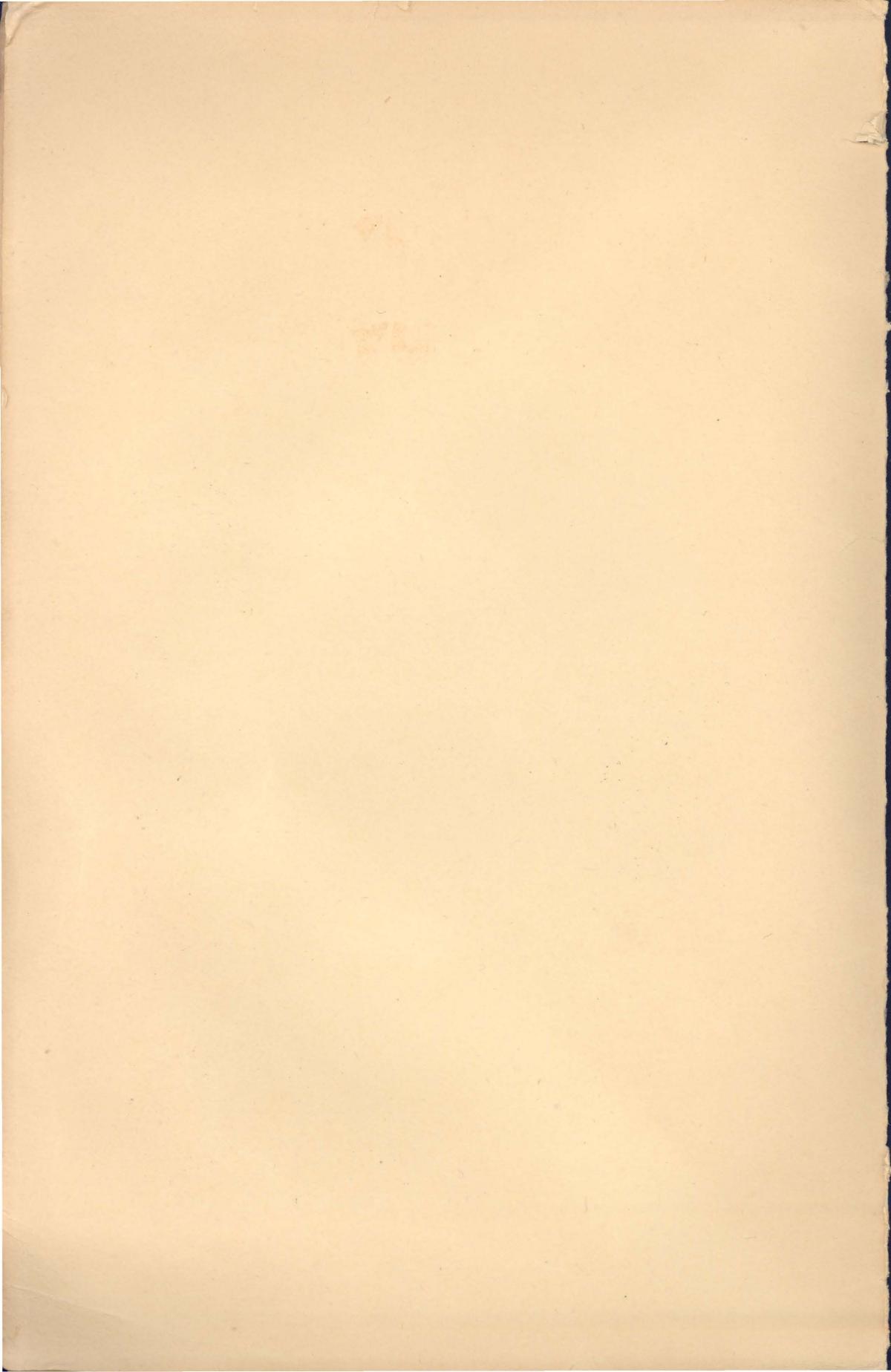
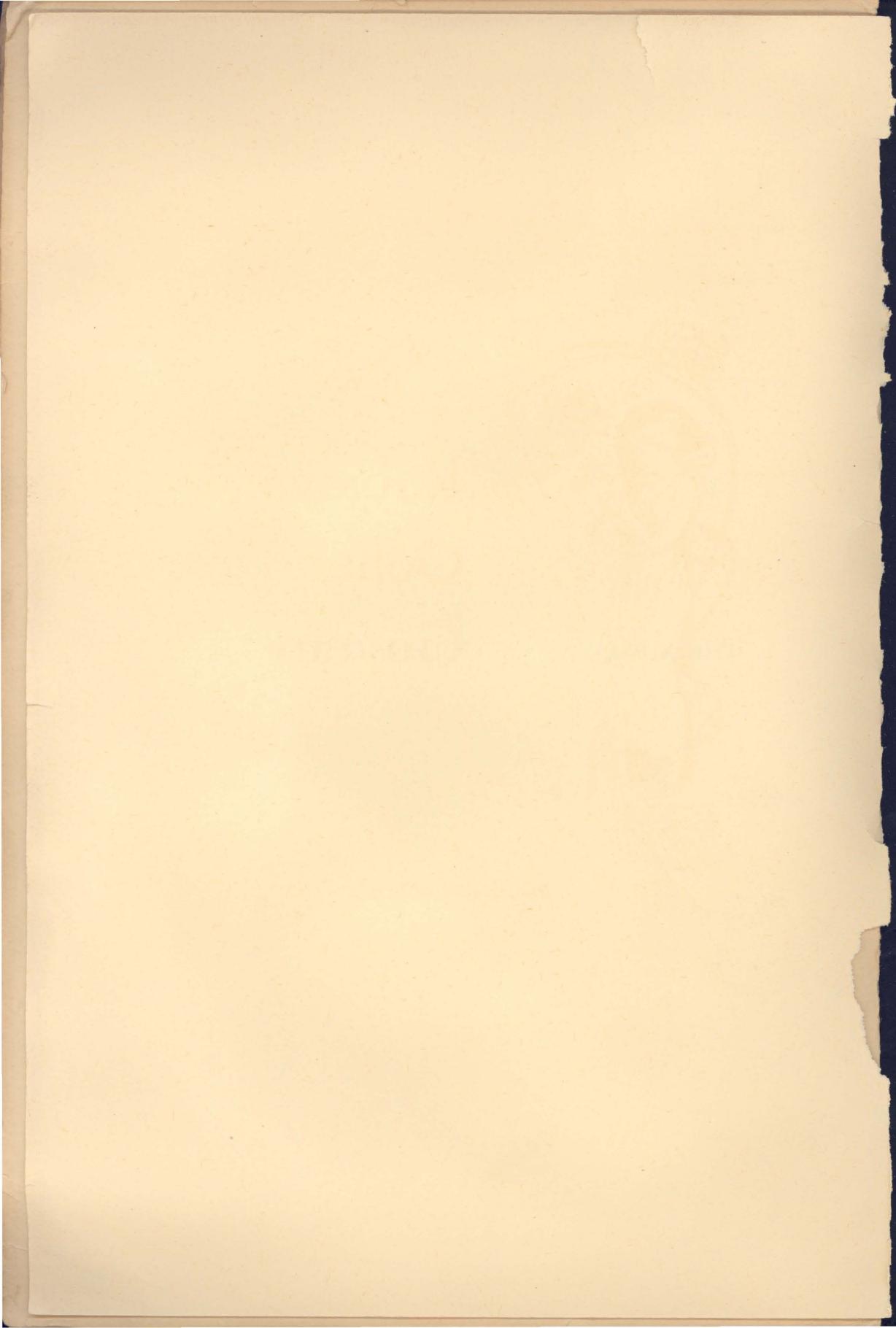


