

## 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!"

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