

Well, well, that's rough; I really think we're doing  
wrong to stay.

It's sickening, deafening; dear! I wish this uproar could  
be stilled.

I do sincerely trust there'll not be anybody killed.

It's a wondrous exhibition of alertness, speed, and  
strength.

I suppose there's not much danger—there's a fellow at  
full length.

He's up again; that's plucky. Well, the little lad has  
pluck—

And now he's master of the ice, possessor of the puck.

He dodges two opponents, but collides with one at last,

A Philistine Goliath—David baffles him and fast

Darts onward o'er the whitening sheet, while from each  
crowded row

The crazed spectators cheer him on—Look!—has he lost  
it? No!

He's clear again. Played, played, my boy. I'd like to  
see him score:—

(I'll have no voice for Sunday if I shout like this much  
more)—

But there his ruthless enemies o'erwhelm him in a  
shoal—

Well played, you hero, safely passed. Now for a shot  
on goal.

Shoot, shoot, you duffer; shoot, you goose, you ass, you  
great galoot,

You addle-pated idiot, you nincompoop, you—shoot!