



Greetings Andre!

Your beautiful wife Tracey has commissioned the great [Cyrano de Chicken](#) to help express all the love and emotion that she feels for you.

I'm sure you know that your wife has no problem speaking her mind.

What Tracey lacks, however, is eloquence and poetic ability.

When Dr. Julia de Bergerac received [Tracey's touching letter](#), she knew immediately that, although it was "heartfelt" and "*fairly* sentimental", it was "in no wise a speech worthy of repeating."

So, hear now what your wife *really* means to say... if only she had the nerve.

# His Name Is Andre

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Rise, my husband, rise up with the dawn --  
But till you have your coffee, dear, I'll wait upon the lawn.

Yes, my love, the kitchen is yours -- I give it to you freely  
Yet I long for cheery 10am and for your touchy-feely!

The words you speak are wise and true --  
and in this one thing I listen to you...

"Thou shalt not kill" you have often said,  
When I'm crazy with anger and threaten your head.

Reluctantly, the cast iron pan  
goes back on the stove... after you ran.

Of course, my dear, I'm thankful you're alive --  
For with a broken dishwasher, how would we survive?

Andre, my husband, loving father to my sons  
I love you forever, but your laundry it weighs tons.

All the muddy bike rides and the camping in the moonlight --  
Scattered clothes across the floor -- that's what I'm washing tonight.

But when this busy day is through and we snuggle up in bed,  
Oh how thankful I will be that you took me thee to wed.