

New York Baseball Poems



by
Robert L. Harrison

Old Tyme Baseball



by **Robert L. Harrison** ©

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We stand here on Cartwright's soil
the ancient ruler of our game.

We will open up a season of hope,
of victory, of triumph and of joy.

We are the defenders of green fields,
eternal youth and endless imagination.

We stand together as a team,
true to our quest and loyal to our fans.

We understand victory and defeat
both as lessons that embrace the game.

We pledge to play our best
until the final out is called.

We surrender not willingly,
nor grant rest to other teams.

We are the past and the future
of the game: The Huntington Suffolks.

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1998: The Brooklyn Atlantics The Story of the Cup



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The gang down at Speakeasies
were talking about their team
and how the baseball gods
denied them their fondest dream.

"We lost the cup in Ohio,"
shouted Squid across the room.
"We lost the championship,"
several players boomed.

Now, the comments grew heated

even the bartender added in,
on how the Brooklyn Atlantics were
tainted with their baseball sins.

Fights were near to starting
there was tension in the air,
for everyone was unhappy
about the loss they had to bare.

Then the barroom door opened
causing the faint of heart to hide,
making old men run for cover
shaking up the crowded dive.

For in the doorway of that place
stood "The Lip" with a solemn face,
an old time baseball player
who heard about this disgrace.

As "The Lip" scanned the crowd
no one made a peep or sound,
for his shadow was cast on them
until every soul was found.

Now "The Lip" began to speak
to the mighty and the meek,
to the tallest and the smallest
to those who began to weep.

"You lost the cup, it's true
and maybe bent the rules,
but you're better than the winners
so stop sobbing in your booze.

You played the best you can
with a team of nine heroic men,
who saw injustice on a field
and may never play again.

But baseball is forever,
not ending in one game,
so the losing of that cup
should not be one of shame."

Now "The Lip" grew silent
like a man who had said his piece
and walked over to the bar
where he found an empty seat.

At first the crowd mumbled
then everyone started to speak,
they urged "The Lip" to stand
and give them another speech.

But "The Lip" was exhausted
so he slowly raised his glass
"Here's to the Atlantics,
may they be true to baseball's past."