

# Athletics.

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## YE GENTLE GAME.

A leaden sky and a springing sward,  
A throng, and a worthy foe !  
Line up the lambs, give the starting word,  
And let the pig-skin go ;  
Oh, let the pig-skin go, my lads,  
And chase it merrily,  
Wherever the scrimmage is thickest, lad,  
May I be there to see !  
    Mayhaps there will be twisted backs,  
    And fractured limbs in rows,  
    And busted head in gory stacks,  
    And swaths of trampled toes.

A hearty cheer, and a buoyant sphere  
Which makes a lively ball ;  
Play fast and fair without thought of fear,  
It will win a shout from all :  
Listen ! the ladies thrill, my lads,  
They scream their sweetest shrill :  
" Stop 'm," " O, tackle 'm," " Down 'm, lad,"  
And sweetheart bids you kill.  
    Now waltz among the twisted backs,  
    Likewise the limbs in rows,  
    Then cool behind the gory stacks,  
    Or roll among the toes.

A fading light and a hint of night  
In the setting of the sun ;  
'Twas do or die and might met might,  
So the game is lost and won :  
The game is lost and won, my lads,  
Like many a game before,  
Yet the gentle natured people, lad,  
Would view such fray once more.  
    But gather up the twisted backs,  
    And lift the limbs in rows,  
    Cart off the busted heads in stacks,  
    And scoop the scattered toes.

MAURICE CASEY.