

To Janet

by George Albert Leddy

There is a young maiden, her name is Janet;
A more persistent damsel, I never have met.
She grabbed a poor fellow, his title was John;
He tried to escape, but she kept hanging on.
At last the guy weakened, and asked her to wed,
And she was so happy—she nearly dropped dead!

Now we're here to tell you, I hope you will listen:
There's much more to love, than just hugging and kissing.
Though you are as sweet, as a bowl full of honey;
Remember, my dear, that it takes plenty of money:
For meat, and potatoes, and coffee, and bread;
And rent, just to keep a roof over your head.

Well, Janet, my dear, don't mind what we say;
You're a sweet little girl, and we all hope and pray:
Your life will be long, and each day will be happy;
And it won't be too long—'til John is a Pappy.
And in the wee hours, when he's walking the floor;
You'll be lucky as hell—if there's love anymore!

But wherever you go, or whatever you do;
'Though days may seem dark, and you feel kinda' blue;
And if there be days, when your heart, it is sad;
Just think of the fun, that together we've had;
And those thoughts, they will banish the blues with a bang.
And "Good luck to you both!" from:
The Strong Hardware Gang.
