

Bastille Day in Duarte

by Bob Boucher 2011

The picnic was moved to Duarte that year
July fourteenth or the Sunday most near.
They had plenty of wine, white, pink and red
and all kinds of cheese and yummy French Bread.

Costumes and dresses from all over France
and a Basque band with those funny short pants
the accordionist was really quite good
knew all those French songs from his early childhood.

They struck up a waltz and I saw my chance
to find a French girl and ask her to dance.
May I have the honor of the next dance,
I asked a young lass from Normandy France.

To clinch the dance deal, I then kissed her hand,
Acting like a “Savoir Faire” kind of man.
“Mais Oui Cher Monsieur”, I would love to dance.
This could be the start of a lasting romance.

We danced the Waltz, the Foxtrot and Polka,
the Cha-Cha, the Mambo and even the Samba.
We danced all evening. We danced up a storm.
The music had ended, so home to her dorm.

Little Suzanne had come with another.
At evenings end we went home together.
For fifty-three years now, been man and wife,
Loving each other for a wonderful life.