

Base-ball ballads (IA baseballballads00rice).pdf/103



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IN THE GOOD OLD WINTER TIME.

II.

The months rolled by and spring had come, and there on
Rooters' Row

The same fan sat with eyes ablaze and ruddy cheeks aglow.
He saw the "Second Wagner" strike out four times in one
game,

While seven ghastly errors were chalked up against his
name.

He saw the "sterling pitcher" who had "starred" at "Rural
Falls,"

Yield nineteen massive bingles and a dozen base on balls,
And then above the battle and the rattle of the fray
He softly hummed the chorus of that far-gone winter day:

Chorus.

"In the good old winter time, the good old winter time,
How swiftly from the bottom all the tail-end people climb!
By summer almost every 'peach' turns out to be a 'lime.'
O how they nature-fake us in the good old winter time!"

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