

Mardi Gras Poetry

Night's Mardi Gras

By Edward J. Wheeler



Night is the true democracy. When day
Like some great monarch with his train has passed,
In regal pomp and splendor to the last, The stars troop forth along the Milky
Way, A jostling crowd, in radiant disarray,
On heaven's broad boulevard in pageants vast.
And things of earth, the hunted and outcast,
Come from their haunts and hiding-places; yea,
Even from the nooks and crannies of the mind
Visions uncouth and vagrant fancies start,
And spectres of dead joy, that shun the light,
And impotent regrets and terrors blind,
Each one, in form grotesque, playing its part
In the fantastic Mardi Gras of Night.

Mardi Gras

By Francine Pucillo

Masqueraders moving
King and Queen go forth
Standing in a royal place
A Jester joins their court

Princesses and maidens
Searching through the crowds
Seeking joy and happiness
Underneath masked shrouds

Joined in jubilation
The crowds now move about
Searching for their happiness
So joyful there's no doubt

Streets abound with laughter
Dancing has begun
Everyone related
Masks have made them one

Constant stream of joyfulness
Parades and floats go by
Music fills the crowded streets
Torches light the sky

Last hurrah of season
Food and wine to last
This in preparation
For forty days of fast.



If Ever I Cease to Love (the official Mardi Gras Anthem)

By George Leybourne

In a house, in a square, in a quadrant

In a street, in a lane, in a road.

Turn to the left on the right hand

You see there my true loves abode

I go there a courting, and cooing to my love like a dove;

And swearing on my bended knee, if ever I cease to love,

May sheep-heads grow on apple trees, if ever I cease to love,

If ever I cease to love, if ever I cease to love

May the moon be turned to green cream

cheese, If ever I cease to love

She can sing, she can play on the piano.

She can jump, she can dance, she can run.

For she's a wonderful girlie; She's all of that rolled into one

I adore her beauty, she's like an angel dropped from above;

May the fish get legs and the cows lay eggs



If ever I cease to love

May all dogs wag their tails in front,



If ever I cease to love

If ever I cease to love, if ever I cease to love

May we all turn into cats and dogs

If ever I cease to love



Having a Mardi Gras

By Alfreda Doyle

Ta Ta

Ra Ra

We're having a Mardi Gras.

Lights like many a candelabra,
A parade with a big hurrah.

Beads, doubloons and trinkets
In purple, green and gold,
As the celebration does unfold.



People with names like Terra
And Sarah,
Bourgeois and Francois.

Ta Ta
Ra Ra
We're having a Mardi Gras.



Masquerade balls, masks and costumes,
Decorations, fragrances and perfumes.

There is a King Cake,
That many make.

Eating boudain and talking the blah blah,
Laughing in the ha ha.

Blah, blah,
Ha ha,

We're having a Mardi Gras.

Food from the soul,
Like gumbo and shrimp creole.

Red beans and rice,
Jambalaya to eat more than twice.

Lots of music and jazz,
Marching bands and parties of pizzazz.



Ta Ta
Ra Ra
We're having a Mardi Gras.