

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## Mothers, Daughter, Wives

Mothers, Daughter, Wives  
(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>

WH

oct99