



saint andrews

It is a privilege to be a member of the Royal & Ancient Golf Club. I've made many pilgrimages to St Andrews since my first trip to Europe after graduation from Yale University in 1961 and always found the experience unique and rewarding. On the special occasion its 250th anniversary, I attended the ceremonies to honor the most important traditions of our game of golf. May I dedicate this poem to all my and your rich experiences at St Andrews.

*Round and round we go in the calm and in the gale
gentle air suddenly impaled.
Round and round we go always back as first I came
among true spirits of the game.*

*A barren, timeless land tolled by bells,
Carved by wind and shepherds on watch,
Given to humble folk by noblesse oblige,
A low links from receding seas;
They walked the crook rounded at the estuary.
By ancient and royal measure, 83 acres without a tree
Evolving to 18 shots of whisky and holes of golf
A field of such complexity;
With but 11 greens and 9 fairways
The Old Course confounds to create,
A profound test for all full rounds.*

*Friends have passed by friends
For half a millennia in all seasons
Inhaling pure air at Sea's end.
In summer full joy at the long solstice light,
In winter girded against the cold wind and early night
The same friends passed by unrecognized
Except by the manner of the others' swing and stride;
Unseen bunkers evoked anger and wrath
For tall and slim or stout of girth.*

*Baptized upon our journey begun,
When life and all is lost and won,
Return we from whence we come.
Again the wee burn bids us in faith to cross
To safe home as did St. Andrew upon his cross.*

*Round and round we go in the calm and in the gale
gentle air suddenly impaled.
Round and round we go always back as first I came
among true spirits of the game.*

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C'est un véritable privilège d'être membre du Royal & Ancient Golf Club. J'ai fait de nombreux pèlerinages à Saint Andrews depuis mon premier voyage en Europe, après mon diplôme de l'université de Yale en 1961. Ces visites ont toujours été des expériences enrichissantes et uniques. A l'occasion du 250^e anniversaire de cette institution, j'ai participé aux cérémonies en l'honneur des plus importantes traditions du jeu de golf et donc à Saint Andrews à qui je dédie ce poème.

