Si, Padre. (*Pablo kneels L. of Junipero, Anita, R. Junipero joins their hands, then raises his own hands above them in benediction.*)

JUNIPERO. I here and now pronounce you espoused as man and wife. To-morrow at the Mass your marriage shall be duly solemnized. Wherefore, what God hath joined together, let no man (*Looks at the Commandante*) put asunder. Pablo, Anita is now thy Promised wife. God has given you the right to protect and defend her. Understand that no man, even the King, has the right to take your wife from you. Defend her with your very life. Will you do so, Pablo?

PABLO. Si, Padre, I will defend her with my life.

COMMANDANTE. (*Scornfully*) I suppose you think I am to be impressed with your mummery. (*Anita crosses Junipero to Pablo*) Well, let me tell you, Father Junipero, it does not impress me in the least. I don't give that (*snaps fingers*) for it. Bah! What do these Indians know about marriage, or care for it either. I am still here to demand the custody of that girl!

JUNIPERO. (*Suddenly towering in wrath and passion.*) Sacrilegious wretch! How dare you stand here in the presence of God's anointed ministers and sneer at the very sacraments of the church. Depart from these walls instantly and take your troopers with you. (*Crosses threateningly to the commandante.*) If you shall but touch this pure young creature with your foul, polluting hands upon your head I shall hurl the curse of the church! The flesh shall shrivel from your bones—disease shall eat at your vitals; the sight shall fade from your eyes! You shall sit a shunned and leprous beggar, shivering on the King's Highway, an outcast, suffering the tortures of the damned!

COMMANDANTE. (*Crossing R.C.*) Sir you have insulted the King's officer!

JUNIPERO. I have only denounced a scoundrel who disgraces the King's uniform! (*He collapses into the arms of two of the Padres.*)

COMMANDANTE. (*in a blind rage; drawing his sword.*)

SITJAR. Sir, this is not a place for drawn swords, Go hence, as Father Junipero has commanded!

COMMANDANTE. (*Sacrimoniously*) So, you are the Friar Sitjar, eh? The Friar they call "the fighting Padre of San Antonio," (*with sudden renewed wrath*) Hand back my sword instantly, señor Fighting Padre, or there will be an end to your fighting!

(Sitjar crosses upstage and throws sword off R. It clangs as it strikes the pavement outside the Mission. Quick clatter of horses is heard, as though they were suddenly frightened.)

SITJAR. There is your sword! (*Pointing dramatically off R.*) Follow it! Go!

(The commandante, livid with hate, stares at Sitjar for a moment; then snaps his fingers to Sitjar's face. Exit commandante R. upstage his voice is heard off giving the

order to mount. Bugle call; rattle of scabbards; clatter of horses, then silence.) (Enter PAULA, an Indian girl child, at L, downstage, through church gate)

(Sitjar and the other Padres are upstage, so that JUNIPERO is left standing alone C. His face expressing intense suffering.) (Paula, with a little bouquet of wild flowers, runs directly to JUNIPERO and stands beside him, looking up eagerly at his face. But JUNIPERO, still dominated by his wrath, does not see the child.)

PAULA. (At left of JUNIPERO; plucking at his robe) Padre Mio! Padre Mio!

(Junipero is still unaware of her presence. She crosses to his right plucks at his robe again, then stamps her foot.)

PAULA. (Loudly) Padre mio! (Junipero glances about him in astonishment, not knowing from where the voice comes. At last he looks down at Paula, who extends her flowers to him, At the sight of Paula, Junipero undergoes a wonderful change, His face brightens and becomes wonderfully soft and gentle with love, He bends over and lifts Paula, wild flowers and all, up to his bosom. Paula places her arms round his neck.)

JUNIPERO. O sweet little daughter of the Gentiles, who will stand between you and harm when poor old Father Junipero is no more? O Lord, protect my Indian children from the snares that vile and sinful men would cast around them! (To Paula) Do you love God, Paula?

PAULA. (Raising her arms) Si, Padre,

(Junipero gently places Paula on the ground, retaining the flowers in his hands.)

