

*How the Yankees Beat the World*  
by E.P. McKenna

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They stood within the Stadium so proud, so tall, and straight,  
From New York town, from Maine they came and from the Golden Gate.  
To do honor to their country, and the land that sent them o'er,  
And show the world that athletic crowns belong on Columbia's shore.  
The Gods on High Olympus smiled, as they saw them take their place  
At banner, shot and discus, and in long heart-breaking race.  
We'll bate these pigmy furriners, be the powers or we'll croak.  
And we'll set the pace for the British race, they swore in their Kerry brogue.

They had pitted there against them, the pride of all the earth,  
Good men of brawn and muscle, of height and width and girth.  
From far-off Greece, from France and Spain, from Italy's hills of blue  
Germans, Huns and Prussians, and rugged Northmen too.  
And some had won great honors and praises over home,  
But they never met on turf or track such men of brawn and bone.  
So Flanagan and Sheppard, McGrath and Sheridan  
Showed them all the kind of stuff's in a good Cork Yankee man.

A roar from the crowd as a giant wave breaks on a rockbound shore,  
Rushed o'er that sea of people and re-echoed roar on roar.  
For alone within the circle, unmoved and calm there stood  
With arm outstretched an foot advanced a man of Yankee blood,  
A blinding whirl, a might swing, and like a falling star  
The hammer fell a good spear length beyond the farthest bar.  
Then Flanagan shook hands in glee, and dusting off his clothes,  
"I learned that trick, me boys," sez he, "where the blue bright Shannon flows."

A man of god-like beauty then stepped out before the throng,  
So lithe, so trim and handsome, so sinewy and strong.  
He held the discus in his hand and hit the sod and swat,  
Then did a speedy stunt or two and let it go at that;  
The dukes and earls, who looked like girls, screwed their monocles tight  
And said, "Ba Jove, th' bloomin' thing has gone up out o' sight."  
Marty gazed upon the crowd who gave him cheer on cheer;  
"No man can hate that throw," sez he, "since me father isn't here."

Apollo leaning from a cloud to get a nearer view,  
Saw his rival walk the turf, and with jealousy turned blue,  
He stamped about and strutted upon his silvery cloud,  
And gnashed his teeth, and wrung his hands and groaned and cursed aloud,  
And calling on old Vulcan, who laid by his forge that day,  
"Who is this man who dares me in that rash and saucy way?"  
And, laughing in his beard, says Vulcan, smoothing back his hair,  
"Me boy, that's Marty Sheridan, and your better here than there."

At jumping too, and running they showed the English tricks,  
Although they knew John Bull could sprint since back in '76.  
They chewed them up, and spat them out, and trounced them good and sound,  
That's how the Yankee beat the world in good old London town.  
So let the Eagle scream, me boys, from 'Frisco to New York.  
From Dublin town to Galway Bay, from Derry down to Cork.  
Hang out the starry banner and never take a dare,  
For they still raise brawny Yankees in Donegal and Clare.