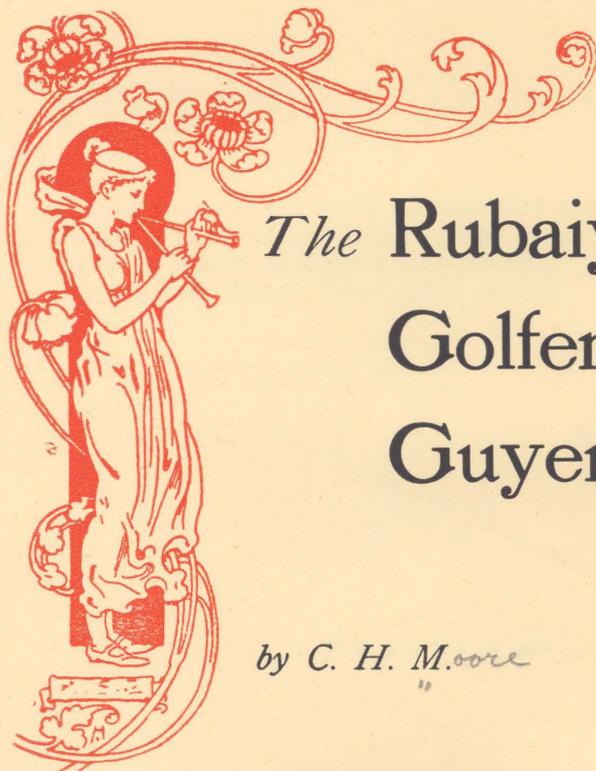
THE RUBAIYAT OF GOLFER GUYEM.





