



FIGHTING BLOOD!

*Dedicated to the Memory of Dave Sands
and His Fighting Brothers*

by

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In this Great Land of ours called Australia,
Where most men are happy and free;
We are proud of our champion sportsmen,
Whose names have made top history.

This story I write of six brothers,
All fighters, and hard men to beat;
In the ring they were tough men to stay with,
But good chaps when they're out on the street.

When one of these boys first went southward,
To take up this two-fisted game;
His four fighting brothers soon followed,
Soon the whole sporting world knew the name.

As one of these boys proved outstanding,
A real champ who was loved by the fans;
He held about six boxing titles,
And was known to us all as Dave Sands.

I have told you the sorrowful story,
In a poem that I wrote once before;
He was killed in a crash by the roadside,
But his name will be known evermore.

Perce—George and Clem and young Alfie,
Were all quite well known at the game;
But now there's one more of the brothers,
Who is winning some fights and some fame.

He's the last of the six Fighting Brothers,
And a southpaw with sleep in both hands;
He is young and is still only learning,
But he could be a champ—like Dave Sands.

He's a two-fisted southpaw called Russel,
He is tough and can punch with the best;
He's a real fighting Sands like his brothers,
And he's game when he's put to the test.

Well, I guess that's the end of my story,
Not one of these boys was a dud;
They would fight till K.O.'d if they're cornered,
And they all had the old Fighting Blood.