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NO. 10

The LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Joshph Andrew Galahad | George F. Forster

Neal Gallatin | Arthur W. Atkinson

Mary Lennox and others

CALIFORNIA, SWEET HOMELAND OF MINE

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The Lyric West

No. 10

A Magazine Of Verse

February, 1922

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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CONTENTS

<u>Isolde</u>	<i>Joshph Andrew Galahad</i>	3
<u>Guests</u>	<i>Mary Brent Whiteside</i>	4
<u>Awakened Love</u>	<i>Dorothea Myrto Childs</i>	4
<u>Prophecy</u>	<i>Hortense Flexner</i>	5
<u>An Egyptian Love Song</u>	<i>Sada Cowan</i>	5
<u>Haunting</u>	<i>Clark Ashton Smith</i>	6
<u>Fantasy</u>	<i>Mary Meisinger</i>	6
<u>An Indian Lover Sings</u>	<i>George F. Forster</i>	7
<u>Flower-o'-the-Wind</u>	<i>Wright Field</i>	8
<u>Song of the Reeds</u>	<i>Kate Blackman</i>	8
<u>Song of a Ballerina</u>	<i>Bernardine Algert</i>	9
<u>Complaint of a Vagabond</u>	<i>Bernardine Algert</i>	9
<u>A Singer Says Good-Bye</u>	<i>Margery Swett</i>	10
<u>Impermanence</u>	<i>Floyd Meredith</i>	12
<u>Defeat</u>	<i>William Foster Elliott</i>	13
<u>To Eleanor from the City</u>	<i>William Foster Elliott</i>	13
<u>Astral Stones</u>	<i>Neal Gallatin</i>	14
<u>Problem</u>	<i>George Stirling</i>	16
<u>Twilight at Dolores</u>	<i>Torrey Connor</i>	16
<u>Night Silence</u>	<i>Helen Frazee-Bower</i>	17
<u>San Miguel Tlaxcaltecos</u>	<i>Lillian White Spencer</i>	17
<u>Desire</u>	<i>W. H. Lench</i>	18
<u>Whimsy</u>	<i>Dorothy Page</i>	18
<u>To the Northern Lights</u>	<i>Arthur W. Atkinson</i>	19
<u>February</u>	<i>Rolfe Humphries</i>	19
<u>The Drifter's Wife</u>	<i>Weare Holbrook</i>	20
<u>Thoughts</u>	<i>Joy Bennett</i>	21
<u>To You</u>	<i>Joy Bennett</i>	21
<u>World Wonders</u>	<i>Nancy Ellen White</i>	22
<u>The Captive</u>	<i>Nora B. Cunningham</i>	23

<u>Old Gardens</u>	<i>Ames Peterson</i>	23
<u>Comment</u>		24
Words and Music for a California State Song		25
<u>California, Sweet Homeland of Mine</u>	<i>Mary Lennox</i>	25
Poems Receiving Honorable Mention		26, 27, 28, 29

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Isolde

I shall forget sometime that day of all days
When I sailed out and left you on the shore;
You—whom I loved completely and in all ways.
I knew I should not see you any more.

I now remember that no words were spoken—
You were too proud to even bow your head.
I now remember that no vows were broken—
Because the vows we broke were never said.

O—you were lovely! Lovely as a wave is
That pools at last in some wide shallow place,
And mirrors beauty largely: and so grave is
That one in passing fears to touch its face.

And I was bitter! Bitter as a willow
That lies in brine until the rim is white
Along the peeling bark. A fitting pillow
For me had been a reef in some far bight.

But let that pass—I've come not to be minding.
I've come again to peace and happy days.
I almost think I've come again to finding
The love I lost with you in other ways.

Mary Brent Whiteside

Guests

Ah, some would come at morning,
With all the birds awake,
While some who wait for candle light,
Through star pierced shadows of the night,
Would come for friendship's sake.

But when the long day faded,
Through summer, spring, and fall,
I listened down the twilight street,
To hear the voice and hastening feet,
I cared for most of all.

Ah, still friends come at morning,
And still at night they come,
And there are lights and flowers yet,
And songs to make the heart forget,
Or wake a soul grown dumb.
But now that winter neareth,
To chill the hearts of men,
The one who came the twilight way,
Between the night and azure day,
Will never come again.

Dorothea Myrto Childs

Awakened Love

Something very beautiful
Has blown over my life,
Thrilling the young tendrils of my heart;
As a light wind
Ruffles the leaves of the Aspen tree:
Bringing promise of rain . . . of tears.

Prophecy

Men had made poems for you long before
 You came, prophets foretelling but your face
In wanton songs that linger evermore,
 Dead poets singing color and bright grace.
They did not know you, had not seen you stand
 With firelight at your back, nor in the moon
Beside a little gate, your lifted hand
 On a gray stone. Alas—they came too soon.

