

Little League Mom

Jason A. Heald 7/03

1 **Moderato**

mf

5 **Allegro**

f

9 *f*

Hi, I'm sor-ry to dis -

mp

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13

turb you, but you are sit - ting in my place. I am here al - most ev - ery Sat - ur - day

17

morn - ing watch - ing my son play. Don't men - tion it.

21

My name is Pol - ly Al - len. Which boy is yours?

25

Oh, I re-mem-ber him! He struck out three times a

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week a-go; the week we did-nt win. Play ball!

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My son's name is Bran-don; He is the hand-some boy at first. And he

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would have made the all - stars if this team had-n't been so cursed. The

41

vis-it-ing team's a los-er, they have - n't an-y spunk. They named them-selves the Ti-gers. but they should be called the Skunks!

45

They real-ly stink! At last, the game has start-ed. What? Why's that kid

49

Har - old on the mound? He was sus - pen-ded from his school last week for

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fight - ing on the grounds. They're all that way, his whole fam-ily! The

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coach thinks he can throw. Well, that just shows you what he knows! 'Cause he's

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rare-ly in the strike zone and ev - ery pitch is slow. Our short-stop's

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clum-sy and fat, He's as la - zy as can be. With off-spring like that, his par-ents should nev - er breed! Too late now!

69

Now it's our turn. Bat-ter up! At last the wait is o - ver.

f *mp*

73

It's my son that's at the plate. Just last week he hit a home run

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and a trip - le in the eighth. This pitch - er is no match for him. His

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arm is lame and weak. My boy will take the first good throw and send it to the seats! Strike! What

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kind of call is that, Um-pire? Hel-en Kel-ler could do bet-ter be-hind the plate! What do you

85

89

mean, e-ject-ed? You can't throw me out! I'm not e-ven play-ing!

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