

The Call of the Wild

They have cradled you in custom,
They have primed you with their preaching,
They have soaked you in convention through and through,
They have put you in a showcase,
You're a credit to their teaching,
But can't you hear the wild it's calling you.

Let us probe the silent places,
Let us seek what luck betides us,
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.
There's a whisper on the night wind,
There's a star a gleam to guide us,
and the wild is calling, calling Let us go.

Robert Service