

Dire gloom was falling like a pall
Upon the losers, one and all,
When Charlie cried with much ado,
I'll play you all and Duncan too,
Thus strength'ned much by captain "D"
The game again began with glee.
Alas, alas, 'twas all in vain
A single goal they ne'er could gain,
And though they struggled more and more
They failed to hold down Charlie's score,
Till Tom thought of the happy plan
To block the goal when Charlie ran;
But all too late arose the thought
To aid the cause for which he wrought,
To stop the goals which Charlie won
Against the *thirty* and the *one*,
For day was changing into night
So all at last gave up the fight,
This hurly game was played, forsooth,
Doubt, if you will, its very truth.
Of it I write in mother tongue
So Charlie's fame may e'er be sung.