

The three-cheers-boys

By *Damon Runyon*



*O*h, the Three-Cheers-Boys assemble
To watch the human race,
And it's "Three cheers, boys," with plenty of noise
For the guy who holds first place.
It's "Three cheers, men," and "a tiger,"
And the cheers come thick and fast,
But there's never a peep though cheers are cheap
For the guy who is running last.

*Oh, the Three-Cheers-Boys will cheer you
When you're champ in your special class.
With a threes times three, and a big whoop-pee
When you finish ahead of the mass.
But once you falter, and linger
Back in the ruck and the rear,
Oh, it's three times three for some other gee
But for you there's nary a cheer.*

*Oh, it's pleasant to hear their cheering,
It's pleasant to be in front,
But it's not so fine to be last in line
And wind up out of the hunt.
But the Three-Cheers-Boys they will love you,
And cheer 'til they are black in the face,
And remember this, the cheers you will miss
When you finish in second place.*

*Oh, the Three-Cheers-Boys are legion,
When you are running ahead,
But they're hard to find when you're far behind
The field, and your chance seems dead.
Oh, the Three-Cheers-Boys they are with you
Stronger than chains and locks,
But the Three-Cheers-Boys make little noise
When you're stuck somewhere on the rocks.*

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