

BRALEY'S POEM TODAY



EQUALITY

Moneybags never has lifted hand,
And ever I toil for bread,
Yet Moneybags lives on the fat of the
land

While I on the scraps am fed.

I am the maker of wealth and power,
Waster and spoiler, he;

Yet Moneybags lives in a golden
house

And a hovel must do for me!

Moneybags idles his whole life
through,

And I must work each day,
Helping to make the dream come
true

With never a chance for play.

I am a worker and he a drone,

As all the world can see,
Yet it's purple and gold for Money-
bags,

Shoddy and drab for me.

Moneybags hasn't a friend on earth

Whose love and faith are sure,
And he hasn't a child to bring him
mirth;

I pity a man so poor.

For I have work and faith and friends

And a wife and children three,
So it's loneliness for Moneybags,
Friendship and Love for me!

