

 ***Rosie, The Riveter - Revisited***

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My strong right arm built the ship, built the ship
that sailed to war
My strong right arm built the ship, built the ship
and what was that all for?

In 1941, the war had just begun
Jim was so young, but soon was off to hold a gun
I was nineteen, our child was only three
When the papers said the shipyards needed me

I moved to Bremerton in 1942
I learned to weld, I was the best one on our crew
The work was hard, the heat would burn my lungs all day
But when the paycheck came we girls would feel OK

In 1943, in August, 8AM
I'd not been feeling well, my mind was filled with Jim
There was a knock, a man in uniform stood there
He said my Jim was dead - I hadn't seen him in two years

In 1945 the war came to an end
And on that very day, the big boss he came in
He smiled and said, "My girls, the boys are coming home
You've earned a rest - go home - your work here now is done"

Picked up a scrap of metal, and I carved my name full bore
So my child would know I was a welder in the war
No place to go, I was a widow with a child
So I waitressed and I cooked, and I married in a while

Sometimes I see that scrap with my name carved in so deep
And I recall the day the boss told me to leave
How I felt like some old rag they'd tossed aside
As useless as my patriotic pride

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