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POEMS OF
SUNNY
COLORADO

KERIN



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Poems of Sunny Colorado

By SUSIE KERIN

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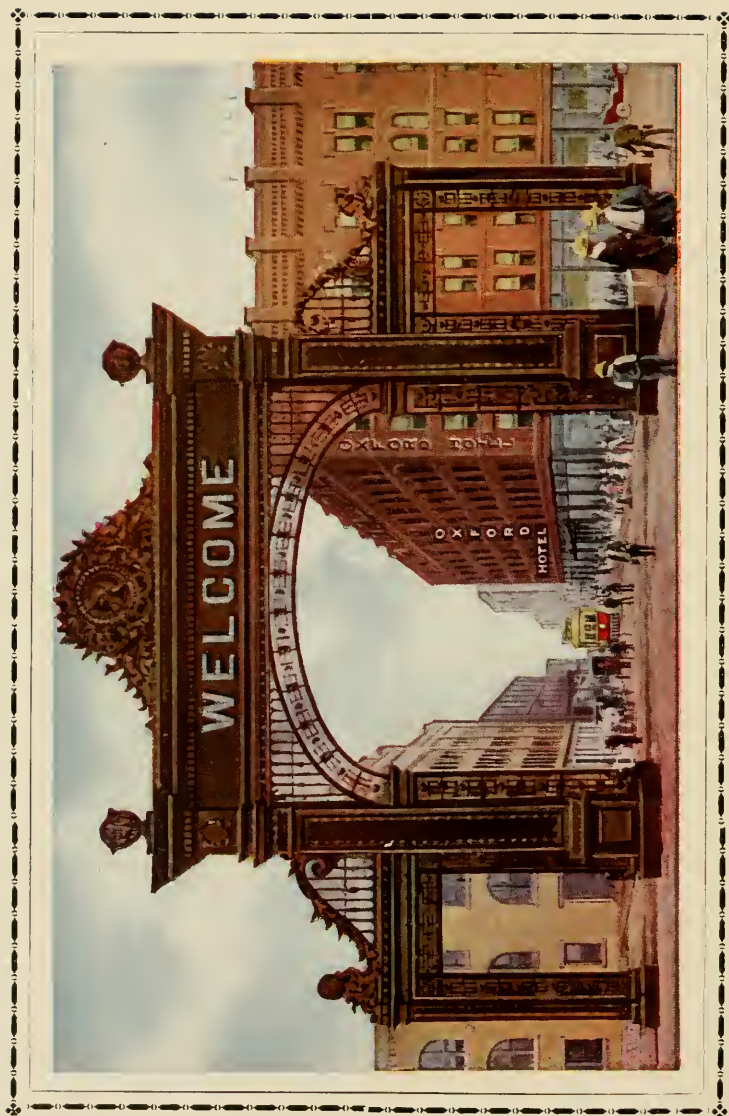
GATEWAY OF THE LIGHT: THY BEAMING,
LIKE SUNRAYS ON THE WESTERN SLOPE—
PROMISING A BRIGHT AND FAIR TOMORROW,
OUR LIFE, OUR SWEETNESS, AND OUR HOPE,

To Thee

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED



SUSIE KERIN



The Garden

Near the mountains is a lovely garden,
Denver beauteous, haven of the West;
Through her welcome arch the tired tourist
Finds an oasis of peace and rest.

In this garden there is always sunshine,
Happiness, good will, and blessings rare;
Rising in a cloud of benediction
To descend in fragrance through the air.

May all those who wander through this garden
Breathe this air from yonder snow capped crest,
And enjoy each happy, restful hour
As the sun sinks in the golden west.



The Mount of The Holy Cross

O, Mount of contemplation!
What a lesson you impart!
In grandeur and sublimity
How like the human heart,
With its sunshine, storms and tempests,
As the seasons come and go,
You cover hope and destiny
Beneath a cross of snow.

We know not what deep blessings
Lie hid within thy heart,
For future generations
As they come and then depart.
But thy symbol and its mercy,
Like the sunshine and the dew,
Revives and strengthens courage,
And makes bright the mountain view.

