

Grandmother, on a winter's day, milked the cows
slopped the hogs, saddled the mule
and got the children off to school,
Did a washing, mopped the floors
Washed the windows and did some choree,
Cooked a dish of homemade fruit
Pressed her husband's homemade suit,
Swept the parlor, made the bed,
Baked a dozen loaves of bread.
Split some firewood and lugged it in,
Enough to fill the kitchen bin,
Cleaned the lamps + put in oil
Stewed some apples she thought might spoil,
Churned the butter, baked a cake,
Then exclaimed, "For Goodness Sake!
The calves have got out of the pen!"
And went out + chased them in again.
Gathered the eggs and closed the stable
Went back to the house + set the table,
Cooked a supper that was delicious
And afterwards washed up all the dishes
Fed the cat and sprinkled the clothes
mended a basketfull of hose;
Then opened the organ and began to play
"When you come to the end of a Perfect Day".