

IN DEAR OLD
CALIFORNIA'S
SUNNY DELLS



WORDS
by

CHARLES E. ROYAL

5

PUBLISHED BY

THE LEE JOHNSON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO

SAN FRANCISCO

MUSIC
by

LEE JOHNSON

ALBERT and SON, SYDNEY SOLE AGENTS FOR AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND

“Remembrance”

By CHARLES E. ROYAL, Author of “In Dear Old California’s Sunny Dells”

1
As I sit here and write in this lone den
tonight,
Concentrating my thoughts on a story,
My memory in spite of me turns to the time
When I wrote not for wealth, but glory.
When heart throbs inspired each tale that I told,
When romantic lore filled the bowers,
When my own boyish glee wrote the wind’s
poetry
In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

2
In the long, long ago, e’re I knew care or
woe,
I wrote my soul’s story for pleasure.
Far down in my heart’s cozy corner it dwells,
Guarded all thro’ this life as a treasure.
But why should I not give it out to the world,
Bring to life all those dead happy hours,
Let my heart guide the pen, live my youth o’er again
In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

3
O’er my desk from the mould hangs a face framed in gold
Which has watched me write stories for years.
Its fond recollection inspires each tale,
Blends the pathos with laughter and tears.
’Tis the face of a girl whom I loved dear as life,
Who, now, sleeps beneath orange bowers.
Of my soul she’s still queen, and she once reigned supreme
In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

4
An artist was she, painting landscape and sea;
With Nature’s fair gifts she was laden.
We were happy as doves in each other’s love—
A light-hearted youth and maiden.
I wrote Nature’s songs while she would paint.
A life full of bliss was ours.
In sunshine or rain, we were sweethearts the same
In that sun-kissed land of flowers.

9
As I sit here and write in this lone den tonight,
I write not for wealth nor glory.
But I still love the girl, and I give to the world
My own heart’s dearest story.
It’s title I take from the depth of my soul.
O’er its memory my mind ever dwells.
’Tis the place I love best, where my loved one rests,
“IN DEAR OLD CALIFORNIA’S SUNNY DELLS.”



5
We both longed for fame to echo our names;
Our futures we planned—hers and mine.
Love’s old themes I’d write from morn until
night,
I poured out my soul in rhyme;
And she’d paint each scene, from Mt. Shasta
down
To the dells and shady bowers.
Each landscape seemed a poetic dream
In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

6
One summer’s day, while she painted away,
I wrote my heart’s dearest story:
I pictured the dell she had painted so well,
In all of its splendor and glory.
I told of the fairest flower of my heart,
Who slept ’neath those shady bowers—
The last sweet repose of my own darling Rose
In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

7
I little knew that my song would come true—
That she and I would sever;
That in the same dell she had painted so well
My beloved would sleep forever.
How cruel was fate to take my sweet mate,
To disturb such bliss as ours.
But my heart’s laid at rest with the one I love best
In that sun-kissed land of flowers.

8
I’ve tried to forget, but I still love her yet,
Tho’ I’ve wandered afar o’er the ocean.
Her memory remains, o’er my soul she still reigns,
With the love of a sweetheart’s devotion.
Thro’ the Alps’ scenes sublime and Italy’s clime,
I’ve dwelt ’neath the earth’s fairest bowers.
But my soul seeks repose by the side of my Rose
In the sun-kissed land of flowers.

NOTE.—The music to the song, “In Dear Old California’s Sunny Dells,” was written by Lee Johnson, one of the most popular composers of the day, who considers it far superior to any of his previous efforts, such as “Ramona,” “My Own,” “Rose of Killarney,” “Alone,” etc.; and the music loving public will find in the song, “In Dear Old California’s Sunny Dells,” Nature’s Ideal masterpiece, both in words and music, and it is the only song ever published worthy of being termed a true California song.

CALIFORNIA.

'Tis nature's Cozy Corner, 'neath Heaven's starlit sky,
Where violets and sweet blue bells and daisies never die;
'Tis the land of orange blossoms where Summer ever dwells,
The Golden Gate of Paradise, "California's Sunny Dells."

In Dear Old California's Sunny Dells.

SONG.
To Our Friends.

Words by CHARLES E. ROYAL.

Music by LEE JOHNSON.

Moderato.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in common time. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The piece concludes with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking.

First line of vocal notation in treble clef, corresponding to the first line of lyrics.

1. As I sit to - night re - flect - ing o'er the days be - yond re - call, In
2. Where the birds are al - ways sing - ing in the dells and sha - dy nooks, And the
3. In that sun - kissed land of flow - ers where the dew - drops kiss the rose, In my

Second system of piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in common time. The dynamics are marked 'p' (piano).

Second line of vocal notation in treble clef, corresponding to the second line of lyrics.

dear old Cal - i - for - nia's sun - ny dells, — Where the prim-rose breathes a greeting to the
gold - en sun-beams shine the whole day long; — Where the rip-pling of the wa - ter as it
dreams I of - ten wan - der as of yore; — And the rus-ling of the breez - es bids my

Third system of piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in common time.