The snow that nestles in thy arms
May melt and gain renown,
In sparkling drops of mercy,
The cross become a crown.
Bringing glory to persistence,
That will ever keep us near,
The sign wherein we conquer,
And the love that casts out fear.

Our visions oft are hazy
In life's foothills as we grope,
The atmosphere grows clearer
As we near the western slope.
May each snowflake in thy symbol
Turn to glistening light, around
The emblem of faith, hope and love,
When we are homeward bound.



The Kindergarten Teacher

A wise robin teacher,
Her experiences unfurled
Before a class of redbreasts
About to face the world,
Said: "I've flown north and south;
I have flown high and low,
But the city they call Denver
Is the best place I know."

"With its parks, lawns and boulevards
None others can compare,
When you need a healing tonic
Of life-giving air.
Its people and its climate
Are as good as good can be,
And that counts for more than half
In selecting nest and tree."

"So, my children, when you travel
And feel weary and alone,
And the clouds obscure the vision
Of the brightness you have known,
Fly back in loving gladness,
Sing your sweetest redbreast trills,
When you hover o'er the city
In the shadow of the hills."



The Romance of Pike's Peak

There was once a pretty legend
Of a knight, whose whole desire
Was to find the light of happiness,
In golden rays of fire,
On the mountains of his vision
He had hopes, so runs the tale,
Where he found this light celestial
He would find the "Holy Grail."

'Twas in the golden summer
Of eighteen hundred eight,
A United States lieutenant
Named Pike, rode through the gate
Of pre-historic grandeur. He was dazed,
For clothed in white,
Stood a mountain on whose summit
Gleamed a fascinating light.

He bowed in admiration
Where the mariposa nods,
At the sight that met his vision,
From the "Garden of the Gods."
He had found the land of promise
By the light that cannot fail,
His heart was filled with rapture—
He had found the "Holy Grail."

And o'er the gay lieutenant
There came a solemn change,
He loved this stately daughter
Of the continental range.
And in faith he saw the future,
And heard the world acclaim
The bride who ever after
Was to bear his honored name.

By faith he reached the gateway
Of perfection true and tried;
By faith he saw the glory
That would crown the Great Divide.
For the light that led him kindly
Amid encircling gloom,
Was as bright as Colorado
With the columbines in bloom.

With the faith that overcometh,
He traveled toward the light,
With a loving heart courageous
Onward ever where the night
Had passed, and where the dawning
Of happiness is born,
In a sunrise on the mountain,
When its beauty brings the morn.



A Tribute

Oh! Denver, City Beautiful,
What architect of might
Wrought those wonders and achievements,
To adorn thy fame so bright?
Who accomplished with rare genius
All his heart and mind could do,
Who was this wondrous dreamer
Who made all his dreams come true?

He worked for Denver's welfare
With a zeal that stands supreme;
His monuments of beauty
Will in future annals gleam.
In public estimation
He will hold a place apart;
His name will be remembered
On chaplets in each heart.

Oh! breathe that name with reverence;
Its luster pure as gold
Should be the inspiration,
Hearts of gratitude should hold.
As the city called The Beautiful,
Grows larger year by year,
Brighter grows the hallowed memory
Of Robert W. Speer.



Estes Park

Estes Park is nature's dreamland
If you go there in the spring,
When the glaciers just awaken
And the happy robins sing.
In the summer time it's heaven,
When the days are bright and long,
And the meadow larks are laughing,
Filling all the park with song.

The mountains towering upward,
The landscape pictures grand;
There's a sense of holy peacefulness
Around this broad expand.
And Long's Peak looking downward
Like a watchman on a tower,
Who guards a priceless treasure,
That has beauty, fame, and power.

When the tourist season closes,
And the guests and birds have fled;
When along the mountain pathway
Leaves are falling, gold and red—
The scene's so incomparable,
Endowed with all that charms;
A spell entwines around you,
Like the clasp of mother arms.



