

THE LINKS

By J. A. C.

Oh! The links! The links! The health-giving links!
 The green-swarded links for me!
 Where friends may laugh at the shots you sclaff
 With a devilish sort of glee.
 Where you take your stance with a non-chalance,
 As the gallery gazes on thee,
 And then, in a trice, a boomerang slice
 Provokes your most eloquent D——.

Oh! The links! The links! The divot-strewn links!
 Where bunkers and sand-traps lie,
 Where mashies are flubbed, and niblicks are dubbed,
 And duffers swear and sigh.
 Where out of reach the brassies screech
 To fall in some cursed rut,—
 All know what you've said,—you then lay it dead
 To miss a six-inch putt.

Oh! The links! The links! The calling links!
 They beckon and nod to me,
 They make me shirk my bread-winning work,
 But they give me health, you see.
 So what care I for your gilded dross
 As I breathe the ozone free,
 And swat the ball I'm deaf to the call
 Of a widow who waits for me.

