

**CALIFORNIA
SUNSHINE,
PP. 20-122**

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California Sunshine, pp. 20-122 by Lillian Hinman Shuey

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LILLIAN HINMAN SHUEY

**CALIFORNIA
SUNSHINE,
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CALIFORNIA • SUNSHINE.

VOICES OF THE YEAR!

ON SAN JOAQUIN.

IN MEMORIAM.

MOODS.



CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE.

LILLIAN HINMAN SHUEY.

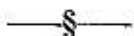
" He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."
—*Marquis of Montrose.*

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA:
PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY.
MDCCLXXXVIII.

May charity flow from these fingers
Now folded at rest,
May they weave in life's wonderful fabric
Threads finest and best.

A heart all untried has my darling,
A pure heart I know;
God grant that earth's brave ones will help her
In keeping it so.

And thus at the shrine of my treasure
I wait with a prayer;
While my hopes go out to the future—
For my answer is there.



BERKELEY BLOSSOMS.

BERKELEY blossoms bright and rare,
Sweetest blossomed anywhere,
Were ye mindful of your duties,
While the sunlight died your beauties,
As ye budded slow and saintly in the summer air?

Berkeley roses, gold and cream,
Did your folded petals dream
Most of dark, sad rooms, and faces

Turning mutely to the vases
Where your bending clusters would in stately beauty
gleam?

Did ye dream so, cream and white,
Waxen roses, frail and light,
Of the pain ye would dissemble,
Of the fingers that would tremble
To reach forth and clasp you in the weary wakeful
night?

Purple pansies, widely blown,
In your fancies was it known
What your mistress was desiring,
Bending o'er you so—untiring,
While her soul's sweet musings in her clear eyes
shone?

Heliotrope, in bud and bloom,
Breathing fragrance to the noon,
She had meanings rare and tender,
She had duties for your splendor,
As she cut and bound you for the sorrow-haunted
room.

Dewy, dainty, softly fair,
Berkeley blossoms ye were there,
In the gilded vases smiling,
All the long sad hours beguiling,
While about you hovered, seemly, lost words from a
prayer.

*California Sunshine.**MAY, 1883.*

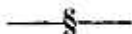
MAY, thou art come at last,
The reign of clouds is past;
No more the chilling wind
So rude will be, unkind,
And shut me in all day,
Thou'rt come at last, sweet May.

I've looked for you before,
And opened blind and door,
That I might speak you fair,
But March stood frowning there.
But now once more, sweet May,
Your smile has blessed the day.

I love your gentle air,
Your shadows warm and fair,
Your pale, soft, distant skies,
Your tree-top melodies.
And all the cloudless day
My thought is yours, sweet May.

O May, go not too soon,
Close on the skirts of June,
You came with tardy feet,
So transient and so fleet
Will be your glad bright stay,
I pray you wait, sweet May.

O linnet singing so,
And May, you cannot know
What peace your charms impart;
Heart songs to being start,
And care is driven away
By thy return, sweet May.



A DECEMBER WALK.

A BARREN field, a treeless plain;
A landscape growing green;
A hueless sky, a distant cry—
A lifeless, voiceless scene.

A pebble path on fallow soil;
A step of noiseless fall;
A stone, a clod, the starting grass,
A dampness over all.

No blossoms, daisy-eyed, appear,
No songs of summer pass;
A kill-deer, lone, brown-throated, glides,
Seeking the tender grass.

All nature sleeps, to dream, perchance,
In visions bright and sweet,
What time the restive lover, Spring,
Will amorous tales repeat.

California Sunshine.

Then will her heart responsive thrill,
 And, waking from her rest,
 Love's magic words will make replies
 In blossoms on her breast.

—§—

LAW VERSUS JUSTICE.

A SATIRE.

SWEET Justice walking out one day,
 A miss of lovely carriage,
 Was met by Law, who loved straightway,
 And asked her hand in marriage.

She gave assent and with him strayed
 Through many a lover's bower,
 Till once he said, "My pretty maid,
 How much will be your dower?"

Fair Justice dropped her shining eyes,
 And trembled with emotion,
 And said, "Just love, my noble sir,
 And thanks will be my portion."

"I could not eat such stuff," he cried,
 His hand in parting giving,
 "And with my hands unto you tied,
 How could I make a living?"