

Classic Poetry Series

James McIntyre

- poems -

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American Poets: Longfellow

Like fruit that's large and ripe and mellow,
Sweet and luscious is Longfellow,
Melodious songs he oft did pour,
And high was his Excelsior.
He shows us in his psalm of life
The folly of our selfish strife;
With Hiawatha we bewail
His suffering in great Indian tale;
Indian nation was forlorn
Till great spirit planted corn.

James McIntyre

Dairy Ode

Our muse it doth refuse to sing
Of cheese made early in the spring,
When cows give milk from spring fodder
You cannot make a good cheddar.

The quality is often vile
Of cheese that is made in April,
Therefore we think for that reason
You should make later in the season.

Cheese making you should delay
Until about the first of May.
Then cows do feed on grassy field
And rich milk they abundant yield.

Ontario cannot compete
With the Northwest in raising wheat,
For cheaper there they it can grow
So price in future may be low.

Though this a hardship it may seem,
Rejoice that you have got the cream,
In this land of milk and honey,
Where dairy farmers do make money.

Utensils must be clean and sweet,
So cheese with first class can compete,
And daily polish up milk pans,
Take pains with vats and with milk cans.

And it is important matter
To allow no stagnant water,
But water from pure well or stream
The cow must drink to give pure cream.

Canadian breeds 'tis best to pair
With breeds from the shire of Ayr,
They thrive on our Canadian feed
And are for milking splendid breed.

Though 'gainst spring cheese some do mutter,
Yet spring milk also makes bad butter,
Then there doth arise the query
How to utilize it in the dairy.

The milk it floats in great spring flood
Though it is not so rich and good,
Let us be thankful for this stream
Of milk and also curds and cream.

All dairymen their highest aims
Should be to make the vale of Thames,

Where milk doth so abundant flow,
Dairyland of Ontario.

James McIntyre

English Poets: Shelley

We have scarcely time to tell thee
Of the strange and gifted Shelley,
Kind hearted man, but ill-fated,
So youthful drowned and cremated.

James McIntyre

Ensilage

The farmers now should all adorn
A few fields with sweet southern corn,
It is luscious, thick and tall,
The beauty of the fields in fall.

For it doth make best ensilage,
For those in dairying engage
It makes the milk in streams to flow,
Where dairymen have a good silo.

The cow is a happy rover
O'er the fields of blooming clover,
Of it she is a fond lover,
And it makes the milk pails run over.

James McIntyre

Father Ranney, the Cheese Pioneer

When Father Ranney left the States,
In Canada to try the fates,
He settled down in Dereham,
Then no dairyman lived near him;
He was the first there to squeeze
His cow's milk into good cheese,
And at each Provincial show
His famed cheese was all the go.

Then long life to Father Ranney
May he wealth and honour gain aye.

He always took the first prize
Both for quality and size,
But many of his neighbors
Now profit by his labors,
And the ladies dress in silk
From the proceeds of the milk,
But those who buy their butter,
How dear it is, they mutter.

Then long life to Father Ranney
May he wealth and honour gain aye.

Now we close this glorious theme,
This song of curds and rich cream,
You can buy your hoops and screws,
And all supplies for dairy use,
Milk cans and vats, all things like these
In Ingersoll great mart for cheese,
Here buyers do congregate
And pay for cheese the highest rate.

So we call on you again aye,
To honor Father Ranney.

James McIntyre

Fertile Lands and Mammoth Cheese

In barren district you may meet
Small fertile spot doth grow fine wheat,
There you may find the choicest fruits,
And great, round, smooth and solid roots.

But in conditions such as these
You cannot make a mammoth cheese,
Which will weigh eight thousand pounds,
But where large fertile farms abounds.

Big cheese is synonymous name,
With the fertile district of the Thame,
Here dairy system's understood,
And they are made both large and good.

James McIntyre

Hints to Cheese Makers

Addressed to Jonathan Wingle, Esq.

All those who quality do prize
Must study color, taste and size
And keep their dishes clean and sweet,
And all things round their factories neat,
For dairymen insist that these
Are all important points in cheese.

Grant has here a famous work
Devoted to the cause of pork.
For dairymen find that it doth pay
To fatten pigs upon the whey,
For there is money raising grease
As well as in the making cheese.

James McIntyre

Irish Poets: Oliver Goldsmith

Goldsmith wrote Deserted Village,
Now again reduced to tillage;
Once happiest village of the plain,
Place now you look for it in vain;
There but one man he doth make rich,
And hundreds struggle in the ditch;

"Ill fare the land to many ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates but men decay."
His honest Vicar of Wakefield
Forever he will pleasure yield.

James McIntyre

Lines Read at a Dairymaids' Social, 1887

Where the young lady waiters were dressed as dairymaids.

Throughout the world they do extol
The fame of our town Ingersoll,
The capital of dairyland,
To-night it seems like fairy land,
The youth and beauty here arrayed,
So sweet and neat each dairymaid.

And worthy of a poet's theme,
Sweet and smooth flows milk and cream,
For song or glee what is fitter
In this land of cheese and butter,
But no young man should be afraid
To court a pretty dairymaid.

And far abroad he should not roam
But find a charmer here at home,
Find some one now your heart to cheer,
Thus celebrate the jubilee year,
Remember long this ladies' aid
And each bewitching dairymaid.

James McIntyre

Lines Read at a Dairymen's Supper

It almost now seems all in vain
For to expect high price for grain,
Wheat is grown on Egyptian soil
On the banks of mighty Nile.

And where the Ganges it doth flow,
In India fine wheat doth grow,
And the price of labor is so cheap
That it they can successful reap.

Then let the farmers justly prize
The cows for land they fertilize,
And let us all with songs and glees
Invoke success into the cheese.

