



CALIFORNIAN LYRICS.

I.

A MORNING TRYST.

THE oleander bends its boughs above the running water,
 Sing, robins ! call, orioles ! coo, wild doves, coo !
 Ah ! the iris skies above her have a less bewildering blue
 Than the eyes of the rancher's daughter.

The oleander shall hear vows above the running water ;
 Sing, robins ! call, orioles ! coo, wild doves, coo !
 If she choose me for her lover, she shall find me fond and true,
 True and fond for the rancher's daughter.

The oleander swings its blooms above the running water ;
 Sing, robins ! call, orioles ! coo, wild doves, coo !
 In the clover bees are humming : shall I dare be bold and sue
 For the lips of the rancher's daughter ?

The oleander breathes perfumes above the running water ;
 Sing, robins ! call, orioles ! coo, wild doves, coo !
 Shyly, shyly she is coming while the sun is in the dew
 On her path—ah ! the rancher's daughter.

II.

SNOW-WIND.

DOWN from the stately Sierras, down through our valley of flowers
 Sweeps the snow-wind from far summits ; the white rose trembles and cowers ;
 The red rose flaming beside it, bends quivering and yields
 Its homage to the strong wind, rushing on to the green wheat fields.

III.

A PINE-CONE FIRE.

NOR two, not three, but twenty ! Now half of twenty more—
 Huge cones that the kings of the forest, the kings of the forest bare.
 Now, snap and blaze and sparkle, oh, banners of fire that flow
 Towards fire of the stars ! Glow royally, hearthstone, glow ;
 Burn, cones, in fiery blossoms. Each crown-like flower disclose
 Your petals of coals that drop down in ashes of rose.

Minna Caroline Smith.