And yet they spoke of you with sharp-drawn breath,
 Pledged you in flaming cups or worshipped dumb,
Whispered your name into the ear of Death,
 Who must have smiled knowing you had not come.
Poor chaps, they laid them down beneath the green,
 Praising a woman they had never seen.

Sada Cowan

An Egyptian Love Song

I turn my palms towards the rising sun
And wait for the night
The night and my lover.

The wind sighs in papyrus' reed
And waits for the night
The night and my lover.

The Lotus sleeps by the marshy bank
And waits for the night
The night and my lover.

The slaves yawn by and live in a dream
And wait for the night
As I . . . for my lover.

Clark Ashton Smith

Haunting

There is no peace amid the moonlight and the pines . . .
Deep in the windless gloom the lamp-like thought of
 you
Abides; and ah, what burning memories pursue
My heart among the pallid marbles! . . . Night assigns.

Your silver face for wardress of the doors of sleep;
Beyond the wild, last bourn of dreamland, lo, your eyes
Are on the lonesome, ultimate, undiscovered skies
Moonlike and dim, you wander ever in the deep,

Which is the secret, innermost, unknown abyss
Of my own soul, and in its night your spirit lives
Shall I not find the very draught that Lethe gives,
Sweet with your tears, and warm with savour of your
 kiss? Clark Ashton Smith.

Mary Meisinger

Fantasy

You are the Spirit of the Stars,
The Night
Harbors your wayward silence
And the rapture of singing space.

You are the Spirit of the Wind,
Tang'ling the Moon
In the sky's soft drapery,
Till her face
Peers darkly through the thinning folds.

You are the Spirit of the Sea—
A thing
Most strangely like my soul
Follows your tides.

George F. Forster

An Indian Lover Sings

West Wind rustles the headdress plume;
Tumtum water flings spray and spume
 His day-dawn hail
 The crested quail
Sends over from secret vale.

Like a fly, to the crag the big-horn clings;
And Saghalie his purple blanket flings
 On the valley deeps;
 The sunlight creeps
Down the canyon's shaggy steeps.

A bow-shot over the horizon's rim
The Sun-god sails; and I send the hymn
 As we agree,
 Ah-i, ah-i,
To Her-I-Wish-to-See.

On Selahtah's sands Oneata waits;
By the sweet-smelling fir smoke meditates,
 And sings to me;
 She sings, *ah-i,*
Ei-i-ah, ah-i.

She sits in the sun at the tepee door,
Her papoose plays on the rush-mat floor,

While she sings to me,
She sings, 4h-i,
Ei-i-ah, ah-i.

To the south I turn, she turns to the north:
Two hearts sending the sweet words forth:
As we agree
She sings to me
And I sing to her, 4h-i.

Wright Field

Flower-o'-the-Wind

FLOWER-O'-THE-WIND, your skin is dark,
While mine is the white man's gift,
But I only see the white soul of you
In the eyes that you shyly lift,
Calling to mine with the wistful call
Of the wild bird to its mate
That I may not answer, is white-hot pain
In the crucible of Fate,
Flower-o'-the-Wind, where my heart must melt
With the tender heart of you,
Who may not mate with the White-Man's-Child—
White soul of the wind and dew!

Flower-o'-the-Wind, nor name nor fame,
Nor gold nor the pride of place,
Could stem the stream of my Heart's Desire—
But only the pride of race
That is stronger than life and death and love—
God meant that it was to be!—
Could keep the warmth of your lips from mine
And the beat of your heart from me!
Once more the god of Young Love hath tipped
His shaft with a poisoned dart
Flower-o'-the-Wind, turn your eyes away,
Lest their question break my heart!

Kate Blackman

Song of the Reeds

Your shy look is like a song of muted reeds,
My beloved.

Do not learn to look boldly into my heart.
Your low-pitched, faltering voice
Is the nodding of tender blue violets.

Your smile is like a peaceful sunrise,
My love.
Do not scorn my humble worship.
Your slow, uncertain approach
Is the ardour of a golden-haired corn field.

You are not aware of my parched fingers
You cannot read the burning hunger of my eyes.
Then why do you wish to leave me thus?
Do not go,
Do not go, my love.

Bernardine Alpert

Song of a Ballerina

I am only a candleshade
Pranked out for your delight
So that when Death
Takes the wick between thumb and finger,
I pray you, burn that gaudy thing—
My body.

Bernardine Alpert

Complaint of a Vagabond

I banish all my little dreams
For you,
My little dreams that were so sweet,
You
Asked me to.
I go along the dusky street shivering
My little dreams that kept me warm
Did sing
So gladly in the sharp red dawn,
So softly in the gloam—
What shall I do when Summer dies and they
Still roam?

Margery Swett

A Singer Says Good-Bye

THE STORM

Why should the storm sweep down on me who have
planted my life in even rows?

