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TOM MORRIS.

SONGS OF GOLF

BY

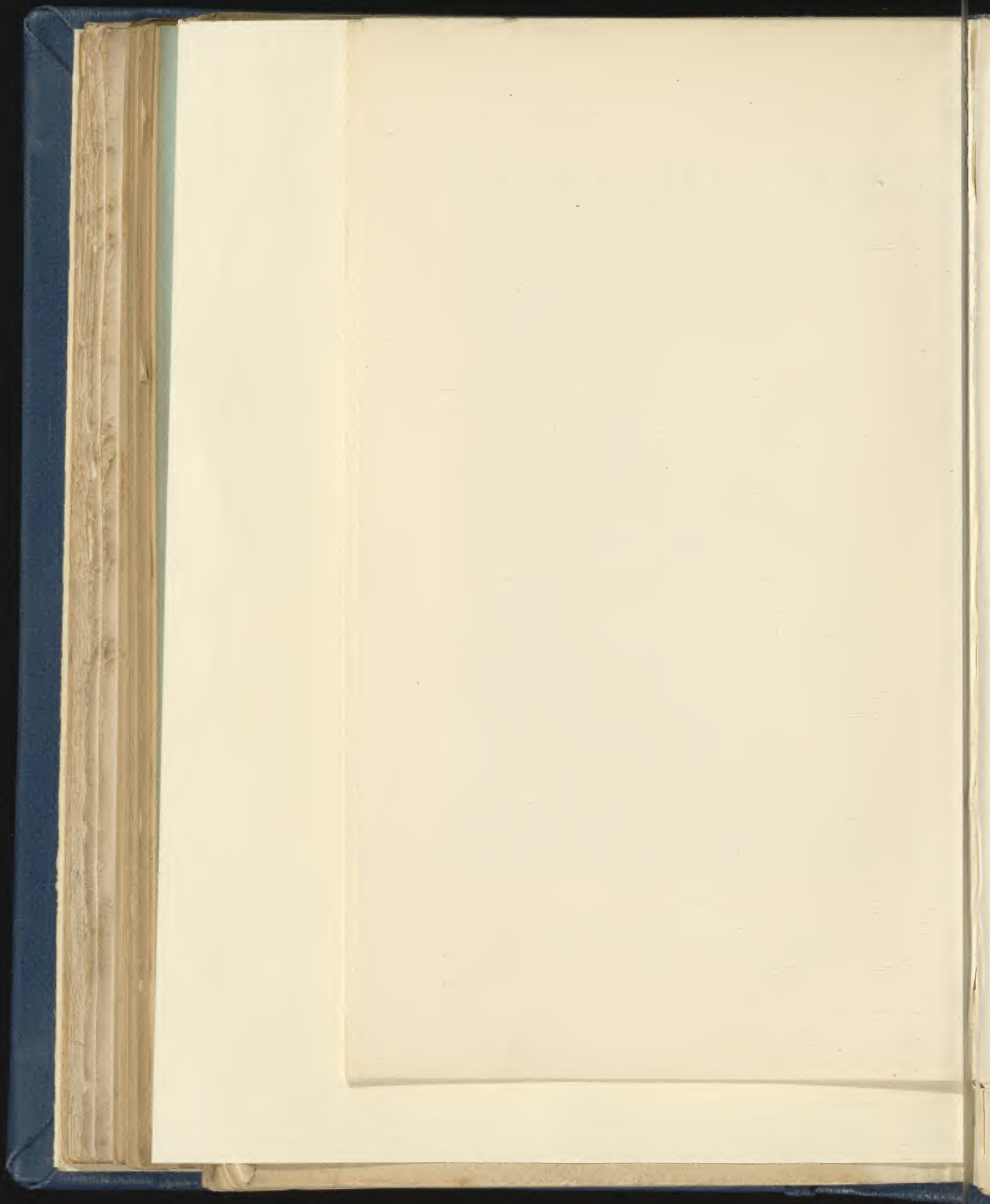
JAMES BROWN

W. C. HENDERSON & SON, ST ANDREWS
JOHN MENZIES & CO., EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW

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DEDICATED
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TO
TOM MORRIS

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SONGS OF GOLF



A BIG MATCH AT ST ANDREWS

When first-class gowfer, gowfer meets,
St Andrews folk desert their streets,
An' to the Links they tak' the gate,
Or e'er the mornin's wearin' late.
Among the crowd that wanders doon
You'll notice every kind o' loon,
O' man and woman, auld and young
On social ladder's every rung.
They're a' maist keen the match to see
Frae drivin' aff at the first tee,
Till victory ae man does croon
When the decisive putt gangs doon.
What reck they o' the lang five miles
O' humps an' howes,—the rushin' whiles
Frae green to green in headlong race
For seein' the putts to get a place?
But to our tale—The hour has come
At which the play should have begun.
Around the tee the folk noo stand,
An' far extend on ilka hand.
A rope controls their eagerness.
An' should they ever forward press,
The sturdy men "gaun wi' the rope"
For jerk and tug find ample scope.
But o' their deeds and goings on
We'll maybe hear some mair anon.

Afore the first ba' can be driven
 Some guid advice the crowd is given,
 To wit, that they maun ever watch
 There are nae cheers during the match,
 Nae favour shewn to either one
 Until the game is lost and won.
 When aince the balls hae baith been driven
 The crowd moves as at signal given.
 The rope keeps them at steady pace
 "Inside" it, some hae privileged place ;
 The players, caddies, referee,
 Reporters and Green Committee.
 Old Tom, of course, too will be there,
 Nae big match ever could him spare.
 He has mair influence wi' the crowd
 Than rope men's shoutings strong and loud.
 His voice will check an onward rush
 Sooner than "bobbies" shove and push.
 "If ye keep back, a' body'll see"!
 Is his unanswerable decree.

And so they reached the burn's edge,
 Then crushed across each wooden bridge,
 And round the first hole green they stood,
 To see which player draws first bluid.
 The hole's holed oot, but hoo it ga'ed,
 Is not by me to be here said.
 And as the players noo ye see
 Walkin' towards the second tee,
 Some eager souls then too are seen
 At ilka twa sides o' the green,
 Rushin' as though o' sense bereft,
 And hailed wi' "Keep back on the left!"

Some will tak' tent and call a halt,
 Some ithers canna see their fault,
 Hoo when they thus do rashly act
 The player's eye they may distract.

