Charles Kingsley (1819-75)

17 Young and Old

When all the world is young, lad,	
And all the trees are green;	
And every goose a swan, lad,	
And every lass a queen;	
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,	5
And round the world away;	
Young blood must have its course, lad,	
And every dog his day.	
When all the world is old, lad,	
And all the trees are brown;	10
And all the sport is stale, lad,	
And all the wheels run down;	
Creep home, and take your place there,	
The spent and maimed among;	
God grant you find one face there,	15
You loved when all was young.	

1862

(From *Poems*. London: Macmillan, 1889)