THE OLD GUARD’S GLORY

by Herb Graffis

When the hair upon your aging head is getting thin and white
And the hours of your golden day are edging toward the night,
You’re no longer keeping records in the former even fours,
But in the kids you’ve taught the game you’re placing future stores;
You can sigh in deep contentment and pair up with Father Time
And can bank a wealth of memories if you haven’t got a dime.
You can laugh about the laddies that you played with long ago
When you could slam that gutty ball and really make it go,
You can rest those weary feet that trod those fairways hard as bricks
And recall those feats of yesteryear when your putter did its tricks.
Then, better off than most of men, you can think of your life’s game
And decide if you’d another chance, you’d handle it the same.
Your heart looks at the calendar and says;
“IT can’t be true
“That I have reached the time of life when my victories are few,
“For the scorecard that I’ve played by is not that simple thing
“That registers the putts that sink or the drives that gaily sing,
“The score that Life has marked for me, won a title I’ll defend,
“It showed me a star at shooting straight and I’m champion to the end.”
(Recited by Tom Walsh at 1938-Annual PGA Seniors Dinner at Augusta, Ga.)