The first four holes are even ground,
 Not much excitement there is found.
 Save when—though why is not quite clear—
 There seems a lot o' rope to spare.
 The rope men then get wild a wee,
 An' each his ain advice will gie,
 Which when ane hears he'll answer back,
 "Alick, man! haul in yer slack!"

But when the rougher ground is won,
 The fun will shortly be begun.
 The rushin' doon the steep hillside,
 Whaur some folk will half run half slide.
 They missed their footin' on the slope,
 But as they had grip o' the rope,
 They're bound to reach the foot somehow,
 Some slide and tumble, some e'en row.

The bunkers often will prove snares,
 That dinna only entrap players.
 When some folk—seemin' to hae vowed
 To keep the foremost o' the crowd,
 An' ne'er grip o' the rope to lose—
 Some hidden bunker come across,
 A muffled sort o' scream we hear,
 An' then from sight they disappear.
 If they haud on, then through the sand
 They're dragged, 'mid mirth on every hand.
 Nane their fate seems to regret,

A' ithers see the fun o' it.
 When the unlucky anes come oot,
 Battered wi' saund frae head to foot,
 They dinna seem to think amiss,
 Although nane their regret express,
 But to mak' up lost time endeavour,
 As eager on the game as ever.

When round some green the people stand,
 An' silence reigns on every hand,
 The players maybe "like's they lie,"
 He wins wha putts maist certainly.
 When he, that plays first, you can see
 Is bending lowly on his knee,
 Best way to tak' the line o' a',
 Ye'd nearly hear a preen to fa';
 An' as he's gaun to play the stroke,
 No sound is heard, no word is spoke,
 A' wi' excitement are agog—
 Appears the inevitable dog.
 He calmly trots frae oot the throng,
 An' meets wi' execrations strong,
 Is driven about wi' club and foot,
 Until outside the ring he's put,
 And—though it may strangely sound—
 Such dog's owner can ne'er be found.

These incidents are but a few
 Of those which in gowf crowds you view.
 An' if a big match you've ne'er seen,
 If a spectator havena' been,
 Then you hae missed some fun indeed,
 You should gang out next time an' see't.

A GOLFING SONG

(With a well-known air.)

Football's no good in summer, and in winter cricket's
the same,

Skating, tennis, and bowls have each their time,
But golf is very different, for the royal and ancient
game

Can be played in every season, every clime.

It is the best of pastimes, with attractions very great,

As a sport it leaves all other games behind it,

It will be universal at no very distant date,

And to-day at many places you will find it.

St Andrews, Portrush, Hoylake, Westward Ho!

Wimbledon, Prestwick, Sandwich, Cruden

Bay,

Machrihanish, Richmond, Rye, Biarritz,

Cannes, and Pau,

And many hundreds more where golfers

Play! Play! Play!

There's the working man who plays at night when his
day's work is done,

There's the wealthy man who never works at all,

There's the schoolboy and the student, whose lives are
just begun,

All enchanted with the little gutta ball.

There's the Peer, the Privy Councillor, the K.C. and
M.P.,

All enthusiastic golfers you will find them,
And while they are upon the links, their one desire's
to be

(For then all other ambitions are left behind them)

A Taylor, a Vardon, Kirkaldy or a Braid,

A Johnnie Ball, a Hutchison, Hilton or
Laidlay,

An Auchterlonie, a Jack Graham, Low, Max-
well, Park or Herd,

Or some other golfer who can Play! Play!
Play!

HA! HA! THE GOWFIN' O'T!

Blank cam' here to learn gowf,
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!
 At maist o' things he wasna' dowf,
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!
 But the first time he gae'd oot,
 He couldna' move that ball a foot,
 Gart the divots flee aboot,
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!

Blank he fumed and Blank he swore,
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!
 As he tried it o'er and o'er,
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!
 When he 'woke the next morning,
 Such a pain his sides did wring,
 And his hand—puir blistered thing!
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!

Then he thocht it would be well,
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!
 To get a man who could him tell,
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!
 The oots and ins aboot it a',
 Hoo far he had to stand awa',
 To miss the ground yet hit the ba',
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!

How it cam', let caddies say,
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!
 By-and-bye that he could play,
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!
 Practice did his errors cure,
 A good style for him secure,
 Now his game is "far and sure,"
 Ha! ha! the gowfin' o't!

WHERE THE JOLLY GOLFERS PLAY

"When the gentle breezes blow."

Have you ever seen St Andrews and its famous classic
Links,

Where the jolly golfers play?

And every one, from morn till night, of golfing only
thinks,

Where the jolly golfers play.

Perhaps at first you'll think the thing is just a craze
and fad,

And consider that its devotees are very nearly mad;
But ere long you yourself will have the golfing fever
bad,

Where the jolly golfers play.

You'll buy a driver and a cleek, also a ball or two,

Where the jolly golfers play;

And go to have a try—"its such an easy thing to
do," (?)

What the jolly golfers play.

You put a ball down on the ground, and then yourself
prepare

To swipe at it so grandly, with a "Sam" Kirkaldy air,
And you're astonished, when you've swung, that it's
still lying there,

Where the jolly golfers play.

You vow you'll hit it next time, whatever may befall,
 Where the jolly golfers play ;
 But you don't yet know the secret, "Keep your eye
 upon the ball,"

Where the jolly golfers play.

So when your next swing's finished, you feel that
 something's wrong ;
 The ball has not been moved, but there—a little way
 along—

You see your club head lying ; here's a "divot" two
 feet long,

Where the jolly golfers play.

You now begin to think there's really something in
 the game,

That the jolly golfers play ;

And although you feel disgusted, you're ambitious all
 the same,

That jolly game to play.

And the next time that you go out, a pro. you will
 engage,

The fever is now fast approaching it's acutest stage,
 And the pleasures of a golfer you will soon begin to
 gauge,

And the jolly game will play.

THE HOME OF GOLF

"A little peach in a garden grew."

A little City on a bay so blue,
 Golfing Links of an emerald hue,
 Known to many, unknown to a few,
 To a few, to a few,
 This is the home of Golf.

No Golfer's education will do,
 Who has not been this City to view,
 And on these Links had a round or two,
 Or two, or two,
 This is the home of Golf.

