

Base-ball ballads (IA baseballballads00rice).pdf/118



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THE UMP'S MIDWINTER DREAM.

It was a sunny day in spring;
The warbling birds were all a-wing;
An April sky of azure hue
Enchanted the fanatic's view,
And sultry was the atmosphere
Upon the first game of the year.
Upon the field His Umps appeared,
And, lo! the throng arose and cheered,
While all around the fife and drums
Played "Hail! the Conquering Hero Comes."

The game began, and to the plate
The first man wandered up, sedate;
"Strike one, strike two, strike three—you're out!"
The umpire waited for the shout
Of rage from all around, but not
A murmur bubbled from the lot;
The player bowed and walked away,
Without another word to say;
Nor paused, with language somewhat free
Impugning his ancestral tree.
Nobody had a kick to make,
However costly his mistake;
And when a foul tip off the bat
Came hurling by and knocked him flat,
In sympathy the bleachers sat
With saddened hearts and tear-dimmed eyes,
Until once more they saw him rise.

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