

The Village Fan

A Ballad of the Bleachers

(With apologies to H. W. Longfellow)

By George B. Potter

Under the scorching, summer sun
The rabid rooter stands.
The bug, a mighty man is he,
With large and noisy glands,
And the muscles of his sinewy mouth
Are strong as iron bands.

His eye is wild, his hair unkept,
His face is like the tan;
His job is selling ladies' goods.
He earns whate'er he can.
He looks the crowd square in the face,
For he's a baseball fan.

Week in, week out, from three to six
You can hear his bellows blow.
You can hear him tell them when to
steal,
And when to make the throw.
The umpire gets no peace from him:
He tells him where to go—?

He goes on Sunday to the game,
And sits among the boys.
He hears the others pray and beg
To have him can his voice.
He smiles and slings the bunk some
more.
It makes his heart rejoice.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy fan,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Though to the baseball game of life
Your ticket you have bought.
When you must air your raucous voice
Go forth and hire a lot.