

Base-ball ballads (IA baseballballads00rice).pdf/91



Exported from Wikisource on June 25, 2024

THE WINTER LEAGUE WONDER.

THOUGH I've never won a pennant in the race that starts each
spring,

And the finish every autumn finds me muchly to the
"punk;"

Though through June, July, and August you can hear the
anvils ring

As the critics in a body dub my team a bunch of "junk,"
You have got to hand it to me on a silver platter when

The summer scramble's over. Though some other mogul
wins,

I'm the one and only wonder of the "coming season" then,

When the last *real* game is over and the winter league
begins.

Though each October finds me under every rival's heel,

Twenty games behind the others, do I stop and shed a
tear?

Not upon your uncle's portrait. I begin right off the reel

Lining up my winter legions for a "sure first next year."

About this digital edition

This e-book comes from the online library [Wikisource](#). This multilingual digital library, built by volunteers, is committed to developing a free accessible collection of publications of every kind: novels, poems, magazines, letters...

We distribute our books for free, starting from works not copyrighted or published under a free license. You are free to use our e-books for any purpose (including commercial exploitation), under the terms of the [Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 Unported](#) license or, at your choice, those of the [GNU FDL](#).

Wikisource is constantly looking for new members. During the transcription and proofreading of this book, it's possible that we made some errors. You can report them at [this page](#).

The following users contributed to this book:

- P Aculeius
- DannyS712