

# Boss' Prayer



"God give us men," both big and small—  
 "Men wanted bad" to hit the ball;  
 Men who can work on Coffee Ands  
 And keep their hearts where are their  
 hands.

"God give us men" (the devil's shy)  
 (Besides *His* men are asking pie)  
 Strong backs, weak heads and willing mitts,  
 For them's the boys who make the hits.

"God give us men"—devoid of will,  
 Docile, servile and never still;  
 Short stocky men, let them be found,  
 Who pull and push right from the ground.

"God give us men"—to live on hay—  
 Who never ask for bigger pay;  
 Men who can lift about a ton;  
 Who's kidneys never come undone.

"God give us men"—they bring the dough  
 That makes our cherished balance grow;  
 And give us rain and oxygen  
 With which to feed these loyal me.

"God give us men"—great husky men,  
 We sure can use them now and then;  
 But e're you court your just repose  
 Please rig them out in proper clothes.

For we are poor, and halt, and lame  
 No two days do we feel the same—  
 But if we start to hand out cash  
 Our system soon would go to smash.