



TOO OLD TO FIGHT.

With apologies to Harold Begbie.

Old fellows of Fifty, come tune up with me,
And sing to the Young 'Uns we nursed at our
knee,

A song to our lads, who by land, air and sea,
Keep Fritz from disturbing their Dads at their
tea!

We old chaps of fifty are finished and done;
We can't join our boys any more in their fun;
We must take a back seat, and call Fritzie a
"Hun,"

Whilst we leave the world's battle to YOUNG
TWENTY-ONE.

Their manhood took most of us clean unawares;
Their toys are yet packed away somewhere
upstairs,

And it's only like yesterday Mother declares
She was up in the Nursery hearing their
prayers.

They would sit round the fire till their bedtime
was nigh,
Sucking candies, and talking of Wagner and
Ty.

Till, one day, all was changed, and the past
was put by—

Life for them had one calling, and that was "to
fly."

Oh, they laugh as they start on their dare-devil
trips,

They joke as they crash into trenches and
ships;

Their lives may go down, but their tail never
dips,

And they die with a smile, and "Good Luck" on
their lips.

Let's talk till we dote of the dangers they've
shaved—

Of the modest and chivalrous way they've be-
haved;

Of the Death and Destruction that TWENTY-
ONE braved—

And the freedom of Britain which SEVEN-
TEEN saved.

God help the poor mother, with hell in her
breast,

And grant her kind sleep as she lies down to
rest;

And give her great courage to hope for the
best—

And bring her brave youngsters safe home to
the nest.