

"PLAY BALL!"

Specially written for the
All-Montreal Baseball Team
on
The First Anniversary
of
Vimy Ridge
April 9th

GREEN, green fields, and brown, brown
ring,

Worn by many a runner fleet!
Though as yet 'tis hardly Spring,
How ye make my heart to beat!
Leaping up to last year's nine—
And that homer—on a line!

Where's the music half so rare
As when, like a rifle-shot,
Crack!—the ball, hit fair and square,
Travels till it seems 'tis not?
None know I except the shout
When the rival's star strikes out!