

## TOM LONGBOAT'S VICTORY

There's only Longboat running now—three laps,  
four laps, he wins;  
The other walks and staggers on, and now the  
end begins.  
Five laps—six laps, 'tis seven now, and now he  
draws abreast;  
The Briton stops, the race is won! The world  
has heard the rest.

How Longboat, running on alone, to thunders of  
applause,  
Flashed by the goal, the victor, midst whirlwinds  
of huzzahs  
(That swept o'er cities of the North, on to the  
Western sea),  
And brought again to his homeland the crown of  
victory.

The Marathon, the Marathon! This life's a  
Marathon,  
And ev'ryone's an entrant, and ev'ryone must  
run;  
So let each one give to the task his heart, his  
brain, his soul,  
That God may crown him victor when he passes  
to the goal.