JUNIPERO. Love God, my sweet little Paula, and pray always to the pure and blessed Mother of Christ to save and protect you. Now run to your Mama, little Paula. Today we are to have a holiday in honor of our good Father St. Francis. And it shall be a merry day for Paula and all good little children. (Exit Paula, running, through gate L. downstage.) (Enter Capitajeno R. downstage.)

PALOU. (R.C., addressing Capitajeno) Ah, here is the brave capitajeno, Chieftain of the Indians of Carmelo and Monterey, Buenos dias, Capitajeno.

CAPITAJENO. Buenos dias, Padre Mio. (Crosses to Junipero L. and kneels before him.)

JUNIPERO. Amad a Dios. Do you love God, capitajeno?

CAPITAJENO. (Rising) I do love God, Padre mio and I love you.

JUNIPERO. Capitajeno, there are with us here today, honoring us by their presence, the Fathers Superiors of all our Missions. They have told me wonderful things of the great work that the Indians of their Missions are doing. Shall we show them now what our Indians of Carmelo and Monterey have also learned to do?

CAPITAJENO. We shall show the Padres that the Indians of Carmelo and Monterey are the best Indians of all.

JUNIPERO. (*Laughing*) Well said, my noble Capitajeno! You are such a strong and brave Chieftain; you keep your people so well in hand, and you are such a good Christian yourself that you give them an example to follow. You are my brother in the household of our Lord, are you not, capitajeno?

CAPITAJENO. You are my brother, Padre mio, and also my father. I will go at once and order our Indians to appear before the Padres, and the padres then shall see how well the Indians of Carmelo and Monterey have been taught, and what good Christians they have come to be. (*He kisses Junipero's hand, then crosses to entrance R. downstage, and shouts off to summon again the Indians: "HO YE HO!" There is an answering cry; he shouts again and is answered: "HO-YE-HO!" ("La Golondrina" is played off R. Enter procession of Indians R. downstage, displaying trades and crafts, CORPORAL JOSE, PEDRO, ANDRES, AND MIGUEL, enter R. upstage, and cross L. The Padres stand in single line across the stage from L. to R.) (The action of this scene is to be as follows: First an Indian enters R. downstage, bearing a small cross; then five Indians appear, playing the violin, flute and guitar; they all pass from R. to L. before the Padres. Exit Indian with cross R. upstage, The musicians station themselves at the back, still playing. Then more Indians appear R. downstage, with pottery, tile, blankets, lace, Indian clothing and a chair. They follow the Indian with the cross. The Padres examine the various objects and comment upon their excellence. As the last Indian passes before JUNIPERO, the musicians stop playing.)*

JUNIPERO. Good work, Capitajeno! (*Church bells are rung off L.*) (*Cries of "La Fiesta! La Fiesta!" heard off. A crowd of Indians, muleteers, soldiers, Spanish dancers and singers, children, etc., enters at back R. and L., and R. downstage. They laugh, talk, greet the Padres and corporal Jose and his soldiers, until the CAPITAJENO strikes the triangle hanging on the wall R. downstage.*)

JUNIPERO. (*R. C. downstage*) My children, in honor of our Father St. Francis these hours that remain before darkness shall be given over to innocent pastimes. We must work and we must always pray, but it is permitted us to enjoy ourselves in innocent pleasures. God grant happiness to you all. (*Cries of "Gracias, Padre!" from the crowd. Renewed clamor.*) (*Exit Junipero L., through church door.*)

CAPITAJENO. (*Calling off R. downstage*) Homenaje! (*He crosses C. downstage*) (*Five Indians, painted and dressed in skins, followed by an equal number more elaborately dressed, all shouting, dance wildly cross stage to L, and then return C, stopping before the CAPITAJENO in a semi-circle, facing the audience. The entrance of the Indians is greeted by the crowd upstage, who are now arranged also in semi-circular fashion, facing the audience, with cheers and demonstrations of*

delight, The CAPITAJENO raises his arms, The noise ceases. The Indians kneel before him. The CAPITAJENO turns toward the audience, and with arms outstretched, blesses everyone in his native language.) The Fiesta numbers then follow in this sequence; I. Indian Dance by the five fully attired Indian s

