



# LA84

## Foundation

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### JIMMY

I'm neither Jim, nor James, but Jimmy;  
 And that is just what she calls me.  
 But rather'n only be her caddie  
 I would be James at twenty-three.

I lugs her bag and hands her club out,  
 And then I builds for her a tee;  
 But when she says she thanks me "Jimmy,"  
 I would be James at twenty-three.

Just like that duffing college fellow  
 With whom she makes herself so free,  
 I'd like that different smile of hers  
 As Mister James at twenty-three.

But wot's the use of me a-beefin'?  
 Ain't none at all far's I can see;  
 She'll either be Old Maid or Mother  
 'Fore I am James at twenty-three.

—THE DUFFER.