

Remembrances of Sydenham

Ten long years,
It now appears,
Since in Sydenham I passed my days;
In youth prime,
That happy time,
Was spent in jovial ways.

Our country seat,
At the foot of the street,
Near the centre of the garden stood;
In style plain,
Built of frame,
But its comforts inside were good.

A garden of flowers,
With pretty bowers,
Encompassed the house all 'round;
Add to these,
Many fruit trees
Scattered over its cultivated ground.

I can ne'er forget,
The rivulet,
The waters of that pretty lake;
The sun doth beam,
On this lovely stream,
And the waves on the shoal doth break.

Oft I would rove,
Through field and grove,
Until the green point I would reach;
There I would stay,
Sometimes half a day,
Exploring and wandering about the beach.

Then for a stroll,
Along the shoal,
And soon in the woods I would be;
The gentle breeze
Swinging the trees,
Through which I could scarcely see.

On every side,
When out for a ride,
With many pretty places I would meet;
With their own hands,
Improved their lands,
Till finally they are complete.

In summer time,
I would often climb,
Up the top of Switzer's hills;
From this mound,
Scenery lies all 'round,
Giving a view of the village and its mills.

Alas, tis a treat,
At a country seat,
My hours to spend once in a while;
Their welcome voice
I do rejoice,
To meet again with their happy smile.

.....George W. Yarker,
Kingston, December 1855.