



Homer Grunn

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY

> Frank J. Hart, President 806-808 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES

## At Sunrise

馬 馬 馬 縣

Not as in other climes the sun arises, Over these arid plains. But with a cloudless face the world surprises: And instant glory reigns When sudden from the far horizon blazes His flashing rim, Saluted by the meadow lark which raises, A matin hymn.

-William Hooper Howells.

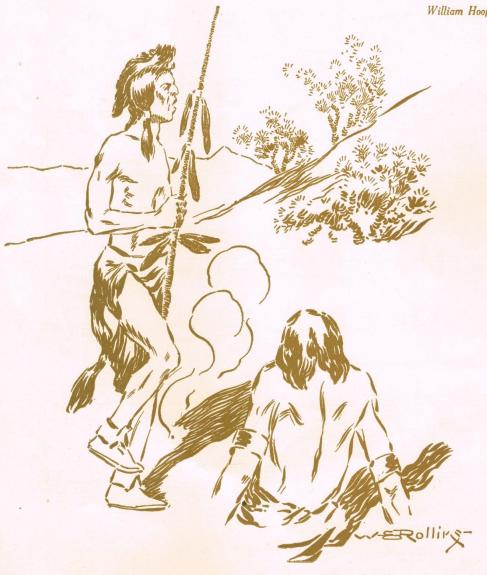


### Cholla Dance

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V /hen the drum in swift vibration Thobs a mystic beat, And in many a wild gyration Fly the Hoppi's feet, When around the cactus swaying Chiefs and braves unite, All the Cholla spell obeying, Far into the night, Then the Gods propitiated, Gods of earth and air, Bring the living rain belated, Answer to the prayer.

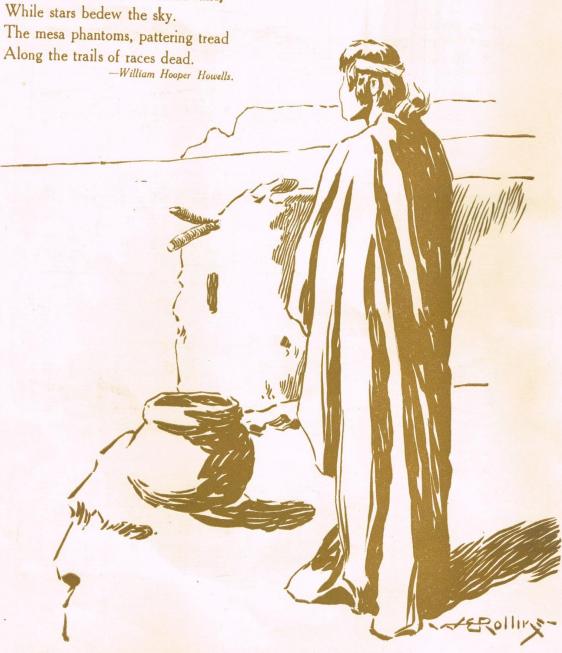
William Hooper Howells.



# On the Mesa

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A strange consolatory land,
So solemn, yet so kind.
The sibilation of the sand,
Through sifting fingers of the wind.
Makes silence more defined.
And when the veil of evening falls,
With insect nocturnes dry,
And voices wierd and cadent calls,
While stars bedew the sky.
The mesa phantoms, pattering tread
Along the trails of races dead.



## Mirage

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And the desert throbs in the heat,
And a scorching stillness wrings the soul,
And the hot sand burns the feet—
When the traveler turns in his last despair
To look for a spot of green,
And views through the torrid quivering air,
The world and the sky between—
A mirage of enchantment fair,
A vision of wood and wave;
And his heart leaps up at a sight so rare,
But he little knows 'tis a cruel snare,
The lovely lure to a grave.



### **Basis**