James McIntyre

Mrs. Moody

When this country it was woody,
Its great champion, Mrs. Moody,
She showed she had both pluck and push,
In her work, roughing in the bush.

For there all alone she will dwell,
At time McKenzie did rebel,
Outbreak her husband strove to quell --
Her own grand struggles she doth tell.

Round bush life she threw a glory,
Pioneer renowned in story;
But her tale it is more cheering
When she wrote about the clearing.

Her other sister, Mrs. Traill,
Though eighty-six, she doth not fail;
She now is writing of wild flowers
Grown in Canada's woody bowers.

James McIntyre

Nova Scotia

If you are sulky, Nova Scotia,
We'll gladly let you float away
From out our Confederation;
You sicken us with sily agitation.
If any more our patience you do tax
We'll let you go to Halifax.

James McIntyre

Ode on the Mammoth Cheese

We have seen the Queen of cheese,
Laying quietly at your ease,
Gently fanned by evening breeze --
Thy fair form no flies dare seize.

All gaily dressed soon you'll go
To the great Provincial Show,
To be admired by many a beau
In the city of Toronto.

Cows numerous as a swarm of bees --
Or as the leaves upon the trees --
It did require to make thee please,
And stand unrivalled Queen of Cheese.

May you not receive a scar as
We have heard that Mr. Harris
Intends to send you off as far as
The great World's show at Paris.

Of the youth -- beware of these --
For some of them might rudely squeeze
And bite your cheek; then songs or glees
We could not sing o' Queen of Cheese.

We'rt thou suspended from baloon,
You'd cast a shade, even at noon;
Folks would think it was the moon
About to fall and crush them soon.

James McIntyre

Oxford Cheese Ode

The ancient poets ne'er did dream
That Canada was land of cream,
They ne'er imagined it could flow
In this cold land of ice and snow,
Where everything did solid freeze,
They ne'er hoped or looked for cheese.

A few years since our Oxford farms
Were nearly robbed of all their charms,
O'er cropped the weary land grew poor
And nearly barren as a moor,
But now the owners live at ease
Rejoicing in their crop of cheese.

And since they justly treat the soil,
Are well rewarded for their toil,
The land enriched by goodly cows,
Yie'ds plenty now to fill their mows,
Both wheat and barley, oats and peas
But still their greatest boast is cheese.

And you must careful fill your mows
With good provender for your cows,
And in the winter keep them warm,
Protect them safe all time from harm,
For cows do dearly love their ease,
Which doth insure best grade of cheese.

To us it is a glorious theme
To sing of milk and curds and cream,
Were it collected it could float
On its bosom, small steam boat,
Cows numerous as swarm of bees
Are milked in Oxford to make cheese.

James McIntyre

Prologue

My friends, we sing Canadian themes,
For in them we proudly glory;
Her lakes, her rivers and her streams,
Worthy of renown in story.
And in these leaves we hope is strewn
Some wheat among the chaff
And maple boughs, by rude axe hewn
Where one may find a rustic staff
To help him o'er the rugged lines.
Some see no beauties near to home,
But do admire the distant far -
They always love abroad to roam,
View glory in but far off star;
But, let it never be forgot
That distant hills, when closer seen,
Are after all a barren spot -
Not like your own hills, clad in green.
You'll find they are but idle dreams,
To search for happiness afar:
At home there's lovely lakes and streams,
Remain content now where you are.
At us we hope you will not rage
Because we sing of local charms
In each varied town and village,
As well as round our rural farms.
But our address it must be brief,
So we bid you now all adieu;
But, of our book, pray read each leaf,
Until the whole you have gone through;
Each one doth know it is not wise,
Though our song may not be vocal,
Chants of our home for to despise,
But prize them 'cause they are local.

James McIntyre

Prophecy of a Ten Ton Cheese

In presenting this delicate, dainty morsel to the imagination of the people, I believed that it could be realized. I viewed the machine that turned and raised the mammoth cheese, and saw the powerful machine invented by James Ireland at the West Oxford companies factory to turn the great and fine cheese he was making there. This company with but little assistance could produce a ten ton cheese.

Who hath prophetic vision sees
In future times a ten ton cheese,
Several companies could join
To furnish curd for great combine
More honor far than making gun
Of mighty size and many a ton.

Machine it could be made with ease
That could turn this monster cheese,
The greatest honour to our land
Would be this orb of finest brand,
Three hundred curd they would need squeeze
For to make this mammoth cheese.

So British lands could confederate
Three hundred provinces in one state,
When all in harmony agrees
To be pressed in one like this cheese,
Then one skillful hand could acquire
Power to move British empire.

But various curds must be combined
And each factory their curd must grind,
To blend harmonious in one
This great cheese of mighty span,
And uniform in quality
A glorious reality.

But it will need a powerful press
This cheese queen to caress,
And a large extent of charms
Hoop will encircle in its arms,
And we do not now despair,
But we shall see it at world's fair.

And view the people all agog, so
Excited o'er it in Chicago,
To seek fresh conquests queen of cheese
She may sail across the seas,
Where she would meet reception grand
From the warm hearts in old England.

James McIntyre

Windmills and Stone Stables

Cows suffered in the days of old
For want of water and from cold,
Now of good water they have fill
For it is pumped by the windmill.

No matter how well cows were fed
They suffered cold in their board shed,
But good stone walls now them enfold,
And they are warm and safe from cold.

Now they do enjoy their fodder,
And repay with their full udder,
If bran slops you on cow bestow
Of milk it will increase the flow.

And in your efforts do not halt
But let them daily lick the salt,
And never let the dogs them chase,
But let them walk at their quiet pace.

James McIntyre