- 2, Song. "El Dia Festive," by quartette and chorus
3. Dance, "El Sombrero Blanco" by six boys and six girls
- 4, Dance "La Señora" by same couples
5. Song "El Ruiseñor" solo rendition
- 6, Spanish Dance single
7. Song "La Golondrina" solo and chorus
- 8, song. canción del soldado, duet with chorus.
- 9, Mexican Dance double
10. song "La Paloma", solo
11. Spanish song by Quintette
12. Dance, "La Jota" double.

(As soon as the last dance is finished, bells are rung off L. The crowd parading across stage in couples, sings the Evening Hymn. Exit crowd at various entrances, the Indians coming last. The scene now shows the coming of sunset; the sky reddens in glory. An old man who remains seated c. after the crowd has gone, is helped to his feet by one of the Padres and led off.) (Only a girl and a young man remain, talking intimately together under the pepper tree, R. upstage. A Padre enters R. downstage, reading a small Bible. He stops R. for a moment and looks at the couple. The young man rises and bows his head; the girl runs off L. Exit Padre into the church. He has no more than disappeared, when the young man runs to the arches looking for the girl, He cannot find her. He shrugs his shoulders and then crosses upstage L. C. and kneels before the cross. The girl laughs and runs through the arches from L, to R. the young man after her. She eludes him. He returns to the stage and is about to enter church when the door opens and the figure of JUNIPERO is seen on the threshold, silhouetted against the light. The young man kneels. JUNIPERO places his hand on the young man's head, and then crosses L. C. upstage. The young man enters church, closing the door after him.) (It is now night. The Mission of San Carlos de Carmelo stands shadowy and beautiful in the moonlight, the sea and the white breakers of Carmel Bay showing beyond. A mocking bird sings, JUNIPERO, facing L., kneels at the great Mission cross L. C. upstage. A shaft of light strikes him.)

JUNIPERO. Hear, O Lord, Thy servant whose days upon earth are about to close even as the day has closed upon this scene. Bring to the foot of Thy cross these wild Gentiles of the plains and hills. Bless this dear land of California and all its people—now and in the centuries to come. This the prayer of Thy servant

Junipero, who is old and worn, and who must soon say, "FAREWELL."

Curtain

End of Act II

Act III

SCENE—The ruined Mission of San Juan Capistrano. Altar, R. downstage. Hill path L. upstage, arch L. downstage.

TIME—1844, late afternoon.

AT RISE - - Ubaldo, the old caretaker of the Mission, lying asleep on a bench, L, Juanito, a boy, seated playing with bow and arrow, R., downstage, in front of a rock. Anita, an old Indian woman basket weaver, and her husband, Pablo, seated on stools weaving. Luque, an Indian flute player, Anita and Pablo are softly singing “La Golondrina” accompanied by Luque on the flute.

JUANITO. *(stops in his play as the song ceases)* What song is that Anita?

ANITA. It is the song of the swallow, “La Golondrina,” the song of a bird with a broken wing and of a lover with a broken heart.

JUANITO. It is a sad song to be singing here among these broken walls.

PABLO. But, when one is old like Anita, and as I am, there are not other songs to sing.

JUANITO. And so it runs, you say, the song of the swallow—La Golondrina, a bird with a broken wing, and a lover with a broken heart, Sing it again, Anita. And you also, Pablo. Ask Luque to play the song upon the flute.

ANITA. Si, Juanito mio. To please you, we will sing the song again. *(they sing)*

UBALDO. *(rising from his siesta)* Que hay! No wonder I was dreaming of Monterey—with that song of “La Golondrina” ringing in my ears. Do you not remember, Pablo, the day of the great fiesta at San Carlos of Carmel when Guadalupe sang that song?

PABLO. Por Dios—who was there can ever forget that day and Guadalupe singing?

