

Breaking The Gaff

How often thru life have I said to myself
What good did I accomplish to-day.
Did I ease someone's burden by stopping to chat.
Or did I just go on my way.
Was I really too busy to perhaps stop a tear
And help make a little girl laugh.
If I didn't, I should have because it's too late
When the Master is "Breaking the Gaff".

Was I honest to-day with my own fellow worker.
And did I help make him feel right at ease,
Or was I short tempered and back answered
again.
Instead of yes, thank you, and please.
Did I remember as well what my Chief Officer
said
About using the Arts and the Crafts.
If I didn't I should have, now it's much,
much too late
When the Master is "Breaking the Gaff".

I'm unable to make the grass any greener,
No matter how hard I may try.
But I can make someone's load just a little bit
lighter.
Before I leave this old world bye and bye.
Three-score and ten is my allotted time here
And sometimes it's much less than half
So may I do my good turn before that time comes
When the Master is "Breaking the Gaff".

Ah, but if I could leave this old world just a little
bit better.
Than it was when I was first brought to light
By doing something, or by showing someone
What I believe to be right.
Then I can go to my Maker the Grandmaster
above
And be counted one more on His staff.
Till that Great Judgement Day when all Death
is erased
And there's no more of "Breaking the Gaff".