

# G O L F I L L U S T R A T E D

## A GOLFING SONG

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

*Written in 1893*

It's up and away from our work today,  
For the breeze sweeps over the down;  
And it's hey for a game where the gorse blossoms flame  
And the bracken is bronzing to brown.  
With the turf 'neath our tread, and the blue over head,  
And the song of the lark in our ears,  
We throw them behind us, the fetters that bind us,  
The wear and tear of the years;  
Ah, yes,  
The strain and the stress of the years.

The palm and the leather come rarely together,  
Gripping the driver's haft,  
And it's fine to feel the jar of the steel  
And the spring of the hickory shaft.  
We're outward bound on a long, long round,  
And it's time to up and away.  
With the wind in our teeth, and our feet on the heath.  
We feel we are freemen today,  
Ah, yes,  
We know we are living today.