

FIVES ANNUAL REVIEW 2005-06

The Game of Fives

(To be sung to the tune of `Welcome every friendly Guest`)

Sprightly Sons of manly Sport,
 Haste to pleasure's spacious Court,
 Murmur not how Chances fall,
 First strike hands than strike the ball.
 Win or lose at trifling bets,
 Laugh'd at be the Man that frets.

Now observe the Marker`s call,
 Hear him rally Fourteen all,
 Down to Five again were set,
 Six hands in and scarce a Let;
 Let which will the Victory claim,
 `Tis my boys a well fought Game.

For an Evening's active Sport,
 To the Angel we resort,
 Where in heart-felt sportive glee,
 Worn down Vet`rans smile to see

Youthful vigour tripping round
Pleasure`s consecrated Ground.

Fives amongst the Sons of Fame
Was the ancient Britons` game;
Mixt with prudence still the wise
Call it healthful Exercise.
Ne`er let good old Customs drop,
Strike the Ball and keep it up.

Round the World the Seasons through,
Youth their various Sports pursue;
Some resort where Cards are seen,
Some the Cockpit, some the Green;
Ours against the stately Wall
Is to jerk the bouncing Ball.

John Freeth , *Political Songster*, 1790.