

ST. MARY'S RIVER

by Douglas Mahar | Sonora, NS - 1988

As Don Archibald said, "there is something about the St. Mary's River that touches my very being". In the following poem, Douglas Mahar of Sonora describes some of his feelings about the river.

In the land of Nova Scotia
there is beauty there to see,
where the river of St. Mary's
it does flow down to the sea.
You will hear the song birds singing
in the trees of evergreen,
by these waters of St. Mary's
fed by many lakes and streams.

Here it flows in all its splendour
from the lakes at Lochaber,
from the garden there called Eden,
and the land of Trafalgar.
As it winds by hills and farmlands
and flows through valleys green,
these here waters of St. Mary's
fed by many lakes and streams.

I have sat upon its banks
on a fine warm summer day
where it flows and spreads its beauty
to the waters of the bay.
All its treasures and its splendour
God has made for you and me,
where the river of St. Mary's
it does flow down to the sea.

As you gaze upon each hillside
there is beauty to behold,
when the leaves have turned to crimson
and are tinted with some gold.
It's a wonder of creation
and how thankful we should be,
for the river of St. Mary's

where it flows down to the sea.
It holds treasures and fond memories
of days that are gone by,
of those days of pulp and lumber
when they had the river drives.
Once the tall ships sailed its waters-
these are things that used to be,
on the river of St. Mary's
where it flows down to the sea.

It is noted for its fishing
there the salmon they do run,
and the sportsmen they do gather
when vacation time has come.
To have some fun and pleasure
and from world cares to be free.
On these waters of St. Mary's
where they flow down to the sea.