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## Play Ball!



Are the Fans all there in the hacked old stand  
 That was lately deep with snow?  
 Are the teams lined up on the new green turf  
 Where the first green sproutlets show?  
 Is the Umpire out? Is the Pitcher there  
 In his place? Are you ready all?  
 Then let her go for another year,  
 Here's luck, my lads,  
*Play ball!*

The teams have nice new togs, I see.  
 It's a gay and a sporty crowd.  
 That new Mit there on Third's asleep;  
 Don't talk too long or loud.  
 The Southpaw's overtrained, I think,  
 And the Shortstop needs a wall,  
 But let her slide and we'll size 'em up—  
 Here's luck, my boys,  
*Play ball!*

Rotten!—why don't dey start de show?  
 Me feet's gettin' cold up here.  
 Hey Kid, hey, you wit de peanuts dere—  
 (De same Kid dey had las' year)  
 Well, I'll take youse on fer an even break  
 Dat our team takes de flag dis fall  
 In a walk-a-way, sure. Youse is wit me? Shake;  
 Here's luck, old sports,  
*Play ball!*

—C. L. Armstrong.