

Poetry from the Book "Little Chips" Volume 2, by Mrs Margaret Harkness Calder.

Mrs. Calder was formerly Margaret McDonald. Her mother was a sister of Mr. James Aitken.

A Wreath of Forget-Me-Nots

We lived in Owen Sound four years,  
Then in Annan, then in Leith,  
So it's forget-me-nots from there  
I will weave into a wreath;  
So please won't you bear with me,  
When you find my weavings wrong,  
For facts or dates or names, my friends,  
Just will not weave a song.

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I can't forget the Owen Sound Bay,  
The Hill Street school or store,  
The sheltering rocks around the town,  
The drives along the shore.

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The many many red brick homes,  
The many shady bowers,  
The large and spreading chestnut trees,  
The many ferns and flowers.

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I can't forget my Grandad's home,  
Snuggled back among the trees,  
I still can see their willows  
Dancing in the evening breeze;  
I still remember Cannon's farm,  
And that of James Grady's  
And also William Keefer's place,  
And that of Andrew Speedy's

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I still can see the Annan School  
And the boys who went there then-  
Oh how they did delight to tease!  
Tho' they were almost men.  
Who could forget the Ross store,  
Or Campbell's, the shoemaker,  
Or Richie Hogg or Mary Hogg,  
Our quiet, good dressmaker?

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Who could forget the blacksmith shop or Mr. Charles Lemon?  
The church and the parsonage or Dr. Fraser either?  
The Speedy store, and Dr. Sloans,  
The Cathraes and the Riddles?  
The pretty view from Annan road,  
And that of T.J. Harkness!  
The old Wright mill, the Annan hill,  
These all are memory's pictures!

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I still could find the path to Leith,  
Round Grandad's corn and grain,  
And when I've time I mean to walk  
O'er that old path again;  
It took one past the Julian home,  
Through pasture field and lane;  
Twas such a pretty quiet walk  
In sunshine or in rain.

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How many folks have walked to Leith  
From Ross' to the school,  
Up open road, o'er Harkness creek,  
Then through a woods so cool?  
Who forget the Cameron's pump  
Or yet the Cameron store,  
The Rixon home, the old mill pond,  
And the sandy bathing shore?