

A SONG OF LIFE AND GOLF

BY ANDREW LANG

THE thing they ca' the stimy o't

I find it ilka where !

Ye 'maist lie deid—an unco shot—

Anither's ba' is there !

Ye canna win into the hole

However gleg ye be,

And aye, where'er my ba' may row

Some limmer stimies me !

CHORUS.

Somebody stimying me,

Somebody stimying me ;

The grass may grow, the ba' may

row :

Some limmer stimies me.

I lo'ed a lass, a bonnie lass,

Her lips an' locks were reid ;

Intil her heart I couldna pass :

Anither man lay deid !

A SONG OF LIFE AND GOLF

He cam' atween me an' her heart,
I turned wi' tearfu' e'e,
I couldna loft him, I maun part,
The limmer stimied me !

I socht a kirk, a bonny kirk,
Wi' teind, an' glebe, an' a',
A bonny yaird to feed a stirk,
An' links to ca' the ba' !

Anither lad he cam' an' fleeched,
A convartit U. P.,
An' a' in vain ma best I preached,
That limmer stimied me !

Its aye the same in life an' gowf,
I'm stimied late an' ear',
This warld is but a weary howf,
I'd fain be itherwhere ;
But whan auld Deite wad hole ma corp,
As sure as deith ye'll see
Some coof has played the moudie-warp,
Rin in, an' stimied me !

CHORUS (if thought desirable).

CLASSICS FOR THE CLUBMEN

BY ANDREW LANG

ECCE, senex Andreanus
 Rubrâ veste cambricat,
In arenis ut paganus
Fodit, frequens et profanus,
 Mala verba vocitat !
Dat Morrisius consilia,
"Carpe arenam multam;"* millia
Mala verba, prava, vilia,
 Senex, en, vociferat !

Non me decet admonere,
Magis clam peccata flere
Quam superbia gaudere
 Conscientia admonet !
In Sepulchro Walkingshavi
Frustra fodiens juravi,
 Nunc scelestum poenitet.

* "Tak' plenty o' sand."

THE GOLFING GHOST

BY R. BARCLAY

HIS name had not been mentioned
Among the list of blest,
Who from things mathematical
Had found eternal rest :
His second time attempted,
But ploughed—I think they say—
Yes ! ploughed by cruel Examiners,
Close to St. Andrews Bay.

Oh how the perspiration
Of grief began to pour,
As taking up his driver
He turned towards the shore.
One look around the College—
He could not go astray—
For he saw the white foam dashing
In wild St. Andrews Bay.

Down to the Links he hurried,
His brow was sad and low :

THE GOLFING GHOST

Already—it was pale moonlight—
He heard the tempest blow :
His gown was on his shoulders—
A scarlet gown, they say—
As he faced the raging waters
Of old St. Andrews Bay.

He drove from off the teeing-ground
A never-falling ball :
Then rushed among the surges,
They were a fitting pall !
A corpse was found next morning
Floating far, far away,
Far from the stormy billows
Of wild St. Andrews Bay.

There are who tell the story,
Some Caddies by the shore,
How on some wintry evenings,
When ocean tempests roar,
A figure white's seen golfing
Golfing, not far away,
White as the foaming billows
Of old St. Andrews Bay.

BALLADE OF THE DUFFER

BY W. CAINE

You may sing of the joys of a drive,
When the ball whistles far through
the air :

I know you are keenly alive
To the pleasure of hitting it fair.
For me, that achievement is rare,
I strike either space or the tee,
But never the ball. I don't care :
Golf isn't the pastime for me !

I never would willingly strive
By argument, scoffing, or prayer,
A Golfer, though bad, to deprive
Of his just and legitimate share
Of a game which it's safe to declare
Will be played till 3000 A. D.,
When I shall be—goodness knows
where :
Golf isn't the pastime for me !

BALLADE OF THE DUFFER

You say—"If the long hole in five
I compass, no joys can compare."
Or again—"If a loft I contrive
To make even the Champion stare ;
What rapture !" Especially where
Those bunkers lie close to the sea ;
I know what it is to be there :
Golf isn't the pastime for me !

L'ENVOI.

Prince ! this fact remains : that howe'er
The town of St. Andrews, N. B.,
Its praises and glories may blare,
Golf isn't the pastime for me !

LINES ON BEING ASKED TO
CONTRIBUTE TO THIS BOOK

BY R. F. MURRAY

SOME words on Golf I am desired to
utter :

I, who care nothing for the noble
game,

Who do not know a niblick from a putter
(Perhaps they are the same) ;

I, who have suffered by the hour to-
gether

From idle blockheads talking golfer's
shop,

Until I had to introduce the weather
Or the potato crop.

Not that all golfers are such bores to be
with ;

Some, I believe, are reasonable men.

Some, whose acquaintance Fate has
favored me with,

I will not meet again.

LINES

And now the terror of their conversation
Confines itself no more to living
speech.

Take any paper for an illustration :—
Golf is the theme of each.

The Scotsman and Dispatch a column lavish
When Old Tom Morris opens a new
green ;

They grudged five lines when Doctor
Neil M'Tavish
Opened a church at Skene.

The papers find the game seductive,
The very magazines and the reviews
Print verse and prose which is, I hope,
instructive,
For it does not amuse.

If devotees of football and of cricket
Should clog the press with innings
and with maul,

And rabid scribes be always on the
wicket,
Or always on the ball—

LINES

As devotees of golf, with frenzy drunker,
Riot in type and suffer no control,
And rabid scribes are always in a
bunker,
Or always in a hole—

Would people stand the former like the
latter ?

An answer to the question might be
guessed,
But since this is a book on Golf, no mat-
ter—

Silence perhaps is best.

DICTIONARY OF GOLF

BY D. IRONS

- Beginner**—*One who should be ashamed of himself, and generally is.*
- Bunker**—*Quiet spot to which a player retires for the purpose of making a few disjointed remarks.*
- Burn**—*Institution for adding to the uncertainties of the game, and the certainties of the ball-maker.*
- Oddie**—*Gentleman of leisure, who for a consideration will consent to sneer at you for a whole round.*
- Driver**—*Most sympathetic of the tyro's instruments. When its owner loses his head it is apt to do the same.*
- Golfer**—*Sort of cross between a martyr and a monomaniac.*
- Good stroke**—*One that lands your opponent in a bunker.*

Hole—*A cavity much smaller than the ordinary bunker, and much less enticing to the ball.*

Match—*Game arranged with a man you can beat.*

Perfect stroke—*One that plants your opponent's ball among the roots of a whin.*

Round—*A voluntary penance—best test of temper known.*

Round of eighty—*One that is generally done in the absence of a marker.*

Short putt—*Stroke often missed by a good player: by a beginner—never.*

Turf—*Grass carefully preserved by the player for the beginner's benefit.*

Uncertainty of the Game—*What is suggested to you when M'Fozzle manages to hit the ball.*