

Lake Scugog, Sept. 1950.

This then is Scugog; This the lake
I've looked for with such longing.
The passing years an interest take,
With all the memories thronging.
The water still reflects the lights,
Afar 'cross Scugog island,
Somehow I feel the sounds and sights,
The same upon the highland.

The bus passed on from Bowmanville,
Through Blackstock and to Kurketon,
The rows of maples stand there still,
Past farms my parents worked on.
The cedars still stand in the vales,
Here is a mill with new logs,
Not all the storms or season's gales,
Have changed the lake of Scugog.

My soul was pleased to find that here,
That light Of Inspiration,
That gleam that proved to youth so dear,
Has still it's expectation.
To me in seemed that field and lake,
Gave feeling ~~belonging~~, of belonging,
Fresh courage from this land I take;
The Purple Hills of longing.

Upon Lake Scugog as I stand,
Beside the shore reviewing,
What vast means the Master planned,
And still keeps on renewing.
The placid lake makes, double, sails,
Reflected 'cross the gleaming,
And on the morrow, far dim vales,
Will still enrich my dreaming.

I feel that here the "Hills of Home",
Are round about me lying,
And though across the land I roam,
My thoughts come back, a-flying. (a-flying).
From highest hill the lake I view,
Ontario!! Blue in mooning,
That blue and green are ever new,
The hills and vales adorning.

Somehow, the sunshine through the trees,
That stand on wayside border,
Brings thoughts of loved ones, like a breeze,
That sets the soul in order.
My mother's Spirit comes to me,
Like wind from far-off places,
'Twas here she lived her life so free,
With friendly names and places.

These mighty trees along the way,
Tell where my grandsire planted,
And gave his best, to help the day,
When he would be supplanted,
Pray now to God, we will not fail,
To keep what they created;
And while on future's sea we sail,
Their praise shall be related.
(George Henry Hambley).