THE RUBAIYAT OF GOLFER GUYEM





The Rubaiyat of
Golfer
Guyem

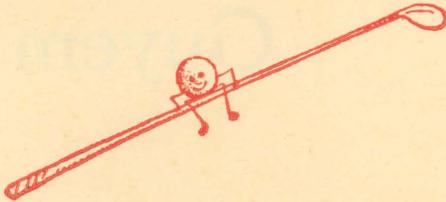
by C. H. Moore

Illustrated by MORRIS





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no 1



The Rubaiyat of Golfer Guyem.

I.

Wake! thou snail; the sun's gold shafted ray
Hath drunk from every blade of grass away
The dewey breath of night's beloved kiss,
Distilled it into morn's sweet wine of day.



II.

Methought a voice from yon white tiny sphere,
"Avaunt" it cried "why snore while I am here."
"The velvet green seductive in its wink and smile,
With siren voice cries, "Tarry with me, dear."



III.

Deep down within the lockers cavern reek,
The Driver, Mid-Iron, Mashie and the Cleek,
"Ope quick the door; thou fool," they say, "Away;"
"Perchance thou'lt soore the boggy thou dost seek."

IV.

And Jamshyds seven ringed cup hath left the skys
And Iram and his rose in hiding lies,
A mighty arm weilding a mighty stick,
Converted Jamshyds cup into a prize.



V.

Yon Caddie with mischievous look cries "Botch!"
But canny Donald shrewd, cries, "Scotch! Scotch! Scotch!"
"Ye'll Dinna Ken the proper stroke to Whack,"
"Until your nose hath gained the Whiskey Blotch."



VI.

Come; fill the glass and from its warmth within,
Fling truthfulness aside and lie like sin,
And tell how on that other course you played,
How, less than boggy you did make it in.



VII.

Whether at Annandale or Babylon,
Pineharst, Fairmont or stately Washington,
The Highball rare imagination fires,
And Lies of Golf keep coming one by one.

VIII.

Each morn its hopes, its aspirations bring,
Thy soul omniscient happiness doth sing,
Ah! Yes! But where the hopes of yesterday?
Like migrant birds hath vanished on the wing.



IX.

Well let them go and soar like driven ball,
Heed thou them not! for they will have to fall,
And having fallen down, with chastening thud,
In penitence they wait the morrows call.



X.

A Book of Rules, a brilliant sunny day,
A Juicy Pipe; my sweater; sticks to play;
And thou beside to 'plaud my fozzled stroke,
A thousand Houris could not tempt me 'way.

XI.

Some sigh for Paradise, the future state,
And some for Heaven's Golden Gate,
Take it from me! Accept the Hazard here
And get what fun you can ere tis too late.



XII.

Sweet soaring bird, the Golfers ball alike,
In Heaven's azure sails from wondrous strike,
Thou soarest vain and falleth with a thud,
In bunker, flanked with mud, "O! Holy Mike!"



XIII.

I sometimes think that ne'er so red a nose,
As where great tuns of claret flows,
'Cept on the green where frosty winter's nip
Produceth wheeze, and sneeze, and many blows.

XIV.

Yon daisy fair with tiny petal blue,
Ah me! I crushed it ruthless 'neath my shoe
Who knows what soul reincarnate it was.
Perchance love's messenger divine to you.



XV.

Ah! come beloved! fill the glass that cheers
That drives away regrets and future fears
Tomorrow! Why, tomorrow I may be
Ten thousand miles away with other dears.



XVI.

Old loves, young loves with memories ever blest,
Our tender thoughts, our ever sweetest, best.
Rude Golfer! thou know'st not love's tender sway
Thine only love, the ball that's been addressed.



XVII.

