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!

NED HÉMARD

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Ned Hémard
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