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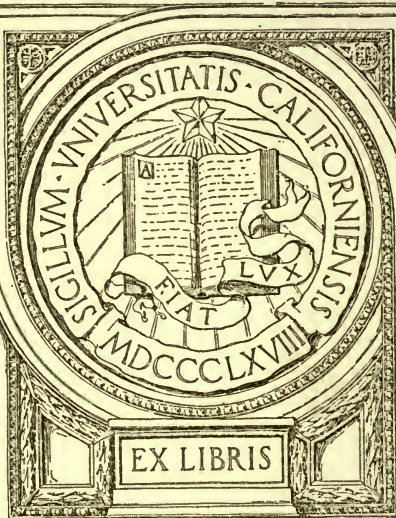
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# Burlingame Ballads...

*By*

WHEATON HALE BREWER

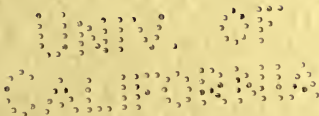
Wheaton H Brewer '19.

# Burlingame Ballads

*By* WHEATON HALE BREWER



945



Burlingame, California  
Burlingame Publishing Company  
1920

These verses have appeared from time to time in The Burlingame Advance, and the author desires to thank the publisher of that journal for his courtesy in allowing them to be reprinted.

WHEATON HALE BREWER.

Burlingame, California,

December 15, 1920.

WHEATON HALE BREWER

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# Foreword



We have built our homes in Burlingame because we believe that it is the most beautiful spot in the most beautiful country in the world. We know it, but all the world does not, and it should know.

One poem by Bret Harte did more for San Francisco than all the railroad folders that were ever scattered over the continent.

And more may be done for Beautiful Burlingame by these lyrics of Wheaton H. Brewer than might be done by a lifetime of boosting.

This is an almost irreverently practical view to take of a book of poems, but we live in a practical age, and I am appealing for this little volume as a souvenir to be scattered broadcast.


As for this work, it speaks for itself. You who read these poems must instantly recognize their truth and beauty. They are something more than the homespun rhymes of the home-town bard. They are the voice of youth

in rapturous praise of beauties that are apt to be overlooked simply because they are everywhere about us.

Burlingame should be as proud of her poet as her poet is proud of Burlingame.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.





## BURLINGAME BALLADS

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### “GOOD MORNING, BURLINGAME”

By sunbeams on the wall, I see,  
It's past sunrise, and time for me  
To turn and stretch, and sleepily  
    Bid Burlingame, “Good Morning.”

The curling smoke, the breakfasts frying,  
The chickens clucking, pigeons flying,  
The milkmen, and the busses plying,  
    Bid Burlingame, “Good Morning.”

And down the flower-bordered street  
Some strolling slowly, some most fleet,  
I hear the first commuters' feet  
    Bid Burlingame, “Good Morning.”

And all I wish and hope and pray  
Is that I may find out a way  
To wake at sunrise, and each day  
    Bid Burlingame, “Good Morning.”

## IN MY GARDEN

In my garden, peonies  
Flaunt their crimson blazonries.  
Hollyhock and climbing rose,  
Contesting in my garden close,  
Strive to lift a flowered head  
Highest from the garden bed.

Hourly from house to house  
Of Mr. Mole and Mr. Mouse  
Sedately ride the garden snails  
Delivering the springtime mails.  
And teetering from leaf to leaf  
The caterpillars come to grief.

In my garden, darkness brings  
Unconventional whisperings.  
Speckled tree frogs come and croak  
Serenades beneath the oak.  
Little breezes, stealing through,  
Set leaves rustling, two by two.

Love and spring are everywhere;—  
In the trees, the ground, the air.  
Violets brush their pretty lips  
Over snow-drop finger tips.  
Every flower has heard the song—  
Beloved, why delay so long?

**THE MEADOW LARKS**

Though nightingales have charmed the dreams  
Of poets by Elysian streams,  
Such singing cannot be the same  
As meadow larks in Burlingame.

Though doves and skylarks sing for hours  
In gardens full of blooming flowers,  
With a single call they're put to shame  
By meadow larks in Burlingame.

Clearer, sweeter than a fairy horn,  
There bursts the canticle of morn,  
When the brown hills are tipped with flame,  
From meadow larks in Burlingame.

## BY MORNING LIGHT

By morning light, the daffodils  
Bloom golden on the green foothills.  
And at the garden's flowered plinth  
Glow even lines of hyacinth.  
The garden temple, crypt and nave,  
Reveals its lilac architrave.  
The congregation, in their places,  
Lift their pensive, pansy faces  
To their dim priest in purple gloom,  
The mystic, hooded iris bloom.

And steaming in the sun, the clods  
Burn precious incense to spring's Gods.

LILAC, LILAC

Lilac, lilac, lavender and white,  
Incense of the spring;  
No wonder that the birds alight  
On your boughs to sing.

Lilac, lilac, beautiful and sweet  
Green and dim and fair;  
My grandmother loved to meet  
My grandfather there.

Lilac, lilac, wonderful to me  
Was the love they knew.  
Old-fashioned I would gladly be  
Such love to renew.

Lilac, lilac, lavender and white,  
Blossom-crowned above;  
I shall come to you tonight  
There to meet my love.

## HOME SONG

Gold and chrysoprase a setting make  
Oh little home of mine,  
Where meadowlarks sing happily all day;  
Where sparrows twitter in the vine,  
And by the blue bay's gleaming line  
The children laugh and play.

I leave you in the early morning light  
When dewdrops sparkle clear  
And the flowers wave a shy, aloof goodbye.  
Yet through the day you seem so near,  
I almost turn around to hear  
The busses bumble by.