The Grand Old Golfer lives there too,
 His love for the Links is ever true,
 His zeal for the game nought can subdue,
 Subdue, subdue,
 This is the home of Golf.

And if you spend there a week or two,
 And get to know those greens so true,
 Sorry you will be to say "Adieu!"
 "Adieu!" "Adieu!"
 This is the home of Golf.

OLD TOM

There's auld Tom Morris that lives in yon toon,
That's famous for gowf and "the scarlet goon,"
He's a favourite wi' everybody—but then
He's the best o' guid fellows, the wale o' auld men.

He watches wi' fatherly care o'er yon Links,
And o' keeping them aye in guid order he thinks.
As truly as ever a lad lo'ed his lass,
Does Tom lo'e every blade o' that grass.

Frae the crack to the duffer he's friends wi' them a',
And in a big match his voice is the law,
The rush o' the crowd he's far abler to stop,
Than dozens o' "bobbies" and "men wi' the rope."

He's fresher than mony another appears,
Wha hasna', like him, seen four score years ;
And I'm sure every gowfer will join wi' me,
In hoping that mony mair years he may see.

THE SWILCAN BURN.

Flow gently, old Swilcan, between thy two banks,
Of concreted wall and of tarred wooden planks.
What scenes thou hast witnessed in great days of
yore—
Championships, medals, and matches galore.

The ancient stone bridge, which has spanned thee for
years
(And as strong as when it was built yet appears)
Has now crossed by many a champion been,
Has many close games seen reach the last green.

One championship final thou did'st decide,
The *ball* of the loser dropped into thy tide.
And many a match of a lesser degree
Has been finished one way or other by thee.

But flow on, old Swilcan. Here's good luck to thee!
Many close finishes yet may'st thou see.
By many more champions may'st thou be crossed,
Though many more balls may in thee be lost.

FROM TOWN TO LINKS (AUGUST)

The Londoner out of town has gone,
 Upon the Links you'll find him;
 His golfing attire he has gotten on,
 His caddie walks behind him.

No matter what his ambition be—
 Pleasure, wealth, or renown,
 The city man, barrister or M.P.,
 Or may be "man about town."

Now that he's on the golfing Links,
 He gives himself heart and soul
 To the game, and the only thought he thinks
 Is how he may win each hole.

Sooner by far (though a barrister)
 Would he do the round in the crack
 Score of eighty or thereabouts,
 Than occupy the woolsack.

And he feels that he'd rather the whole
 Of his previous records beat,
 Than (if he be a city man) control
 "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

And though he may be an M.P.,
 You'll find he'd pledge his word,
 He'd rather a first class golfer be
 Than Premier or First Lord.

So great are the attractions of the game,
 That, while it's being played,
 All other ambitions of wealth, of fame,
 In importance seem to fade.

A NON-GOLFER'S LAMENT

"'E dunno where 'e are."

John Smith is well known to every one, he's always
knockin' round, don't you see.
I'd no fault to find with him at all when he was as he
used to be,
But now since he took the golfing craze, he's not the
same at all,
He talks now in an unknown tongue, of such things
as "slicing his ball."
And when you see him now on holidays, he's off to
some golfing green ;
Won't join in a quiet game of bowls, says that he
wouldn't be seen
Playing it, and has the cheek to say its just for his
grandda ;
Since John Smith took on the golfing craze, " why, 'e
dunno where 'e are."

He once was very fond of watching cricket matches,
and see Ranji score ;
Knew all the outs and ins about the game, and when
a man was " leg before,"
But now he says that alongside o' golf cricket's not a
game at all,
There's nothing in it to compare with the art of hitting
the little gutta ball.

He has his clubs carried by a nipper, scarcely yet
able to run,
Speaks as though he were a Jamie Braid, Taylor and
Vardon, all in one,
Tells of scores like them he's made, as though he
were with them upon a par,
Since John Smith took on the golfing craze, "why, 'e
dunno where 'e are."

I've heard him say he was fond of "rugger," that it
was a manly game,
Have also seen him make a break at billiards worthy
of Roberts' name,
And he'd play croquet or tennis in summer, or go for
a cycling run,
Well, too, could he handle the fishing rod, the landing
net, and the gun.
But now he's put them all aside, for none of them
does he care,
Though to get a good style of golfing, no trouble will
he spare.
Says that before any other pastime, he'd play golf
sooner by far,
Since John Smith took on the golfing craze "why, 'e
dunno' where 'e are."

THEY'RE A' GOWFIN'
OR ST ANDREWS IN SUMMER

"We're a' noddin."

If you gang to St Andrews
 About this time o' year,
And tak' a walk around the toon
 You'll feel inclined to speer
Whaur a' the folk hae gane to,
 And you'll be tell't, methinks,
That if you want to see them
 You maun gang doon to the Links.
 For they're a' gowfin', gowf, gowf, gowfin',
 For they're a' gowfin', gowfin' a' the day.

A'body there are gowfers,
 They a' can play the game,
But that is just what should be,
 For it is the gowfer's hame.
And if it happens, some should miss
 Their usual round a day,
When they're no' playin' theirsel', they're watchin'
 "Sam" Kirkaldy play.
 For they're a' gowfin', gowf, gowf, gowfin',
 For they're a' gowfin', gowfin' a' the day.

There's the man whose mind is occupied
 Wi' troubles o' the State,
There's he wha often in the House
 Will meet him in debate,

And mony anither member,
 And politician keen,
 But noo they're a' ae pairty,
 When they're on the gowfin' green,
 And are a' gowfin', gowf, gowf, gowfin',
 And are a' gowfin', gowfin' a' the day.

Ye ken the man wha ca'ed the game
 A craze that wouldna last,
 And said that it would soon become
 A pastime o' the past ;
 And him wha thocht that gowfers
 Must be very nearly mad,
 Or else they wouldna gie theirsels
 A' ower to sic a fad,
 And be aye gowfin', gowf, gowf, gowfin',
 And be aye gowfin', gowfin' a' the day.

And you've seen the man that sneered,
 And the man that used to crack
 About the gowfin' fever,
 And the gowfin' maniac ;
 And the man wha said that gowfin'
 He never would be seen.
 But if ye saw them noo, I'm sure
 Ye'd scarce believe yer een,
 For they're a' gowfin', gowf, gowf, gowfin',
 For they're a' gowfin', gowfin' a' the day.

