THE CRICKET CAPTAIN A song by Frank Richards



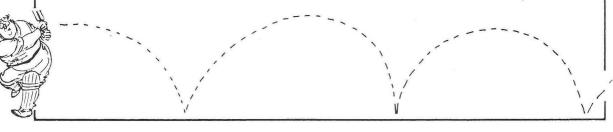
When I was a kid in the Lower Fourth, I slacked and ragged for all I was worth, I scamped my prep, and I skewed my con, Whenever my Form beak put me on.

But I held my bat so straight and true, That nothing mattered that I could do, The balls I slogged, and the runs I ran, They marked me out as a coming man.

CHORUS: The balls he slogged, and the runs he ran, They marked him out as a coming man.

My tutor's tears ran down his nose,
Only just to look at my Latin prose,
If anything was a trifle worse,
It must have been my Latin verse.
But I held my bat so straight and right,
Though the beaks might bark, they'd never bite,
For, hic, haec, hoc, amo, 'mas, 'mat,
What the dooce were they to a good straight bat?

CHORUS: For hic, haec, hoc, amo, 'mas, 'mat, What the dooce were they to a good straight bat?



I really don't know how the . . . well,
I pushed up through Remove and Shell,
But I'd worn my charity tails so long,
They had to give me a shove along.
But I held my bat so straight and clean,
That everything was all serene,
Compared, you see, with such a man,
The Head himself was an also-ran!

CHORUS: Compared, you see, with such a man, The Head himself was an also-ran!

Somehow I did contrive to get,
To the Lower Fifth, where I'm sticking yet.
I can't mug up that classic rot,
I shall never be a Sixth Form swot,
But I hold my bat so straight and stiff,
I've never had the slightest tiff,
I hold my bat so stiff and straight,
They dare not superannuate.

CHORUS: He held his bat so stiff and straight, They dare not superannuate.

My tip to every Greyfriars chap,
Is this 'Don't swot, and never sap!
Keep a straight, straight bat, and a steady eye,
Be worthy to wear your old school tie.
In the big wide world it's just the same,
Keep your willow straight, and play the game!
Wherever you are, remember that,
Keep your wickets up, with a good straight bat!'

CHORUS: Wherever you are, remember that, Keep your wickets up, with a good straight bat!'