

The Golfer's Defeat

(To be sung to the tune of "She's the Lass for me," with pathos.)

'Twas on a Saturday afternoon,
The sun was shinin' bright,
That I went out to Jackson Park
To defend my golfing right;
And there I met the faculty,
All three of them were there,
We teed our pills on number one,
And forward all did fare.

Right down the fairgreen, strange but true,
We all made wondrous drives,
And keeping up this deadly pace
We halved the first in fives.
Then teeing up with courage high
I slammed it with a will,
But though I scored a bogey five
Leigh's four was lower still.

So on the third, my joner hole,
We started full of hope,
But soon I sliced into the pit
And scored the same old dope.
Now rallying with desperate swing
I drove up to the hill,
And copped the hole with bogey four,
While Leigh was searching still.

I guess this must have been for me
The pride before a fall,
For right away I sliced into
The bush, and lost my ball.
Right then and there I started on
A slow but sure decline;
In fact he had me just four down
At the end of number nine.

I pulled a bogey on the next,
But Leigh shot "birdie" three;
Then both of us crossed the water hole
As neatly as could be.
On number twelve, as oft before,
My prospects shrank once more,
With this he had me dormie six,
And thirteen loomed before.

Although thirteen had often been
My lucky one before,
It took me all my time that day,
To halve it with a four.
So there I stood, defeated,
Six up and five to play,
And I had neither seen nor smelt
My handicap that day.

W. C. W.