

## A SONG OF THE GAME

By D. W. C.

There's a song that is sung though I don't know the words;  
 It sets my poor brain in a whirl—  
 It tells of how rarely the lover finds fairly  
 "The time, and the place, and the girl."  
 And golf is like love—though you may not agree  
 That it holds true in every case, but—  
 "You seldom, if ever, get all three together,"  
 The drive, the approach and the putt.

There's my partner now (with the wind at his back),  
 Gets a drive that brings joy to his soul—  
 And when he approaches, there's no need of coaches,  
 He just lays them dead to the hole.  
 And when once on the green, my opponent's been seen  
 Taking many a game from the rut,  
 But *they* "seldom, if ever, get all three together,"  
 The drive, the approach and the putt.

As for you and myself, we've a style of our own  
 As we step to the ball on the tee—  
 And *in practice* our swing is a beautiful thing  
 Worth crossing the ocean to see.  
 Each has in his bag as he starts for the flag  
 A club of some special device,  
 But even with this, there is often a miss,  
 Or a top, or a pull or a slice.

Suppose, if you like, that our friendship's the game,  
 That the drive is the grasp of your hand;  
 The approach the straight look from your eyes when you took  
 Our measure, as men understand.  
 The putt—well, that's home—and what reckon take we  
 If the home be a mansion or hut,  
 For our friendship's *forever* and holds all together,  
 The drive, the approach and the putt.