The Pioneers of Colorado

What visions led the pioneers,
With hearts of courage strong,
To leave their home and kindred
And migrate with the throng,
Who went in quest of fortune
On the plains still fast asleep,
And the mountains mute and silent,
Guarding well their treasures deep?

They came, they saw, they conquered—
Through the vista of the years
Let us look with emulation,
On the sturdy pioneers
Coming to this land to conquer,
By their labors to attest
How faith, fortitude and courage,
Transformed the middle west.

They are going down the valley,
They are going one by one;
Soon they'll pass beyond the portals
And will hear the words "well done."
But they leave a lovely heritage—
Their works well done to crown
All who follow in their footsteps,
Till life's sun goes down.



The Mineral Springs at Manitou

Pike's Peak is never lonely,
Always busy at her feet,
Like liquid diamonds dancing
Spring the mineral waters sweet,
As they sing their bubble, bubble,
Toil or trouble onward plods,
For they find no place of harbor
Near the Garden of the Gods.

Manitou, Great Spirit, surely
Ever since creation's birth,
Water clear and effervescent
Bubbling brightly from the earth,
Must have been a gift celestial,
From the everlasting shore,
Sent to bless each generation
Until time shall be no more.

Drink from nature's lovely fountains,
Drink, each draught gives health and life,
Drink the sparkling flowing nectar,
Never cause of sin or strife.
Here's to sunny Colorado—
May her gold and wealth untold,
Never serve intoxication—
Is a toast for young and old.



The Seven Falls

A little maid left Broadmoor
On a burro, for a roam
Up the South Cheyenne, a canyon
Where the waters laugh and foam,
As they hurry o'er the cascades,
Singing as they glide away
To the realms of silent waters,
Bringing garlands of the fray.

She saw plainly little children
Dancing down the Seven Falls;
Seven little winsome fairies
Singing sweet evangel calls—
“We are messengers of gladness,
Life is fleeting, come and share
In eternity's bright ocean,
All we bring in triumph there.

“We have soared in clouds of glory,
And descended in the dew,
To clothe the pretty lilies,
Whose purity and hue
Has rivaled all the grandeur,
And wisdom of the King,
Whose name and fame forever,
Will live while poets sing.

“You have listened to our voices
In the music of the rain,
You have heard our little footsteps,
As we tinkle on the pane.
You have seen us in the fountain,
Throwing kisses at the sun,
We frolic in the brooklets,
And babble as we run.”

The warbling of a meadow lark
Awoke the sleeping child,
Who realized the Seven Falls,
Her fancy had beguiled;
Her mystic friends had vanished,
Near the Falls, so clear and cool,
Stood her steed, serenely happy,
Drinking from a quiet pool.



The Ship-Rock on The Desert

In southwestern Colorado
Lives the noble Navajo tribe
Of Indian braves, in wigwam tents,
Where all in peace abide.
Near the Ship-Rock on the desert,
That was sent them from above,
When they prayed to Mighty Manitou,
This tale they tell with love.

In ages past, their sires relate
How tribes who broke the law,
Deprived them of all sustenance
For dear papoose and squaw.
They prayed "Oh, Mighty Spirit.
Help thy children, hear our call."
And like eagle soaring downward,
Came this ship with help for all.

The Navajo points proudly,
And says, "To us alone
Great Spirit sends all bounty,
From that ship now turned to stone."
Call this legend, story, fable,
It portrays God's holy way
When He answers faithful people,
His blessings come to stay.



The Burro

When I first came to the mountains,
I was strong, unfettered, free—
Roaming through mysterious canyons,
Climbing heights majestically.
Where I basked in freedom's blessings,
And pleasure's wild delight,
Never thinking once that duty
Intertwined as day and night.

But there came so many white men,
With visions to attain—
Pioneers with high ambitions
To improve this vast domain—
That I formed a resolution
To forsake my idle mode,
Take up the white man's burden
And help him pack his load.

