

2664

Verse for Today

**New Words For
A Sad Old Tune**

*(An editorial in the Peterborough
Examiner)*

Who killed the Arrow?
I, said Big Dief,
With a note curst and brief;
I killed the Arrow.

Who saw it die?
I, said Boss Crawford,
No condolences were offered;
I saw it die.

Who'll be chief mourners?
Fourteen thousand unemployed,
Jobs and future destroyed;
They'll be chief mourners.

Who'll shout blue murder?
I, said *The Star*,
Up and down, near and far;
I'll shout blue murder.

Who'll make Dief's shroud?
There I'll prevail,
Booms the great *Globe and Mail*;
I'll make Dief's shroud.

Who'll guard our North?
Bomarc missiles, hour by hour,
Pretty whizz-bangs, without power;
They'll guard our North.

Who'll have the power?
An American mission,
With exclusive rights to fission;
They'll have the power.

CHORUS:

The Canadian people
Felt their pride bleed away
When Dief sold them out
To the U.S. of A.

(Very softly)

When Dief sold them out
To the U.S. of A.