

THE WAY OF THE GAME

Now summer goes and tomorrow's snows
 Will soon be deep;
And skies of blue which the summer knew
 See shadows creep;
And the gleam tonight which is silver bright
 Spans ghostly forms,
As the winds rush by with their warning cry
 Of coming storms.

So the laurel fades in the snow-swept glades
 Of flying years,
As the dreams of youth find bitter truth
 Of pain and tears;
Through the cheering mass let the victors pass
 To find Fate's thrust,
As tomorrow's fame writes another's name
 On drifting dust.

--Grantland Rice.