And every night when I come home  
I simply have to race  
Across the buttercups and grass to see  
That you are safely in your place.  
And when I see my garden's face  
Home just smiles back at me.

## AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

There's a little street in Burlingame  
Where old-fashioned flowers grow;  
Red poppies, vivid as a flame,  
Hollyhocks in a row.

Heliotrope and marigolds  
Beside the privet hedge,  
And pink Sweet William proudly holds  
The boxed-in window ledge.

I love to go along that street  
When evening settles down,  
And Burlingame, at the foothills' feet,  
Rests in her flowered gown.

The little breezes of evening stir,  
And I never shall forget  
The fragrance of the lavender—  
The scent of mignonette.

MOWING TIME  
IN BURLINGAME

Oh have you smelled the new-mown hay  
As you went swiftly to the train?  
I always hate to go away,  
For I shan't walk for one long day  
Across that field again.

The neighbor's cow with dewy hide  
Looks pityingly at envious me,  
'Cause I must go while she may bide  
With scented stacks on every side  
As far as she can see.

Oh placid cow, I envy you  
Your hours by the hay-heaped rack.  
But still—, and this is oh so true,  
Perhaps you really never knew  
The joy of coming back.



## ROBIN, ROBIN

Robins in my garden all the winter time,  
 Draggie-feathered, hunted angle worms.  
Through the cold of early frost and rime  
 They tackled every kind of thing that squirms.

And I often wondered, coming in at dusk,  
 Why those robins chose to winter here,  
When their fellows flew through groves of orange  
 musk  
 Where summer lasts the whole long year.

Now the early summer sets the world in tune,  
 And I know at last what made the robins stay.  
For they've built themselves a nest in bridal June,  
 And their song grows clearer, sweeter every day.

They've nested in the cypress near the climbing rose,  
 And three blue eggs are cuddled to the breast  
Of the little mother, as each summer breeze that  
 blows  
 Rocks the cradle and its precious freight, to rest.

## SUPPER

I've cut the lawn and hosed the walk;  
    (How sweet the roses are!)  
The air seems full of drowsy neighbor talk;  
    (And there's the evening star!)

I've trimmed the hedge and scattered ash;  
    (The snails are bad this year!)  
It's time now—yes, up comes the kitchen sash—  
    And supper time is here.

Oh this is good; the day's work through,  
    The garden put to bed;  
A whole long evening just between us two;  
    To dream and plan ahead.

BRODIAEA TIME  
IN BURLINGAME

Pussywillow time has come and gone;  
The johnny-jump-ups all are dead;  
And in the summer's dewy dawn  
No pale calchortus lifts a flowered head.

But in the fields of browning, seeded grass,  
One flower blooms, bright, sturdy, and serene;  
For, as the singing trade winds pass,  
The brodiaeas reflect the blue sky's sheen.

Oh, gardens are most beautiful,  
And daisy laws are fair;  
But the brodiaeas in Burlingame,  
When summer hills are bare,

Have caught the shadow of the sky  
When not a cloud will pass,  
And the brodiaeas in Burlingame,  
Hide heaven in the grass.

## SUMMER

I went a-field when Burlingame  
    Wore spring's new scarf of green and gold  
And poppy meadows were aflame  
    With beauty that cannot grow old.

The lion-hided summer hills  
    Crouch silent by the laughing bay—  
A silence that the trade wind fills  
    As the blue waters steal away.

The poppy fires of spring, I knew,  
    Were wonderful. But oh, to me  
The tawn hills by the bay's still blue  
    Are more than spring could ever be.

---

**BURLINGAME**

Stillness, and the cool of dew ;  
    Dawn-freshness over dahlia plots ;  
Roosters laughing as they see  
    Commuters run cross-lots.

Hills lovelier than Gilead,  
    All modest, fringed with trees,  
With scarves of fog about their crests—  
    The Georgette of the breeze.

Whimsey smoke that steals aloft  
    On highways of thin air—  
For Burlingame, as all men know,  
    Has good roads everywhere.

Oh Burlingame, home of my home,  
    Your eucalyptus trees, like men,  
March proudly up the county road,  
    And then march home again.

## COME DOWN TO BURLINGAME

Come down, come down, to Burlingame,  
When dahlias paint the ways,  
Starring the homeward paths with flame,  
And golden, sunshot haze;  
And banks of dawn-pink, hiding rays  
Of dark Black Beauty's light,  
And collarettes, dim disks of praise;  
Oh what a rainbow sight!

Come down, come down, when dahlias grow  
And proudly stand to raise  
Large, floppy heads in row on row  
Of beauty-light arrays  
Of Sea Bright, Tevis, with a glaze  
From Copper King's dull blooms,  
And rhythmic patterns, through the maze,  
From Golden Rod's gay looms.

Come down, come down, when Twin Sixteen  
Its maiden homage pays  
To Jupiter's imperious sheen  
Beneath Seduction's gaze,  
Or Mercy's floret-tinsled sprays,  
Or Sweet Remembrance, without stint,  
Lovely as far-heard roundelays;—  
Or Delices, tipped with a second tint.

Come down, come down, when flowers flame  
In row on vivid row.  
Come down, come down to Burlingame  
Come down when dahlias grow.

**HOME TO  
BURLINGAME**

It's getting darker every night,  
And I like to come home in the dusk.  
How many roses have bloomed today—  
I can smell their fragrant musk.

The street is peaceful and quiet now;  
The evening star is my guide.  
The children have gone to supper and bed,  
As I hurry by outside.

Yes, there's a light in the parlor,  
And the baby's awake, I see.  
I wonder if I seem as good to home  
As home seems good to me?









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*Bequest* \*

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