Broken the corn is, broken and bent; great stalks
uprooted lie upon the ground, their tender
greenness mangled with the earth.

They are trodden by the oaf-hoof of the storm
And still the clouds bear down.

Why should it come on me like this, who had planted a
life in orderly rows?

Building a fence of lacy verse to shut me out from my
desires,

Why the deluge, the blackening smoke, the spreading
horror of distant fires?

PATIENCE

Patience a little longer, strength to bear and wait,
Youth is the worst of all your storms and youth will
soon be over,
Leaving the scent of clover,
The road and the broken gate.
The furies put hot hands upon your dreams,
And blow you toward tumultuous caverns of the night,
Your dreams are charred, your feet are torn,
But morning will be pale and white.
Better the trembling morn,
Wait through the night.

Wait through the night, for the peace, the dewy clover,
No day will be as bright as those that now are over,
But there will be the good, straight road,
And Youth will soon be over.

THE SINGER

You, seeker of beauty, lover of songs, have brought my
storm upon me.

From afar I breathed your loveliness. I said, "I shall go
to this maker of music, this singer of the forests.
I shall fill my hands with his beauty and take it
back to my people. It shall drip from my lips and
my fingers, the healing of my people."

Over flat wet fields jogged the horse of iron,
The prairies were stripped by storms and scarred by
water,

And I said, "The storm is over.
I will go to my people's lover,
And ask him for his songs."

My foot touched the springing ground,
I saw your face loom over,
I thought, "Is the storm then over?"
You spoke, and it broke around me.

Can't you hear, O midwest singer,
A voice in the cities' whirl and rumble and swing,
A word in the prairie winds, a cry
That some have not the right to sing,
That some may only toil and die?
Of such am I.

THE ROOM

For all your splendid candor, naked truth, you know
too well,
There is a room within your mind in which you dare
not look.
You stand outside and faint against the door.
Inside the room lies Russia.

THE CITY

Is there a god then brooding o'er his hills with heavy
justice? Or is there just Chicago, settling in her
smoke?
Perhaps the city is a god too, like the old Jehovah,
asking
burnt offerings, setting stern laws. I will go back
to Chicago, mantled with the sunny fiery haze.
I
will spend my days and learn to know this
matter
better. The gods all die, Chicago stays,
Squatting in its smoke.

FINIS

Dearest, we are no nearer than when our song began,
Give up the white-limbed sweetheart of your early
dreams,
Her lips touched yours once by quiet, limpid streams,
Remember that. You have lost her, far so far,
Her body is flung across a star. Remember that.

Go back to the seas of faces, the haggard, toil-worn
faces, the kindly worried faces that pour on by.
Go back to the crowded places and learn to love the
faces, to sin and be redeemed by sin before you die.
Yet make a song to Perdita, to her the first of all your
loves,
And tell her not to come with you, however hard you
cry,
You yet may need a faith in God,
In goodness savioured up in her,
In beauty that is beauty still,
Before you die. Margery Swett.

Floyd Meredith

Impermanence

Oh, that these loves could stay:
 (When other loves have fled,)
The love of life, the love of friends,
 Love of remembered dead.

But life is a sacrificial fire,
 And friends like not the blazing pyre,
And only peace, the dead desire,
 . « . *God! Floyd Meredith.*

William Foster Elliot

Defeat

To our lives' end what further shall I know
Of you and yours, save that we met and clung,
Withstanding some brief hours the sombre flow
Of outer darkness at whose lip we hung
Like reeds a-tremble on a rotting shore?
Your beauty is remembered, every line,
Each curve and tint and warmth forevermore;
These and your gracious use of them are mine . . .
But do I know you? When you gave me all,
I could not take, nor could you truly give,
That fairest gift which still remained in thrall
To the base clay wherein we basely live.
Oh, God! that I who loved your soul must say:
"I but embraced her flesh, then went my way."

William Foster Elliot

To Eleanor from the City

Your beauty summons to a jaded eye
Mellow restraints of peace and summer earth;
Against your breast small passions droop and die
Like winds when mountains have appraised their
 worth;
Your arms meet Love in simpler, statelier ways,
So rich in promise yet so statuesque
That he recalls his fresh Arcadian days,
And modern nights seem vulgar and grotesque.
Ah, one sore racked with noises, lusts and woes
Has laid a tortured head against your knee,
Feeling pain vanish, and the gates uncloset
That open from this madhouse to the sea;
 Soothed by a touch that brings the shores of hell
 Strength of great deeds and scent of asphodel.

Neal Gallatin

Astral Stones

OPALS

Little gray clouds
Which settle down
On the hill top—
Through which
The sun tries to shine.

DIAMONDS

I cannot take
The hard glitter of your beams
To bind me to all happiness.
You belong to lighter vows
Given in blinding hours
When music races violently
And flesh gleams whiter
Under the shafts of driven light
Which plays over the broken bubbles
Of white wine.
Rather—I would press a single flower
Into a locket and wear it over my heart
Than look always into the glitter of
Your white little eyes.

