

 ***Here's to the Women!***

©Linda Allen 1982

History books give us historical facts
Of soldiers and sailors and men with their axes
But who filled their bellies, and who washed their clothes
Who raised up the children, who nurtured their souls?

Without all the women, now, where would we be?
Working and caring throughout history
Their hands on the plow but their stories untold
So here's to the women who shouldered the load

The wilderness held them in the palm of her hand
It took more than muscle to settle this land
Women together set straight to the task
With schools and libraries, a city at last CHORUS

It's down at the factory, it's out on the line
A woman is working from morning 'til night
Her mind on the children, her hand on the frame
If the kids get in trouble, it's she who is blamed

Then it's back home again to do supper and chores
Canning and mending and scrubbing the floors
Scarce see the children before they're in bed
Hard life to follow for beans and fried bread CHORUS

Some came here from Mexico, Norway, Japan
To raise the good crops in this faraway land
Some came here as picture brides, so little choice
Some came as slaves with no hope and no voice

And deep in the forests, and out on the plains
Some women were watching as new women came
And some longed for friendship and offered a hand
But politicians and soldiers soon bloodied the land CHORUS

In hard times and good times the women would share
Their songs and their stories, their loves and their fears
And their history's recorded, the song never ends
In the memory of mothers and sisters and friends CHORUS