

Can any wonder that men hesitate  
 To share the burdens of a public life ?  
 Remembering that such may be their fate,  
 After long years of worry, care, and strife,  
 No wonder that good men from such forbear,  
 When such ingratitude may be their share.

But still, I do not blame you, Mr. C—— :  
 There was just cause ; or, how did you succeed  
 In polling such a great majority ?  
 But still, I would advise you, take good heed ;  
 For they are wise who 'gainst their foes keep guard,  
 And you have many in St. Clement's Ward.

You're not a stranger in our Council Hall,  
 Nor yet a raw recruit in civic strife ;  
 Your spurs were won before in breeze and squall—  
 Mid quirks and quibbles of a city life ;  
 And, still unheeding chance of scath or scar,  
 Again you boldly buckle for the war.

And, manfully, we all admit 'tis true,  
 With charger well in hand, and lance so free—  
 As fresh as when you first made your *debut*—  
 You rush upon the foe, whoe'er he be ;  
 And pity him with whom you try a tilt,  
 For you will run your weapon to the hilt.

A modern Quixote thou, and blunt of speech,  
 And sharp of finding out what's done amiss ;  
 Dealing out blows to all within thy reach—  
 Caring not whether we applaud or hiss ;  
 And such men, now-a-days, are far too few,  
 And so, dear sir, we doubly welcome you.