TURQUOISE

Little girls
In printed frocks
Chasing silver butterflies
Around a walled garden.

RUBIES

You must go back
Beneath the skies
That are yours.
Ours are too pale.
There are little bells
In the temples that ring
In memory of you
And in the desert,
The sand is hot
From the thought of you.

PEARLS

Hooded fairies
Dancing through
Blurred lanes
Weaving spells
Out of the evening mist.

TOPAZ

Sand lilies
That burn beneath the sun
And cool themselves at night
As groups of little stars
Against the sky.

EMERALDS

Green paths
Where poets walk
In search of hidden thickets,
To write sonnets
To the spring.

AMETHYSTS

Faded letters

Hidden away
In an old leather chest
Under the folds
Of a flowered silk vest.

BLACK ONYX

A veiled dancer
Crouching behind
The swaying curtains
Of an invisible boat,
Listening to the tomtoms beat
In the waiting bazaars.

SAPPHIRES

Tattered bits of sky
Torn out by the trees
Which float down
To the upturned fingers
Of a young girl in love.

George Stirling

Problem

A score of little acrid words

He said, then smiled away;

But all my thoughts, like wounded birds,

Flapped 'round his words all day.

Strange, that the mind should dwell so long

On things both mean and small!

It might instead have made a song

Or—bothered not at all.

So boys might turn a rock, for sight

Of crawling things beneath

His words were like a fish's bite,

With tiny, poisoned teeth.

What winds of discontent can raise

These antics of the dust?

I know I do not want his praise,

But—something in me must!

Torrey Connor

Twilight at Dolores

A monkish owl that haunts the Mission wall
Disturbs the silence with his plaintive call;
From out the dusky nave, the open door—
Where tread of penitents is heard no more—
The black bats through the gath'ring shadows slip.
Like wind-blown vapor from a censer's lip
Pale mists above the city's house-tops rise,
Blotting the sunset crimson from the skies.

Helen Frazee-Bower

Night Silence

Nights I have known—and stars, but never one
Like this that now in gracious mood lets down
Through twilit pools of shadow and of sun
A canopy of silence on the town.
Now blooms one star with something less than light,
And something more than peace the shadows hold
No breath of wind stirs even; and the flight
Of homing wings is here a thought untold.

This is not night—it is cool hands that bless;
Such quietness comes not of dusk alone.
From some far world infinite kindliness
Slips like a silver mist into our own;
And with it dreams, that make the silence sing
Less of the night than of remembering.

Lillian White Spencer

San Miguel Tlaxcaltecos

Unwearied, desert's guardian angel stands
And keeps long vigil with the faithful years
At Santa Fe. Rich tithes of blood and tears,
Time grants Tlaxcaltecos, whose lowly sands
Were wrought God's house by valiant dark hands
Outheld of yore to knightly pioneers,
Who quested grail of stranger hemispheres
And made Saint Michael warder of new lands.

The glories of His proud cathedrals dim
This temple's halo, where His praises were
First uttered in these states, yet, dear to Him
Must be the humble eldest presbyter
And fair, His mother's face, in lovely limn,
Here shrined, as Cimabue visioned her.

W. H. Lench

Desire

There is a strange quiet in my heart, while
A copper moon sits lonely as an owl
Among the needled pines. My lips form a smile.
And I thrill to hear the cry of water-fowl
As a breeze lifts it from a distant marsh
Breaking the silence with lone sounds and harsh.
I love to roam away from silver lights
To the town-defying shoulders of a hill.
I love to breathe the temple calm of silent nights
And beg a fellow-straying cloud to spill
Soft showers on my brow and soak me through
With thoughts that should my ageing mind renew.
I love to roam away from silver lights
To the town-defying shoulders of a hill

Dorothy Page

Whimsy

The vagrant sunlight of late afternoon
 Glimmering through and past the curtains' green,
 Touches the gold rimmed mirror's misted sheen
And turns its curve into a sickle moon.

Then, wearied of this trickery, it nears
 A Persian scarf asleep upon a chair
 And seems content, at last, to linger there
Gentle as wind-blown shadows, warm as tears

The quiet of this room, the sunlight's glow,
 The ghosts of scent and color drifting by
 All whisper vague, old tales to me and I
Grieve happily, but why . . . I do not know.

Arthur W. Atkinson

To the Northern Lights

Ye dancing revelers of the night,
Pale warriors of the polar deeps,
Tell me the spot, kissed by your light,
Where the intrepid Andree sleeps.

The dark depths of the Arctic zone,
Search with your dazzling wizard eyes;
Lead to the grave, long lost, unknown,
Where the heroic Franklin lies.