TOLD BY A GOLF BALL

"*The toy monkey.*"—Geisha.

I'm a little golf ball, ready for the fray,
 Ready for a round or two.
 Just take me if you're going to play,
 And you'll have nothing more to do
 Than hit me fair, and I'll go
 Straight from the tee,
 And then you will see
 That a rocket shooting isn't on a par with me.
 For after all, I'm a little gutta ball,
 Whoever plays me, it's all the same,
 If you only hit me fair,
 Why, you never need despair,
 For you're always sure to win your game.

But there's no saying what kind of a player
 He or she who buys me may be ;
 A crack or a duffer, with a style that is rare,
 It makes a mighty difference to me.
 A nice hacking I'm in for.
 If it's a duffer ;
 Wont I suffer,
 Why, a bit of Wallsend wont be blacker than me.
 For, after all, I'm just a gutta ball,
 And if the duffer doesn't hit me clean,
 Then he cannot blame me
 If he misses from the tee,
 And also all his shots through the green.

But if it's my luck when the time does arrive,
That a good player buys me,
Then will I, at every drive,
Go straight as an arrow from the tee,
And at his approaches,
Though I may not be dead,
Never will it be said,
He took more than two upon the green with me.
For after all, I'm a little gutta ball,
And when the round's been played,
As I'm a little out of shape,
Which no ball can escape,
He'll give me in to be remade.

THE WAIL OF A BEGINNER

Why can't I learn the game,
Why do I miss the ball,
And scuff the ground instead,
Or nothing hit at all?
Often, with envious eyes,
Others I've watched, and seen
Them hitting every shot,
So fairly and so clean.

But after I have tried
Awhile this thing to do,
I feel as if I had
Dislodged a rib or two.
My sides do ache with pain,
My hands are blistered sore;
My club is smashed in two,
My ball is round no more.

The places where I've stood
Can easily be seen,
For all around are signs
Of "wearin' o' the green."
But if I practise hard,
Will a time come, when I
Can really play the game
"In the sweet by-and-bye"?

AN AULD GOWFER'S ADVICE TO A
BEGINNER

"There's nae luck about the house."

Ye first maun learn to hit the ba',
And learn to hit it clean,
Ye mauna' come doon on the tap,
Or sclaff into the green.
To dae this there's ae thing to mind,
An' ae thing aboon a',
That when you're swingin', ye maun keep
Your e'e upon the ba'.

There's sometimes luck into the game,
There's sometimes nane ava',
But you'll never be a gowfer, if
Ye canna' hit the ba'.

At first, you'll maybe miss the globe,
Aye, maybe aince or twice,
An' whiles you'll play an awfu' pull,
An' whiles an awfu' slice.
And sometimes you will sclaff the ground,
From ower much eagerness.
You're trying to hit the ball ower hard,
What we ca' "tryin' to press."

There's sometimes luck into the game, etc.

Now let me, as an auld gowfer,
Gie ye some guid advice,
And tell ye twa maxims to mind,
Their value's aboon price.
The first, I have already said,
"Keep your e'e on the ba',"
The second is, "Tak' it easy,
Ye mauna' press ava'."

There's sometimes luck into the game, etc.

THE DUFFER

Though like turf on a lawn, where Tennis is played,
Was the golf course, when first his appearance he
made,
Like a field in the Autumn, when ploughing's begun,
That course will appear, when a round he has done.

For he baffs and he sclafts from beginning to end,
When he's finished there will be some club shafts to
mend,
Some divots replaced, new turf planted ;—and
Honeyman wanted with plenty “mair saund.”

But there stands the Duffer, he's satisfied now,
Though his clubs are all earth, and the sweat's on his
brow,
He has had one more round of his favourite game,
Which, although he can't play, he loves all the same.

So don't be too hard, when a Duffer you see,
Remember he's also a Golf devotee,
And that the distinction, 'twixt your and his game,
May be, as 'twixt yours and another's, the same.

THE GOLFER'S LITANY

(With apologies to Mr RUDYARD KIPLING in "Departmental Ditties.")

The Duffer's game :—Half hits his tee,
 All sclaffed his brassy shots appear,
 New bunkers, in his trail, we see,
 Of his mashie,—souvenir.
 But oh ! his faith and hopes are high,
 That he will play well by-and-bye,
 He sings the Golfer's Litany,
 "A game like ours can never die."

The Crack's game now :—Drives straight ahead,
 And with his brassy takes them clean,
 And, though his pitch may not lie dead,
 He'll ne'er take three upon the green.
 And oh ! his faith and hopes are high,
 He may be champion by-and-bye,
 He sings the Golfer's Litany,
 "A game like ours can never die."

The steady game :—The canny "clour"
 Is always straight if wanting *vim*,
 With brassy, cleek and mashie sure,
 A three yard putt is nought to him.
 And oh ! his faith and hopes are high,
 Enjoys a round so thoroughly,
 He sings the Golfer's Litany,
 "A game like ours can never die."

Th' erratic game :—A long tee shot,
 Followed by fozzles two or three ;
 Whether he'll hit the ball or not,
 You ne'er can tell, no more can he.
 But oh ! his faith and hopes are high,
 Though he is playing wretchedly,
 He'll sing the Golfer's Litany,
 "A game like ours can never die."

A BOAST FROM ST ANDREWS

"There grows a Bonnie Briar Bush."

There is a bonnie gowfin' green,
 At oor back door.
 The folk a' say it's the best they've seen,
 At oor back door.
 While some to get a game
 Have to gang by bus and train,
 We have just to step outside,
 At oor back door.
 Hundreds come frae far awa',
 To oor back door,
 And play the little gutta ba',
 At oor back door.
 When here they've aince been playin',
 They're aye sure to come again,
 A'body likes the gowfin' green,
 At oor back door.
 The Championships are often played
 At oor back door.
 We've gowfers wha ha'e played wi' Braid
 At oor back door.
 For nearly every day,
 We can see Kirkaldy play,
 And Willie Auchterlonie tae,
 At oor back door.
 What gars folk o' the Links so speak,
 At oor back door?
 The reason isna' far to seek,
 Frae oor back door.
 The Grand Auld Gowfer, he
 Keeps on them a watchful e'e,
 He can see them frae his window, or
 Frae his back door.

THE GOLFING CONVERTS

"A little bit off the top."