UBALDO. Or Margarita dancing with the castanets. And the soldiers and the Indians and the Padres of all the Missions who had come to make their reports to Father Junipero. It is three score years since then, and yet it seemed like yesterday as you sang “La Golondrina” to me in my dreams. It was a great day.

ANITA. It was my wedding day.

UBALDO. Blessed is the woman who remembers her wedding day.

ANITA. I am blessed no more, for I am old. But I was a pretty girl then,

UBALDO. (*crossing L.C. upstage*) You were indeed, a pretty girl. Anita, I remember how the Commandante of all the King's troops in California came to Carmelo to steal you away, And how Pablo stood and glared at that handsome villain. (*slapping Pablo on the shoulder*) Por Dios, old Pablo, you were a brave lad that day in Carmelo at Monterey—sixty years ago when Father Junipero drove the wicked Commandante from the Mission walls.

JUANITO. Father Junipero! Is it not long ago since he died?

UBALDO. Si, Juanito, it is long ago. And now his work is all undone. The Missions have been broken up and robbed. The Indians have been driven away. They are starving in the mountains now.

JUANITO. Do you remember him—the great Padre Junipero?

UBALDO. Do I remember the great Padre Junipero? Why, niño, mio, it was by his holy hands that I was baptized. I was the first of my race to be baptized in the Holy Faith in California.

JUANITO. Was it here in San Juan Capistrano?

UBALDO. No, it was in San Diego, the great Gobernador, Don Gaspar de Portola, was my godfather. But my father and mother and all the wild Indians were greatly frightened when the water was poured on my head. They snatched me from the arms of the Gobernador and ran back to the hills.

JUANITO. So—you are Indian, too?

UBALDO. Si, Juanito mio, I am indeed an Indian, although I grew in the Missions to be like a Spaniard.

JUANITO. Yet you drive the Indians away when they come about the Mission.

UBALDO. It is my orders; I am the care-taker of San Juan. A man must live.

JUANITO. (*Sarcastically*) It is a nice job you have here—chasing Indians!

UBALDO. Begone—all of you! The shadows have begun to creep upon the hills. The stranger owns the Missions now, and they may come and find you here. (*To Anita, Pablo, and Luque*) Go amigos, you must not stay longer.

PABLO. (*rising*) Adios, Ubaldo, (*exit Anita, Pablo, and Luque*)

JUANITO. (*lingering*) I shall come again tonight, Ubaldo.

UBALDO. Night! Come you not here, Juanito, when night has fallen upon San Juan.

JUANITO. Why so, Ubaldo? It is very sweet when the moon is low above San Juan and the stars are shining upon the sea.

UBALDO. But 'tis then that GHOSTS are here!

JUANITO. (*startled looks about him in fright*) Ghosts! what ghosts?

UBALDO. The ghosts of those who once were here in life the dead who sleep by day in this quiet churchyard, but walk the whole night long in these sad, deserted places.

JUANITO. (*falling to his knees*) Madre de Dios!

UBALDO. Si, Juanito. When the night is deep and I keep here my lonely watch, I see them pass before me—the long lost dead who thronged these places in the long ago. In and out of these old arches I see them come and go as in the olden time, when San Juan was busy with the day's work, when gladness shone from the dusky faces and song and laughter rang upon the sunny morning. I hear the Padres' kindly voices, the tramp of many feet, the anvil's music and the whirring looms, and, in the evening's purple dusk, the bells of the Angelus ringing across the hills.

JUANITO. (*softly*) Madre de Dios! (*rising*) Adios, Ubaldo.

(*Ubaldo stands bowed head*)

JUANITO. (*Again turns back*) There is someone coming—now—across the hills.

UBALDO. (*rousing*) Why? Who can it be? Look again, Juanito, your young eyes are sharper than mine.

JUANITO. (*gazing with shaded hands, in distance*) Why—why—(*excitedly*) It is the Señora Josefa Yorba.

