

After the Ball.



II.

We sent out a challenge
To all the teams around,
But when the games were over
My arm could not be found.
Long did I search it,
The Captain's aid did call,
But still that arm was missing
After the ball.

I.

A little maiden climbed a wooden leg
And for a story she began to beg,
“ Why have you one eye, why a broken nose,
Why has your left ear such a crooked pose ?”
“ Ah, little maiden,” sighed the uncle, sad,
“ Long years ago, pet, I did not look so bad.
I became an athlete early one fall,
And this is the outcome, after the ball.”

CHORUS:—After the ball is over,
After the game is done ;
After the players leaving,
After the set of sun.

Many a head is aching,
If we could know it all ;
Many the shoulder that's out of joint
After the ball.

III.

Loosely in its socket
Hung my other leg,
And 'tis for that reason
I wear this wooden peg.
My left ear was crooked,
Black my eye and all.
Oh, I was in a sad plight
After the ball.

IV.

Long years have past, child,
Since I took my bed,
Washing my cork arm
With the tears I shed.
Perhaps that's why I'm single
And my head is bald ;
No one would have me—
After the ball.