

Page 2 A Wreath of Forget-Me-Nots

One can't forget the winding creek,
 That flowed past John McKeen's
 The hawthorn hedge along their place,
 Or their lawn and evergreens;
 We can't forget the Thompson's place,
 Not for the farm alone,
 But paintings by the Thompson men
 Are found in every home.

 We can't forget the Rutherford's
 William McKeen's or the Mitchell's
 The Day's and Kemps and Cameron's,
 The McNeil's and Reid's and Veitche's;
 We can't forget the red brick church,
 Or the cool refreshing spring,
 It seems to me I Can't forget
 A solitary thing.

 What man or woman can forget
 Our happy days in school,
 The time we barred the teacher out,
 Or hit him with a rule?
 And who forgets on Arbor days,
 How we'd sweep and dust and clean,
 Then rake the yard and plant some trees
 Some now are large and green.

 And we can't forget the campers!
 Some have been there forty years,
 And if I'm not mistaken,
 Flemings were the pioneers,
 They paved the way and other folks,
 Soon built upon Leith shore,
 And very soon our village hummed
 Especially at the store.

 Tis somewhat over thirty years,
 Since we left Leith to stay
 So we saw many changes
 As we drove along the bay;
 The evergreens have grown so!
 And campers everywhere!
 The "Bummer's Roost" saw was gone,
 But the willow tree was there.

 The old grist mill is quite at rest,
 The creek is almost dry;
 Some things have changed, that I know best
 And I could see just why;
 I did not see the old, old school,
 Or even the old well,
 Nor did I see the old playmates there
 Or hear the old school bell.

Dedicated to Elizabeth Ross of Leith
 "Little Chips" Volume 2 was published in 1941,
 in the United States.