

## Thought for the Day – Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup> June 2021

By Revd John Marshall

new life Galliard 4

This song goes to the tune of Pop goes the weasel. What do you think of it?

Twenty fags, a jar of ale,  
A quid each way on 'Monkey',  
That's the way the money goes.  
Hard luck – the hungry!  
Millions spent on our defence;  
Millions more on space probes.  
Our priorities are right ---  
Me, mine and Our Folks!

Polarissubs, atomic bombs;  
Germ research in progress.  
That's the way the money goes.  
What price the homeless?  
A bigger house, a second car ---  
That's the way the money goes –  
What price, the poor folks?

Mini-skirts and motor bikes  
Children burned with napalm,  
Which way should the money go?  
Top discs or Oxfam?  
Earthquakes! Famines! Refugees!  
Leave the senses reeling

Sorry all the money's gone!  
Trust there's no hard feeling!

Subsidise the milk and beef;  
Subsidise the space search.  
That's the way the money goes ---  
Not cancer research.  
Give to man, you give to Christ.  
Turn from need, you strike Him,  
For world's red bleeding need.  
What price the Christian?

What you give away you keep;  
For what you waste, you'll answer.  
When you knock at heaven's gate,  
What price your chance, sir?  
Shelter strangers, feed the poor;  
Share the fruits of labour.  
Help the weak, dry children's eyes  
Christ is your neighbour.

Jim Stringfellow 1969  
How might we write this today?