Rolfe Humphries

February

The wind
with a sudden flurry of rain
dashes at the car-window.

Rounding a curve towards us,
rushing out of the dark
comes the light
of the Limited, southbound.

Forehead against the cool window,
looking out, I can see round, feathery things,
cloud shapes, streaming and flying.

But I cannot tell
whether the clouds are acacia trees
storm-tossed in the darkness
or great puffs of steam from the engine
flying and streaming, yellow
in the glare of the headlight.

The Drifter's Wife

Move on, Charlie Davis! Don't talk to me so—
Don't tell me about this wonderful new town.
I can see a lot of things that you are mighty blind to;
One of them is this: you aren't built to settle down.
First I believed all the pretty tales you told me,
And every time we moved I would say, "Here's the
place!"
Danville to Bree, and Bree to Alta City,
A rip in the davenport, and one less vase.
Alta City faded. Then we went to Vessburg.
There came the babies. That was home, I thought.
But for a moment . . . and Shreveport beckoned,
Snatched away the little joy that Vessburg brought.
Now what is your new love?—not that it matters.
Call it El Dorado; that's a pretty name,
But don't talk to me as if you wanted me to buy it,—
You, who will never learn that towns are all the same.
Here are the "household goods." How those words
describe them!
Furniture that winces at the drayman's hand,
Poor little knick-knacks rolled up in a mattress,
Curtain-rods bristling from an old umbrella-stand
Move on, Charlie,—Lord knows you can't help it!
I'll go where you go, and the kids will tag along.

Sure though I am that we'll never gain by moving,
Always there's the chance that perhaps I may be
wrong.

Valentines

Issue p. 21 · Scan p. 23

Joy Bennett

Thoughts

My thoughts of you are joyous,
Just little flitting things,
That hover round me through the day,
 Like butterflies with wings
Of iridescent blue and gold,
 Or daring crimson hue:
They bring much happiness to me,
 Those little thoughts of you.

Joy Bennett

To You

I had a little secret love,
 Deep in my heart it lay,
Forgotten and neglected, till
 I found it there one day.

It stirred, and fluttered sleepy wings,
 Then spread them in delight,
(Such delicate and fragile things
 That seemed too frail for flight.)

I watched to see what it would do
 When I had set it free;
It sped rejoicing straight to you,
 Be kind to it for me!

Nora B. Cunningham

The Captive

Oh, do not love me so!

You bind me—let me go!

This self that seems so sweet to you is but a passing
phase;

Why fix it with your favor

Which at a change must waver,

And stay the progress of the soul to grander deeds and
days?

Love should not stunt—the soul was made to grow;

This single phase of fast-enlarging life—

I cannot stop at this; the tree is rife

With buds and blossoms—would you keep it so

Through all the livelong year, and never know

The ruddy fruit it bears? Oh, even so

This self must change and pass, so let me go.

Ames Peterson

Old Gardens

If I were a ghost I would haunt old gardens
Where purple lark-spurs grow,
And asters bloom in the autumn,
And jasmine petals blow.

For in some old, lost garden,
With dear, remembered grace,
You still must wait for me, beloved,
In your old, appointed place.

Moon-light, or stars, or darkness,
Blossom time, or snow,
Sweet, even the dead remember
Where purple lark-spurs grow.

Nancy Ellen White

World Wonder

I have grown strong with walking 'neath tall trees,
Endurance learned from patient gray rocked hills—
Faced with fearlessness the high flung breeze
That tears the petalled gold of daffodils.
But now that spring has swept her hearthstone clean
And lighted fires of youth and life and play—
I turn away with strange doubt, unforeseen,
For world, you are too beautiful today.
The pale robed dawn too quickly came this morn.
With startled eyes new blossoms woke to view
Their own reflected loveliness, or scorn
The clear, bright mirror of the heaven's blue.
Let me not stir—lest the slight sound should wake
A sleeping bird—whose song my heart would break.

Comment

System, efficiency, stratified experience — these are characteristic of all the dominant nations of today. Whatever they can touch with their hands and shape to definite material uses, makes a quick and unfailing appeal to the peoples of these nations. This is the general trend of present civilization. It seems to rear a wall of opposition against merely spiritual values, and to penetrate that wall requires words or deeds startlingly original and appealing. The reading public is in sore need of some kind of education which will enable it to gain a sense of the real values of life, to throw aside the artificially fostered appreciation which is merely literary and makes much of certain forms of art because it is the current fad to do so. We must learn, before we can call into being the great art which will spiritualize the nations, to appreciate every form of genuine self expression, wherever we find it. We must keep an open mind for the sincerity of genius, the real cry of the heart, the true understanding of life, in whatever guise they may manifest themselves. This brings about true culture, the culture of the spirit which is rich and vital. All honor to the writers, the critics, the literary periodicals which steadily and with undaunted purpose bring this vital interpretation of art and poetry constantly before the people. At no time was there greater need for genuine poetry, at no time has the seeker after truth been more easily turned aside and discouraged from high purposes by vague words which mask superficial thoughts, or set forms which smother the divine unrest, the genuine inspiration. Whenever truth breaks through the crust of cult and sophistry the nation is regenerated with a spiritual vision. This high office the writers of genuine poetry may perform, and every right thinking editor and publisher will be eager to help them perform it.

