

Mountain Woman

A hundred years or more ago,
On the forested slopes, just below the snow;
Lived a woman with hair of a shining gold.
Tears on her cheeks never touching the chin,
Dull blond hair flowering in the wind.

Men on the mountain say, "Twenty-six she is!"
But the children and the wrinkles that adorn her soul;
A fetching wood and herbs to brew a kettle's full;
A mending and a stitching a tear everywhere,
Put a change on her face, day for a year.
The youngest strapped in for another day's ride;
She's a washing clothes, by the riverside.
Fourteen hours of work and sweat;
Her man comes home; She's not done yet!
Comfort their whims and soothe them sores;
Now mountain woman back to them chores!

A heating water for the Saturday scrub;
All five youngsters jumping in the tub.
Now it's day's end. I wonder what she thought?
"It was another day, the good Lord brought!"
