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THE LEGEND OF HUNTINGDON VALE

BY JOHN CAMPBELL HAYWOOD

Tune—At the discretion of the singer (see note).

High over the Huntingdon Valley lies
 A club house all clothed in white
 And the links that surround it are
 filled with cries
 From the breaking of dawn 'til
 night.
 Tis "Fore!" the cry. "Hi! Fore!" the
 cry,
 'Twixt spasms of undelight,
 And the passers afar on their feet or
 car
 Say they're lunatics right, all right,
 all right,
 Say they're lunatics right—all right!

Two players went out to the Club one
 day
 To chase the elusive pellet,
 And hearing the cry of "Fore!" "Hi!
 Fore!"
 Proceeded at once to yell it.
 Then some cried "Sam," the rest called
 "Ben,"
 "Please give us the right o' way."
 But never a thing did the two men do
 But give 'em a great display—did
 they,
 They gave 'em a great display.

They biffed the bunkers and stabbed
the turf

And finally reached a green
Where a horrible hole was yawning
wide.

Since then they have not been seen.
For Sam bent low and fell right in
Where he ought to have putted out,
And Ben went down with a wiggle or
two,

For Ben was a trifle stout—was
Ben,
For Ben was a trifle stout.

At this strange disappearance a search
was made

And the atmosphere blasted with
calls,

"Till at last on the rim of the thirteenth
hole

They discovered two battered old
balls.

"Ha! Ha!" they cried. "Ho! Ho!"
they said,

Tis here that they putted last,
And they saw in the dark of the hole
a spark

As the spirits of Ben and Sam flew
past,

As the spirits of each flew past.

It was late the next night when the
club house bright

Was called on the telephone,

And a terrible message was then re-
ceived

From no golfer of flesh and bone.
"Ha! Ha!" he cried. "Ho! Ho!" he
said,

With a weird, diabolical yell,
"You will find that the hole on the
thirteenth green

Is the gate of the golf fiend's hell.
They fell

Through the gate of the golf fiend's
hell."

Of course there's a moral to this little
song,

This ballad of Ben and Sam,
If ever you fail on the putting green
You really must *NOT* say—

For if you do, as sure as fate
You will fade from the broad day-
light

And be given the best of a brassy lie
Over fires below, all right, all right,
With a fire below—ow—all right.

NOTE.—The author will give private in-
struction in the singing of this ballad to
anyone with no ear for music. He set it
to a tune about three weeks ago and expects
it to hatch out most any time. He feels,
after being with it that long, it will be
a relief to remove it from his personal
presence.

*Sing this line "*allegro consonante il
penseroso*"