Words and Music for a California State Song

Significant of the growing sympathy between the two related arts of music and poetry, of which much has been said lately by critics and editors, come reports of a contest for the words and music of a California state song, offered by the California Federation of Music Clubs, as a first Biennial Prize Competition. The prize of one hundred dollars was donated by Mr. L. E. Behymer for the winning poem, and a similar sum will be awarded for the finest and most inspiring musical setting. This contest closed on December 31st, 1921, and the competition brought several strong and worth while poems showing the loyalty and devotion of the writers to their state. At the request of Mr. Behymer and Mrs. Cecil Frankel, President of the California Federation of Music Clubs, The Lyric West prints here the winning poem, and the thirteen others which received honorable mention from the judges. Many of these were as fine in poetic thought and feeling as the winning poem, but none of them had such a lyric swing and so easily lent itself to a musical setting. The chosen poem was written by Mrs. W. J. Lennox, 691 Post Street, San Francisco, and is as follows:

Mary Lennox

California, Sweet Homeland of Mine

Starry-eyed as your slim mariposa,
Sublime as your mountains mist-veiled,
Rose-girdled and sweet, you lave your white feet
In the waves that the proud galleons sailed.

CHORUS:

You're the Land at the Foot of the Rainbow
Where the great pot of treasure was spilled
That is fashioned anew by the sunshine and dew,
Into marvels of bright hopes fulfilled.
You're the land where each fair trail leads homeward,
'Neath the palm or the sheltering pine.
Where high-hearted desire thrills my spirit with fire,
California, Sweet Homeland of Mine.
Your soft voice like mission bells chiming
Rings over the land low and clear.
With welcome divine, as warm as sunshine,
Shedding glory throughout the whole year.

Mary Lennox

The thirteen poems receiving honorable mention are given below. Any of our readers desiring extra copies of this issue, containing these songs, may obtain them by addressing the office of The Lyric West, 1139 Twenty-seventh Street, *Los Angeles, Calif.*

Sentry Strong at the western gate,
Fearless and bold I stand;
The pride and power of a sov'reign state,

The arms at my command.
To the friend I am a welcoming hand
And the foe my might shall feel,
For I guard the door of the motherland
And none shall break in and steal.

Here stand I, California!

Mistress proud of a wide domain,
Splendid I reign, and fair;
Long Shasta's snows as a crown have lain
On my wind-swept, fog-gemmed hair.
On my breast I wear the orchards' bloom
And I gird my waist with gold,
For my cloak the orange groves' sweet
perfume,

My buckler my cities bold.

Here reign I, California!

Guardian great of a glorious past,
Augur of days to be;
Of gifts to come from my storehouse vast
Beside the western sea.
Here the seeker shall the finder be
And the sower always reap;
Here the builder shall rear his fair revery,
The dreamer his dreams shall keep.

Land of promise, California!

Mrs. E. C. Davis,

Manteca, Calif.

JEWEL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

(Verse I)

Fragrant land of orange blossoms,
O'er thy vales and mountains great
God has smiled His benediction,
California, my own State!

(Verse II)

By the lakes of sky-blue water
Where the tangled wildwood grows,
On the snow-clad high Sierras
Let me there my eyelids close.

(Chorus)

Where the great Pacific surges
On thy shores, oh, Promised Land,
To thy burnished peaks of sunlight,

Thou wert made by His command;
Ours a heritage of Plenty,
Peace and Joy, forever blest,
California, I adore thee,
Jewel of the Golden West.

C. Warner Van Valkenburg.

CALIFORNIA

Name me the land of the gold and the blue,
The sheen of the poppy, the sea's magic
hue;
The land of pure radiant sunlight divine,
With vistas of mountains in air opaline,
Name me the land.

CALIFORNIA!

Name me the land where the sea ends the
West,
Where the tides of the ages have laved her
white breast;
The land of romance, of adventure and
song,
Beloved by all peoples, fair, glorious and
strong,
Name me the land.

CALIFORNIA!

Name me the land of the mission bells'
chime,
Where the faith of the past bears fruition
sublime;
The land where the dreams of the dreamer
prove true,
Where we vision the dawn of a world born
anew.
Name me the land.

CALIFORNIA!

Miss Josephine Hagar, Los Angeles, Calif.