Cricket was once my favourite game,
 Once I had a cricketer's fame ;
 As bowler, bat, and wicketkeeper too,
 I could make the middle stump fly,
 Never played without scoring high,
 Behind the wickets could some smart work do.
 But, one day, I was tempted to have a try at this
 game of golf,
 And though I knew it was an infectious thing,
 I tried it, and most marvellously I hit both "far and
 sure,"
 And was told that I had quite a perfect swing.

And golf is now the only game,
 For me, for me,
 And golf is now the only game,
 For me, for me.
 Though I don't play brilliantly I'm keen on it
 all the same,
 There's no doubt that golf's my favourite game.

Jones and Smith are old friends of mine,
 Each in sport had his favourite line.
 Jones could play at Football very well,
 And Smith upon the Tennis lawn
 Was considered a perfect don,
 None him with the racket could excel.

But, please remember, that this was in seasons past
and gone,
And now they don't like violent exercise,
So both have taken keenly to the Royal and Ancient
game,
And each enthusiastically cries,
Golf is now the only game, etc., etc.

Hundreds now are doing the same,
Who used to play at some other game.
Every one is giving it up for golf.
It's such a fascinating thing,
That if to play you once begin,
You'll find you'll never want to leave it off,
But, on the contrary, you'll wish to play it more and
more,
Trying to improve your game with every round.
And soon saying the same as Jones and Smith and I
have said,
With no uncertain voice, you'll be found.
Golf is now the only game, etc., etc.

AN IRISH PANEGYRIC ON GOLF

"When in death I shall calm recline."

When for pleasure I feel inclined,
 I hie me off to some golfing course,
 And—shure—there, in full measure, I find
 That golf is pleasure's unfailing source.
 There is no cause for thoughts of sorrow,
 If you are playing a decent good game,
 And if not, then just think of the morrow,
 When you may your good form regain.

Your cup of enjoyment is overflowing,
 As you hit your drives both fair and clean,
 And when you see that your pitches are going,
 So near that you never need three on the green.
 The bunkers, some days, you will never visit,
 If good luck should happen to be in your way,
 But what although you should be in some, is it
 Not part of the game and a test of your play?

No matter whether you are a duffer,
 As North is to South to the game of a crack,
 Your zeal for golfing will never suffer,
 In attractions, you'll find it never to lack.
 If you have not played already, go try it!
 When you've got started, you'll never leave off,
 But will like every golfer swear by it.
 Begorra! there's no other game like our golf.

CONVERSION AND PROGRESS OF
MR BINKS

"Brown of Colorado."—"Shop Girl."

Though at one time a scoffer,
Who considered every golfer
Was well upon his way to Colney Hatch
And though I said that never,
Would I take the golfing fever,
Yet, after all, I did it badly catch.
In a thoughtless moment, was I
Just one shot tempted to try,
And to hit that ball, I own, I did my best.
Of course at first I missed it,
Tried again,—could not resist it,
And now I am a golf enthusiast.

A golf enthusiast,
Who will never rest,
Till he the golfer's Mecca visits and views,
And is known at our Links,
No longer just as "Binks,"
But "Binks who has done 80 at St Andrews."

When first to play I ventured,
I found that I had entered
Into the very hardest of all schools.
I had nought with me at all,
But a driver and a golf ball,
And a copy of the Royal and Ancient Rules.

Though I raised many a divot,
Or swung as on a pivot,
Hitting nought more solid than the air,
Now,—though strange the fact is,—
By dint of patient practice,
I've become a really good golf player.

A really good golf player,
Who once in despair,
Consigned golfdom to the regions infernal.
Now I'm scratch at our club,
No longer do they dub
Me "Binks," but "Binks who often beats
the Colonel."

WHA WADNA' BE A GOWFER ?

Wha wadna' be a Gowfer,
 Wadna' hae a Gowfer's fame,
 Whaur's the man wha has nae love for
 Scotland's Royal and Ancient Game,—
 Revering not past golfing heroes,
 Young Tommy Morris and Strath,
 And their glorious achievements,
 Nor would follow in their path ?

Wha wadna' be a Gowfer,
 Wadna hae a Gowfer's fame,
 Whaur's the man wha has nae love for
 Scotland's Royal and Ancient Game ?

If you've watched the foremost players,
 That we have with us to-day,
 Then you'll wonder how there can be
 Ony ane that doesna' play ;
 Tryin' to pitch like J. H. Taylor,
 Wha can lay approaches dead,
 Tryin' to putt like Harry Vardon,
 Tryin' to drive like Jamie Braid.

Wha wadna' be a Gowfer ? etc.

Ah ! it is a splendid pastime,
 A'body may it enjoy.
 See ! they a' are takin' to it,
 Man and woman, girl and boy.
 Soon it will be universal,
 Soon be played in every land,
 Soon there won't be those that dinna
 Ken what's meant by " plenty saund."

Wha wadna' be a gowfer ? etc.

THE CADDIE

I'm a caddie on registered pay,
 Eighteenpence has been fixed as my fee,
 And if I get two rounds a day,
 That is all sufficient for me.
 Though the player I'm carrying to
 Be a duffer, who misses the ball,
 Or a man who can hit them all true,
 That does not affect me at all.

Often, in course of a round,
 I'm consulted, and asked to advise,
 And my judgment is always thought sound,
 On difficulties that may arise.
 The man with his own club bag,
 With contemptuous pity I see,
 As one whose finances may lag,
 And thus unimportant to me.

In summer time I am in clover,
 Carrying or teaching the game,
 But after the season is over,
 Things do not continue the same.
 Then I stand at an evergreen paling,
 With more "of that ilk" unemployed,
 And with yarns and tales never failing,
 The livelong days are enjoyed.

Thus do we get through the moments,
 With the help of a paling and pipe ;
 We do not have many amusements,
 But these are our favourite type :—
 A "crack," our misfortunes bewailing,
 A smoke no misfortune can stop,
 And a lean on that evergreen paling
 In front of Tom Morris' shop.

MY RIVAL

I play for medal, charm, or cup,
Both handicap and scratch,
I often am with Bogey up,
And also in Club match.
But wherein doth it profit me?
No matter what I do,
When I go round in 83,
He does an 82.

If I, by dint of steady game,
"The Colonel" beat by one,
I find that he's been playing the same,
But he by two has won.
And though, when playing for our club,
I beat my man—you see—
He also wins, and here's the rub,
He leads by more than me.

