

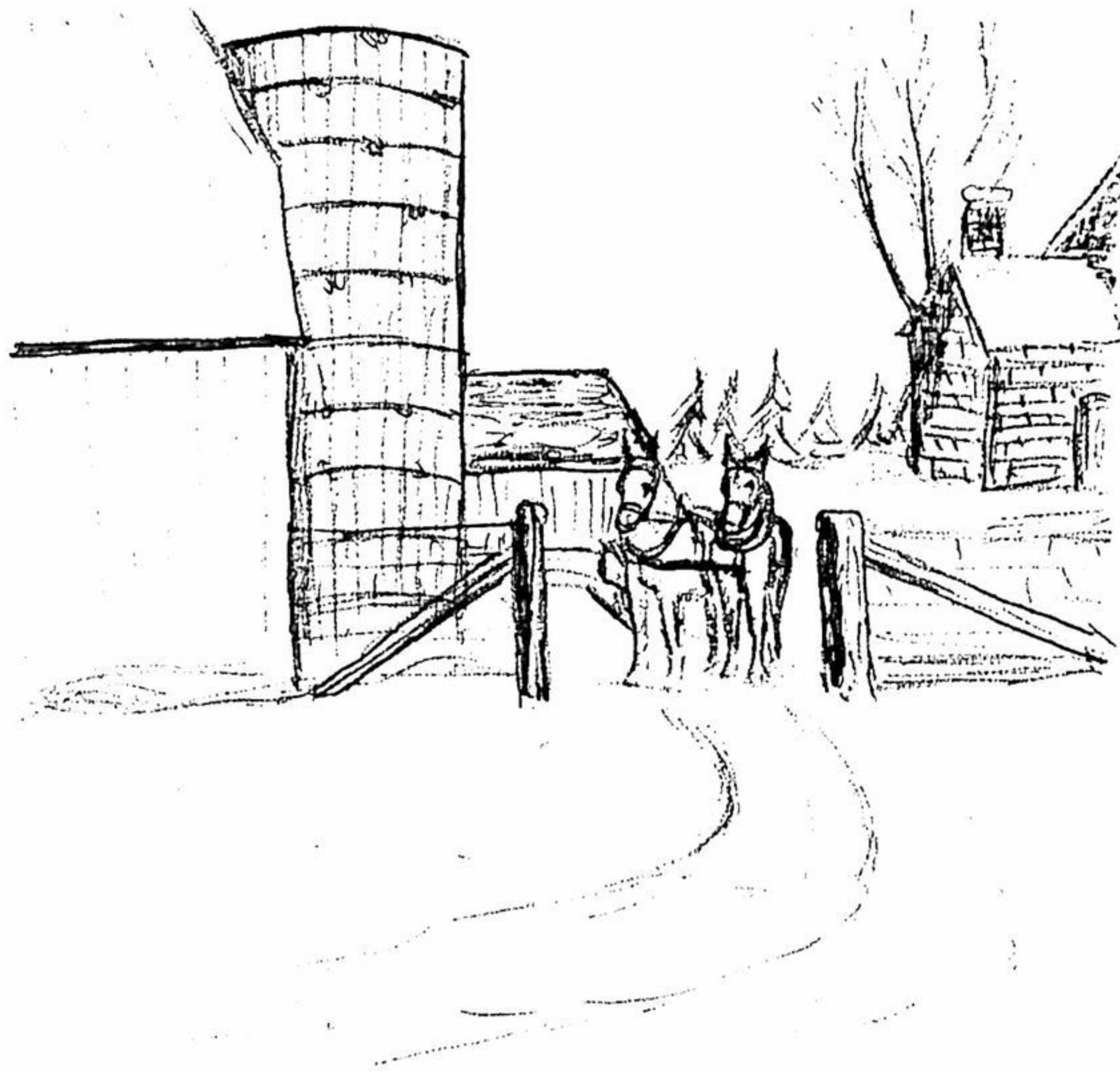
TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER
BY Edwin Weir

In Jan. 1966, I wrote to Mr. T. E. Weir who lives in Edmonton, and asked him how he came to write this poem. Here is a quote from his letter.

"You know how it is when a young swain falls in love with a pretty blonde. He takes to writing poetry. With me it was different. I was in love with my lovely Torbolton- hence my poetic efforts. I was Carp Review correspondent at the time." He sent me other memories which are recorded elsewhere in this book.(H.W.)

I'm weary of this Western life,
The hurry din and bustle,
I'm weary of the threshing gangs,
The crowds that shout and hustle.
Oh I'm longing to be home again
Where times are really better,
In Torbolton's fairest township
TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER.

I'd like to see the folks again,
And hear the children chatter,
And ^{when} the youngest child would cry,
Say to it, "What's the matter?"
The old time chores from house to barn



Even when I used to shiver,
In the cold and dreary days,
Torbolton by the river.

I'm thinking of the folks these times,
Of Christmas and New Year's.
I wonder if they think of me
Where they say the country's freer.
But I tell you folks, I'd like again
To see those faces clever,
And mingle with the girls and boys
In Torbolton by the river.

I'd like to hear old collie bark,
And hear the cat's meowing,



And take my Father's big gray team,
Across the hills to ploughing.

