

The table is set and dinner is served,
Food is laid on and the rich deserve;
We are having a banquet superb,
To celebrate the living in every suburb.

Lamb and beef, pork and fish if you wish,
Turkey and chicken, duck for luck;
I wish I could have been there,
But it was pouring rain and I was poor.

With roasted, boiled and steamed vegetables,
Carrots and yams, potatoes and pumpkin;
Peas and beans, cauliflower and broccoli,
Suedes and parsnips, turnip and zucchini.

Gravy and sauces, salt and pepper,
Herbs and spices, curries and satays;
The chef had cooked up a feast,
And the banquet was ready.

Well those who came were simply the well to do,
The rich and famous and not me and you;
The king and queen, princes and princesses.
Not the humble poor like me and you.

God will have a banquet in heaven,
For those who did not attend on earth;
With all the treasures of the kingdom.
To reward all of his faithful servants.

Signed,

The Lucky few.