Going up Pike's rugged mountain,
No motor ever made
Can scale the heights and passes,
Or compete in making grade,
With one so sure and steady
When climbing everywhere,
No matter who is weary
I am always free from care.

In enterprising ventures,
You can meet me with my load—
Men even in my presence claim
They built the cog-wheel road;
With them I beg to differ.
If true evidence you seek;
We will leave it all to Pike,
For he's the patron of the Peak.

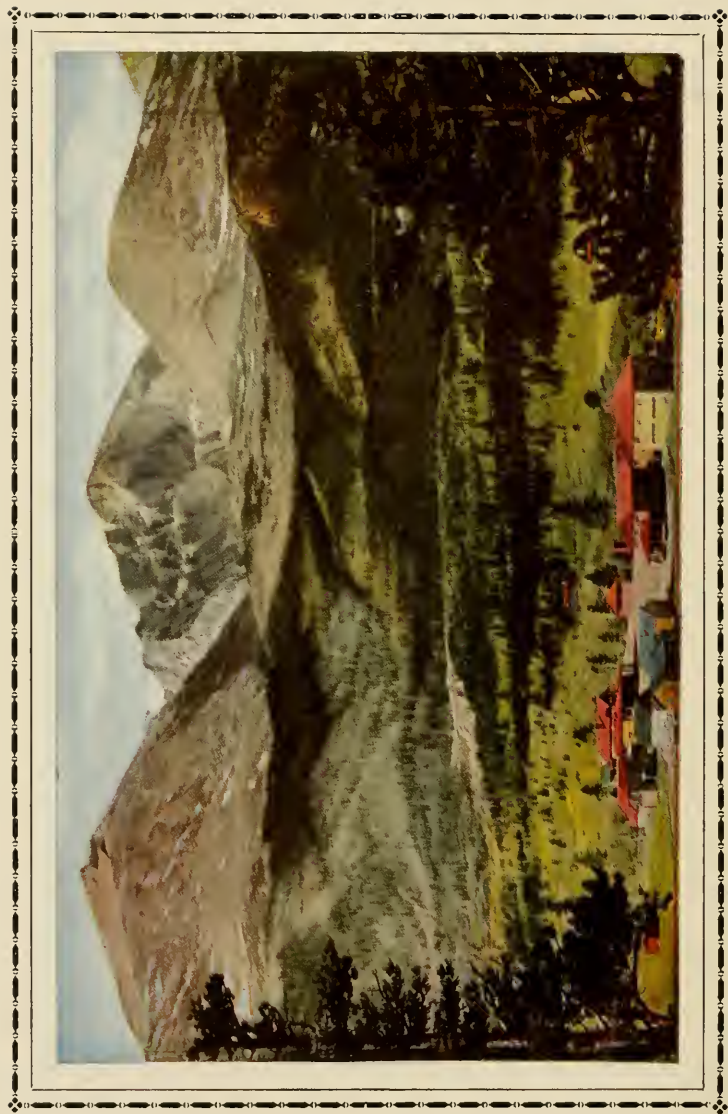


Inspiration Point

Life is ever a commotion—
Our hearts are like the waves
On the restless, throbbing ocean;
The peace that each heart craves
Resounds in inspirations,
Rolling onward to the shore
Of a calm and quiet harbor—
Then are silenced, evermore.

From Denver, toward the sunset,
Both man and nature joint
Have built a landscape harbor,
Known as Inspiration Point.
There in sunshine and in shadow,
There the happy and oppressed,
All are rocked on nature's billows,
Till their spirits are at rest.

Then from peaks and vales and canyons,
From birds and rippling rills,
A "Gloria in Excelsis"
Is wafted from the hills.
And for each at their departure
How much of "Peace be still"
They take from Inspiration Point,
Depends on their good will.



Long's Peak Inn

Long's Peak, mighty rock of ages,
Guarding Long's Peak Inn so famed,
Like the fortress of a kingdom
Where the King was loved who reigned.
Tell us of that Inn so lovely,
Like a dream within a dream,
Who it was that built that haven
Where the smiles of nature beam.