Address thy ball, before with vig'rous slam
Thy nature true shines forth beneath its sham,
That mighty stroke, a foozle proved to be,
Thy profane lips doth hurtle D—n! D—n! D—n!

XVIII.

Thou fool! make most of thy supreme delight
Before descending in Death's endless night,
Eternally a brainless Thing Thou'lt be,
Sans Balls, Sans Clubs, Sans Legs, Sans Arms, Sans Sight.

XIX.

Myself when young did eagerly hang round,
The links, to catch the snappy vigorous sound
Of talk by Cranks, of Hazard, Bunker, Tee,
And mystic terms which did my brain Dumbfound.



XX.

And with those seeds of wisdom which I sought,
Day dreams of Skill and Championship I wrought,
A mighty David armed with stone and sling,
But like Goliath I did come to naught.



XXI.

Then from the rim of that inspiring glass,
The secret of the Game I sought, alas!
The Golden Liquor whispered in mine ear,
"Drink deep and long, here let your troubles pass."



XXII.

“Drink! Drink! Ambitions radiant hopes shall cease,
Drink! Drink! and cast perfection to the breeze
Enough of Drink, and thou’lt not care a hang
Enmeshed in blissful dregs of pleasure’s lees.

XXIII.

And lately near the shady sixteenth hole
Came to me hence a jolly well fed soul,
Bearing beneath his coat a bottle square,
And with its contents filled the flowing bowl.



XXIV.

Thou bowl, thou drink which oft we do abuse,
All logic, reason, hopes and fears confuse,
Thou potent power releasing thought and tongue,
And sordid dross to Golden Coin transfuse.



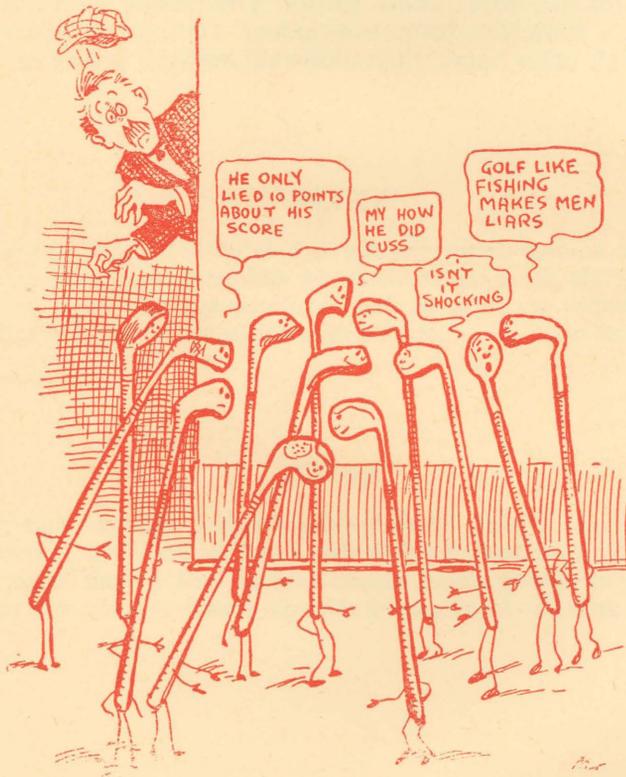
XXV.

Thou Bug! that gets beneath the Golfer's brain,
Seductive Thou, more than the Distilled Grain,
Obsessing man and binding hand and feet,
From health and peace, thou drivest them insane.



XXVI.

In silence in the locker room one eve,
The Golden Sun its fleeting ray did leave,
I stood surrounded by a mass of clubs
Their sorrows, troubles burning to relieve.





XXVII.

Some talked, some sobbed' but all their plaints expressed
Those troubled souls, those spirits of unrest,
And some vivacious, jolly were indeed
As to each other there, their sins confessed.

XXVIII.

Said one among them, "Surely not in vain,"
"To Mortals do we give both joy and pain,"
"Their hopes we raise to dash to earth again,"
Dispel the mist, as sunshine stops the rain.

XXIX.

Another said, "Why Mortals make such fuss,"
"And why so cranky do they get 'bout us."
"They pose and posture, squint a wise look hence,"
"Strike, miss, or fozzle, only then to cuss."



XXX.

Man doth this game most truly brutalize,
Gainst Fate's unchanging wall he blindly flees,
He twists, he squirms, he coaxes towards the goal
Only to find a Stymied Paradise.

XXXI.

