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HOW ABERHARTUS MADE A PLAN.

(With apologies to Macaulay)

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But the Premier's brow was sad,  
And the Premier's speech was low,  
And darkly looked he on his men,  
And darkly at the foe.  
"Unless we get some money,  
Our goose is cooked," quoth he,  
"Is there among you such a man,  
Who can prepare a simple PLAN,  
And save Posterity?".

Then up spake Aberhartus,  
Of Teuton stock was he,  
"I have a Plan, a Bloodstream Plan,  
'Twill serve admirably.  
We'll make some paper money,  
And dish it all out free;  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
I'll call the tune throughout this land,  
I'll save Posterity!"

"Hew down the BANKS, supporters,  
With all the speed ye may,  
I, with my hordes to help me,  
Will ditch the U.F.A.  
For how can I do better,  
Than by facing fearful odds,  
For the Temples of my fathers,  
And my Economic Gods".

But hark ! the cry is "DOUGLAS"  
And lo ! the ranks divide,  
And the Lord of SOCIAL CREDIT  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Within his ample brief-case,  
He carries all we need,  
And in his hand he bears the PLAN  
Which none but he can read.

Oh, Douglas, Major Douglas,  
To whom Albertans pray,  
Take thou in charge Alberta's life,  
Her fiscal soul this day.  
We trusted Aberhartus  
Who let us down no end,  
We look to you, to pull us through,  
Don't BOYCOTT us as he would do,  
WE'd like your DIVIDEND.

When the Liberals talk of "NOTHING"  
And "NOTHING" all day long,  
When the Tories cheer for Bennett  
And hope he'll lead the throng,  
With weeping and with laughter,  
Still is the story told,  
How Aberhartus made a PLAN  
In the brave days of old.

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A BALLAD TO SOCIAL CREDIT  
"THE GREAT OBSESSION"

I am a very clever man,  
So is my man Friday,  
Social laws are nix to me,  
'Cause I don't understand them.

What I don't savvy don't exist,  
That's the way I view it,  
I'll do what the heck I please,  
Now that I'm elected.

Everybody else is wrong,  
I AM the only right one,  
Old Albertas' run amuk,  
I MYSELF must right it!

With magic ink and magic pen,  
I WILL create all money,  
Common paper transmute I can,  
Into goods for simple man.

I have an ego that expands,  
And if it keeps expanding!  
I'll Bulldoze all creation yet,  
Man and his Institutions.

"BEAN STALK JOCK" take note from me,  
And you, SINBAD the SAILOR,  
I AM Aladdin, Modernized,  
I'm quite a tricky shaver.

ALL the NIT-WITS follow me,  
I'll lead you to disruption,  
If I don't, I'll guarantee,  
You're all doom'd for destruction.

CHORUS—

I AM THE GREAT I AM, I AM, I  
I AM THE MUMBO-JUMBO-MAN, I  
I AM not a Politician, I  
I AM the Miraculous MAGICIAN. I

—Alexander Davidson.