When the frost is on the Pencross

When the frost is on the Pencross and the water-line is drained,
And ever southward go the golfers, Cads and Jags so aimed,
Hear the rustle of the leaves as they cover rough and green
And traps and trees and fairways, and most everywhere between;
Oh, it's then the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best
With the rising sun to greet him from a nite of peaceful rest,
As he wears a sweater mornin's & the clocks have all been changed,
When the frost is on the Pencross and the water-line is drained.
There's something kinda hearty-like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here.
Of course we miss the foursomes and the washers on the tees
And the rumble of the mowers and the buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape thru the haze
Is the crisp and sunny wonderland of early autumn days
And you can count up on your fingers all the times it's trained
When the frost is on the Pencross and the water-line is drained.
The husky, rusty rustle of the seed heads on the Poa,
The clank and bang of units as in the shed they go;
The flags in the greens—kinda lonesome-like, but still
There's a few die-hard golfers whose needs we have to fill;
The ball-washers are in the workshop, the sprayer in the shed;
The hose is coiled up neatly—on the rafters overhead!
Oh, it sets my heart a-beatin', with a fury never tamed
When the frost is on the Pencross and the water-line is drained.

W.S.
(With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.)
(Reprinted from Hudson Valley GSCA Newsletter, William Smart, editor.)