

## **If I Were Young**

**Malcolm Smith**

They say that youth is callous, they say that youth is callow

They say the young have lost their zeal and now are merely shallow

But how I wish that I were young and careless of tomorrow

Without the pain that loss can bring, without the pangs of sorrow

*Chorus:*

*If I were young I'd live my life as full as I could make it*

*Embrace each moment as it came as if someone could take it*

*Most of all I'd learn to love, shun jealousy and anger*

*Not go seeking wealth or fame, but help my love grow stronger*

They say the world is harder now and love is out of fashion

That greed and hate and fear abound and people lack compassion

Yet all my friends are warm and kind and full with fellow-feeling

So through the undergrowth I see love and hope come stealing

*Chorus*

They say the old have lost their way and fight for right no longer

That they forgot "make love, not war" that they would chant when younger

But peace perhaps begins at home in love and care creating

Like Voltaire's gentle Candide, his garden cultivating

*Chorus*