

Title: Hail! Alliston!. Page 1/2

Creator: John C. Colgan

Subject: Alliston, John C. Colgan, Fagan, Colgan, Alliston's Centennial, Tecumseth.

Description: A poem written by John C. Colgan, better known as 'Fagan', some time during or before 1873. The community of Colgan located in Adjala-Tosorontio is named in his honour.

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The following poem was written by John C. Colgan, better known as "Fagan," some time during or before 1873.

HAIL! ALLISTON!

Hail! Alliston, centre of commerce and trade,
Young Queen of Tecumseth, where fortunes are made;
The sound of thy engines is heard from afar,
Like the onset of battle or clangour of war.
Thy fair, graceful daughters our homage command,
And thy temperate sons are the pride of our land;
No Loafer or Rowdy can flourish or thrive
Where all are as busy as bees in a hive—
Some driving the plane, others guiding the saw,
And some make a living expounding the law.
Thy elegant stores are a credit to thee,
Where merchants are fam'd for the best flavour'd tea,
And tropical spices direct from the line,
And clothes of all textures, the best superfine;
Silks, satins, and doeskins, to suit all our wants,
And tweeds of all colours, for jackets and pants,
And ready made clothing our limbs to adorn,
And plaids patronized by the Marquis of Lorne.
And if you want something to cover your eloots,
Step into the Temple and look at our boots:
Our boots, shoes and gaiters, can boast a new wrinkle,
They don't go aside or give out at the ankle;
No matter how crooked and shambling you go,
Our boots will keep straight, and our prices are low.
For hardware or stoves go to honest P. D.,
A man of sound judgment, no bigot is he,
Well fit for the office of Warden or Reeve--
He writes a good hand and would scorn to deceive.
Some honest Reformers are here to be found,
And some loyal Tories are scattered around;
But all are determined like brothers to join,
And vote a fair Bonus to help the loop line.
Some jokers will say there's a trick in the loop,
And call it a Government ticket for soup,
To gain a few votes for the time serving crew
Who sail with Sir John in his piebald canoe,
A fig for such bigots, who level their spleen
At Johnny so Orange, and Cartier so Green;
If some use the left foot and others the right,
Is that a just reason why neighbours should fight?
Hold on Mr. Fagan, in mercy come back,
Thy neat little engine will run off the track.
Quick! whistle down brakes, you'll have wigs on the green—
Huzza for the loop line, and God save the Queen!

This poem was quoted as the introduction to Alliston's Centennial History, published in 1947.