

Once upon a Sunday dreary, while I wandered weak and weary,
Up and down the streets deserted,
While I wandered here and there, suddenly there came a chatting,
A rather loud, but polite persistant chatting - I was alerted -
'Tis some wags at gossip, or a cocktail party I assetted
Some excitement in a quiet town.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was the bleak November,
As I wandered down an avenue called road,
Whereupon I saw the line-up stretching round the corner,
Gentlemen politely chatting, a line-up stretching down the road,
Gentlemen politely waiting entrance to a little house that could
explode.

And I said, "What's this I've found?"

My curiosuty inspired me, my anxiety required me,
To discover why two hundred handsome gentlemen
Would queue this dreary Sunday, and, I'm told, on Monday;
So I put the question to one of these clowns.
Quoth he, "It's Mrs Brown."

How my gloom was shattered, how my mission seemed not to matter,
Two hundred men obstructing traffic, migrating from across the town,
All to see some Mrs. Brown.
Quoth my conscience, "It's indiscrete."

Suddenly I saw the police force, who would end this show of course,
I told them action must be taked, or high officials I would awaken,
They all said they would confide - the high officials were all
INSIDE.

Quoth the police, "It's Margurite!"

At once I knew that I must save her from this rather questionable
behavior,
And dashing through the door I found
The aimable quixotic Mrs Brown
Elegantly coiffed in the company of three
Cutting cakes and pouring tea.

If you can drink tea all day without digestive hesitation
And cheerfully take another with the next relation...

If you can receive an endless chain of unexpected and expected
guests

And never fail with coockies, cakes and candies on request...

If you can dress yourself immaculate and elegant on rising
And still be well-turned out after ten hard hours of sympathizing...

If you can master family intrigues and still be friends
across the board

And raise most delicate issues and never seem untoward...

If you can tell the world that like Jack Benny you're always
turning thirty-nine

And have them believe almost fifty times...

If you can see your esteem with friends and family keep on
growing

After decades which for ordinary mortals would have
damned this flowing...

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Then you're Margurite at ninety without regrets,

And, which is more, better deals are coming yet.

There was an elegant woman from Wireton
loved dresses and decided to buy some;
when she got downtown
the shops had closed down
so she hitched up the hem of an old brown one.

The older she gets - tiddeley-pom
The more I'll bet - tiddeley-pom
the more I'll bet - tiddeley-pom
there are no regrets.

At this birthday ~~few~~ - tiddeley-pom
there's no-one who's met - tiddeley-pom
there's no-one who's met - tiddeley-pom
her equal yet.

Part of a poem translated from the Latin

I sing of the charms of the madame
Departed hence from Georgian shores,
Persued here by the race of Adam
And by Jove and Jupiter who she adore.

A long life's labour of design and skill
Transport the innocence and radiance of youth,
Made whole the girl, made wise the will,
Open the spirit, homm to the most difficult of truth.

Unrelenting war on unworthy pity waged,
Harvesting the confidence of generations,
Elegant exercised and excellent wit uncaged,
Devouring and feeding their great expectations.

Almost a century of accolades from her admiring peers,
Arrives she now, a woman truly graced by years.