Of our home green, the record score,
He's held for many a year,
And—presently—for many more,
He'll hold it, 'twould appear.
For should it happen that some one
—I or another—play
Round in less than he has done,
He ditto does next day.

How it is I can't explain,
That he should always beat,
But golf is an uncertain game,
Some day I'll him defeat.
It is because, explains some one,
He plays the better game,
If that is so, a day may come
When I shall do the same.

THE LINKS AT NIGHTFALL

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

Deserted now are starting box and tee.
The golfers have all ta'en their homeward way,
And left the Links to darkness and to me.

Now fades that glorious golf course in the gloom,

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds,"
Save that perchance in Forgan's upper room,
The men are working late at the ball moulds.

Save too, may be, from yonder youthful crowd
Of caddies, playing as the day doth fade,
And who, in accents that are strong and loud,
Demand to know how many each have played.

Perhaps, in that small crowd, one there may be
With eye as true as e'er in champion's head,
With hands that always drive straight from the tee,
And lay approaches almost always dead.

Some little Vardon, who with faultless style,
His game improves with almost every round,
Some Braid or Taylor, who will, in a while,
In the front rank of golfers yet be found.

As now beneath their roofs the golfers sit,
They o'er again their daily two rounds play,
And each to each his errors will admit,
Resolving on a better game next day.

They tell how they drove off from every tee,
And how they did the burn negotiate,
How if they had not lost strokes two or three,
They might perchance have done a 78.

But I must also leave this pleasing spot,
And straightway turn my footsteps homeward bound,
Or else the chances are, that I will not
Be down in time for next day's morning round.

THE STYMIE

The golfer reached the putting green,
 He'd thought his ball was dead,
 And when instead a stymie's seen,
 Let's wonder what he said.
 Outwardly calm and cool he stood,
 As though 'twere shot he loved,
 But, standing near, his caddie could
 Observe that his lips moved.

Perpaps 'twas only "hang" or "blow,"
 "I'm jiggered" or "confound,"
 He said it in a voice so low
 No one could hear a sound.
 Then he pulls himself together,
 His little speech is done,
 Studies the shot to judge whether
 He should it pitch or run.

The moments pass—'tis hard to say
 And come to a decision,
 But if he putts it, he must play
 With very great precision,
 Again to pitch—a tricky thing—
 Must to a nicety
 Be played, before his ball goes in
 Hence his perplexity.

Rising, he will his caddie ask
 Which way he would advise.
 He, too, finds it no easy task.
 And looketh very wise.
 "Pitch it," he'll say, and after all
 It's his best chance, you'll own.
 The player pitches, and his ball
 May or may not go down.

ST ANDREWS LINKS

"Annie Laurie."

St Andrews Links are bonnie
 In the long summer day.
 It was there that I first learned
 The gowfin' game to play,
 The gowfin' game to play,
 That so enchanteth me,
 That to be a first-class gowfer
 What would I no' gie?

If you play in the morning
 Around that classic green,
 The air, about you fawning,
 Tastes like the Engadine,
 Tastes like the Engadine,
 So pure and clear it be,
 And to play gowf at St Andrews
 What wadna' mony gie?

The turf is like a carpet,
 The greens are like a lawn,
 And they too are the truest
 That gowf was e'er played on,
 That gowf was e'er played on,
 But how else could it be,
 When Tom the grand auld gowfer
 Has them aye in his e'e.

No matter where you started
 The Royal old game to play,
 When you've gowfed at St Andrews,
 I'm sure that you will say,
 I'm sure that you will say,
 It's the best you e'er did see,
 And to play aye at St Andrews,
 There's nothing you would'na gie.

AN AULD GOWFER TO HIS BAFFY
SPOON

With apologies to Mr R. T. BOOTHBY.

At the time I bought my spoon, in yon famous classic
toon,

I had just new started gowf to play,
Since first it took my e'e, it's been ever since wi' me,
— An' I couldna' play without it yet the day.

My spoon! my spoon!
My guid auld baffy spoon!
I prize ye, a' my ither clubs aboon,
They may say that you lie flat,
Oh! you're nane the waur o' that,
You're a trusty freend, my guid auld baffy spoon.

Twas wi' you that first ava', did I learn to hit the ba',
That's maybe hoo I like ye aye so weel,
Hoo when to play I stand, I prefer ye in my hand,
I'm aye so safe wi' you is what I feel.

My spoon! my spoon! etc.

If the ba' lies heavily, or should it, be cupped a wee,
Ither folk an iron mashie club will tak',
And there likely will be seen, on the ba' or on the green,
When they've played the shot, an awfu' fearsome
hack.

My spoon! my spoon! etc.

But if thus my ba' should land, then I tak' you in
my hand,

For weel I ken, that fairly and so clean,
You are sure to pick it up, oot o' heavy lie or cup,
An' never leave a mark upon the green.

My spoon ! my spoon ! etc.

When your merits I extol, in approachin' to the hole,
Without liftin' a divot twa feet lang ;
There's anither mair than me, and the greenkeeper
is he,

Wha appreciates the subject o' my sang.

My spoon ! my spoon ! etc.

THE GOLFER

"Tommy Atkins."

It takes him both from cricket and football,
 From tennis, croquet, even from his bike,
 He will leave outdoor sports, both one and all,
 The little white golf ball to learn to strike.
 It doesn't matter, what he played before,
 Or previously fancied as a game,
 Once he a club has lifted,
 And has the gutta shifted,
 He's sure to be a golfer all the same.

Oh! Golfing! Golfing! Golfing!
 You're a fascinating thing,
 Of pleasure, health, and happiness
 You are the source and spring.
 You've attractions never failing,
 May they always be the same,
 There is no other pastime
 Like the Royal and Ancient Game.

His spare time, now, is taken up with golf,
 And though his progress in it may be slow,
 Now, that he's started playing, he can't leave off,
 Nor does he ever dream of doing so.
 And whether he is on an inland green,
 Or one that is near where the billows roll,
 To improve his form and game,
 He is striving might and main,
 Every inch of him a Golfer, heart and soul.

Oh! Golfing! Golfing! Golfing! etc.

