

AS TO GAMENESS.

It isn't the flame and the rush and the dash,
It isn't the charge and the sweep and the crash,
It isn't the sudden emotional thrill of the heart that's ablaze with
victorious will;

But it's just coming on---coming on----coming on,
In the face of all hell when the last hope seems gone;
Still plugging and plodding---whatever the load,
Coming on---coming on---to the end of the road.

There's only one reason for games strewn about,
Not winning or losing but playing them out;
Not merely to pick up the cheers that are due,
~~Forgotten~~
Forgotten tomorrow when others break through;
Still plugging and pludding and groping away,
Through fogs and through shadows that hold one at bay,
Well knowing how little it matters if one
Keeps pounding along ~~xxx~~ to the end of the run.

Grantland Rice.

Regardless of score and the break of the game,
The Raw lash of fate and the echo of fame;