

Patriotic Odes.

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Nae hackneyed theme my pen inspires,
But one 'twould grace the deathless lyers
Of bards whose music never tires,
As years roll on ;
The muse finds a' her pet desires—
In guid Sir John.

A statesman in the highest sense,
Wi' wisdom ripe and wit immense,
And patriotic heart intense,
He stands alone :
A foe tae shallow, sham pretence,
Leal auld Sir John.

He holds the sceptre o' command
Wi' firm yet wi' gentle hand ;
A leader born, his plans will stand
To build upon ;
His grasp o' things is vast and grand,
Wise auld Sir John.

His heid's filled fu' o' classic lore,
His soul is generous tae the core,
Nae dour, dull, dry, dogmatic bore,
Wi' heart o' stone ;
On Reason's wings his fancies soar,
Sage auld Sir John.

He wastes nae time in senseless havers,
Nor condescends tae clashmaclevers,
What e'er he says wi' wisdom savors
And lofty tone ;
Mean personal spleen he treats as blethers,
Brave auld Sir John.

Nae mountibank wi' idle dreams,
Where self is first in a' his schemes,
And think tae mak' bombastic screams
For sense atone ;
Such hollow cant he lightly deems,
Grand auld Sir John.

Nae selfish ends his words conceal,
As a' his measures do reveal,
Tae doubt this truth, the very de'il
Could not be known ;
His dearest thought's his country's weal,
Dear auld Sir John.

Is there a sour concieted sump
Wha at these words would mutter " humph,"
Just let the numskull growl and groan,
And grunt and grumph,
Among Canadian sons he's triumph—
Great auld Sir John.