

IS THERE ROOM FOR THE POET?

Is there room for the poet, fair Canada's sons,
To live his strange life, and to warble his songs,
To follow each current of thought as it runs,
And to sing of your victories, glories and wrongs?

Is there room for the poet, ye senators grave?
Ye orators, statesmen and law-makers, say;
May he of the calling so gentle e'er crave
Your patronage, and of your kindness a ray?

Ye toilers in cities, ye workers in fields,
Who handle the hammer, the pen or the plow,
Can the poet implicitly trust, as he yields
His heart, and his hopes, and his name to you now?

Wilt thou pardon his follies, forgive him his faults
In manners, in habits, in distance and time?
For when on his charger, Pegasus, he vaults,
He rises o'er reason's safe, temperate clime.

He will sing of his country, his people and thine,
Exalt, if you aid him, your honor and fame.
Your sympathy, acting like purest of wine,
Will urge him to joyously sing of your name.

His case is peculiar, stern fate has been hard,
His body unfitted for labours of men,
His mind, with the sensitive make of the bard,
Unfitted for aught, but the work of the pen.

He singeth, but yet he must live, as he sings;
He hath wants of the earth, that must be supplied;
And tho' 'tis an offering most humble he brings,
He hopes that your favors will not be denied.