UBALDO. (*gazing earnestly, also*) IT IS the Señora Josefa Yorba, sure enough. It is seldom she comes now to the Mission of San Juan Capistrano since the lights have gone out upon its altars, (*Pondering*) I wonder what brings her now—to pray, or to make penance of her sharp tongue: (*excitedly*) Be off, Juanito, Run away and play with the squirrels (*exit Juanito*) (*ENTER Señora JOSEFA YORBA and old Indian servant following. Señora crosses to old ruined altar, places flowers on it, then looks sadly about the place without seeing Ubaldo who has retired somewhat to L.*)

UBALDO. Buenos dias, Señora—buenos dias!

SENORA. (*startled*) Buenos dias. Oh—Ubaldo! (*recovering, with Irony*) You grow grayer and fatter every year in this starving country. It pays, it seems to be friendly with robbers.

UBALDO. Be careful of your words, Señora. There are now authorities over the Missions. They may appear at any moment and drive us both away.

SENORA. What! Drive ME away from the sacred and holy Mission of San Juan Capistrano!

UBALDO. But the Government owns the Missions now.

SENORA. They do not own the church.

UBALDO. Si, Señora. But alas, what can I do?

SENORA. Ah, yes—that's true. Forgive me, Ubaldo. My heart is bitter when I think of what used to be—and what is now.

UBALDO. Si, Señora,

SENORA. Once there was gladness—the joy of work, peace and plenty and the voice of prayer. Now silence and loneliness.

UBALDO. The times have changed, Señora.

SENORA. (*seated in a weary manner*) The times have changed, indeed, I remember when I was a little girl I came so often with my father to this church of San Juan Capistrano. It was the grandest church of all California. The Indians built it themselves, stone upon stone that they carried on their backs from the hills.

UBALDO. It took a long time, Señora.

SENORA. Aye! Nine long years they toiled to build the church of San Juan—this beautiful church! And see it now—a stable for cattle and swine! Oh Mother of Christ! (*She rises; then crosses R.C.*)

UBALDO. Madre de Dios! A curse has come upon this land.

SENORA. Yes, and a curse will fall upon the heads of those who have stolen and robbed the Missions.

UBALDO. It was our own people.

SENORA. It was, alas, our own people, as you say. They were of the blood of Spain—Spain that was the mother of all chivalry, whose sainted queen pawned her jewels that a wandering sailor might find those new world shores—Spain that conquered the earth and the sea and ruled half the world under God's high altars. O Spain, thy head is in the dust for these thy recreant sons who have done this shameful deed!

UBALDO. They say the Americanos who are coming now will some day rule the land, Yet I do not like these Americanos.

SENORA. Nor do I—the few that I have seen. They are a different people.

(*crosses to rock again and seats herself*)

UBALDO. They are a different people, Señora, and they speak a different tongue. It is a very hard tongue to learn, And, besides, Señora, these Americanos are always in such a damnable hurry about everything. (*Pause*) There will never be days like the old days, Señora.

SENORA. Alas, No! As I came down from my rancho, just now, I was thinking of the time when my father took me with him on a visit to all the Missions of California,

UBALDO. (*eagerly*) I remember the very day you set out upon that journey with your father, Señora, and the day when you returned. How can I forget. Your father was such a handsome man and so much looked up to in California all the way from San Diego to Monterey and farther, too. And you were so pretty, Señora.

SENORA. Yes, they say I had a pretty face, but that is all in the far past, Now I am old and broken and waiting only to join those who are on the other side where there is no sorrow or pain or loss,

UBALDO. But it must have been a wonderful journey you took, that time with your father, El Coronel Dominguez, up and down the long golden stretches of El Camino Real, visiting all the Missions.

SENORA. There never was a brighter journey in all the world. The Missions were then in their glory and they stood only one day's ride apart—twenty of them in all from San Diego's Harbor of the Sun to Sonoma, in the valley of the seven Moons.

UBALDO. (*eagerly*) Si, Si, Señora, tell me all about it!

