

HAPPY BIRTHDAY WISHES TO ARTHUR J. DUCOING (ALIAS THE "DUKE")

JULY 28TH 1899/1977

TO SEVENTY, ANOTHER EIGHT X
FOR ROMANCE HE IS RATHER LATE,
IF GOLF HE PLAYED COULD CHASE THE BALLS;
WITH MEMORIES ONLY OF THE DOLLS.

1899 THE YEAR X
THE GOOD LORD LET OLD DUKE APPEAR, X
LATER COAST GUARD HITCH AMUSED;
'T WAS NOTHING BUT A THREE YEAR SNOOZE.
NO LONGER YOUNGISH TAKE A LOOK X
OLD SAYING GOES "YOUNG AS YOU LOOK"
AT OLE DUKE THEY THREW THE BOOK,
LINES AND WRINKLES FINAL STAGE;
HE LOOKS MUCH OLDER THAN HIS ~~XXXXX~~. AGE

WHEN HE WAS HIRED A REAL HUMDINGER X
IN THE TWENTIES, WHAT A SWINGER,
HE REALLY DOESN'T NEED HIS POKER;
THE FIRE'S OUT, WHAT GOOD TO STOKER.

APPEARANCE-WISE OLD AS THE HILLS X
BUT HE'S STILL TAKING MAKE-MAN PILLS,
HE'S FOOLING NO ONE SO THEY SAY;
SOON THE JERK WILL PASS AWAY

CONSERVES HIS CASH WITH UTMOST CARE X
STAYS HOME NITES, HE GOES NOWHERE,
HE FIRMLY GRIPS A SILVER DOLLAR;
MAKES THE EAGLE SCREAM AND HOLLER.

NOT MUCH BUS FARE IN THE CITY X
METAIRIE'S DOUBLE, WHAT A PITY,
IS BUSY OILING UP HIS BIKE;
IF IN THE BUS FARE THERE'S A HIKE.

NO LONGER HAS THE YOUNGISH LOOK X
AT DIZZY DUKE THEY THREW THE BOOK
WITH LINES AND WRINKLES FINAL STAGE;
HE LOOKS MUCH OLDER THAN HIS AGE.

WHEN LONG HAIR CRAZE HAD IT'S INCEPTION X
FOR HIM ROMANCE A RESURRECTION,
BUT VALIANT EFFORTS WERE A FIZZLE;
THIN HAIR SHOWED BALD PATE IN A DRIZZLE.

NO LONGER HAS THE YOUNGISH LOOK

HIS ADVICE TO THOSE WHO CAME
YOU LOSE OR WIN IN LIFE'S OLD GAME
LOANS TO FRIENDS FOR WHOM YOU'RE SORRY;
THEY DON'T PAY BACK THE FUNDS THEY BORROW.

HIS ROPE OF LIFE IS NEAR ITS END
HE'S HAD HIS SHARE OF FOES AND FRIENDS,
HE LEAVES BEHIND BUT ONE REGRET:
THE RIGHT GIRL THAT HE NEVER MET.

A BACHELOR NEVER HAD A DATE
HAD NO TIME TO SNARE A MATE,
FAMILY PLANNING AT HIS AGE;
WOULD CALL HIM FOOL, INSTEAD OF SAGE.

TRICENTENNIAL LIES AHEAD
HE WON'T NEED NEITHER BOARD NOR BED,
NO MORE RIDICULE OR ~~PRaises~~ PRAISES
FOR HE'LL BE PUSHING UP THE DAISIES

BI-YEARLY BIRTHDAYS HE'LL OBSERVE
FOR YEARLY ONES WON'T HAVE THE URGE,
THE YEARS FLY BY AND HE GETS STUNG;
KNOWING HE'S NO LONGER YOUNG.

SOON GABRIEL WILL TOOT HIS HORN
WITHOUT PROTEST, HE'LL STRING ALONG
HE'LL ARRIVE A BIG SENSATION;
IN HEAVEN FOR HIS ORDINATION.

LIKE THE ASTRONAUTS HE'LL SOAR
OF MILEAGE HE WON'T KEEP THE SCORE,
ANGELS FLANK THE PEARLY GATE;
ON ENTRANCE HE'LL SELECT HIS MATE.

HIS BIRTHDAY WILL BE NITTY GRITTY
A FRIEND OF HIS COMPOSED THIS DITTY,
HOPING GOOD CHEER WOULD UNFOLD
WITH SILVER STREAKS AMONGST THE GOLD.