California State Song

Young daughter of Freedom—our own
California,
True child of that great land which makes us all free,
God has blessed thee with plenty; give, give as thy sons
gave,

Free-handed, warm-hearted,
In the old days, the gold days,
Till the hearts of all nations be bounden to thee,

Our home land, our own land, our own ifornia,
To tyranny petty bow never thy knee.
Free men tread thy soil and a free mother bore thee,
Gave into thy keeping
A torch flaming freedom;
Flash it forth, California, from mountains to sea
Lead, lead, California! The march of the nations

Is onward and upward to true liberty,
To peace and to honor,—to brotherhood splendid—
Lead, lead, and we follow
With hearts that adore thee,
Chanting glory to God and the mother who bore thee,
And to thee, California, our one land, our sun land!
California! California!
Our love is for thee!

*Margaret Gray Fischer,
Mill Valley, Calif.*

Forward, California!

Far from your golden shores your wandering sons
Think on your beauties with a wistful love.
They dream of forests where the wild deer runs,
They hear in memory the woodland dove
In thickets where the manzanita blooms,
And the wild lilac waves her misty plumes.

One echo sounds through all,
California!

In olden times the Padres heard the call,
The Vision led their small heroic band;
Father Junipero, greatest of all
Who bore the Cross to the unknown land.
And those bold pioneers of later day
Whose Westward march has blazed a deathless way—

They heard the clarion word,
California!

So we today, your sons and daughters, hear
The clarion note beneath your laughing skies.
It echoes sweetly in the perfumed air
Of valleys like an earthly paradise.
In fields of golden poppies sounds the call,
In desert silences the accents fall;
The sun-girt ocean sings,

California!

*Amy Sebrie Smith,
East San Diego, Calif.*

My California

O glorious realm of peace that lies
Beside the sunset sea,
Thy snowy peaks in splendor rise
And pierce the dome of thy blue skies,
I praise thy majesty.

California, California,
Land of the brave and true,
Thy mountain chains and fertile plains,
My praise and love to you.
Thy golden gate swung open wide,
The Spanish galleys came
And anchored safe from storm and tide,
Brave hearts were they with noble pride,
The first to call thy name.

California, California,
Home of the cavalier,
Romantic days of song and praise,
No land to me so dear.

Thy pastoral days and balmy clime,
As length'ning shadows fall
Across thy vales at eventime,
The mission bells ring out their chime
To prayer and vespers call.

California, California,
Where the holy men have trod
And built their shrine with faith divine
To teach the love of God.

Then to thy glorious empire came
The men of Forty-nine;
Unfurled thy flag in Freedom's name
And let thy hills and vales proclaim
Their country's flag and thine.

California, California,
From Sierras to the sea,
O land of gold and wealth untold,
My praise and love to thee.

*C. F. Holland,
Los Angeles, Calif.*

California Song

A song, a song for the dear old state
By the beautiful western sea—
From the Sunny South to the Golden Gate,
Oh, there is the land for me.
There where the mystical mountains seem
Touching the skies above,
And the desert lies in a misty dream,
There, there is the land to love.

A song, a song for the times of old,
When the padres tilled the sod,
And led the sheep to the Master's fold
In the beautiful fields of God.
Oh, gone and broken, the arch and wall
Built by the padre's hand—

But the sounds of the mission bells recall
The tale of a vanished land.

And still forever the sea is heard,
And the tide comes into the shore,
And the rapt'rous songs of the mocking bird
Are sweet as they were of yore.
'Tis there forever I long to be,
In that land by the blue sea-tide;
Oh, rather one smile of that land for me

Than all of the world beside.

*S. H. M. Byers,
Los Angeles, Calif.*

California

It is the land of God's delight,
His dream upon a thousand hills
Infolds me with its wondrous might,
And all my soul with rapture fills.
Down the Sierras music floats,
O'er sagebrush, poppied dell, and trees,
Where his own chaste unfingered notes
Intone the wind with symphonies.
And here's the hearting kindliness,
The friendly hand, the cheering smile;
A fellowship of worthiness,
That makes you feel worth while.

It is the land of God's delight,
A garden by a Western sea,
And o'er that sea in golden flight,
Great ships fare on in majesty.
The mocking bird in hush of night,
Sings silvery his soft nocturnes,
And in her flowers—flames of white—
The lemon tree a perfume burns.
And here's the hearting kindliness,
The friendly hand, the cheering smile;
A fellowship of worthiness,
That makes you feel worth while.

Native sons of the Golden West,

Lift the flag of the Grizzly Bear;
Great deeds of valor it has blest,
Unfurl it proudly in the air.
No matter where our feet may stray,
How fair and distant be the trail,
We'll be true to the Golden way;
Our love for you can never fail.
For here's the hearting kindness,
The friendly hand, the cheering smile;
A fellowship of worthiness,
That makes you feel worth while.

