

THE BASEBALL UMPIRE



FOX-TROT

Words and Music by
BOBBY GREGORY
A.S.C.A.P.

1)

1. The game was ev-en Stev-en, Then the Um-pire called an OUT, The
 2. The Um-pire lay a dy-ing, There be-side the old Home Plate, The
 3. He called the players 'round him, To bid them a last good-bye, He
 4. But boys be-fore I leave you, Here's one thing I'd like to ask, Just
 5. They buried him at sun-dun, Right there opposite First Base, A

1. crowd yelled "Kill the Umpire" He dont know what's all about, He made a wrong de-
 2. rocks and clubs about him, Told how he had met his fate, The Catcher stood be-
 3. said to change the scoring, And to make the game atle, I've finished watching
 4. put my hand on Home Plate, And kindly ad-just my mask, The Umpire slow-ly
 5. Ball bat is his tomb stone, And a Base Bag marks the place, His grave is a re-

1. -cis-ion, While the clouds of dust were deep, With pop bottles and brick-bats, The
 2. side him, and to keep the crowds at bay, While on a dusty pil-low, His
 3. Bases, And I've called my last Home Run, I hear the Mas-ter call-ing, My
 4. faltered, And then gazed up toward the sun, One gasp and t'was all over, He'd
 5. -minder, To all those who Judge the show, That he's made his long journey, To

1. crowd rocked him to sleep. The
 2. life slow ebbed away. He
 3. days on earth are done. But
 4. made his last home run. They
 5. where ever Umpires go. go.?

²⁾ Symbols for Guitar, Banjo, Uke and Accordion.