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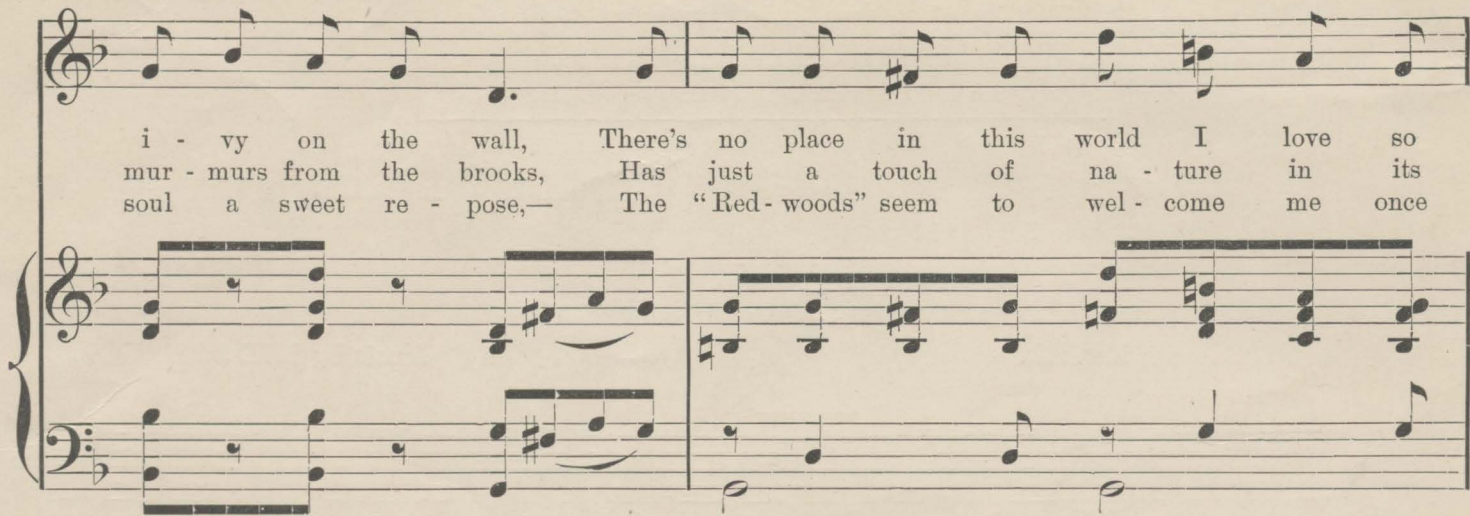
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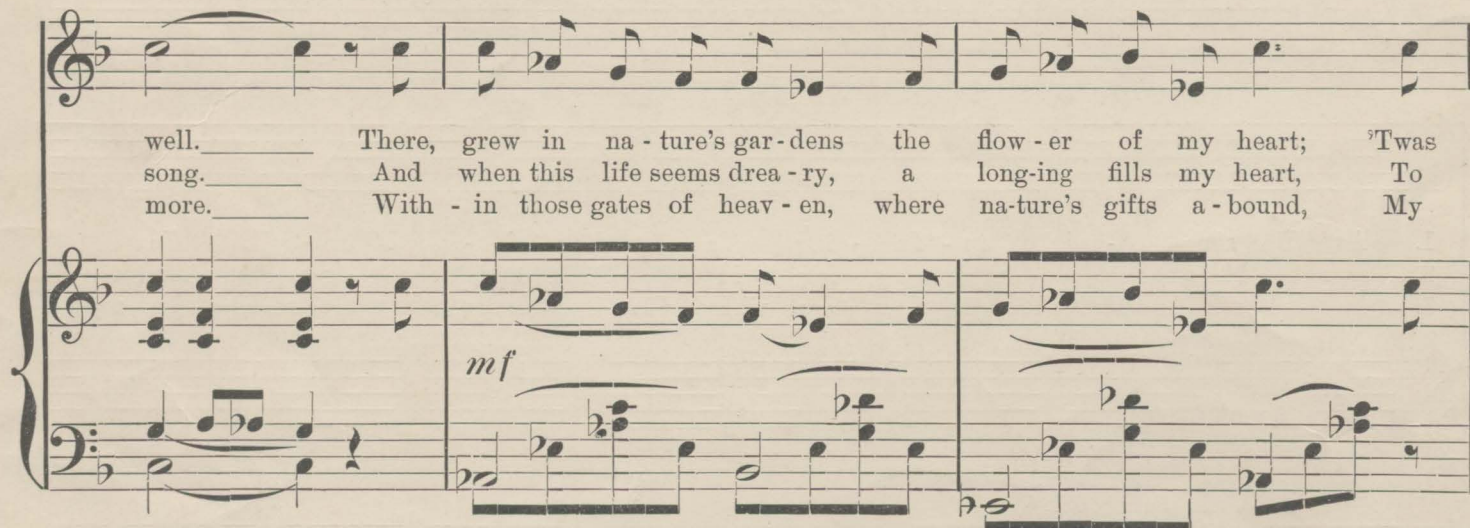
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223 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.



i - vy on the wall, There's no place in this world I love so
 mur - murs from the brooks, Has just a touch of na - ture in its
 soul a sweet re - pose,— The "Red - woods" seem to wel - come me once



well. There, grew in na - ture's gar - dens the flow - er of my heart; 'Twas
 song. And when this life seems drea - ry, a long - ing fills my heart, To
 more. With - in those gates of heav - en, where na - ture's gifts a - bound, My



there 'mid tears we told our fond fare-wells; — It would be a gleam of Par - a - dise to
 wan - der 'neath those skies I love so well; — Where my soul communed with nature, 'mid the
 mem - ry's dear - est fan - cy ev - er dwells; — For be - neath sweet or - ange blossoms sleeps my

In Dear Old California's Sunny Dells.

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see my love once more, In dear old Cal - i - for - nia's sun - ny dells.
 realms of Par - a - dise, In dear old Cal - i - for - nia's sun - ny dells.
 love for - ev - er - more, In dear old Cal - i - for - nia's sun - ny dells.

rit. poco a poco

CHORUS.

In dear old Cal - i - for - nia's sun - ny dells, Where my

mp

fond - est rec - col - lec - tion ev - er dwells, — 'Neath the moon-beam's mellow gleam, Life seems

rit.

one sweet gold - en dream, In dear old Cal - i - for - nia's sun - ny dells.

mf rit.

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