*Georgia Rowles,
Los Angeles, Calif.*

My California

O golden glory by the silver sea!
O radiant queen, O shining evening star!
The sun, reluctant setting, throws to thee
His farewell from afar.
And lo! the crescent moon's last tender ray,
My California, softly falls on thee.
Even so my love shall rest on thee, today
And all the days to be.

Through stormy years of romance and of pain
Thy way hath led, beneath the pine and palm;
Ever upon thy lips some brave refrain,

Some glad, triumphant psalm.
Thy storied past is traced upon the scroll—
The tale of men who fought and won and died.
Of deserts conquered, and the ocean's soul

Reft of its sullen pride.
But now with peace thy regal brow is crowned,
And God hath blessed thy land with wealth untold.
With hymns of praise thy mountain heights resound,
And shall till world grow old.
O queen whose realm is by the western bar,
Guard well thy kingdom by the rugged shore!
Rule on, till sun and moon and evening star

Shall set to rise no more!

*W. P. Millspaugh,
Los Angeles, Calif.*

California, Land of Light

O singing daughter of the Western Sun!
O radiant heiress of a mellow clime;
Arrayed in robes from shimmering romance spun,
A web of gold undimmed by changing time.
Behold the offerings of love we lay
Upon the altar of your thousand fires!
From Southland slopes to storied Monterey,
Each sunset seals anew our hearts' desires.

Out where the pulse of life beats true and strong!
Out where the trails of happiness invite!
You give sweet love and laughter, strength and song,
For you are California, Land of Light!

O land embracing many sun-washed lands,
Compacted of a myriad beauty-stores—
Green mountain-worlds, white deserts' flowering
sands,
Seas like blue gems, with amber-tinted
shores—
You gather richness but to give again!
The splendors of your ancient, vast demesne
You offer eagerly to sons of men
Whose understanding hearts proclaim you queen.

Out where the pulse of life beats true and strong!
Out where the trails of happiness invite!

You give sweet love and laughter, strength and song,
For you are California, Land of Light.

Neeta Marquis,

Los Angeles, Calif.

California

His treasure box God opened wide,
 For you, O California!
Not one good gift has He denied,
 To you, fair California.
Glory of mountain peak and sea
Thy heritage shall ever be;
A golden halo rests o'er thee,
 O favored California!

Your early conquests live in song,
 Enchanted California.
The laurel wreaths to you belong,
 Triumphant California!
Your name was flung across the sky,
In virgin gold in days gone by,
By men who dared to do or die,
 In far-off California.

The days are woven cloth o' gold
 In sunlit California;
The nights of silver, jewels hold
 For fairy California.
To those whose courage blazed the way,
All throbbing western hearts today
Give thanks, and with their spirits say,

“Hail to thee, California!”

Virginia Brown Musgrove,

Pasadena, Calif.

California, the Homeland

I

Land of mountains capped with snow,
With fertile valleys nestled low;
Rich with the fruit trees' yellow gold,
And sturdy forests dense and old.

Thy radiant hills and valleys
In grateful pride I roam;
'Tis the golden California,
And to my heart 'tis home.

II

Land of the beckoning out-of-doors,
Of open fields and ocean shores;
Roads that wind o'er hill and glen,
By fertile field and the homes of men;

Thy radiant hills and valleys
In grateful pride I roam;
'Tis contented California,
And to my heart 'tis home.

III

Land of legends, wafted wide,
Scenes of the Indian's ancient pride;
Home of the Spaniard's dying lays,
Crowned with the glory of other days;
 Thy radiant hills and valleys
 In grateful pride I roam;
 'Tis the dreamland California,
 And to my heart 'tis home.

IV

O God of vast omnipotence,
Be Thou for us a sure defense;
Preserve our state from age to age
And make us worthy the heritage;
 As o'er her hills and valleys
 In grateful pride we roam;
 God bless our California,
 God save to us our home.

*John W. Harbeson,
Pasadena, Calif.*

O Lovely California

O lovely California,
In peerless beauty crowned,
Her thousand happy hills and vales
In gracious gifts abound.
From far and near we gather here,
Our voices rise as one,
O lovely California,
In joyous benison.

O lovely California,
What matchless tales are told
Of El Camino, royal road,
Of the ancient lure of gold,
Of daring days, of high romance,
Of dons and ladies bright;
O golden California, land of heart's delight!

The western sea with harbors three,
Her curving coast has pearled
And there ride high and gallantly
The flags of all the world.
From Silver Strand to Golden Gate
Our voices rise as one,
O lovely California,
In grateful benison.

*Ethel Brooks Stillwell,
Los Angeles, Calif.*

REFRAIN

You beckon pilgrims from the bitter North;

You woo them from the somber utmost

East.

From want and weariness they struggle

forth

To sit them daily at your joyous feast;

While close upon your broad and vital

breast

You clasp the toil-spent, old and sad and

sore,

To bless them with the thing they prize the

best—

A measure of their far, lost youth once

more.