

TO MY FATHER

James Norman Robert Turnbull

Brown grass blowing on the hill,
Old trails to follow by a stream;
Memories come flowing back at will,
Heart's wild fancy ends in dream.

Downward winds the old, old trail,
Boyhood's steps are man's steps now,
Faltering, fumbling, somewhat frail,
Whitening hair o'er wrinkled brow.

Long years passing leaving all their mark,
Familiar hills have changed but little yet
Still the old, old trail stands out stark,
Boyhood tears on the man's cheek wet.

One is missing from the old familiar scene,
A face well loved but long since shut away;
Yearning hearts are lonely when spring is green,
Fish unmolested, plunge in river spray.

Could all the world be mine to give away,
Freedom of tortured mind I'd wish for you,
That you could once again catch fish and play,
All the long, lovely June days through.

Something of your spirit lingers still,
On that quiet trail which old Thor trod,
I know that someday ~~over~~ that windswept hill
You, in your freedom, will walk again with God.

Nov. 16th 1941.

Died - July 1943

Written after walking over the old trail leading to the Mouth of the Silver Creek where it joins the Assiniboine River, Manitoba. I had not been over the trail since the last time there with my Father in the summer of 1913, twenty eight years ago. We used to often go fishing there driving the nine miles from the farm in the buggy behind "Thor" one of my Father's best driving horses.

Norman L. Turnbull.



LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
WINNIPEG

To Dad.
November 16/1941
A.L.J.

Brown grass blowing on the hill,
Old trails to follow by a stream;
Memories come flowing back at will,
Hearts wild fancy ends in dream.

Slowly winds the old, old trail,
Boyhood's steps are many steps now,
Faltering stumbling somewhat frail,
Whitening hair & wrinkled brow.

Long years passing, leaving all their mark.
Familiar hills have changed but with yet
Still the old old trail stands out stark
Boyhood tears on the man's cheek wet
One is missing from old familiar scene
A face most loved ^{now} ~~just~~ shut ~~far~~ away
Yearning hearts are lonely when spring is green
First unobscured plunge in river spray

Could all the world be mine to give away
Freedom of tortured mind I'd wish for you
That you could once again patch pie and play
All the long, lonely gone days through.

Something of your spirit lingers still
On that old trail that old Thor road
I know that someday on that window-sill
You in your freedom will ^{walk} again with God.