It is no matter though he never can
Play with what's known as the St Andrews swing,
He'd rather far continue golfing, than
Give it up for any other thing.
And whether he's a duffer, or a crack,
Or if a medium steady game he plays,
When a ball he once has hit,
He is sure to stick to it,
Sure to be a Golfer all his days.

Oh! Golfing! Golfing! Golfing! etc.

THE HARDEST LUCK OF ALL

Oh! ye who can find time each day,
 To play a round or more
 Of golf, and who can always make
 A fairly decent score,
 By whom small troubles in the game
 Are thought an "awful bore,"

When some day you think hard luck
 Is surely with your ball,
 Remember it is harder still
 To get no golf at all.

Some days, perhaps, you will complain
 The greens are much too fast ;
 On others that they are too slow,
 Or covered with worm cast ;
 Or ask, in summer time, how long
 This "beastly crush" will last.

When round the Links you think it hard,
 To have to slowly crawl,
 Remember it is harder still
 To get no golf at all.

Some day, perhaps, you'll ask what use
 Wind possibly can be,
 And feel annoyed when it prevents
 A straight ball from the tee,

Or you'll feel badly used, if rain
Drenches you thoroughly.

When the elements spoil your game,
And when you them miscall,
Remember it is harder still
To get no golf at all.

Yes! think on those whose business hours
A frequent game prevent,
And who, with just one game a week,
Must always be content,
Although they are as keen as you,
As eager and intent.

So when you've hard luck,—to your mind
The harder luck recall,
Of those who've just one game a week,
Or get no golf at all.

DIVIDED DESTINIES

They once lay closely side by side,
A pasteboard box within,
They now are severed far and wide,
By bunker, burn, and whin.

The same ballmaker, in the mould,
Did press them all one day,
Then painted, and in paper rolled
These golf balls,—where are they ?

In Swilcan's running stream, one did
Drop from a mashie shot,
And, by the mud completely hid,
It seen again was not.

Then one was in the railway lost ;
One, in a marvellous way,
Did vanish, as some youngsters crossed
O'er the place where it lay.

The thick and prickly whins have some,
And there, too, they will lie
Till found, when one does "howking" come,
'Cause none escape his eye.

NOT THE ONLY GOLFER ON
THE LINKS

"Not the only pebble on the beach."

When you're behind a golfer, who is taking much
more time

To play the game than he's entitled to,
And does it in a manner all important and sublime,

This is the thing that's best for you to do :

You need not play into him,—that, perhaps, might
lead to blows,

Though while he putts you've time for forty winks.

But, rather, when you're near enough, just ask him if
he knows

He's not the only golfer on the Links.

He's not the only golfer on the Links,
Though it looks as if this is what he thinks ;

Tell him the green's kept back,

And this knowledge he does lack,

That he's not the only golfer on the Links.

There's another sort of player, that's requiring to be
told,

The selfsame tale as he who goes too slow,
That's the player in a hurry whom nothing seems to
hold

From racing, when there's no need thus to go.

When he drives up, don't play his ball back or into a
whin,

You're better just to ask him if he thinks
Your life has been insured, and to impress this upon
him,

He's not the only golfer on the Links.

He's not the only golfer on the Links,
Though it looks as if this is what he thinks ;
Tell him, if he looks he'll find
The next couple's far behind,
And he's not the only golfer on the Links.

TAKE COMFORT

There's never been a golfer yet
 Who always played the same,
 Was not sometimes a little weak
 In some parts of his game.
 So when you miss a drive or pitch, or badly
 putt some day,
 Just think—no golfer's yet been known, who
 faultlessly could play.

The man who drives both far and sure,
 In very Braidlike style,
 You'll maybe find, with mashie weak,
 His putting he calls vile.
 And he, to get one yard putts down oc-
 casionally, would give
 Some distance—say a dozen yards—off his
 every drive.

And then the man to whom a putt
 About three yards is nought,
 Or who can lay approaches dead,
 No driving power has got.
 He'd well nigh give his steady game, if feet,
 just four or five,
 He could add to, and thus extend, his very
 "pawky" drive.

And so you see, there's always some
 Shot, in a golfer's game—
 No matter how brilliant he be—
 Is faulty all the same,
Take comfort then, and don't despair, though
 fozzles oft you do,
 Remember that the best of players some-
 times miss like you.

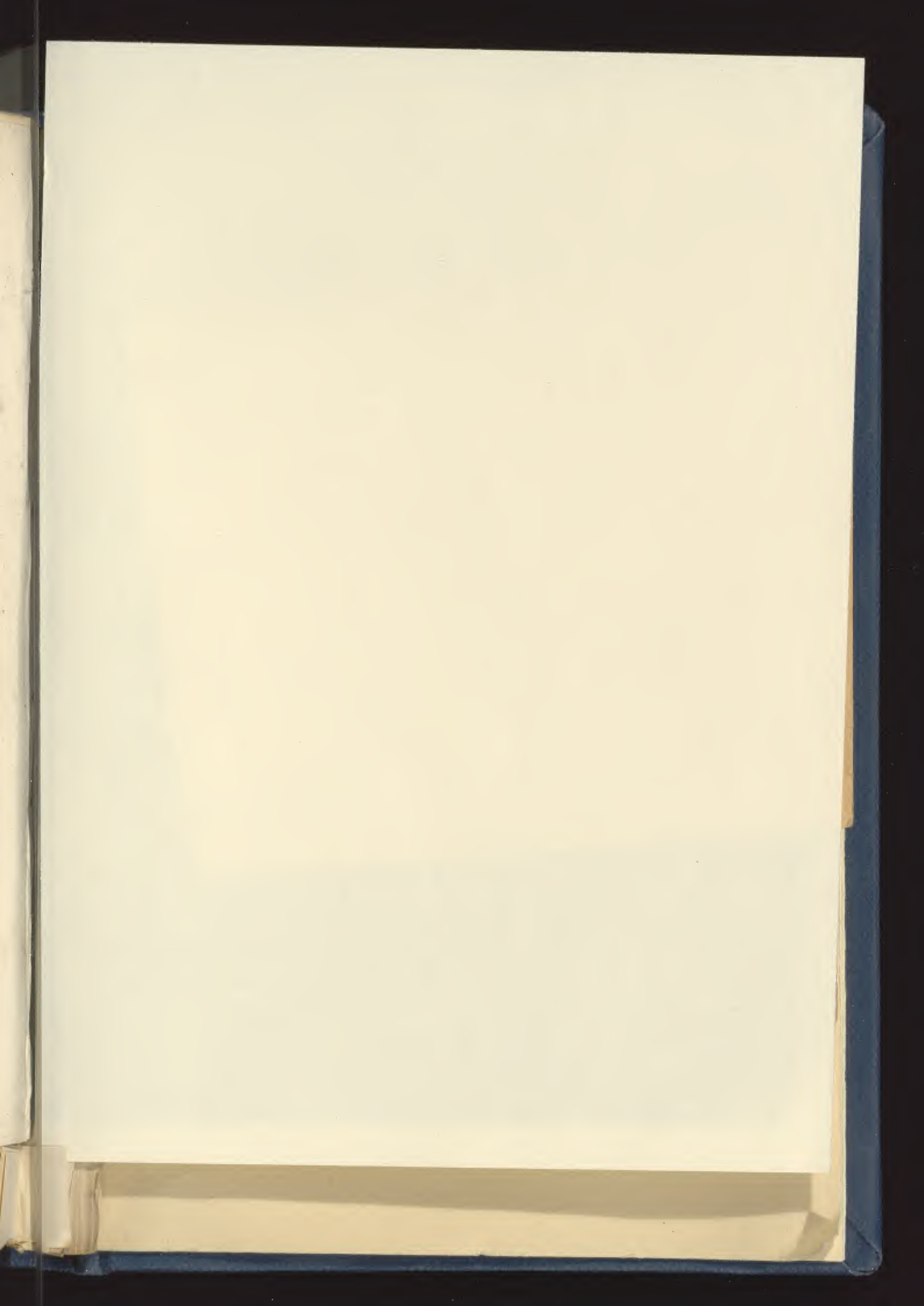
“FOR AULD LANG SYNE”

