

Farewell, Old Man (Originally was a poem)

Mike Delaney, 4/9/20

CG C

C

He worked his whole life

F

Raised a family; loved his wife

Am

When he retired from the plant

G

He took a job at the warehouse store

F

G

At a time when he should be slowing down

C

He had to work some more

CG C

C

I'd always see him stocking shelves

F

Or helping out with someone else

Am

One time I stopped and asked

G

When he gave me a hand with my shopping

F G
I asked him how much longer

C
Did he have any plans for stopping?
CG C

Pre-chorus:

G Am
He paused...put down the box of cereal...

Dm F G
And said, "I'll be working until the day before
C
my funeral."

F G F
Farewell, Old Man, go join your clan
G C

It's now your time to rest

C
Yesterday I saw he was right

F
Ambulance, stretcher, flashing lights

Am
So, today we bid farewell

To the Old Man from the store. G
F G
Send him to the great beyond
C
Where he'll probably work some more.

Chorus

C
He, and co-workers laboring everyday
F
So, we can get some food and be on our way
Am
When you see the Old Man at the store
G
Say "thanks" or at least give a nod
F G
Because today could be your final day
C
But for the grace of God

Chorus x2 + Tag

AABCDC rhyme scheme

AABCDC rhyme scheme

C G Am G

C G FG C

Chorus:

F C FG C

He worked his whole life.
Raised a family; loved his wife.
When he retired from the plant,
He took a job at the warehouse store.
At a time when he should be slowing down,
He had to work some more.

I'd see him stocking shelves
Every time I did my shopping.
I asked him how much longer
Did he have any plans for stopping?
He paused...put down the box of cereal...
And said, "I'll be working until the day before my funeral."

Chorus:

**Farewell, Old Man, go join your clan
It's now your time to rest**

Yesterday when I pulled up to the store
I saw that he was right.
I saw the ambulance, the EMTs,
The stretcher, the flashing lights.
So, today we bid farewell

To the Old Man from the store.
Send him to the great beyond
Where he'll probably work some more.

Chorus

He, and his fellow workers
Were laboring for us every day.
So, we could get some food and stuff
And then be on our way.
When you see the Old Man at the store
Say "thanks" or at least give a nod.
Because you could be working
Until the day before your funeral
But for the grace of God.

Chorus

Thurs. 4/9/20: I heard someone on TV talking to
an old worker who said, "I'll be working until the
day before my funeral." Is this poetry or prose?
The Original Poem...

Farewell, Old Man

He worked his whole life.
Raised a family; loved his wife.
When he retired from the plant,
he took a job at the big warehouse store.
At a time when he should be slowing down,
he had to work some more.

I'd see him stocking shelves, every time I did my shopping.

I asked him how much longer; did he have any plans for stopping?
He paused...put down the box of cereal...
And said, "I'll be working until the day before my funeral."

Yesterday when I pulled up to the store, I saw that he was right.
I saw the ambulance, the EMTs, the stretcher, the flashing lights.
So, today we bid farewell to the Old Man from the store.
Send him to the great beyond, where he'll probably work some more.

He, and his fellow workers, were laboring for us every day.
So, we could get some food and stuff and then be on our way.
When you see the Old Man at the store say "thanks" or at least give a nod.
Because you could be working until the day before your funeral, but for the grace of
God.