

MON PERE

My father was a carpenter
Who worked hard every day,
His back was bowed, his hands were hard,
His locks were thin and gray.
That was many years ago—
The Locals then were small,
And every man who met the boss
Would touch his hat and crawl.
But father had a rebel's heart,
And often he told me
Of how he hoped to see the day
When workers would be free.

Now, father was no prophet,
Nor am I a prophet's son,
But today it is apparent
That the bosses' day is done.
When I hear the mighty unions
Proclaim the rights of man,
And I see the groups endorsing
The co-operative plan;
When no more will rank injustice,
Sustained by greed and lies,
March boldly down the highway
Garbed as "free enterprise".

There are those who name this racket
Where they hold the winning hands
Through control of all resources
And through title to the lands;