

Waving their sticks with frantic zeal—But isn't this a sight?

My goodness! I could sit and watch a game like this all night.

'There, dirty trousers, there's your chance. Muffed it! Why weren't you quick?

This is a sight to make the sad rejoice, to heal the sick,
'To rouse the drones and give them life to last them half
a year—

Hit him again!—I wish I had my congregation here.

My stars! and this is hockey. Hockey's the king of sports.

This is the thing to come to when you're feeling out of sorts.

This is the greatest holiday I've had for many weeks.

This helps one to appreciate the feeling of the Greeks.

I understand my Homer now—O Heracles, behold

Yon Trojan giant, he that's cast in an Olympian mould,
Ye gods, he more than doubled up that other stalwart
cove—

Here comes swift-footed Mercury, the messenger of Jove.

Adown the blue, outstripping all, he speeds. Oh, what a spurt!

His shoulders have no wings, but see, he has them on his shirt.

He's broken through the forward line, baffled the cover-point,

Thrown down the other man and knocked their game all out of joint.