

Reflections

Sitting here, an old man, dozing in my chair
I think about Malaya and the days that I spent there
Memories curling in my head of days when I was young
Of days I spent in happiness; of songs that I have sung

Malays, Chinese and Indians regardless of thier race
They are all Malaysians beneath the sun's warm grace
I think about the climate; those sunny, balmy days
Recalling all the people; their dwellings and their ways

I think about the jungle; green and damp and lush
No-one dashing here and there, no-one in a rush
I can see the paddy fields, square mirrors in the sun
Happy children in the kampongs, laughing, having fun

I think about the shoreline, that golden, sparkling strand
And balmy days spent swimming and lazing in the sand
Of tinkling Temple bells and Mosques with domes and spires
I can still smell the east; spiced dishes on charcoal fires

For Malaya's deep within my heart; fond memories I retain
I hope that you can understand - and this must sound insane
It was a time of strife and war, but still I must declare
If it hadn't been for that, then I'd never have been there

Ernie Yeomans