

# BRALEY'S POEM TODAY



## THE RESTLESS LEGION

We're off to the end of the world again,  
We're off on another trail,  
Away from the crowded towns of men  
And the airs that are sick and stale,  
There's a job at the end of the world for us  
So we're done with our labor here,  
And it's pack your grip for the onward trip,  
We're off to the New Frontier,  
And it's "Well, so long!" to the toiling throng,  
We're off to the New Frontier!

It's off to the land of dreams we are,  
Somewhere on the Seven Seas.  
Do we go in Peace, do we go in War?  
Well, that's as the Fates may please,  
There may be a King to fight with us  
Or a jungle for us to clear;  
Whatever the game it's all the same,  
We're off to the New Frontier;  
We're primed all right for work or fight,  
We're off to the New Frontier!

We're off again on a long, long chance  
To the lands beyond the law.  
We're off in search of the True Romance  
And the realms that are new and raw;  
There is much still waits for the white man's eyes  
And the feet of the pioneer;  
So we're off once more to a distant shore,  
We're off to the New Frontier.  
And we shout "So long!" to the toiling throng,  
We're off to the New Frontier!

