

Jack of All Trades

A jack of all trades and a master of none
He was our father for good and for bad.
He drank like a fish and worked like a dog
And he earned everything that he had.

A man of few needs and a man of great pride
His affections were something he would hide.
He showed us his love not in word but in deed
Through the works of his hands he'd provide.

Chorus

He was our father, a jack of all trades
Outdoorsman and athlete and more.
He was our father and in his own way
His family is what he lived for.

A tiller of the earth and an artist with wood
Electrician, and plumber as well
A painter, a skier, and baker of bread
Which adorned our house with its smell.

But what he loved the most was to be outside
Where the brooks and the rivers flow free.
No one else around, just the birds and their sounds,
Where he'd fish and go to find peace.

Repeat Chorus

Stoic till the end when cancer closed his eyes
He met his fate with brave resolve in the quiet of the night.

Repeat Chorus

Words and Music by Bernard Leclerc
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