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# Doggerel Character Sketch

YARMOUTH, N. S.

*By C. H. Robbins.*

Many poems have been written, and songs have been made  
About Yarmouth's dead heroes, but I'm not afraid  
To make a short rhyme about some who are living  
So that they can enjoy it; but I have a misgiving  
That some might not take it just as it's intended,  
So I'd like to ask of those who are offended  
To remember that rhymers great licence must take  
With any old word the right metre to make,  
So if you don't like it, I swear by St. Peter  
I am not to blame,—it's the fault of the metre.

I suppose the biggest man in the town should come first;—  
He may be the best or he may be the worst,—  
Who knows? Anyhow, he's our Mayor so grand,  
And His Worship Jake Grant is some swell in the land.  
No doubt he and his council board, all men of action,  
Will conduct town affairs to our great satisfaction.

No local poem is complete less Maggie Kelley;  
She's got a big heart, and she makes prize jelly.  
We hope when she dies she'll go right to Glory,  
But she won't stay long if there's one wee tory.

An experienced poet would have a great time  
With Dr. Perrin, and no doubt make a rhyme  
That would take one more than a week to read,  
And be most interesting and funny indeed;  
But being only amateur, and not very courageous,  
I don't dare to deal with things so outrageous;  
So I'll let him alone, the rabid old tory,  
And consign him with "Mag" to a home in Glory.

Dr. Bambrick comes in for a big honest boast;  
He's the very best man at after dinner toast.  
But for coffee and cake and lots of it—don't smile—  
Harold Spears and Cora Powers have them all skun a mile.

No modern Yarmouthian who ever liked fish  
Will forget Louis Porter, and always will wish,  
That after a long life of toil, lift, and lug,  
He'll realize his ambition to "Git in wid de big bug."

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