
HUMAN HORIZONS.

If you start to build a tunnel
Right across from coast to coast,
Or construct ten thousand buildings
Where you'll manufacture toast;
If you start to farm a desert,
Or you plan to drain the sea,
Or you build a Tower of Babel,
Or you grow ten miles of tea;
And you keep five million workers
Busy morning, noon and night,
And you pay them very fairly
And you treat them squarely—right,
And through brains and stout persistence
You acquire a bunch of rock,
Every jackass in the village
Starts to rant around and knock.
You're a villain, you're a blackguard,
You have surely robbed the Crown,
All your ducats are ill-gotten,
People meet you with a frown.
Through your energy and foresight
You've provided honest work
For a whole township of people,
Yet they prod you with a dirk.
You're a crook and you have robbed them,
You're a schemer—public foe—
You have cheated everybody
And your moral standing's low.
That's the way you always get it
If you meet a slight success,
Though you give them all a living—
Such is human gratefulness.
But if you're a Lord or Baron,
Or a gink who handles stock,
And you set about to fleece them
They will cheer you for a block;
If you grab their little savings
And you leave them in the lurch,
They will pray for you each Sunday
As they wander into Church.
So you're sure to be a bounder
If you try to treat them well;
You're a dirty low-lived villain
And you'll surely go to H—l;
And your money, Yes, it's tainted
And you're forty million ghouls—
But what boots it, Gentle Reader?—
This old world is filled with fools.