

Out At Pelletier's

Out at Pelletier's where the blooded pigeons fly,
An' the tony Shetland ponies romp and play,
Where the peacock on the fence rail hoots at motors chugging by
An' the wolf hounds at the moon (in Russian) bay;
Where the poultry sort o' swaggers in its best bluer-ribbon style,
An' the hogs wear silver buttons in their ears,
It is comfortin' an' soothin' jes' to sit an' rest awhile,
For it brushes back at least a dozen years.

Out at Pelletier's—where old Monte Mark is king,
An' he knows it an' he shows it to 'em all,
Whether rompin' in the pasture, or in trappings for the ring,
Or whinnyin' to greet you in his stall;
An' where Chief, the son of Monte, in a splendid coat of bay
Shows the heritage of vigor in his veins;
It is soothin' an' consolin' to be restin' for a day,
An' forget the city's dismal grind for gains.

It's a lesson in good breedin'—at the farm o' Pelletier's,
It's a lesson in refinement an' in care;
An' it sets a thinkin' feller sort o' thinkin' o' the years
That are waitin' in the future over there.
An' while he's sittin' restin' underneath the walnut tree,
He is thinkin' thoughts perhaps he never speaks;
What's he goin' to leave behind him when his spirit is set free?
Is it money or perfection that he seeks?

Is he strivin' here for dollars or a better human race,
Just as Pelletier is doin' with his stock?
Would he rather leave a brighter, clearer, smilin' boyish face
Than his name upon a massive building rock?
Is he buildin' here for soundness an' for cleanliness of heart?
Is he breedin' here for happiness or tears?
Oh, it's good for any feller just to take himself apart
An' think the thoughts that come at Pelletier's.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)