Long's Peak Inn, so quaint and rustic,
Formed and fashioned near the hills,
Art and beauty, skill and romance,
Built the home of Enos Mills.
Fear was cast out by love's sceptre,
Where the squirrels revel free;
Harmony, good-will and kindness
Seem to sing "Abide with me."

You who love the haunts of nature,
Come, and stay awhile with me;
You, the captive of life's worries,
Come, and I will set you free.
Are you weary of the journey
Going ever toward the West,
Long's Peak Inn extends this welcome:
Come, and I will give you rest.



The Song of The Fountain

'Neath the canopy of heaven,
With the sun and stars above her,
Stands our sovereign on the fountain
With a nectar for each thirst;
With thy shield, thy fame and laurels
We love to gather round thee,
And we celebrate thy birthday
Every year on August first.

Our loyalty and learning
Are ever close beside thee;
Our love is always with thee,
Mighty Empress of our State.
Now we listen to the fountain
And thy silvery mystic singing,
As you look out on the future
Through a grand majestic gate.

Arise! O Mighty Radium,
From thy sleep beneath the mountains,
And tell thy sister Radio,
Just awakened in the air,
Of thy dreams of radiant treasures
That lie beneath the Rockies,
For the thrifty sons of fortune
Who may come and find them there.

And may all who seek those treasures,
With their souls and minds united
In the chalice of the columbine,
Lift their hearts on high,
For the blessings and the sunshine
That are showered on Colorado,
That the privilege to live here
God may grant will never die.



To Our Glorious Scout

When the pioneers were coming
There was danger ever near,
But foremost in the vanguard
Was a scout who knew no fear.
And the people as a mother
Who glories in her son,
Was proud of his achievements,
And all that he had done.

It was not in life's bright morning
When the harvest we must reap,
But when evening shadows gathered
That our hero went to sleep.
And the people as a token
To the fame of one so brave,
Took him up to lofty Lookout,
And laid him in a grave.

When the tourists of the universe
Have climbed that lofty height,
And reached Mount Lookout summit,
There ascending to the right
The people love to linger
In the fragrance of the pine,
Where valor, strength, and courage,
Are resting in a shrine.



Through The Mountain Parks

If you wish to commune with nature,
And enjoy the environs of western life,
Go out on the Golden road to Lookout
Away from the city and its strife.
On through Genesee Park entrancing,
Like Aurora's mellow lights,
Gleams the beauty of the landscape
Viewed from Panorama Heights.

Onward go, through Bear Creek Canyon,
The Inn, and Lake, near high inclines,
Inviting all to pause and rest,
Is beautiful Troutdale-in-the-Pines.
On again the singing brooklet,
Flowing near the road serene,
Leads a captive sweetly on
To dreams of youth at Evergreen.

Vermont Hills and scenes of childhood,
Memories of the long ago,
Come by wireless through the fragrance
Like a golden afterglow.
Smiling through the years now vanished,
Dreamland forms come back again,
Bringing greetings from the forest
To a soul who listens in.

