

# To Our Izzy

by George Albert Leddy

There he stands, forlorn and shaken, in a stupor, can't awaken;  
Slowly drying-up, and shrinking; must do something, I am thinking.

Do you think he'd feel more frisky, if he had a shot of whiskey?  
But the whiskey he has tasted; seems to me, the money's wasted.

Do you think, in his condition, he could ever have ambition?

Do you think, there is no hope; will he always be a dope?

Do you think that in his head, there's a brain that isn't dead?

Now my friend, I've no intention; the guy's name, I will not mention.

'Twould be wrong, I must confess; so will have to let you guess.

You might guess wrong, that is true: perhaps my boy, it might be you;

Might be George, or Mac or Eddie; Ralph or Bob, or Fred or Leddy;

Might be Wakefield, Gill or Roy; Herman, Joe, or Carl old boy.

I won't name, too many others; 'neath our skin, we all are Brothers.

Don't forget, our Sisters, Mister—I will close this silly twister;

Time that I was getting busy.

Signed with honor,

To Our Izzy.

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