

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Mothers, Daughter, Wives

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(Judy Small)

CHO: The first time it was fathers,
The last time it was sons
And in between your husbands
 Marched away with drums and guns.
And you never thought to question.
You just went on with your lives.
Cause all they taught you who to be,
Was mothers, daughters, wives.

You can only just remember
The tears your mother shed
As they sat and read their papers
Through the lists and lists of dead.
And the gold frames held the photographs
That mothers kissed each night.
And the door frames held the shocked
And silent strangers from the fight.

It was twenty-one years later,
With children of your own.
The trumpets sounded once again,
And the soldier boys were gone.
And you drove their trucks and made their guns
And tended to their wounds.
And at night you kissed their photographs
And prayed for safe returns.

And after it was over
You had to learn again
To be just wives and mothers,
When you'd done the work of men.
So you worked to help the needy
And you never trod on toes.
And the photos on the pianos
Struck a happy family pose.

Then your daughters grew to women
And your little boys to men.
And you prayed that you were dreaming
When the call came up again.
But you proudly smiled and held your tears

As they bravely waved goodbye.
And the photos on the mantel pieces
Always made you cry.

And now you're getting older
And in time the photos fade.
And in widowhood you sit back
And reflect on the parade.
Of the passing of your memories
As your daughters change their lives.
Seeing more to our existence
Than just mothers, daughters, wives.

And you believed them!

copied from: <http://www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/7840/song9.htm>

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