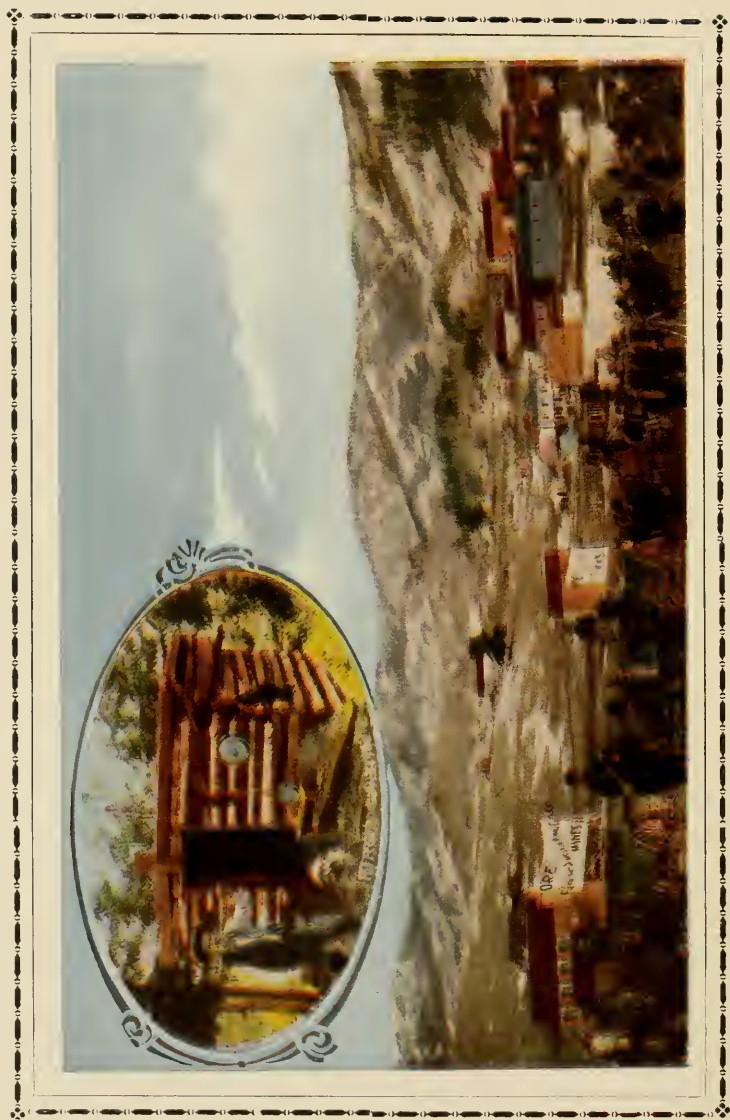


The Pine Tree

On the Rockies, vast and rugged,
Grows the tall inspiring Pine,
Like a monarch of the forest
Ruling by a right divine.
And he sends a fragrant message,
Guided by an unseen hand,
Breathing love and benediction
From his throne so high and grand.

Face to face with the primeval,
Words, that enervate the heart,
Like sweet memories of childhood
Linger always to impart.
Truths, both simple and prevailing,
Countless thousands yet to be
Will recall the words of Kilmer
"Only God can make a tree."

The Pine-Tree loves the mountains,
For the columbines and pine,
Waft their fragrance to the white peaks,
As they stand at timber line.
And the Pine-Tree carols softly
Strains of music that enthralls,
Like an echo from the valley,
Where a pretty cascade falls.



'Twas in The Early Days

In the days when Colorado
Was like a growing child,
Fair and strong in hope and promise,
On brave men she often smiled,
Who came to seek their fortunes
In the mines, and diverse ways,
When adventure was in flower
To them " 'Twas in the early days."

Denver then was young and rugged;
Leadville from a tiny seed
Had grown to fair dimensions,
And there was no night in Creed.
Men had faith in all around them,
Every morning brightest rays,
Like a lighthouse near the harbor,
Beamed with hope "In early days."

But their stories of adventures,
When hearts with hope were light,
Are receding in the distance,
And will soon be out of sight.
But the children of the pioneers
Will recognize the phrase,
Often heard in tale and story,
" 'Twas in the early days."



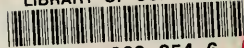
The Gunnison River

On the Gunnison all nature bends,
And whispers far and near
Sweet hosannas, where the fishermen,
Within the waters clear,
Can see the speckled beauties,
Which they strive to catch and land—
Its a scenic joy for tourists
Riding on the Rio Grande.

The supply of trout and pleasure,
This river gives away,
Is replenished by Omnipotence;
We hear each ripple say—
“Give the world thy best and choicest
Deeds of love, then course away.
Every gift and cup of water
Is rewarded some bright day.”

We are like the flowing river,
Rolling on, and on, and on;
May the words of hope and kindness,
Given as we go along,
Resound like dancing ripples,
Where the fishes play and hide,
Making glad the hearts of many,
On the road to Telluride.

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