

Base Ball - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

BASE BALL.

The noon-day sun was pouring down
Upon a meadow sere and brown,
Where stood a youth with bat on high,
Loud to his comrades rang the cry:
"Baseball!"

He hopes to win himself a name
By playing soon "a great match game;"
For him 'twill be the greatest fun
To hear the words: "Live Oaks have won,"
'Baseball!

Around the field he saw the light
Of friendly faces beaming bright;
Just by his head a ball has flown,
And from his lips escape a groan,
"Baseball!"

"Now, stop this game, " the old man said,
"The second base has smashed his head;
The pitcher, too, has sprained his wrist,
The umpire's brain is in a mist,"
"Baseball!"

"Oh! drop that bat, " the maiden said,
"And make a long ' home-run' instead;"
A hot ball hit him in the eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh.
"Baseball!"

"Beware! you'll soon be out on foul!"
This was the fielder's awful howl!
But still there echoed in his ear,
In that deep voice, so thick and queer,
"Baseball!"

"Used up, " he sinks upon the ground,
While pitying comrades gather round,
And in the awful throes of death,
He murmurs with his latest breath,
"Baseball!"

There on the cold earth, drear and gray,
To perfect jelly smashed, he lay,
While o'er the autumn fields afar
Was heard the victor's loud huzza,
"Baseball!"