

"ELMBROW"

Composed by Donald A. MacKenzie, blind poet of Churchville, Pictou Co., N.S.

When summer comes to Elmbrow
It often times comes quick,
Tho time taught sage anticipates
No weather men predict.

The robins and the swallows knew
O'er fields and ocean foam,
From far in happy faith they flew,
To build their summer home.

But summer strides across the sky
Nor pauses to explain
Or make excuse or tell us why
It just comes back again.

And oh I love thee, Elmbrow,
And hopelessly I yearn,
To come with summer to thee now
And hand in hand return.

For fifty years my chosen home
small wonder thou art dear
or that in dreams, thy fields I roam
To re-establish here.

For I sought and thought and planned
Thy beauty to bequeath
And eagerly with careful hand
I planted shrub and treet.

Here mother gave for three decades
Her toil and watchful care
And Archie gave from dawn till shades
Of night, his heavy share.

Our feebler father did his part
As ever was his want
And wisely chose him for a start
Our ragged highway front.

From Alder bush and rotting trash
His patient plodding toil
Evolved from this unsightly mass
A mellow, fruitful soil.

Oh, not that Elmbrow we found,
Was free from fault or flaw,
With all creation we were bound
By universal law.

For nothing in this fleeting life,
Can be from discord free,
And only in the life to come,
Is perfect harmony.

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And only in the life to come,
Is perfect harmony.

Oh Elmbrow, the home I love,
I fain would be with thee,
From thee, would rise to Heaven above,
When Christ shall come for me.

October 15th, 1963

D.A.M'K to J.G.R.