

# Base-ball ballads (IA baseballballads00rice).pdf/107



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# THE LOVE SONNETS OF A SON OF SWAT.

## I.

TAKE it from me, this Single League's shine,  
My heart got batted from the box to-day;  
For when we met, the dope says right away:  
"She bats .300 on the Peaches' Nine."  
I'd draft her now, if I thought she would sign  
And help me divvy up a season's pay.  
I pitched this at her, but my grandstand play  
Went wild. Says she: "No bush league dub for mine."  
  
Say, she's the big league kid, or I'm a skate;  
For every time I come up—zip, like that,  
She shoots those lamps of hers across the plate,  
And I strike out, like Casey on a bat;  
For when she curves one over from those eyes,  
"Three strikes and out" is just about my size.

## II.

Speaking of curves, say, on the level, Bo,

She'd make Waddell look like a dinky-dink,

And Eddie Reulbach's straight without a kink;  
For she's all curves from neck four feet below—  
Out-curves and in-shoots, all there in a row.

Compared to hers, Ed Plank's are on the blink.

If Hughey Jennings sees her, I don't think  
"Wild Bill" next year will get a chance to show.



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