

“A Tribute to Workin’ Men.”

*Ae day as by the fire I sat,
Musin’ deep on this an’ that
On bygane days, an’ days tae be
When I was young, and fancy free
Wi’ youthfu’ zeal lifes path I trod
An’ maistly feared ne’er man, or God.*

*But facts are chieles that winna ding,
Experience teaches mony a thing,
This truth was soon impressed on me,
Lifes problem’s I began too see,
As moon dispels the gloom o’ nicht,
I saw things in a different licht.*

*As through my mind strange thoughts gyrated
The how and why we were created
“Was” mans chief end Gods Glorificatin?
“Does Righteousness exalt a nation ?
As daily I the papers scan
Some doubts arise; regarding man.*

*Did he who made us, and right will,
And formed the earth on which we dwell.
Systems ordain which bring disaster,
Make one man slave, another master,
Create the gap twixt Rank an’ file
And coin the word “ Differential.*

*And modern men, I've little doubt
Think wealth is what its all about
And! wealth amassed; still far from sated,
The lust for power is propagated,
The right to Order, give Commands
An issue most unjust Demands.*

*As History Books their tales unfold
"Twad surely make the blood run cold
That Kings, with "Rights", self styled "Devine"
Have termed the "lower classes swine;"
"Take off the Robes which mark the Rich,
No man could discern which was which."*

*The Higher Ranks? with cunning gloat
Set workers at each others throat
Thinking thereby to stem "Advancement"
Their Vanity as high's a steeple,
They subjugate all working people.*

*The Governments are "now" elected,
From workers ranks have oft defected
Some "scabs" who've felt Ambitions lust,
To them Promotion is a Must;
And should their aims be e'en achieved,
No greater Tyrants I've perceived.*

*It is the mark of Pompous Fools,
To send their kids to "better" Schools
Whew! Whisper low, twixt me and you
The aim's to hide a low I.Q.
When Honours Lists have been compiled,
You'll find the, "Dux" a workers child.*

*Creative men, your heads hold high
Nor yet for wealth and power sigh
“Twix you, and Rank tho theres a border,”
The lower ranks the “Higher Order,”
! Lords, Dukes, and Earls! Societys blights,
On useful missions set your sights.*

*If cast upon some, desert isle,
The working mans the one worth while,
The will to work, and stem survival,
He’ll far outshine his titled rival,
He’ll be the one who will survive
The “Drone“ will die inside the hive.*

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