

# To Arlene Holcomb

by George Albert Leddy

**(June 26, 1948 - Reception at Odd Fellows Hall)**

There was a young maiden, her name was Arlene;  
A fairer young maiden, you never have seen.  
She met a young fellow, his title was Gene;  
And they fell in love—you know what I mean.

Now that is the reason, we've gathered tonight:  
To give her advice, and to set her a-right.  
We came here to tell you, and we hope you will listen:  
There's a lot more to love—than just huggin' and kissin'.

You'll find very soon, there'll be things you'll be needin';  
When your Mom and your Pop, discontinue the feedin'.  
There'll be rent to be paid, and grub to be boughten;  
And lots more expenses, that can't be forgotten.  
And you'll very soon find, that you can't keep a man,  
If your aim is to feed him—just out of a can.

Now love is a thing, like a fire that's burnin';  
To warm a young heart, who for friendship is yearnin'.  
But one little mistake, is like a bucket of water;  
And again you will wish—you had stayed Daddy's Daughter.

And as the years pass away, there will be a chance maybe;  
In the form of a sweet, little pink, darling Baby.  
And when the Old Man, is a-walking the floor;  
You'll be lucky as hell—if there's love anymore!

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