SENORA. Well, first, of course, we went to San Diego, stopping there two days, watching the ships come and go in that lovely harbor. Then we came up by Pala to San Luis Rey, and there we had lunch under the pepper tree, that Father Peyri planted. Just think, Ubaldo, that was the first pepper tree, the mother of all the pepper trees in California. And it was the good Padre Antonio Peyri who planted it there with his own rough, beautiful brown hands; and it stands there to this day, And then we went to Monterey.

UBALDO. Which place did you like best, Señora?

SENORA. Perhaps it was Monterey. I was a young girl then, and Monterey was a wonderful place in those days, It was the capital of California and all the fashion and wealth and culture were gathered there. There were so many balls and fiestas and receptions going on all the time. You should have seen the ladies of Monterey in their rich gowns and their necks and arms covered with pearls that the Indians divers brought up from the sea. And the gay caballeros with their magnificent horses at the Mission of San Antonio, the saddles and bridles embroidered with gold and silver. Then there were the King's military officers from the Presidio in

their glorious uniform. (*sighs*) But, alas, those days are no more.

UBALDO. I wish I could go to Monterey.

SENORA. There is nothing there now but—memory. (*From this point of the scene, very gradually becomes darker*)

UBALDO. Happy are the dead Who can forget.

SENORA. And God help us who live and must remember. (*Dirge is heard faintly off R.*) It is growing late, (*rising*) The shadows of evening have begun to fall, and I must be returning. Buenas Noches, Ubaldo. (*The Indian servant places her shawl over her shoulders and returns to position, C. upstage*)

UBALDO. Buenas Noches, Señora.

SENORA. (*crossing R.C. upstage and looking R.*) Look, Look, Ubaldo! There are Indians coming down the pathway through the mustard fields. (*Pauses and looks again*) They seem to be carrying some kind of burden.

UBALDO. Indians—coming here—and carrying a burden! Madre de Dios! What can it be?

SENORA. Why—they carry someone who is sick—or—or—dead.

UBALDO. (*excitedly*) They must not come here. I have orders to keep the Indians away. (*He crosses to bench R. takes whip and returns L.C.*)

SENORA. Mother of Heaven! What burden is it they carry? (*Sancho enters R. leaning on stick*)

SANCHO. Amigos—friends—we wish to enter the churchyard with our dead padre.

UBALDO. (*advancing, whip in hand*) NO—NO—you cannot come in!

SENORA. (*intercepting*) Ubaldo! God himself is looking down upon us now. What! Would you have a Priest of God buried in the wilderness like a heretic?

UBALDO. Well—well—Señora, but I am greatly frightened. (*the Señora stamps her foot*)

SENORA. Come, friends, bring your burden in, (*Sancho motions off R. Four Indians enter bearing a litter on which is laid the body of a dead Franciscan Friar, The Indians are still singing. They are followed by four other Indian mourners, two men and two women, The procession, led by Sancho, crosses C.*)

SENORA. (*To Sancho*) wait! (*The Indians place the litter down and kneel beside it. The other mourners sit upon the ground*)

SENORA. Tell me—who was he—this dead Padre?

SANCHO. (*L.C. downstage*) He was our Padre, Señora.

SENORA. (*C., the litter before her*) What happened to him that—that he died?

SANCHO. He had nothing to eat.

SENORA. Starved?

SANCHO. Si, Señora.

SENORA. Starved! O God! The Lord's anointed—Starved! O Michael, Archangel, where is thy sword of fire. Lord God of Justice, where is Thy wrath!

UBALDO. (*R.C.*) Poor Indians! His amigos—my own people!

SANCHO. He died this morning, Señora, we had nothing to eat for a long time, except acorns and roots, and at last no more of them. He was sick many days and many nights. We did all we could, but we were far away in the hills and afraid to come where white men are. Poor Padre—poor Padre!

SENORA. Why did you bring him here—now?

SANCHO. It was his wish as he was dying, Señora. He made us promise to carry him away in the darkness of the night and dig his grave here—in the holy ground.

SENORA. Did they drive him away from the Mission when you were driven away?

SANCHO. No, Señora. They drove us away, but not him. He came with us. We could not make him turn back.

