



KEEPER OF THE GREENS

By
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The keeper of the greens! a guy
Who works and slaves and frets;
He toils at morning, noon and night,
But little thanks he gets.

Bad weather, crab grass, bugs and worms,
They almost drive him nuts;
And one who lost a dime complains,
Because he missed some putts.

Now I'm a keeper of the greens,
And I sometimes alibi,
When playing on some foreign course,
And get an awful lie.

But, best one that I yet have heard,
When one guy missed a putt,
"The greens are bad today" he said
"Because they've not been cut."

The greens were cut that very morn,
The shape of them was fine,
He failed to see how nice they were,
Because he took a nine.

Now when the greens had grown quite long,
This guy came back to play,
And after 18 lovely holes,
The gent had this to say:

"The greens are fine and smooth today,
My putter putted swell,
I'm sure you cut them all today,
That I can always tell."

Well, as a keeper of the greens,
I still have this to say,
My job is still a privilege,
Regardless of the pay.

So when they cry, and squawk and moan,
Although the greens are fine,
I just remember how I felt,
The day I took a nine.