Ah love! Could you and I this game remake
How many hearts could we thus save from ache,
Cast out from it, its wormwood and its gall
Eradicate both nostrum false and fake.

XXXII.

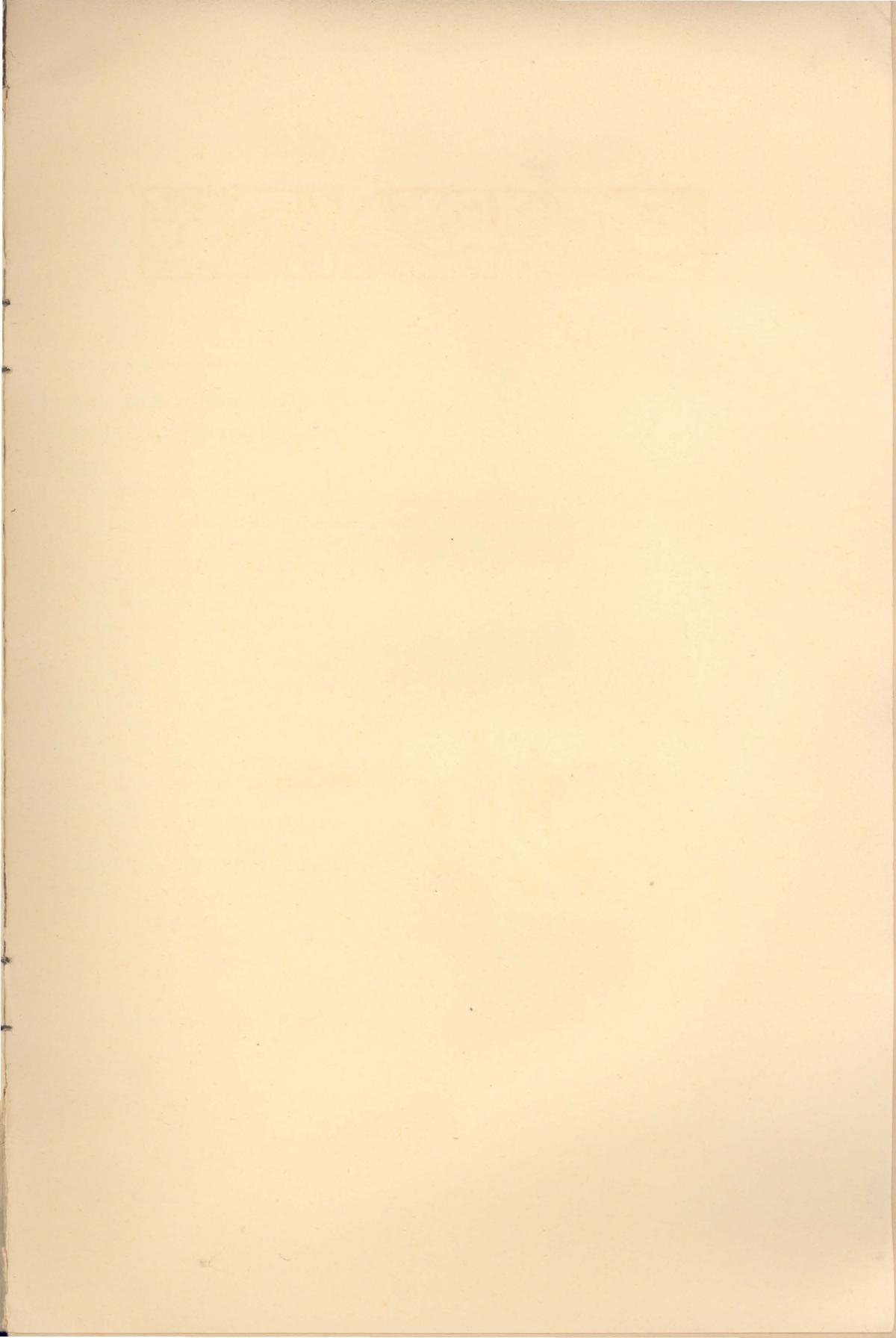
Each Ball unfailing shall its Billet seek
Perfection mark each Driver, Mashie, Cleek
And ne'er shall player make a stroke that's foul
No profane words man's lips shall ever reek.



XXXIII.

The song is done; Golf's fleeting Glories pass
Sour words, sweet thoughts alike dissolve in gas
The game was merry, but too short the while,
The game is finished; turn thou down the glass.





JAN 31 1913

