

Denton (Cy) Young

by Grantland Rice

(The Grand Old Man of Balldom faces his twentieth season as a major league slabman with every indication that it will be among his best campaigns.)

Fame my be fleeting and glory may fade;
 Life at its best is a breath on the gale.
One hero passes, another is made;
 New stars arise as the old one sets pale.
So when a stalwart steps out from the throng,
 On with the tribute, let garlands be flung.
Here's to the sturdy and here's to the strong;
 Here's to the king of them all, Denton Young.

Anson has passed like a star in the night;
 Richardson's name from the line-up is cast;
Rusie and Latham are out of the fight;
 Mighty Buck Ewing is buried and passed;
Clarkson the wizard, and Kelly and Gore
 Linger no more on the fan's fickle tongue.
Only one name flashes out as of yore—
 There on the red line of battle is Young.

Tiernan and Tucker? We wait for reply.
 Jack Ward and Pfeffer are out of the game;
No cheer arises when Brouthers steps by;
 Even Van Haltren is only a name;
Meekin and Hoffer and "Kind Bid" McPhee—
 Their day is over, their songs are all sung.
Lo! like the roar of the storm-harried sea
 Swells the wild chorus for Denton (Cy) Young.

Herman Long's only a memory now;
 Big Del is under the myrtle to-day—
No more the laurel is bound to his brow;
 Bob Lowe and Zimmer have passed from the fray.
Where are the heroes saluted of old—
 Heroes to whom through the years we have clung?
Have all deserted the Clan of the Bold?
 Not while the echoes are ringing for Young.

Breitenstein, Phillips, and Weyhing and Nops,
 Hahn, Rhines, and Corbett and Dr. McJames—
Where are their shoots and their puzzling drops?
 Who cheers to-day when you mention their names?
Lost in the shadows, their story is told;

On memory's ramparts their pictures are hung;
But here in the lime light, as great as of old,
Looms up the stalwart—the only Cy Young.

Where is the mighty Dalrymple to-day?
Miller and Denny and “Cuppy the Sly?”
Show me their names in the line-up, I pray.
Vainly I wait for an answering cry.
Few of us stand to the guns through the years;
One at a time from the heights we are flung.
Heroes soon pass in this Valley of Tears;
But here's to the king of them all—Denton Young.

The Song of the Base Hit

by Grantland Rice

A twist, a whirl, and a sudden jar,
And off from the bat to the field afar—
Off like the shot from a ten-inch gun,
A gray-white streak through the slanting sun

 I soar away
 Through a summer's day
 Where the frantic fielders of the fray,
 With dervish dance
 And anguished glance,
Come whirling in to cop me;
 But I glide between
 With a mocking mien,
And there is none to stop me.

A shout, a roar, and a ringing cheer,
And on my way through the atmosphere
I leap to the light where clenched hands grip
As wild eyes watch me fly or skip
 Through open space
 In headlong race,
 As the joy of the ages lights each face
 And pulses jump
 With a vibrant thump
As the sky reels from the roar,
 And the rafters ring
 With the song I sing
 To the tune of the winning score!

The song I sing is the sweetest song
Or the saddest note to the waiting throng
That the world has known through the ages dim—
With keener lilt than a battle hymn,
 For my refrain
 Brings joy and pain,
 Where lost hopes rise and fond hopes wane,
 And in my path
 Sweeps a city's wrath
Or a city's wild acclaim,
 And the planet's ring
 With the song I sing—
The song of a nation's game!

Sources:

Rice, Grantland. "Denton (Cy) Young." *Base-ball Ballads*. Nashville: The Tennessean Company, 1910. 112 – 113. Electronic.

Rice, Grantland. "The Song of the Base Hit." *Base-ball Ballads*. Nashville: The Tennessean Company, 1910. 28 – 29. Electronic.