SENORA. And he lived with you—and starved with you—away up there in the lonely hills?

SANCHO. Si, Señora. May we bury him here in the holy ground?

SENORA. Yes, oh yes—(*movement*) But wait. (*She crosses to altar R. takes flowers, and places them on bier.*)

SENORA. O gentle son of St. Francis, great is this peace that is upon thee now, for thou hast won the martyr's crown. Thy tireless hands are folded, thy restless feet are still, Thou shalt sleep to-night with the ancient tribes whom thou and thine lifted from heathen darkness into the great, white light of God. Good night—O quiet heart—good night and farewell (*Señora plucks a rose from her girdle and places it within the Padre's robes. She discovers the gold Chalice*)

SANCHO. (*Excitedly*) Señora!

SENORA. The Holy Chalice!

SANCHO. Si, Señora, we meant to bury it in the grave with our poor dead Padre.

SENORA. Why, this is the Chalice of this old altar of San Juan Capistrano. It is pure gold and studded with precious stones. It is worth a king's ransom, and yet these poor starving Indians would neither steal it nor sell it. (*Holds up Chalice*) O, spirit of Father Junipero, look down from the star-spangled pavements of Heaven on the glory of your work. Your dusky neophytes, whom you loved so well, have kept the faith. Gone are the Missions—their roofs are in the dust—the lights are no more upon their altars. The Indians have been robbed of their lands, their homes, their happiness—BUT THEY HAVE KEPT THE FAITH.

UBALDO. Si, Señora, we HAVE kept the faith. (*Señora replaces the Chalice in the Padre's robes, but suddenly withdraws it again*)

SENORA. No, no—We shall not bury this holy vessel in the ground for sacrilegious thieves to dig up. I will carry it with my own hands to Santa Barbara, where the one Mission altar yet remains on which the lights still burn. Go, amigos; go in God's name and bury your poor dead Padre in the holy ground. (*It is now deep twilight*)

SANCHO. He was our Father—we, his children. We shall think of him always and speak his name—at sunrise when we say "Good Morning, God." and at evening when we lie down to sleep under the stars, and say, "Good Night, God." (*To the Indians*) Come! (*Exit L. through archway, Sancho and the Indians bearing the litter and singing funeral hymn*)

SENORA. Farewell, San Juan, I shall never look upon your broken walls again.

UBALDO. Alas, the dream is done, Señora.

SENORA. Aye, the dream is done—gone to return no more. The dear and lovely dream that was so bright and fair. I fold it in my heart, even as it is folded now forever in the deep, remembering heart of God, Dear dream that speaks its memories still when the night winds stir in the brown grass and the briars of the wild roses that clamber above the graves of the lonely dead.

UBALDO. But the cross still lives—and the faith.

SENORA. The cross and the faith—Oh, yes, this is true, indeed. Time can break a wall, vandal hands can tear down the shelter of a roof, but neither time nor vandal hands can uproot the cross of Christ or kill the faith which the wanderer spoke to men upon the dusty roads of Galilee. Still is the triumph yours, O Christ. Still is yours the victory, O brown-robed son of St. Francis who made the darkness of the heathen land to shine with God's white glory, whose sandaled feet have left behind them the blossom of the rose in desert sands. Night and the gloom of night is upon thee, beloved San Juan, but the cross shall forever linger with its living light above thy fallen towers, and again a cross on every hill on the green road to Monterey.

UBALDO. (*AS the cross lights, speaks with outstretched arms*) O Cross of
CHRIST!

(*Indians heard singing off stage.*)

Curtain

Publication. *The Mission Play*, complete 1952 mimeographed acting version in three acts, California State University, Northridge digital collection; reset from the repaired local archival scan.

Colophon

Set in EB Garamond at a six-by-nine-inch trim. Cover art is the user's unlettered El Camino Real image with live edition typography. Texts were generated from the original local book scans, then normalized for page-width wraps and audited for OCR debris. Archival portraits were drawn from the supplied source package and the Los Angeles Times Photographic Collection image reproduced there.