

ADDRESS TO JOHN IMRIE, BY A BROTHER BARD.

From DONALD F. SMITH, Camlachie, Ont.

JOHN IMRIE, ye're a gifted chiel,
Yer clinkin' sangs I loe them weel,
Ye needna' heed the woralt's heel,
 Wi' a' her wrangs,
For ye could earn yer meat an' meal
 Jist writin' sangs.

There's mony poets in oor lan'
Jist made o' common lime an' san',
But, Jock, ye're jist the mettel drawn
 An' shappit weel,
By guid Dame Nater's honest han',
 Frae head to heel.

It's sweetly dae ye gar it clink,
Wi' pathos yoked to ilka link,
Lang may yer canty muse aye blink
 Sae blyth an' clear,
Till ye're out o'er Parnassus' brink
 Withoot a peer.

Ye dinna praise thae daft M.P.'s,
Wha hae a 'nack o' tellin' lees,
But aye ye sing the Muse to please
 As suits thysel',
An' how ye dae it wi' sich ease
 I canna tell.

Some poets praise prood fashion's wiles,
Or court aristocratic smiles,
An' never heed the han' that toils,
 But this ye'll grant—
Wherever vanity beguiles
 The muse is scant.

Gie me the poet wha can sing
O' Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Or spread with a majestic wing
 The patriot's page,
An', hark, ye'll hear his echoes ring
 Frae age to age.

Gie me a bardie like yersel',
Ye sing but why ye canna tell,
But when ye tak' the musey spell
 Ye hae the airt
O' touchin' aye the inmost cell
 O' ilka heart.