

NEW ORLEANS NOSTALGIA

Remembering New Orleans History, Culture and Traditions

By Ned Hémard

Ode to Oktoberfest

The place to hear that oom-pah beat
Was *Deutches Haus* on Galvez Street:
Friendly *fräuleins*, happy throngs,
Lederhosen, drinking songs.

Dirndl dresses laced up tight,
A feeling called *gemütlichkeit*,
Ach, du lieber apfelstrudel,
Spätzle, too, a German noodle.

So sad they had to tear it down
And move to Kenner's Rivertown.
This season for *Oktoberfest*,
Deutches Haus has moved out west.

So *trink* some *bier* while tubas roar,
And chicken dance across the floor.
For Kenner now has *brats* galore,
Since *Deutches Haus* "ain't dere no more".

German outfits can be garish
But what the hell, you're in the parish.
As for the *wurst*, one shouldn't *knock* it.
And for that thirst, I'd *Doppelbock* it.

Potato salad (German-style),
Pretzels, *schnitzel*, all the while,
Polkas once danced in the yard
Are now on Williams Boulevard.

In time, a new two *schnapps* location
Where once police maintained a station.
For German fans, a bayou view
On Moss Street in a year or two.

So thank you, Kenner, neighbor true,
For hosting this great Brew-to-do
Till then we'll just have to suff-uh.
Eins, zwei, drei, g'suffa!

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