

The Billiard Marker

By A. Demain Grange
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A BILLIARD marker's life is not a dream o' beer an' skittles-
'E's got to do a precious lot for fifteen bob "an' wittles."
I'd rather be a pot boy. or the cove out in the stables,
Than 'ang around the 'ole day long attendin to the tables.
It ain't the work, I do. eggsactly, wot I finds distressin' ;
But to watch them balls run on all day is just a bit depressin' !
To score the same ole "'undred up," an' mark the same ole winners ;
It nearly drives me off me chump-partic'ler them beginners !
As weary on my rest I lean.
An watch 'em wearin' o' the green !

*Click, click ! Click, click !
Mornin' , noon an' night.
Click, click ! Click, click !
Cannon off the white.
Pot the red, an' go in off ;
Play again from baulk.
Pass the rest-(well, I'm blest !)-
Marker, where's the chalk ?*

But life still 'olds its pleasures for the 'apless billiard marker,
Tho' shades o' green its brightness screen, an' make the shadders darker.
To watch the boss a'playin'-tell yer straight, 'e's fairly rippin' !
An' when some raw un lifts the cue I feels my in'erds grippin' !
I've seen a bloke stuck out be'ind jest like a dromedary,
An' a fat ole cove a-balancin' upon 'is little Mary !
I've met with "flukes" that bad you'd not believe if you'd not seen 'em,
An' strokes so slow that you could play a "fifty up" between 'em !
As, yawning, on my rest I lean,
An' watch 'em tearin' o' the green !

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Mornin' , noon an' night.
Click, click ! Click, click !
Cannon off the white.
Pot the red, an' go in off ;
Play again from baulk.
Pass the rest-(well, I'm blest !)-
Marker, where's the chalk ?*

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The things a billiard marker sees a' really most amusin' ;
i've knowed a feller win a game by 'azards wot was losin' !
I've seed a chap wot broke the balls, an' yet to score was able ;
An' also one 'oo played each night but always cut the table !
I've marked for pro's. an' amatoors, an' done a bit o' cue-in' .
I knows the strokes all back'ards way from "runnin' through" to "screwin' ."
But tho' I'm not a duffer, I confess that I'm not in it.
With the cove wot doesn't know the game, but never fails to win it !
An', chucklin', on my rest I lean,
An' watch 'im fleecin' o' the green !

*Click, click ! Click, click !
Mornin', noon an' night.
Click, click ! Click, click !
Cannon off the white ;*

*Pot the red, an' go in off ;
Play again from baulk.
Pass the rest-(well, I'm blest !)-
Marker, where's the chalk ?*