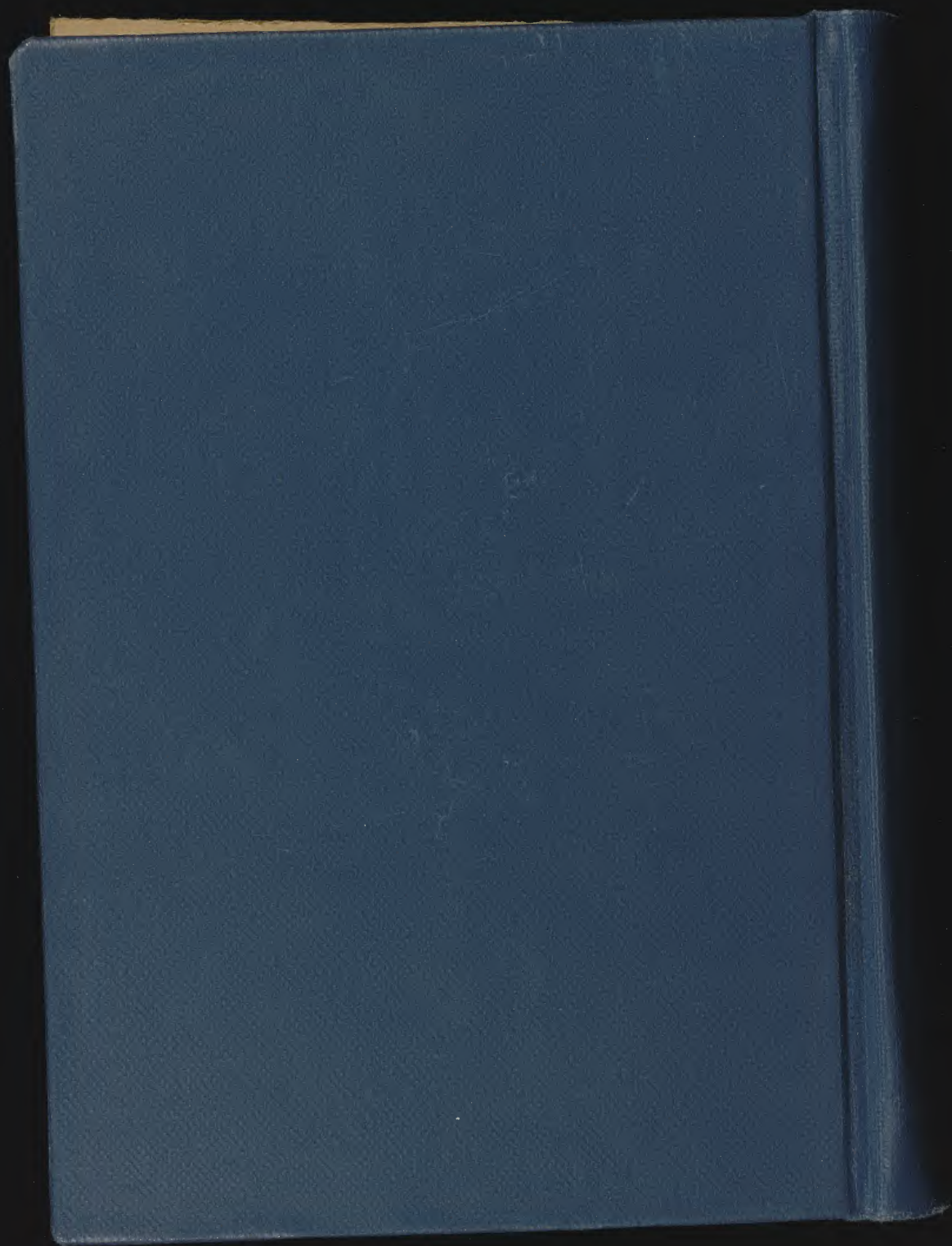
Will gowfin' ever be forgot,
 As years and years roll on,
 And will its fame be ever lost
 In dark oblivion?
 Will the enthusiasm for it
 Run out with sands of time,
 Will it in future just be known
 As a game o' auld lang syne?

O' auld lang syne, my dear,
 O' auld lang syne,
 If so, why then we're lucky now
 In these days o' auld lang syne.

No! it is sure to further spread,
 In all ages to come,
 And there won't be a non-gowfer
 At the millennium.
 A'body then will gowfers be,
 More so than in oor time,
 They'll say, “This grand auld game o' oors
 Was played in auld lang syne.”

In auld lang syne, my dear,
 In auld lang syne,
 For gowf will never be forgot,
 Nor these days o' auld lang syne.







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