

BRIDGE POEM

I'm giving up bridge- Tonight's my last night
It's amen to Stayman, I give up the fight.
The insults and muddles are giving me troubles
And I can't sleep at night for thinking of doubles.
My cards are all rotten and I have forgotten who's played
and what's trumps and what's gone on my right!

So for now it's all over- I'm off to the back wood
I'm bidding good-bye to Gerber and Blackwood
I can't stand the hassle, I can't stand the pain
I'm getting those bad cards again and again.
So I'm giving up bridge- Tonight's a bad night.
Declarer is horrid and nothing's going right.

My partner's a dope and I'm losing all hope.
And when she says "double" I know we're in trouble.
My points are not high and I'm wondering why
She kept on bidding right up to the sky.
We're in seven spades and all my hope fades
When surprise, surprise, the high bidding pays!

We're winning all tricks, the defenders feel sick,
And I have to admit my partner's a brick
But I'm giving up bridge- Tonight's my last night!
Farewell to conventions- I give up the fight?
So I leave with few words but some that are true,
Bridge is a game- not for me but for you.

So be kind to your partners and don't mind their cheek.
For it's only a game- Oh! Yes. I'll see you next week