

To Pauline Peareualt and James O'Brien

by George Albert Leddy

(Banquet at Happy Acres)

Now, you're pretty and sweet, and you may like your meat;
But two days a week, don't forget:
That vegetable stew, and one egg or two;
Is all the vitamin-B, you will get.

Perhaps, if you wish, you could substitute fish;
That's really not—satisfaction.
I have heard it explained, it is good for the brain;
But it's not brains you need now—it's action.

You won't believe what we say, but you'll look back someday;
And murmur, "Alas, it is true:
That loves fondest young dreams, of peaches and cream;
Is mostly—potatoes in stew."

There is no one to blame, and you'll find it the same;
No matter, wherever you go.
I'm not speaking in dreams, you see what I mean;
I've been through it, and sure ought to know.

Well, Polly be gay, and don't mind what we say;
You are fine, and we hope all your life:
That happy you'll be, with your darling Jimmie;
And make him a wonderful Wife.

For he is a boy, that a girl will enjoy;
No finer young man do I know;
And may God in His love, send you joys from above;
And no sorrows—may you ever know.
