

THE HALF BACK

(Berton Braley)

When the stands are black with people, and they yell, yell, yell!

When the whistle shrills the signal for the start,

Then the spirit sort of grips me in a potent spell

And the blood goes dancing swiftly through my heart!

And the rooters are forgotten with their flags and all,

And the joy of battle pulses through my frame,

And there's nothing worth the having but that pigskin ball

And there isn't any glory but the game!

Mow 'em down,

Throw 'em down,

Keep 'em on the go!

Get some ginger in you there, you're too slow!

Worry 'em,

Hurry 'em,

Never twice the same!

Keep your wits a-workin' hard, and--

PLAY THE GAME!

Oh, it's good to hear the signal and with courage steeled

To go plunging where the linemen make a hole,

And it's bully to go flashing through a broken field

As you dodge and twist and scurry toward the goal;

There's the thump of men colliding, there's the thud of feet,

There's the play that starts as sudden as a flame,

There's the grit that knows no quitting and that won't be beat,