

Joy Cronin

A Woman's Work

*Some years back I was  
feeling a bit down, &  
these words came to  
Me...*

A woman's work is  
never done, that's how  
the saying goes. I wished  
that I had trained my  
lot, & kept them on their  
toes.

They drop things here,  
they leave things there,  
they never seem to  
mind it. 'Til they lose a  
sock or pen, & yell "I  
cannot find it."

They never notice what  
I do, 'til one day I don't  
do it.

Then my dear, the air is  
blue, it seems that I  
have blew it.

*I then sat thinking over  
my own childhood.....  
hmmmm...was I the  
perfect child? Don't  
think so..... then I wrote*

*the rest below*

I remember long ago  
When I was just a kid,  
I never seem to care too  
much what my mother  
did.

She had more kids than  
I did, my god how did  
she cope.

She never seemed to  
have the time to sit  
around and mope.

She had a harder life  
than me, of that I'm  
very sure.

No modern cons to  
keep her free from the  
family she bore.

It's washing day, she's  
at the sink, the  
scrubbing board is  
there.

She scrubs away the  
whole long day...it  
seems without a care.

The songs she sings  
are beautiful, the

'oldies' are the best.

'You'll Never Know'....

"These Foolish thing'....

'Always', & the rest.

I love you Rosie darling,  
& it's sad you had to  
wait  
'Til my kids to have  
grown, for me to have  
known  
That I didn't appreciate,  
the heartaches that  
you suffered, for the  
joys of motherhood  
I'd make it up a  
thousand times if only  
that I could

A woman's work is  
never done, the  
heartaches & the pain.  
If we had our lives to  
live over, we'd do it all  
again.