

Sycamore Affair

A Sycamore tree is easy to spy
Being one of the few trees white
Then there is its majestic size
Elbowed limbs that crook crabwise
It colonizes along river and streams
Not only because of the moisture it seems
For they must know beavers find them not tasty
And prefer oaks beech and maple rather hasty

In Indiana a particular stream is found
Where Sycamore beauty abounds
On banks of the Wabash there resided
Musical Paul Dresser who thus provided
A song elevating the beauty unseeming
of Candlelight shining rare and gleaming
Though sycamores near his Indiana home
With fragrance of hay fields he had roamed

Thus to me in my armchair travels
Humming the tune as it unravels
Recalling sites and places dear
Fond relics of past decades appear
Good fortune of friends and family befalling
And in closing my eyes I am recalling
Comfort thought in this place swelling
As candlelight through Sycamores is dwelling