Momma Told Me

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Momma Told Me

Momma told me of her life,
About the times long ago.
Of the good ones and the bad,
And where her dreams would go.

She told me of the good times
When her and Papa met.
Her 18th year had come around,
Their wedding plans were set.

She recounted all the joy.
The men mocked and gestured,
And they laughed a bit too.
But the women turned their backs,
And thought, "Only if they knew."

She then produced a smile,
One filled with so much bliss.
Her father's words she spoke again,
"But I wish you both the best."

She said that her and Papa
Held on with all their trust.
Their love had held a promise,
It whispered that she must...

Hold on, stand strong,
Keep your spirit high.
You have your own two feet,
So stand on them with pride.

Momma told me of the love
She sent out to her man,
As he went fighting for his country,
When the first war began.

Working in a factory,
Laboring for less than man,
She put up her stubborn chin
And thought up her own plan.

She began fighting for her rights
As the women took their stand,
Saying, "We can work as hard as He
With machine or with our hands.

"Just look at us as equals,
Every time you look our way,
And we will work like any man,
Any time of any day."

She recounted all the joy.
Her face then turned sad.
Reciting all her father's words,
"I do not like that lad."

She then produced a smile,
One filled with so much bliss.
Her father's words she spoke again,
"But I wish you both the best."

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In bed for nine months,
Two pink slippers she knit.
Those months had gone by,
And she found that they fit.

My papa was proud,
I was Daddy's little girl.
My mamma kept me pretty
With ribbons and with curls.

I learned how to shoot,
And use arrows and a bow.
Daddy's little gentleman
To a young woman would grow.

(continued)