

THE SOLITARY GOLFER.

Behold him single in the field,
Yon solitary golfing lad !
Driving and lofting by himself ;
His form, we'd say, is bad !
Alone he cuts and mars the sward,
And often shouts a burning word ;
O look you ! for the air around
Is turning blue—filled with the sound.

Will no one tell me what he says ?
Perhaps the wrathful shoutings flow
'To recommend ball, club, and game
'To regions down below ;
Or is it some less gruesome phrase,
'That everyone at some time says ;
Some simple bit of school-boy slang,
As gosh ! or blame it ! or I'll be hang !

Whate'er the words the laddie said,
As if his ire could have no ending,
I saw him make a swinging drive,
'The small ball skyward sending.
I watched the ball sail far away,
And fall upon the sunlit bray,
And thought—shall I agree
With those who say that golf's insanity ?