

## "The Younger Son."

The younger son he's earned his bread in ways both hard and easy,  
From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to Zambesi;  
For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's best,  
And when you're tired of roving there'll be time enough to rest!

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "Who'd have thought of meeting you?  
Thought you were in Turkestan, or China or Peru!"—  
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,  
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

He's left the bronchos to be bust by who in thunder chooses;  
He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's cabooses;  
He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavy, pick and plough,  
For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs him now.

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "How's the world been using you?  
What's the news of Calgary, Quebec, and Cariboo?"  
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,  
But in war time, in war time, it's just across the way!

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here and yonder,  
No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide to wander,  
For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of life is best,  
And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time enough to rest.

And it's good-bye, tried and true, here's a long farewell to you  
(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai, or Timbuctoo!)  
Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is best,  
When the fighting all is done, lad, and it's time to rest!