

And now he rushes on the goal—this makes the senses
reel—

Goal! goal! hurrah! hurrah! well done, men of the
winged wheel!

At last—how soon!—the game is done; I've scarcely
drawn a breath.

This getting out is difficult; I'm almost crushed to
death.

The cars are packed; how we'll get home I'm sure I do
not know.

Here's room for you; get up, my dears; I'll walk; away
you go.

My sermon's gone, but as I walk I cannot help but
think

That, after all, perhaps I've found a sermon in the rink.

This world is an arena with a slippery sheet of ice,
And all have skates and hockey sticks and enter without
price.

And seats are round for those who rest—the idle and
the old;

But those who are not in the game are apt to find it
cold.

Some play defence, some forward, with terrific speed
and stress.

The puck keeps flying 'twixt the goals of failure and
success,

Now up, now down, across and back, here, there, and
everywhere.