

Frank Crumit, Donald The Dub

Listen to the tale of a stalwart male
Who lost his well known Nanny
Donald was his name and golf was the game
That made him grey as his Granny

He practised much but his style was such
That his handicap stayed at thirty
All the words he used when the ball he bruised
Were nothing else than dirty.

In the locker room every night
He'd sing of his awful plight

Oh! The dirty little pill went rolling down the hill
And rolled right into a bunker
From there to the green I took thirteen
And there by gosh I sunk er.