We have with us today

By Grantland Rice & N. Ding

When they need oil on the waters
He is right there with the can
He likes to bring the scrappers
To an understanding plan
And considering the fighting
That has made the nations boil
I'm rather for the fellow
Who's an EXPERT with the OIL!

Off down at Yale the head Coach sighs
And sees him pass with yearning eyes
Thinking of half-backs on the leap
That he could roll back in his sleep
Remarking in his sturdy wake
Wow! "What a center he would make."

He still plays "Bumble" golf I hear
And beats a hundred once a year;
Yet when he tops a mashie shot
I'll bet he grins, as like as not.

I wonder if he finds it stale
In spending time around old Yale—
He who has held the Ruling Hand
In far Manila's tropic strand
He who has been the Island Boss
Thro' dusks that hold the southern cross
He who has held the four years sway
As ruler of the U.S.A.

And when at night the red stars burn
Around the peaks of earthly fame
I wonder if old dreams return
To call him back into the game.

Beneath the shadow of the elms
Whose stately branches bend and sway
Do visions call to wilder realms
He knew in some lost yesterday?

Do lost dreams seek him thro' the night
And bid him back to storm the height?