

You've lost it! Never mind—well tried—that other dash was grand.

Why do they stop? "Off side," you say? I don't quite understand.

That's puzzling. I suppose it's right. I wish they'd not delay.

This is a most provoking interruption to the play.

"Cold?" Nothing of the sort. I was—I'm heated with the game.

I'm really enjoying it; indeed, I'm glad I came.

I'd like to see both ends at once; I can't from where we sit.

They've scored one yonder—What's the row? A player has been hit?

Such things are bound to happen in a rapid game like this;

They'll soon resume the play, my dear; there's nothing much amiss,—

Some trifling accident received in a rough body check, A shoulder dislocated or a fracture of the neck.

Oh, no, it's nothing serious—the game begins again.

They're here, a writhing, struggling mass of half a dozen men

Battling and groaning with the strife, and breathing hard and fast,

Swayed back and forth and stooping low like elms before the blast,

Changing their places like a fleet of vessels tempest-driven

That blindly meet within the waves and part with timbers riven,