

🍷 *Many Generations*

Many Generations
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Seasons come & seasons go, to learn the things that women know
Plant the seeds and tend the land, Working hearts and working hands
If seeds are scattered to the wind, Like broken hearts or might-have-beens
Daughters plant them once again
Many generations. Many generations.

Grandma held a burning light
Read her Bible every night
Found the faith to carry on
With sons and husband dead and gone
And in my darkest times I see
Grandma's light enfolding me
And tho' her faith's a different hue
Grandma, I remember you
Many generations. Many generations.

My mother takes her own sweet time
Drinks her days like vintage wine
In the kitchen I can hear
Her voice is rising sweet and clear
Raised her kids and worked too hard
Planted roses in our yard
In the fall she pruned'em back
Kids and roses needed that
Many generations. Many generations.

Now my daughters make their way
I smile to hear the things they say
So many seeds I tried to plant
Nurtured now in their strong hands
Fingers dance on their guitars
Songs as true as shooting stars
Grandma's light is burning still
I believe it always will
Many generations. Many generations..

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