

The Dutchman's Hill

by Frank Angelo Garber

The Dutchman's Hill! The Dutchman's Hill!
Step on the gas, give us a thrill,
Drive down the slope at madman's pace,
Let the old V8 engine race.

Across the swale we go – like light,
Into the dirt, our rear tires bite.
Now hold your breath, we're going up
Look out! Don't hit the Dutchman's pup!

Over the top we go, and wham!!
Say did it lift your diaphragm??
The time was like a second split
When we the curving hill top hit.

But Oh, it is a joyous thrill
To speed like mad over Dutchman's Hill.