

**AN ODE TO EX-MAYOR ROACH.**

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I have been thinking a long while sir, about your  
liberal heart and hand ;  
Your charities in Hamilton have always been so  
grand ;  
You have not known men, sir, by their color nor  
their creed,  
But in their hour of want you have supplied their  
need.

When you were elected mayor, sir, our streets were  
very rough,  
But by your vim and enterprise they are now almost  
smooth enough.  
You did not forget the heathen, sir, in the lands so  
far away ;  
But in the missionary box your thousands you did lay  
I know you love this country, sir, Hamilton, Toronto  
the best ;  
But they want some men like you out in the great  
Northwest  
To help them in their toil of love, to join them in  
their prayers,  
And in the lovely autumn days to open up their fairs.  
May God spare your life, sir, for many more useful  
years,  
And help you to scatter the beautiful flowers over  
the doubts and fears,  
And be gathered home at last, sir, to the land that is  
free from tears.