

STARS OF THE NATIONAL GAME



SONG

WORDS BY
JAMES O'DEA
MUSIC BY
ANNA CALDWELL

JEROME H. REMICK & Co - New York - Detroit

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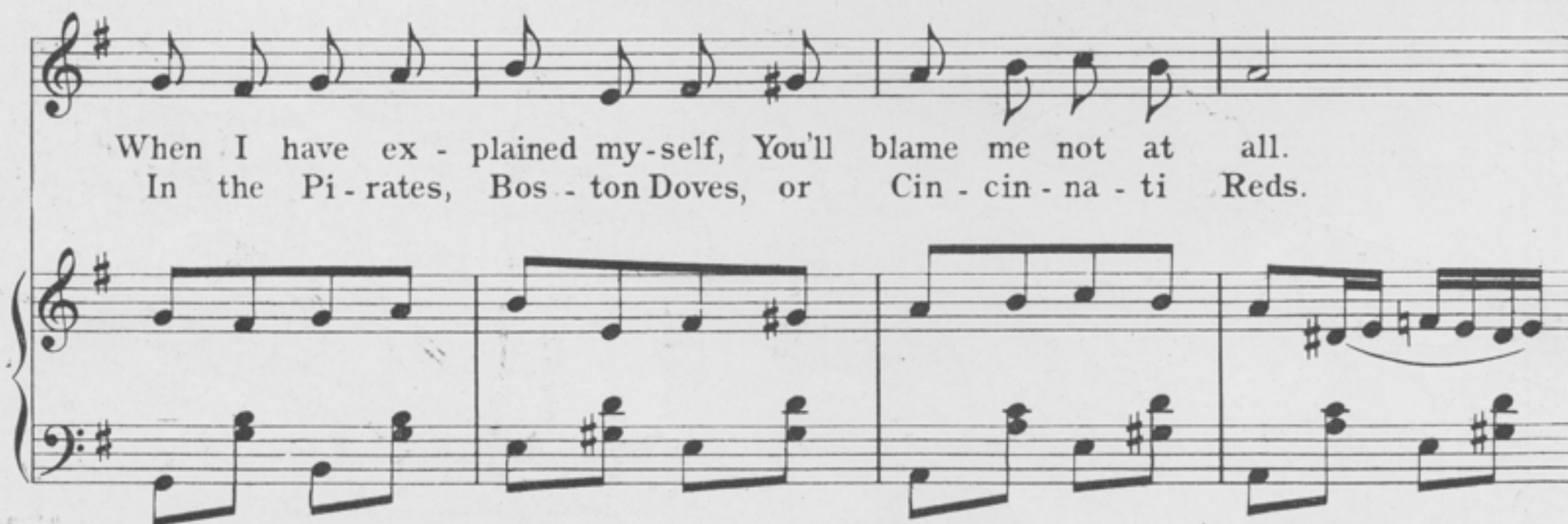
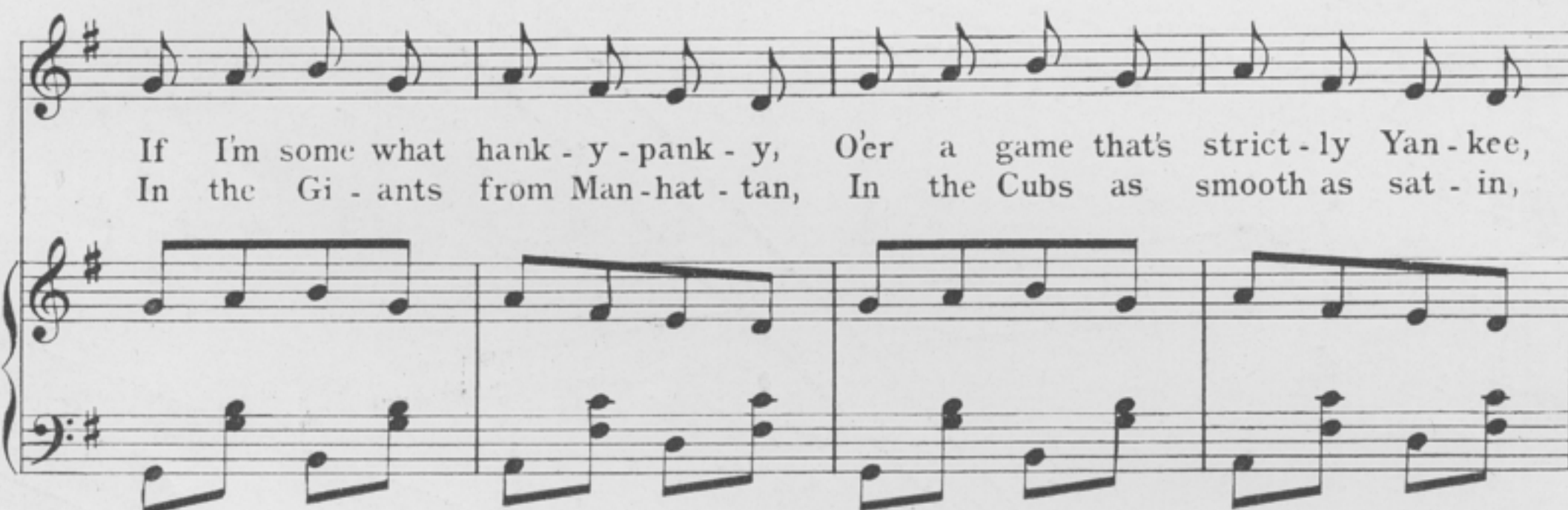
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Lively.



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We as bare-foot kids have played it, And the fact should be pa-ra-ded,
In the Brook-lyn bunch of Wil-lies, In the Ti-gers or the Phil-lies,

There is noth-ing in it With our own base-ball, I'm as
There you'll find the lads to turn our sil-ly heads, The A-

dip-py and as daf-fy, As a daf-fo-dil in May, When the
mer-i-can or Na-tion-al, Both leagues are all the same; It is

he-roes of the Dia-mond, Come up-on the field to play. Then it's
not the leagues we root for, It's the boys who play the game.

CHORUS.

hats off to Old Mike Don - lin, _____ To

Wag - ner, La - jo - ie and Cobb, _____ Don't for -

get Hal Chase and fox - y Mis - ter Chance, Who are

al - ways on the job; _____

Good old Cy Young we root for — And field - er

Jones the same; — And we hold first

place in our Yan - kee hearts, for the Stars of the

Na - tion - al Game. Then it's Game. —